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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

AUGUST—DECEMBER, 1821

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1821.

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Stanzas Dedicatory

TO

FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQUIRE,

ADVOCATE,

LORD RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,
LATE ONE OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE SPECULATIVE,
AND EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,
&c., &c., &c.,
&c., &c.,
&c.

I.

YOUR days, Mr Jeffrey, how gaily they sped,
When the Prosers were with you, whatever you said,
Taunting Burke with your eloquence, Swift with your jest,
While the chorus was Constable's chink in your chest!
But *opinions* stride on, while *things* linger behind—
What of old pass'd for thunder, now weighs but as wind;
And you, a great man as could possibly be,
Stand diminish'd to modest dimensions by ME.

II.

I am sure, like one waked from a dream, you look back
To the days when you hoisted your flag of attack;
When against THE OLD FORTRESS you open'd your trenches,
With a jig, as the mode of your masters the French is;
While one PRIEST whistled on with the note of Voltaire,
And the smile of another recalled D'Alembert,
And YOU seemed A Great Man as could possibly be,
—— Never dreaming of damnable dampers from ME.

III.

You all seem'd so giddy, so gamesome, so gay,
Paine and Hell shouted "Go it, we're sure of the day."—
Such a confident crowing contemptuous air,
Fill'd the hearts of a thousand good fools with despair;
While there wanted not some of our old pluckless tories,
Who like spoonies would fawn and talk big of your glories,
Calling YOU a great Man as could possibly be;—
—Lacking heart even to hope for a hero like ME.

IV.

How the fine yellow's dimm'd in its delicate hue!
What a stain has been stamp'd on the beautiful blue!
How each frolicsome face that enliven'd Craig-Crook
Has been changed for a down-looking, dumpish, sour look!
O the heart that of old could like quick-silver bound,
How it sinks! I am sure it weighs more than a pound!
O the biggest small Man that could possibly be,
How he casts up his whites when he thinks upon ME!

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V.

Geese, their nature is such, cackle loud in one's pond,
But just whistle, and phoo! in a funk they abscond;
Byron christen'd five geese after five worthy souls,
Ugo Fudgiolo, Sheil, Proctor, Maturin, Knowles;—
But if I had pond-pets, I'm more wise, I should call 'em
After such folks as Macintosh, Brougham, Smith, and Hallam—
Not forgetting one smart little cackler—to be
(When its wings were well clipt) yclep't JEFFREY by ME.

VI.

Now, you'll scarcely believe it, for all that's been done,
I had never a harsh thought about you—not one.
For the sake of my Country, my Faith, and my King,
I was forced a few rockets among you to fling;
But even then what I did, if aright understood,
Was not meant for your ill, but your serious good;
And, if you're the least man that can possibly be,
You should thank yourself for it—much rather than ME.

VII.

I protest I'm half sorry to see you so low—
You that were such fine frisky, brisk boys long ago;
You may think as you please, but you'll make me quite sad,
If you all keep so moping while we are so mad!
Mr Jeffrey, cheer up! you're a nice little fellow,
Notwithstanding the sins of your Azure-and-Yellow;
Though you're not the first Wit that can possibly be,
You're a clever old body—there's butter from ME.

VIII.

Were I forced by some dread demoniacal hand,
To change heads (what a fate!) with *some* Whig in the land,
I don't know but I'd swap with yourself, my old Gander,
(I should then be Diogenes—not Alexander!)
But to shew my good will in a manner more solemn,
I inscribe to your name (Jump for joy!) this whole VOLUME.
Being always your servant, your friend, and so forth—
The humanest of conquerors—

Christopher North.

17, PRINCE'S-STREET, EDINBURGH,
31st December, 1821.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LIV. AUGUST, (Part II.) 1821. Vol. X.

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EDINBURGH:

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To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

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BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LIV. AUGUST, 1821. Vol. X.

PART II.

EPISTLE PRELIMINARY.

We have found ourselves, dear Subscribers, under the necessity of publishing two Numbers of our Magazine, this month, and we shall be obliged to do this occasionally, when our correspondents become dangerous and personal. We trust that we shall be forgiven by all whose articles are not inserted. We put a printer's devil, blindfolded into our large iron-safe, and told him to throw out at random thirty articles. As he is no relation of the late Miss Macavoy of Liverpool, the blindest impartiality may be depended upon. Another devil was in waiting to carry off the articles to the printing-office; and they are printed just as the blinded devil threw them up, on the principle of fortuitous concussion. That so much and so many of them should have happened to relate to coronations, cannot surprise any person who believes that an accidental jumble of atoms produced the world.

We regret, however, that this mode of selection has been unfortunate in one respect. The paw of the little devil in the chest has not happened to lay hold of any sentimental description of the late august ceremony; although, doubtless, there must be many such, as all the writers for the press appear to have been taken with the most pathetic sensibility in their account of the solemnities; even the London newspapers not only excelled themselves, but some of them performed characters at variance with their wonted habits.

The eyes of "The Morning Chronicle," for example, were suffused with tears of joy and gratitude at beholding the whiglings placed so near his Majesty's seat of honour; "The Examiner" was obliged to confess that "the thing was well got up;" and Cobbet himself bit his lips with vexation to such a degree, that there is some doubt if he will ever be able to wash his mouth again.

Had we not been induced to grant the boon of this impartial selection to our correspondents, in imitation of his Majesty's act of grace to the Radicals, merely to try if we can appease a parcel of discontented rogues, we should have confined ourselves exclusively to works of a tender-hearted kind, such as has hitherto characterised our publication. Perhaps, however, our readers will allow, that for them the fortuitous selection has been fortunate, for certainly we never before issued any Number like to this, whether we regard the abilities of the correspondents, or the topics on which their abilities have been exerted.

C. N.

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THE STEAM-BOAT;

No. VI.

Or, The Voyages and Travels of Thomas Duffle, Cloth-merchant in the Saltmarket of Glasgow.

VOYAGE THIRD.

HAVING nourished my faculties for observation by reflecting on the various things I had seen, and the extraordinaries I had heard, I began again to feel the spirit of curiosity germinating to new adventures, which it would at one time have been far from my hand to have undertaken. But travelling enlarges the mind, and experience is a great encourager in the way of venturing afield. I was, however, for a season perplexed anent the airt in which I should steer my course, as the Jack Tars say, till some accident brought me to think, that of late years our young haberdashers, and others in the fancy line, are in the practice of taking a trip up to the town of London, to see the fashions:—Thinking of this, as I was saying, it came into my head, that if such jauntings were profitable to them, the like might be of service to me in my business—at the same time, considering the steady hand I had always held in my calling, it would not do for me to be overly ready to change my methods; and therefore, before attempting any thing of the sort, I thought it would be prudent to see a little more of the world, and look about me; for although Glasgow is surely a large and populous place, it must be allowed that it is but a narrow sphere for observation, and that a man who spends his whole life therein, between, as it were, the punch-bowl and the coffee-room, cannot be else, as a man, than one of the numerous family of the *Smalls*, a term which I heard an exhibitioner at Baliol's, from our College to Oxford, employ in speaking of persons with poor heads and proud purses—and nobody could dispute with him the justness thereof.

However, not to descant on particularities, let it suffice, that one night, over a dish of tea, [the Englishers, as I afterwards found, say a cup of tea,] with Mrs M'Lecket, I said to her, "What would ye think, Mistress, if I were to set out on a journey to London?"

Mrs M'Lecket had then the pourie in her hand to help my cup; but she set it down with a stot, and, pushing back her chair, remained for a space of time in a posture of astonishment, by which I discovered that it was a thing she never expected would have entered my head. I then expounded to her how it might be serviceable to me to inspect the ways of business in London; but although nothing could be more reasonable than what I set forth on that head, she shook her's, and said, "This comes of your gallanting in the Greenock steam-boats; but ye're your own master, Mr Duffle, and may do as ye think fit—howsomever, its my opinion that the coronation has a temptation in it that ye're blate to own."

After thus breaking the ice with Mrs M'Lecket, I consulted with Mr Sweeties as to money matters and lesser considerations, and having made a suitable arrangement for being from home a whole month, and bought a new trunk for the occasion, with the 'nitial letters of my name on the lid in brass nails, I was taken in a stage-coach to Edinburgh. Some advised me to prefer the track-boat on the canal to Lock No. 16; but as I had the long voyage from Leith to London before me, I considered with myself, that I would have enough of the water or a' was done, and therefore resolved to travel by land, though it was a thought more expensive.

My companions in the coach consisted of Mrs Gorbals, who was taking in her youngest daughter, Miss Lizzy, to learn manners at a boarding-school in Edinburgh—and a Greenock gentleman, who was on his way to get the opinion of counsel anent a rivisidendo on some interlocutor of the Lord Ordinary concerning the great stool law-plea of that town; and we were a very tosh and agreeable company. For of Mrs Gorbals it does not require me to tell, that she is a blithe woman; and Miss Lizzy, although she has not quite so much smeddum as her elder sister Miss Meg, that Mr M'Gruel, the Kilwinning doctor, had a work with last year, is however a fine good-tempered lassie, and, when well schooled, may

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pass for a lady in the Trongate, among the best and the brawest, ony day. As for the feuars and subfeuars of Greenock, every body knows what a pith of talent is in them, and how cleverly they can see through the crooks and the crevices of all manner of difficulties. I need, therefore, only say, that our fellow-passenger had no small portion of the ability common among his townsfolk. I should remark by hands, that on the outside of the coach there was a man from Port-Glasgow in the volunteering line, watching a bit box with his cleeding, and hadding on by the rail like grim death—what he was going to do at Edinburgh, or whether he was gawn o'er the seas or further, he kens best himself.

In the course of our journey to the capital town of Scotland we met with no accident, but had a vast deal of very jocose conversation. Twice or thrice Mrs Gorbals paukily tried to pick out of me where I was going, and seemed to jealouse that I was bound on a matrimonial exploit; but I was no so kittly as she thought, and could thole her progs and jokes with the greatest pleasance and composure, by which she was surely put to in her conjectures.

As it was not my intent to stay any time in Edinburgh at the outgoing of my jaunt, as soon as the coach stopped, I hired a porter from the Highlands, and he took my trunk on his shoulder, and we walked both together on to Leith. Luckily for me it was that I had been so expeditious, for we reached the pier in the very nick of time, just when the new steam-boat, the City of Edinburgh, was on the wing of departure. So on board I steppit, where I found a very jovial crew of passengers. Among others, Doctor and Mrs Pringle from Garnock, who were going up to London, as the reverend Doctor told me himself, on account of their daughter, Mrs Sabre, Miss Rachael that was, being at the down-lying, and wishing her mother to be present at the handling.

I said to him, considering what he had suffered in his first voyage, that I was surprised he would have ventured on water again, especially as he had his own carriage. But both he and Mrs Pringle declared that the tribulation and extortioning of travelling by land was as ill to abide as the sea-sickness, which I can well believe, for at every house, when we changed horses in coming from Glasgow in the stage-coach, there was the stage-driver begging his optional; to say nothing of what Mrs Pringle herself remarked concerning the visible comfort of such a steam-boat, where every thing was on a neat genteel fashion, and no sort of commodity neglected.

I told her, however, that I was not sure but from the boiler there might be a danger, when we were out on the ocean sea; whereupon the Doctor, who, in his first voyage to Glasgow, had got an insight of the method of enginery, took and showed me all how it worked, and how the boiler, when the steam was overly strong, had a natural way of its own of breaking the wind off its stomach, as he said, in his pawkie and funny way, which was very diverting to hear. I need not therefore say that I was greatly delighted to find myself in such good company as the Doctor and that clever woman his lady, who is surely a fine patron to wives throughout the whole west country, especially in the shire of Ayr.

Nothing could be more facetious than our voyage; every body was just in the element of delight; the sea rippled, and the vessel paddled, as if she had been a glad and living thing, and sailed along so sweetly, that both Dr Pringle and me thought that surely the owners had some contrivance of a patent nature for creeshing the soles of her feet.

TALE X.

A JEANIE DEANS IN LOVE.

Among the passengers was a Mrs Mashlam, from the vicinity of Mineybole, whom I knew when formerly she was servan lass to Bailie Shuttle, before she gaed into Edinburgh. She was then a bonnie guileless lassie, just a prodigy of straight-forward simplicity, and of a sincerity of nature by common; indeed, it was all owing to her chaste and honest demeanour, that she got so well on in the world, as to be married to her most creditable gudeman, Mr Mashlam, who is not only of a bein circumstance, but come of a most respectable stock,

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having cousins and connections far advanced among the genteelity in Edinburgh. He fell in with her on her return from her great adventure with the Duke of York at London, which made such a great noise throughout the West at the time, and which, but for her open-hearted innocency, would have left both cloors and dunkles in her character.

At the first I did not know Bell again, but she knew me, and made up to me, introducing her gudeman, and telling me that they were going up on a jaunt to London, because she had been for some time no in very good health, but chiefly to see the King crowned, the which, I have a notion, was the errand's end of most of us, notwithstanding what Doctor and Mrs Pringle said about their daughter's lying in. After some change of conversation, we sat down on stools on the deck,—a great convenience, and most pleasant in such fine weather as we had; and on my speering at Mrs Mashlam anent her former journey to London, of which I had heard but the far-off sough of rumour, she blushed a thought in the face, and then said, "Noo, that a's past, and my folly of teen love cured, I need na be ashamed to tell the particulars before the face of the whole world, and the fifteen Lords.

"When I was servan with Captain MacConochy, Serjeant Lorie of his company had a wark with me. He came often about the house, and as he was of a serious turn like mysel, I thought the mair o' him that he never spoke of love, for he wasna in a way to marry. But ae night as I lay on my bed, it was, as it were, whispered in my ear, that if I could do a thing for him that would mak him hae a pride in me, he would master the doubts of his fortune, and make me his wife. Wi' this notion I fancied that I might hae the power to persuade the Duke of York, if I could get a word of his Royal Grace, to gie the serjeant a commission. The road, however, is lang between Edinburgh and the Horse Guards, but a woman's love will travel farther than horses; so I speered at the serjeant, without letting on to him o' what was in my head, about the way of going to London, and how to see the Duke, and when I got my half year's fee, I got leave frae my mistress for a fortnight to see a frien', and set out for the Horse Guards.

"When I reached London, I dressed mysel in my best, and speered my way to the Duke's office. The first day I lingered blately about the place. On the second, the folk and soldiers there thought I was nae in my right mind, and compassionated me. A weel-bred gentleman, seeing me hankering at the gate, inquired my business, and when I told him that it was with his Royal Grace, he bade me bide, and he would try what could be done; and shortly after going into the house, he came out, and said the Duke would see me.

"Up to that moment I felt no want of an encouraging spirit; but I kenna what then came o'er me, for my knees faltered, and my heart beat, as I went up the stairs; and when I was shewn into the presence, in a fine room, with spacious looking-glasses, I could scarcely speak for awe and dread. The shawl fell from my shoulders, and his Royal Grace, seeing my terrification, rose from his sittee, and put it on in the most ceeveleezed and kindly manner. He was in reality a most well-bred gentleman, and, for discretion, would be a patron to mony a Glasgow manufacturer, and Edinburgh writer. He then encouraged me to proceed with my business, asking me in a hamely manner, what it was.

"Please your Royal Grace," said I, "there's a young lad, a friend o' mine, that I would fain get promoted'; and, if your Royal Grace would like to do a kind turn, he would soon be an officer, as he's a serjeant already. He has no-

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body to speak a word for him, so I hae come from Scotland on purpose to do it mysel.

"The Duke looked at me with a sort of kindly curiosity, and replied,—'Well, I have heard and read of such things, but never met with the like before.'

"He then inquired very particularly all about what was between the serjeant and me, and if I was trysted to marry him; and I told him the plain simple truth, and I could see it did not displease him that I had undertaken the journey on the hope of affection. He said there were, however, so many claims, that it would not be easy to grant my request. I told him I knew that very well, but that others had friens to speak for them, and the serjeant had nane but mysel. Upon which he looked at me very earnestly, with a sort of mercyfulness in his countenance, and putting his hand in his pocket, gave me three guineas, and bade me go away back on the Sunday following by the smack to Leith. He gart me promise I would do so; and then as I was going out of the room he bade me, after I had taen my passage place, to come again on the morn, which I did, but on that morning he had broken his arm, and couldna be seen. I saw, however, one of his Lords. They told me since syne, it was no doubt my Lord Palmerston, and his Lordship informed me what had happened to the Duke, and gave me two guineas, obliging me, in like manner as his Royal Grace had done, to promise I would leave London without delay, assuring me in a most considerate manner, that my business would be as well attended to in my absence as if I were to stay. So I thankit him as well as I could, and told him he might say to the Duke, that as sure as death I would leave London on the Sabbath morning, not to trouble him any more, being content with the friendship of his royal spirit.

"Accordingly, on the Sabbath, I gaed back in the smack, and the serjeant would hardly believe me, when I said whar I had been, and what I had done for him. But when he was made an ensign, he turned his back on me, and set up for a gentleman. I thought my heart would have gurged within me at this slight; and a very little would have made me set out a second time to the Duke, and tell him how I had been served; but, after greeting out my passion and mortification on my secret pillow, I thought to mysel, that I would let the serjeant fall out in some other's hand; and that I was none the worse for the good I had wised to him as a soldier, though, by altering his vain heart, it had done himself none as a man; and when I cam into this contentment, I got the better of my pining and sorrow."—And in saying these words, she took Mr Mashlam in a loving manner by the hand, and said, "I ha'e no reason to rue the disappointment of my first love; and I only hope that Mr Lorie, for the kind-natured Duke's sake, will prove true to his colours, lightly though he valued my weak and poor affection."

Every body in the Steam-boat was greatly taken with Bell, and none in all the company was treated with more respect than her and her gudeman. So on we sailed in the most agreeable manner.

Doctor Pringle and the Mistress having visited London before, were both able and most willing to give me all sort of instruction how to conduct myself there, which the Doctor assured me was the biggest town by far that he had ever seen in his life; and certainly, when I saw it myself, I had no reason to doubt the correctness of his judgment, although, in some edificial points, it may not be able to stand a comparative with Edinburgh or Glasgow. But notwithstanding the experience which they had of the ways of managing in London, we were sorely put to it on our disembarking at Wapping. For the Doctor, to shew me how well he could set about things,

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left me and Mrs Pringle standing on the wharf, and went himself to bring a hackney for us and our luggage. They were, in their way to Captain Sabre's in Baker Street, to set me down at the lodging-house in Norfolk Street, Strand, where they had been civilly treated while living there when up about their great legacy,—"but ance awa aye awa." Long and wearily did Mrs Pringle and me wait, and no word of the Doctor coming back. The Mistress at last grew uneasy, and I was terrified, suffering more than tongue can tell, till the Doctor made his appearance in a coach, as pale as ashes, and the sweat hailing from his brow. He had lost his road; and, rambling about in quest of it, and likewise of a coach, was mobbit by a pack of ne'er-do-weels and little-worth women in a place called Ratcliffe Highway, and in the hobbleshow his watch was picket out of his pocket by a pocket-picker, and his life might have been ta'en, but for the interference of a creditable looking man, who rescued him out of their hands.

This was a sore sample to me of the Londoners; and I quaked inwardly when, as we drove along the street in the hackney, I saw the multitudes flowing onward without end, like a running river, thronger than the Trongate on a Wednesday, especially when I thought of the crowd that was expected to be at the Coronation. However, nothing happened, and I was set down with my trunk at the door of the Doctor's old lodging in Norfolk Street, Strand, where the landlady was most glad to see the Doctor and the Mistress looking so well, but her house was taken up with foreigners from different parts of the country come to see the King crowned, and she could not accommodate me therein. However, as I was a friend of the Doctor's, she invited me to step into her parlour, and she would send to a neighbour in Howard Street that had a very comfortable bed-room to let. So I bade my fellow-passengers good day, and, stepping in, was in due season accommodated, as was expected, in the house of Mrs Damask, a decent widow woman, that made her bread by letting lodgings to sin gle gentlemen.

Having thus narrated the occasion and voyage of my coming to London, I will now pause, in order to digest and methodize such things as it may be entertaining to the courteous reader to hear, concerning my exploits and observes in the metropolitan city; for it is no my intent to enter upon the particularities of buildings and curiosities, but only to confine my pen to matters appertaining to the objects of business that drew me thither, with such an account of the coronation as may naturally be expected from one who had so many advantages at the same as I had; not, however, would I have it supposed, that I paid any greater attention to the pageantry thereof, than was becoming a man of my years and sobriety of character.

PART. II.—THE PREPARATIONS.

London being, as is well known, a place of more considerable repute than Greenock, or even Port Glasgow, upon which I have so fully enlarged in my foregoing voyages, it seems meet that I should be at some outlay of pains and particularities in what I have to indite concerning it; and, therefore, it is necessary to premise, by way of preface, to appease critical readers, that my observations were not so full and satisfactory as they might have been, because of the hubbub of his Majesty's royal coronation, which happened to take place while I was there. It's true that I had an inkling, by the newspapers, before my departure from Glasgow, that the solemnity might be performed about the time I counted on being in London, but every body knows it was a most uncertain thing; and as for the King's own proclamation anent the same, is it not written in the Bible, "Put not your trust in princes?" However, scarcely had Mrs Damask shewn me the bed-room that was to be mine, and I had removed our sederunt, after settling terms, to her parlour, where she was to get me a chop of mutton for my dinner, than she began to inquire if I wasna come to see the coronation. But I said to her, which was the fact, "I am come on business; no that I object to look at the crowning the King, if its possible, but it would be an unco like thing o' a man at my years of discretion to be running after ony sic-like proformity."

She was, however, very much like my own landlady, Mrs M'Lecket, a

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thought dubious of my sincerity on that point, and the mair I said to convince her that I had a very important matter in hand, the less did she look as if she believed me. But she said nothing, a thing which I must commend as the height of prudence, and as a swatch of good breeding among the Englishers; for there is not a Scotch landlady, who, in such a case, would not have shaken her head like a sceptic, if she did na charge me with telling an even doun lee.

When I was sitting at my dinner, there arose a great tooting of horns in the street, most fearful it was to hear them; and I thought that an alarm must be somewhere; so ringing the bell, Mrs Damask came into the room, saying it was but the evening newspapers, with something about the coronation, the which raised my curiosity, and I thought that surely the said something must be past ordinaire, to occasion such a rippet; and, therefore, I sent out and paid a whole shilling for one of the papers, but it contained not a word of satisfaction. It, however, had the effect of causing me, when I had finished my chack of dinner, to resolve to go out to inspect the preparations that were making at Westminster Hall and the Abbey. Accordingly, Mrs Damask telling me how I was to direct myself, I sallied forth in quest of the same; and after getting into that street called the Strand, found that I had nothing to do but flow in the stream of the people; and I soon made an observe, that the crowd in London are far more considerate than with us at Glasgow—the folk going one way, keep methodically after one another; and those coming the other way do the same, by a natural instinct of civilization, so that no confusion ensues, and none of that dinging, and bumping, and driving, that happens in the Trongate, especially on a Wednesday, enough to make the soberest man wud at the misleart stupidity of the folk, particularly of the farmers and their kintra wives, that have creels with eggs and butter on their arms.

On entering the multitude, I was conveyed by them to the Cross, where there is an effigy of a king, no unlike, in some points, our King William; and winding down to the left, I saw divers great houses and stately fabrics, of various dimensions, suited to their proper purposes, as may be found set forth in "The Picture of London," a book which I bought on the recommendation of Mrs Damask, and in which there is a prodigality of entertainment. But the thing which struck me most, as I passed by, was the cloth-shop of one Mr Solomon, a Jew man, in the window of which were many embroidered waistcoats, and other costly but old-fashioned garments; with swords of polished steel, and cockit hats, and a parapharnalia sufficient to have furnished the best playhouse with garbs for all the ancient characters of the tragedies and comedies.

Seeing such a show of bravery, I stoppit to look; and falling into a converse with a gentleman, he told me—when I said that surely Mr Solomon did not expect to get many customers for such old shop-keepers—that what I saw were court dresses, and were lent with swords and buckles, and all other necessary appurtenances to the bargain, for five guineas a-piece to gentlemen going to the levees and drawing-rooms, and that they were there displayed for hire to those who intended to see the ceremonies in Westminster Hall. This I thought a very economical fashion, but it did not make so much for the cloth trade as the old custom of folks wearing their own apparel, and it seemed to me that it would have been more for the advantage of business had the Privy Counsellors, and those who had the direction of the Coronation, ordered and commanded all gentlemen to wear new dresses of a new fashion, instead of those curiosities of antiquity, that make honest people look like the pictures of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of the Garter, which may be seen in one of the volumes of my very old Magazine, wherein there is a full and particular account of the late coronation, the which was the cause of my bringing the book in my trunk from Glasgow, in order to enable me to make comparisons.

I had not travelled far towards the Abbey of Westminster, when I had good reason to see and note, that, considering all things, it was very lucky for me to have got to London when I did, for there was such a vast preparation that it could not, I think, have been in the King's power, with any sort of respect for his people, to have postponed his royal Coronation. The sight,

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indeed, was such as is not to be told—hundreds of men were as busy as bees working at their bikes, building lofts and galleries for spectators, by which the owners expected to make a fortune, it being certain that money at the time of a coronation, as the old song sings—

"Flies like the dust in a summer's day."

However, there were sedate persons among the crowd, with whom I entered into discourse; and they told me, as indeed the matter came truly to pass, that the Babel-builders of the scaffolds were over-doing the business, for, that although great prices for seats may have been given at the old King's solemnity, the like would not happen again, the space now around the Abbey, and all the way the procession was to march, being greatly enlarged compared to what it was in former times, and so capable of accommodating a far greater multitude than of old.

This observe made me look about me; and to touch here and there on the generalities of the subject to other persons, who, having a civil look, encouraged me, though a stranger, to break my mind to them.

I fell in, among the rest, with a most creditable elderly man, something of a Quaker it would seem, by the sobriety of his attire, the colour was a brown mixture,—and he said to me that he thought the Coronation a most ill-timed proceeding, to which I replied that surely in a season of great distress throughout the kingdom, it was not well counselled.

"I don't speak of THE DISTRESSES," said he, in a dry manner, "because that is what should be—the landlords in parliament cannot expect to have high rents and regular paying tenants if they reduce their customers to half pay. But it is the Queen, sir—the Queen's case is what makes it most imprudent—all these poor people, with their scaffolds and booths, will be ruined by it—nobody will come to see the Coronation, for it is feared there will be a riot."

"God bless you, sir, you are one of the protectors of innocence, I can see that," cried a randy-like woman, with a basket selling grozets, overhearing our conversation.—"Get about your own affairs, hussy!" exclaimed my sober-looking friend—"It is such as you that have ruined the Queen's cause—What have you to do with her guilt or innocence, you-baggage-you?"

The woman looked at him very severely; and as I was only a stranger in London, I thought it best to make nimble heels from the scene to another part, and before I was well away I heard her at him, banning the faint-heartedness of him and all his like, for false friends to the queen.

The next I spoke to was a young genteel man, with a most methodical gravat, prejinctly tied, and I inquired at him what was his opinion. "It will be a very fine thing; his Majesty, you see, vill go halong that there platform, with trumpets, and the ouse of peers; then he vill come by this ere place, and get into the Habbey there, where the Harshbishop vill hanoint iin vith the hoil, and put the crown hon is ead. Then he vill come back; hand hout that section yonder, the champion, hall in armour, vill ride into the all, and challenge to single combat his Majesty's henemies."

"You may say that, now that Beney's gone," cried a pawkey young lad, who was the companion of this gentleman; "but, it's my opinion, the whole will be a most confounded bore. Give me a review for a show. How can old men, judges, and privy counsellors, with gouty toes, and shaking heads, make else than a caricature of solemnities?"

"Very just," interposed a man in a suit of shabby black, of a clerical cut. "The ceremony has survived the uses which gave it sanctity in the eyes of the people. It will now pass like a pageant of the theatre, and be no longer impressive on its own account, but merely on account of the superior quantity of the silk and lace that may be shewn in the dresses. Had the spirit of the age been consulted by his Majesty, the thing would have been different. It would have been shewn in some royal act of grace and favour, such as the foundation of a noble institution, where courses of lectures might be given by men of genius and literature, qualified to do justice to the topics." I supposed the gentleman was a professor of lecturing himself; and dreading that he might open on me, I walked to another part of the edificial preparations, where I met with a man of a very sound understanding, who

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described to me how the floor of the platform was to be covered with broad cloth, which both of us agreed was a most commendable encouragement of trade, on the part of his most gracious majesty; and we thought, likewise, that the expence, both by the King, and the spectators, was a spreading of money, that would augment the means of spending to those employed, and, through them, give encouragement to the dealers in all desirable commodities. The very outlay for ale and strong drink, will encourage the brewers, and the colonies, and the traders in wines, from which farmers and merchants will draw profit; and all traders so heartened, will increase the braws of their wives and families, to the great advantage of the manufacturers and those in the fancy line.

While we were thus speaking on the beneficial consequences of the coronation, a most termagant rioter came up, bawling one minute, "The Queen for ever!" and then turning his tongue in his cheek, and roaring, "God save the King!" I really thought the rank and dignity of both their majesties suffered greatly by this proceeding, and I wonder the ministers did not, by a proclamation, forbid all such irreverence anent the characters of the King and Queen. Saying this to a stiff and dry man, of a pale metaphysical look, and a spare habit of body, he said to me, "that the coronation did not concern personalities, but was a solemn recognition of the monarchical principle in the Constitution, and that they were vulgar fools who considered it as a custom, which any sensible man confounded with two such mere puppets as the individuals we call King and Queen." Surely this was the saying of a dungeon of wit, and I would fain have gone deeper into the matter with him; but just as we were on the edge of something of a very instructive nature, a gang of rankringing enemies of blackguard callants came bawling among us, and I was glad to shove myself off in another direction.

The first place where I again fell in with other conversible visitants was near to a side-door of Westminster-Hall, where I was greatly chagrined to find two public-houses within the same —what would our provost think of even one change-house within the entrance of the new court-houses? and here were two, roaring full of strangers and wayfaring people, within the very bounds and precincts of the coronation palace! I there forgathered with a batch of decent looking folk, moralizing on the scene. Some thought the booths and benches were very handsome; and certainly such of them as were hung with the red durant, and serge and worsted fringes, might deserve a commendation, as they could not but prove to the profit of business; but as for those that were ornamented with paper and paintings, though they might cast a show of greater splendour, they were undoubtedly of a very gaudy nature, and not at all suitable to the solemn occasion of a Royal Coronation.

When I had, by this itinerancy of the preparations, pacified my curiosity, I returned homeward to the house of Mrs Damask to get a cup of tea, and to consult with her as to what was best to be done about getting admittance to the Hall or the Abbey; for by this time it was growing dark, and there was but the Wednesday between and the day fixed, which made me resolve, as I did upon her advice, to postpone all serious thoughts of business until after the ceremony,—people's heads being turned, and nobody in a state to talk with sobriety on any other matter or thing.

While we were thus conversing, and the tea getting ready, a chaise, with a footman behind it, came to the door, and a knocking ensued with the knocker that was just an alarm to hear,—and who should this be but that worthy man Doctor Pringle, in his gudeson's, the Captain Sabre's, carriage, come to assist me how I could best see the show. "Knowing," said he, "Mr Duffle, that you are a man of letters, and may be inclined to put out a book on the Coronation, I couldna but take a pleasure in helping you forward to particulars. Mrs Pringle herself would have come with me; but this being the first night with her dochter Rachel, who is not so near her time as we expectit, she couldna think of leaving her, so I came by myself to let you know, that we have a mean in our gude-son to get tickets baith to see the Hall and the Abbey,—so you may set yourself easy on that head. But, Mr Duffle, there's a great impediment, I doubt, to be overcome; for it's ordered by authority, that gentlemen are

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to be in Court dresses, and I fear ye'll think that o'er costly, being so far from your own shop, where you could get the cloth at the first hand; over and above which, the Coronation is so near, that I doubt it is not in the power of nature for any tailor to make the garb in time."

I need not say how well pleased I was with this complimentary attention of Doctor Pringle; and when I told him of Mr Solomon and the old-fashioned clothes, we had a most jocose laugh about the same; and he said, that, as soon as I had taken my tea, we would go together in the Captain's carriage to Mr Solomon's shop, and get a suit of Court clothes for me. As for the Doctor, he stood in no need of such vanity; having brought up his gown and bands with him, in case of being obligated to preach any charity sermons, as he was in his legacy visit to London,—and he was told, that clergymen were to be admitted in their gowns. "Indeed," said the Doctor, "Rachel wrote to her mother of this when she pressed us to come to see the Coronation, which was the cause of Mrs Pringle putting the gown in the portmanty; but, you know, if I preach in another's pulpit, there is never an objection to lend either gown or bands."

The Doctor then went to the window, and, opening the same, said to the coachman, that he might put up his horses for a season at a change-house, and come back in half an hour; but I could discern that the flunkies were draughty fellows, though they seemed to obey him; for when they, at the end of the time, came back with the carriage for us, the horses were reeking hot, and when we stepped in, to go to Mr Solomon's at Charing Cross, the first thing the Doctor laid his hand on was a lady's ridicule, and how it could have come into the carriage was past all comprehension. But the footman took charge of it, and said he knew the owner, so the Doctor gave it to him; but when I came to reflect at leisure on this, I thought it was very soft of the Doctor to give it up without an examination.

By the time we got to Mr Solomon's shop, it was full of strangers; on the same errand as ourselves, and it was long before we could be served. At last, however, the Doctor and me were persuaded by the man to take a sky-blue silk suit, richly flowered, with an embroidered white satin waistcoat, adorned with glass buttons. I would fain myself have had one of the plain cloth sort, such as I saw the generality of gentlemen preferring, but I was overly persuaded, particularly by the man offering me the loan for a guinea less than the others were let for. The Doctor, too, in this was partly to blame; for he greatly insisted, that the gayer the apparel the more proper it was for the occasion,—although I told him, that a sky-blue silk dress, with great red roses and tulips, and glass buttons, was surely not in any thing like a becoming concordance with the natural douceness of my character. However, persuaded I was; and we brought the dress away,—sword, and cockit-hat, with all the other paraphernalia,—and the Doctor and me had great sport at my lodgings about the spurtle-sword, for we were long of finding out the way to put it on,—for it was very incommodious to me on the left side, as I have been all my days Katy-handed. Indeed, we were obligated to call up both Mrs Damask and the footman to instruct us; and I thought the fellow would have gone off at the head with laughing, at seeing and hearing the Doctor's perplexity and mine. However, we came to a right understanding at last; and the Doctor wishing me good-night went home to his gudeson's, with a promise to come down to me betimes in the morning.

After he was departed, I began to consider of the borrowed dress, and I was not at all satisfied with myself for the gaiety thereof; I thought also that it must surely be one very much out of fashion, or it would never have been so much pressed upon me at a moderate rate.—But Mrs Damask thought it most handsome, so submitting my own judgment to the opinion of others, I reasoned myself into contentment, and getting a mutchkin of London porter in, and a partan, which to me was dainties, I made a competent supper, and retired to my bed, where I slept as comfortable as could be till past eight o'clock next morning, when I rose and had my breakfast, as I had bargained with Mrs Damask, for the which I was to pay her at the rate of seven shillings per week, a price not out of the way,

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considering London and the Coronation time, when, as was understood at Glasgow, every thing was naturally expected to be two prices.

By the time I had got my breakfast, and was in order to adventure forth, Captain Sabre's carriage, with the Doctor and Mrs Pringle, came to the door, to take me out with them to show me the curiosities of London. But before going, Mrs Pringle would see my court dress, which she examined very narrowly, and observed "it must have cost both pains and placks when it was made, but it's sore worn, and the right colour's faded.—Howsomever, Mr Duffle, it will do vastly well, especially as few ken you."

This observe of Mrs Pringle did not tend to make me the more content with my bargain, but I was no inclined to breed a disturbance by sending back the things, and I could no bear the thought of a law-plea about hiring clothes to look at the King.

Mrs Pringle having satisfied her curiosity with my garments, we all went into the carriage, and drove to a dressmaker's, where she had dealt before, to get a new gown and mutch for the Coronation. The mantua-maker would fain have persuaded her to have taken a fine glittering gauze, spangled and pedigreed with lace and gum flowers, but Mrs Pringle is a woman of a considerate character, and was not in a hurry to fix, examining every dress in the room in a most particular manner, that she might, as she told me, be able to give an explanation to Nanny Eydent of the Coronation fashions. She then made her choice of a satin dress, that would serve for other times and occasions, and adhered to it, although the mantua-making lady assured her that satin was not to be worn, but only tissues and laces; the mistress, however, made her putt good, and the satin dress was obligated to be sent to her, along with a bonnet, that would require the particularity of a millinder's pen to describe.

When we had settled this matter, we then drove home to Captain Sabre's, to hear about the tickets, where I got one, as being a literary character, to the box set apart for the learned that were to write the history of the banquetting part of the solemnity, and it was agreed that I was to be at the door of admittance by three o'clock in the morning; the Doctor and Mrs Pringle were provided, by the Captain's means, with tickets both for the Hall and Abbey, he himself was to be on guard, and Mrs Sabre, being big with bairn, and thereby no in a condition to encounter a crowd, was to go with a party of other married ladies, who were all in the like state, to places in the windows of a house that overlooked the platform, so that nothing could be better arranged, not only for me to see myself, but to hear what others saw of the performance in those places where I could not of a possibility be.

And here I should narrate, much to the credit of the Londoners, that nothing could exceed the civility with which I was treated in the house of Captain Sabre, not only by himself and the others present; for many ladies and gentlemen, who knew he was to be on guard, and how, through his acquaintance, we had been favoured in tickets, came in to inquire particulars, and to talk about the Coronation, and whether the Queen really intended to claim admittance. In a like company in Glasgow I would have been left at the door, but every one was more attentive to me than another, on understanding I was the Mr Duffle of Blackwood's Magazine. The Captain insisted on my taking an early family dinner, saying they had changed their hour to accommodate the Doctor, and the Doctor likewise pressed me, so that I could not in decency refuse, having as I have mentioned, postponed all business till after the Coronation. In short, it is not to be told the kindness and discretion which I met with.

In the afternoon, the Doctor, Mrs Pringle, and me were sent out again in the carriage to see the preparations and the scaffolding, and it was just a miracle to hear the Doctor's wonderment at the same, and the hobbleshaw that was gathering around. As for Mrs Pringle, she was very audible on the waste and extravagance that was visible every where, and said, that although a pomp was befitting the occasion on the King's part, the pomposity of the scaffoldings was a crying sin of vanity and dissipation.

When we had satisfied ourselves, and I had pointed out to them the circumstantials which I had gathered the night before, they conveyed me to the

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house of Mrs Damask, where I had my lodgment, and we bade one another good night; for although it was yet early, we agreed that it would be as well for us to take, if possible, an hour or two's rest, the better to withstand the fatigue and pressure of the next day; and accordingly, when I went up stairs, I told Mrs Damask of that intent, and how I would like, if it could be done, that she would have the kettle boiling by times, for me to have a bite of breakfast by three o'clock in the morning, which she very readily promised to do, having other lodgers besides me that were to be up and out by that time.

Thus have I related at full length, to the best of my recollection, all the preliminary and prefatory proceedings in which I was concerned about the Coronation; the ceremonies and solemnities of which I will now go on to tell, setting down nought that is not of a most strict veracity, having no design to impose upon the understanding of posterity, but only a sincere desire to make them, as well as the living generation, acquaint with the true incidents and character of that great proceeding, the like of which has not been in this country in our time, if it ever was in any other country at any time, to the end and purpose that the scene and acting thereof may have a perpetuity by being in the pages of my writings.

PART III.—THE CORONATION.

I HAD but an indifferent night's rest; for the anxiety that I suffered, lest I should oversleep myself, prevented me in a great degree from shutting my eyes. So I was up and stirring before "the skreigh o' day;" and I was in a manner out of the body at Mrs Damask, who had not the breakfast ready so soon as I had hoped she would. It was more than a whole quarter of an hour past three o'clock in the morning before I got it and was dressed; and when I was dressed, I durst not almost look at myself in the looking-glass, with my broidered garments of sky-blue, the sword, and the cockit hat, I was such a figure. Judge, then, what I felt when I thought on going out into the streets so like a phantasy of Queen Anne's court. Luckily, however, another gentleman in the house, who had likewise got a ticket and dress, was provided with a coach for the occasion, and he politely offered me a seat; so I reached the Hall of Westminster without any inordinate trouble or confusion.

Having been shewn the way to the gallery where I was to sit, I sat in a musing mood: seeing the personages coming in, like a kirk filling. A murmuring was heard around, like the sough of rushing waters, and now and then the sound of an audible angry voice. As the dawn brightened, the Hall was lightened; and the broad patches of white, and red, and other colours, that seemed like bales and webs of cloth in the galleries fornent me, gradually kithed into their proper shape of ladies and gentlemen.

I now took my old Magazine out of my pocket, and began to make comparisons; but for a time I was disturbed by ladies coming into the gallery, and sitting down beside me, talking much, and very highly pleased.

The performance of the day began by sixteen queer looking men, dressed into the shape of Barons, rehearsing how they were to carry a commodity over the King's head, called a canopy. It was really a sport to see in what manner they endeavoured to march, shouldering the sticks that upheld it, like bairns playing at soldiers. Among this batch of curiosities, there was pointed out to me a man of a slender habit of body; that was the great Mr Brougham, and a proud man, I trow, he was that day, stepping up and down the Hall, with a high head, and a crouse look, snuffing the wind with a pride and panoply just most extraordinar to behold.

By and bye, the nobles, and counsellors, and great officers, and their attendants, a vast crowd, all in their robes of state,—and a most gorgeous show they made,—came into the Hall, followed by the King himself, who entered with a marvellous fasherie, as I thought it, of formalities, and so he seemed, or I'm mistaken, to think

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himself; for I could see he was now and then like to lose his temper at the stupidity of some of the attendants. But it's no new thing for kings to be ill-served; and our Majesty might by this time, I think, have been used to the misfortune,—considering what sort of men his ministers are.

Shortly after the King had taken his place on the throne, the crown, and the other utensils of royalty, were brought, with a great palavering of priesthood and heraldry, and placed on the council-table before him, and when he had ordered the distribution thereof, the trumpets began to sound, and the whole procession to move off. His Majesty, when he reached the head of the stairs, was for a time at some doubt as to the manner of descending, till a noble in scarlet came and lent him his arm, for the which his Majesty was very thankful at the bottom. Meanwhile a most idolatrous chaunting and singing was heard, as the procession slided slowly down the Hall, and out at the door, and along the platform to the Abbey. Those who had places for the Abbey as well as the Hall then hurried out; and, while the King was absent, there was but little order or silence in the company, people talking and moving about.

I now began to weary, and to grudge at not having got a ticket to the Abbey likewise; but trusting to Doctor Pringle and the Mistress for an account of what was doing there, it behoved me to be content: so, with others, I stepped down from where I was sitting, and looked at the preparations for dressing the royal table, which had a world of pains bestowed on it—divers gentlemen measuring with foot-rules the length and the breadth thereof that was to be allowed for the dishes, no jooking the tithe of an inch in the placing of the very saltfits. But there was one thing I could not comprehend; which was a piece of an old looking-glass, in a green painted frame, with four gilded babies, about the size of a bairn's doll, at the corners, placed flat in the middle. Surely, it was not for the intent to let the King see how he looked with the crown on his brows; and, if it was not for that purpose, I wonder what it was there for?—but truly it was a very poor commodity. In the mean time, golden vessels, flagons, and servers, and other dunkled and old-fashioned articles of the like metal, were placed in shelves on each side of the throne for a show, like the pewter plates, dripping pans, pot lids, and pint stoups in a change-house kitchen. Some thought it very grand; but, for me, I thought of King Hezekiah shewing his treasures to the messengers of Berodach-baladan, the son of Baladan, King of Babylon;—for the foreign ambassadors, whose names are worse to utter than even that of the son of Baladan, and to spell them is past the compass of my power, sat near to this grand bravado of ancient pageantry.

By this time I had got some insight into the art of seeing a Coronation, so that, after satisfying my curiosity with the internals of the Hall, I strayed out upon the platform, partly to get a mouthful of caller air, and partly to get a drink of porter, for the weather was very warm, and I was very dry, by reason of the same, with the help of a biscuit in my pocket. And while I was about the porter-job in one of the two public-houses before spoken of, a shout got up, that the procession was returning from the Abbey, and I got up and ran to get back to my seat in the Hall; but as the crowd was easy and well bred, before I reached the door I halted, and thought I might as well take a look of the procession, and compare it with our King Crispin's Coronation, which took place on the 12th of November, A.D. 1818; and the order of which I will state herein, with annotations, to the end and intent, that posterity, in reading this book, may have a clear notion of what it was; and the more especially that his Majesty's ministers,—I mean those of King George IV,—may have a proper pattern for the next ceremony of the kind—for it was most manifest to me, that the shoemakers' affair was a far finer show than the one that I had come so far afield to see. But this is not to be wondered at, considering how much more experience the craft have; they being in the practice of crowning and processing with King Crispin, according to law, every year; by which they have got a facility of hand for the business, as is seen in their way of doing the same; the form and order whereof follows.

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ORDER OF THE PROCESSION OF KING CRISPIN.

As it moved from the Barrack-Square, Glasgow, on Thursday the 12th of Nov. 1818, about 12 o'clock.

Herald.
CHAMPION, (1)
Supported by two Aides-de-Camp.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music. (2)
Two Captains.
Then follows part of the Body.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music. (3)
Colonel.
Three Lords Lieutenant.
Twenty-four Ushers.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music. (4)
Secretary of State.
Privy Councillors.
THE KING,
SUPPORTED BY TWO DUKES,
And protected by four Life-Guards.
Nine Pages, (5)
Protected by four Guards.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music. (6)
Twenty Lords.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.

Music. (7)
LATE KING, (8)
Supported by two Dukes.
Two Captains.
Six Lieutenants.
A COSSACK. (9)
A party of Caledonians, with two Pipers. (10)
Two Captains.
Twelve Lieutenants.
INDIAN KING,
Supported by two Bashaws. (11)
A Page.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music.
Six Lieutenants.
Two Sheriffs.
Macer.
LORD MAYOR,
Supported by two Aldermen.
Ten White Apron Boys. (12)
Two Captains.
BRITISH PRINCE,
Supported by two Aides-de-Camp.
A Page.
Standard-Bearer.
Music.
Lieutenant-Colonel.
THE BODY.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Three Adjutants.

(1) There was no Champion in the procession of his Sacred Majesty.—Surely it was a great omission to leave him out.

(2) There was no such Band of Music, as at King Crispin's—four fiddlers, three clarionets, with drums and fifes—but only Popish-like priests, and callants in their father's sarks, singing, and no good at it.

(3) Music again. His Sacred Majesty had no such thing.

(4) Band of Music the Third—It was the regiment's from the Barracks. What had King George to compare with that?

(5) King George IV. had but six pages—King Crispin had nine, bearing up his train.

(6) Music again. O what scrimping there was of pleasant sounds, compared to our show at Glasgow!

(7) Music again. Think of that, Lord Londonderry, and weep—no wonder you delight in stratagems and spoils—I'll say no more.

(8) I didna approve, at the time, of this show of the late King, being myself a loyal man, and the Radicals then so crouse; for I thought, that the having the King of the past-time in the procession was like giving a hint to the commonality, that it would be a great reform to have Annual Kings as well as Annual Parliaments.

(9) *A Cossack.*—There was, to be sure, a Russian Ambassador; but what's an Ambassador compared to a Cossack?

(10) "A party of Caledonians, with two Pipers."—There was no such thing.

(11) "Indian King, supported by two Bashaws."—O, Lord Londonderry, but ye have made a poor hand o't—what had ye to set beside an Indian King, supported by two Bashaws?

(12) "Ten White Apron Boys."—For them we must count the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

But it's really needless to descend thus into particulars—the very order of King Crispin's Procession is sufficient to put the whole Government to the blush—to say nothing of the difference of cost.

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Indeed I was truly mortified with the infirmities and defects of the whole affair, and was hurrying away from it when I happened to see Mrs Mashlam with her husband on a booth, and I stoppit to speak to her, but she had seen nothing in the whole concern save only her old friend the Duke of York. "When she saw him going to the Abbey with the lave, she rose up as he passed," said Mr Mashlam, pawkily, "and made him a courtesy, and the tear shot in her e'e."

I thought by the glance she gave the master at this jibe, that he had treaded rather hard on a tender corn, but she smiled, and taking him by the hand, made it all up by saying in a kind manner in the words of the song, "For auld Robin Gray is sy kind to me." I hadna, however, time to spend with them, but hurrying back to the Hall, I was almost riven to pieces among a crowd of hardy ladies of quality, that had drawn up with gallants when they were in the Abbey and brought them with them, and insisted on taking them in whether the door-keepers would or no. It was surprising to hear with what hir and smeddum they stood up to the door-keepers, not a few of them carrying their point with even down flyting, to the black eclipse of all courtly elegance. Among them I beheld, at last, Dr Pringle in his gown and bands, with Mrs Pringle holding by his arm, toiling and winning by the sweat of their brows their way towards the door. They were rejoiced to see me, and the moment they got within the door, the Doctor whispered to me with a sore heart, "O, you is a sad remnant of the beast! Far better it were had a man of God, like Samuel with a pot of ointment in his hand, gone alone to the king in the secrets of the desert, and anointed and hallowed him with prayer and supplication."

"This is Babylon!—this is Babylon!" cried Mrs Pringle gaily, and aloud out at the same time; "but it was a very fine sight, that must be allowed."

The crowd began now so to press upon us, that I was glad to hasten them in, and to get them up beside me in the gallery, where we were scarcely seated when the whole show, as I had seen it on the outside, but in a more confused manner, came into the Hall; a stately maiden madam, in a crimson mantle, attended by six misses carrying baskets of flowers, scattering round sweet smelling herbs, with a most majestical air, leading the van. She was the King's kail-wife, or, as they call her in London, his Majesty's herb-woman; and soon after there was a great clamour of trumpets and sonorous instruments, proclaiming as it were, "God save the King," all the spectators standing, and the very rafters of the hall dirling in sympathy, for truly it was a wonderful and continuous shout of exultation; and my fine garb of sky blue, and the ladies' dresses suffered damage by the dust that came showering down from the vibrating imagery and carvings of the roof, as the King's Majesty passed on under his golden canopy of state, and ascended the steps leading to his throne, looking around him, and bowing to every body. Both me and Doctor Pringle, as well as the Mistress, thought he cognised us in a most condescending manner; and here I must say for his Majesty, that he certainly did his part in a more kingly manner than Andrew Gilbert, who performed King Crispin, never forgetting himself, but behaving throughout most stately and gracious, though often grievously scomphisht with the heat and the crowd; the which was not the case with Andrew, poor fellow, as I saw myself from Mrs Micklewraith's windows in the Gallowgate, where in passing, having occasion to blow his nose, instead of applying to the page that carried for him a fine white pocket-napkin, he made use of his fingers for that purpose, which was surely a very comical outbreaking of the natural man from aneath the artificial king.

As I was looking at his sacred Majesty with his crown and robes, I thought of a worthy lady that told me of what she had herself once witnessed, of his father's behaviour in the House of Parliament—"I was there," said Mrs Clinker, "with Mr Clinker and our five dochters, to see the solemnities of the robing room in the House of Lords; and there was a great congregation of other ladies with some gentlemen to keep them in countenance—a most genteel company we were, and all sitting in the greatest composity, waiting, like the ten virgins in the parable, some of us wise and some

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foolish, but we had no hamps, when the cry arose that the King was coming. Then first came a lord, and syne another, and then the Duke of York bounced among us with a troubled countenance, walking backwards and forwards like a ramping lion, which made us all sit with quaking hearts, as you may well think; next came the King himsel, honest man, talking to his nobles, and they had all faces of great terror. It was just a prodigy to see what a fear they were in; but his Majesty was never dismayed, keeping up a blithe heart. However, we began among ourselves to dread that surely something was the matter; and by and by it spunkit out that the King had been shot at, with a treasonable gun that went off without powther. Oh! what I suffered, to know and hear that we were sitting on a Gunpowder Plot, and that Mr Clinker, with me and my five dochters, might be flying in the air, clapping our hands in despair, like peelings of onions, before we kent whar we were. But the King saw the distress that all the ladies were in, and put on a jocose demeanour, and talked to his lords as they put the robes about his shoulders,—the crown he put himsel on his own head with his own hands, and when he had done so, he turned round to let us all see him, and he really looked like a king as he was, and his tongue never lay."

I'll no take it upon me to say that the behaviour of his present Majesty, in the latter particular, was like his father's, for he is a newer fashioned man, and hasna yet had such an experience of kingcraft; but if in other and more serious concerns, he can port himself as much to the purpose as the auld King, we can thole with him, though he should na just speak so much to the entertainment of his people.

In the mean time, the Peers and Prelates, and the minuter members of the procession, took their seats at the table; and I could see that the Bishops and Aldermen soon began to make long arms towards the eatables, which mean Doctor Pringle thought a most voracious thing of them, and not well bred towards his sacred and anointed Majesty, who was undergoing such a great fatigue that day for their advantage and renown to all parts of the earth. I likewise observed a Peeress from her seat in the front of the laft opposite to me, speaking vehemently to a fat Lord at the table bellow. I suppose he was her gudeman, by the freedom of her speech, for she was plainly making a remonstrance to him on her being so neglected, for among all the ladies round her, both right and left, to a great expanse, there was not a single gentleman, because they were Peeresses, and placed there to sit in state for a help to the show; and then I saw his lordship put some eatable article on a trencher, and it was handed up to pacify her ladyship, and some of her adjacent kimmers.

In this stage of the procedure, during his Majesty's absence, I had leisure for a conversation with the Doctor and the Mistress anent what they had seen in the Abbey, the which I will set down in their own words, my faculty of memory not being of that sort which enables me to give a compendious narration, but, as Mr Sweetie said, by way of encouragement to me to proceed with the enditing of this book—"a great talent in transcribing the personalities of my heroes and heroines."

"Aweel, Doctor," quoth I, "and what did you see, and how were ye entertained with the anointing?" The Doctor shook his head in a solemn manner, and cogitated some time before he made reply, then he answered and said, "It would not become me, Mr Duffle, to find fault with what the King did in the midst of all his government, as he can do no wrong, and may be, in my presbyterian simplicity and ignorance, I am no of a capacity to judge; but if yon doing was not popery—the seven-headed ten-horned popery, that rampanged over the back of common sense so long in this land, the darkness of night is the light of day to my eyes, and we are not sitting here in the earthly bunkers of this grand auld ancient Hall, but are the mere bubbles of a vision of sleep, and all this pomp and garniture around of no more substance than the wrack of vanity that floats in some poor dreaming natural's fantastical imagination. O Mr Duffle, a heavy hand has been laid on my spirit this forenoon; to see and witness the Protestant King of a Protestant people, crossed and creeshed with such abominations of idolatry, and a paternostring of rank and heinous papistry, that ought to have been stoned out of the midst of the Christian congregation that was

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sinning by witnessing the same. I tried to the uttermost of my ability to keep the wonted composure of my mind, and to note in my remembrance the circumstantialities, but one new head of the beast made its appearance after another, till I quaked with terror. I could scarcely abide to look at that speaking horn the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after all, said no 'great things:' as for the prelate that preached, I think he read every word, although holding forth in the very presence of the King's Majesty, who, oppressed with the burden of his royal robes, endured all as well as he could. Two or three times I could plainly see, by the help of a pocket spy-glass a lady lent me, that his Majesty was not overly content with some of the doctrines, which gave me pleasure, although, considering they were but matter of morality, I think he need not have fashed himself about any such feckless ware of the episcopalian inefficacy, than which nothing can be more innocent in a temporal point of view, although, as you know, and every true believer knows, it is as deadly venom in a spiritual. In short, Mr Duffle, I have no broo of this Coronation. But let the sin of it rest at the doors of them that advised it; as for me and my house, we will fear God, and honour the King. But of one thing I am most thankful, to wit, that the papistry of this doing is an English work, and can bring neither sin nor disgrace upon the Canaan of Scotland, where the Coronation of the Kings was ever a most devout and religious solemnity, as I have specially read in the account of what was done at Scone, on the new year's day of Anno Domini 1651, at the crowning of King Charles, the second of that name,—a prince who, according to all history, was not one of the soundest Protestants,—but who nevertheless conducted himself on that occasion in a most sincere manner, saying to the Lord Chancellor, when that pious man told him, with all due formality, how his good subjects desired he might be crowned as the righteous and lawful heir of the crown and kingdom, 'I do esteem,' said King Charles, 'the affections of my good people more than the crowns of many kingdoms, and shall be ready, by God's assistance, to bestow my life in their defence; wishing to live no longer, than I may see religion and this kingdom flourish in happiness,'—the which was as good a speech as King David himself could have made to the Children of Israel, and far better than a profane liturgy out of a book. Then King Charles, having made an end of speaking, was conveyed by his nobles to the Kirk of Scone, which was fittingly prepared for the occasion, and Mr Robert Douglas, a minister of Edinburgh, and Moderator of the General Assembly, preached a most weighty sermon from Second Kings, chap. xi. verses 12 and 17; and, after the blessing, the King renewed the Covenants. First, the National Covenant, then the Solemn League and Covenant were distinctly read; at the close of which the King, kneeling down upon his bended knees, and holding up his right hand, did take upon him, as it were, at the footstool of his Maker, the solemn vows anent the same.

"When this was done, he then ascended a stage in the middle of the kirk, and the Lord Lyon presented him as the King of Scotland to the people; and the people having testified their acceptance of him as such, he again descended from the stage, and, falling on his knees, the great coronation oath was administered in an awful manner; to the which his Majesty replied, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall observe and keep all that is contained in this oath,'—at which there was silence and dread in the kirk, and a sensible manifestation of the devout simplicity of our true and reformed religion.

"Having taken the oath, King Charles was then invested with the types and symbols of royalty; but there was no creeshy papistry practised there, every thing was done in a spirit of meaning and of understanding, the nobles, one by one, touching the crown on the king's head, and saying aloud, to the hearing of the people, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to my uttermost;' and then, holding up their right hands towards heaven, swore to be loyal and true subjects, and faithful to the crown.

"But what ensued was the grandest solemnity of all, and to the which there was no comparison in the wearysome paternostering of this day. When the nobility had sworn their allegiance,

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the Lord Lyon went forth and declared the obligatory oath to the people; and all present lifting up their right hands, stretched them towards the king, who was seated on his throne on the stage, and cried with one loud and universal voice, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, we become your liege men, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folks whatsoever, in your service, according to the National Covenant, and Solemn League and Covenant.'

"Then the minister addressed himself with the earnest voice of a servant of the King of Kings and the Lord of Glory, and pointed out to the poor frail human creature that had been thus invested with the ensigns and homages of sovereignty, how he was obligated, as the temporal type and representative of Him to whom all thrones and princedoms pertaineth, to ettle, to the utmost of his ability, to do that which would be pleasant in the sight of his heavenly Master, without whose favour he could hope for neither homage nor honour nor prosperity, but only confusion of face and sorrow of heart for ever.

"Far different, ye see, Mr Duffle," continued the worthy Doctor, "was the old simplicity of our Presbyterian Coronation, and deeper the spirit of its symbolic ritual sank into the hearts of the worshipping witnesses. However, as King George is a member of the English Church, I'll no find fault with what has been done to him this day. But I think it was surely a great omission in the ceremonial, that there was no recognition of him by the people, nor covenant, on their part, to be to him, in all straits and perils, true and faithful lieges; for it, in a manner, must leave him in doubt whether they are yet with a right sincerity his subjects, the which it is the main business of a Coronation to verify before the world."

When the Doctor had made an end of this edifying account of our Scottish national way of crowning the Kings in times past, I turned round to Mrs Pringle, who was sitting at my right hand, sucking an oranger, with her satin gown kilted up to save it from the accidental drops of the juice, and inquired at her what was her opinion of the crowning in the Abbey.

"Mr Duffle," said she, "I have got no gude o't; for the Doctor, at every new o'ercome o' the ceremony, panted with an apprehension; and when he saw the 'nointing, I was in a terrification that he would speak loud out, and get us both sent to the Tower of London for high treason. But, Mr Duffle, do ye ken the freet of yon doing wi' the oil on the palms of the hand? It's my opinion that it's an ancient charm to keep the new King in the kingdom; for there is no surer way to make a new cat stay at hame, than to creesh her paws in like manner,—as we had an experience of, after our flitting from the Manse to Hydrabad-house, as we call our new place, in memory of the Cornal's legacy; for Miss Mally Glencairn made us a present of one of Miss Nanny Pedian's black kittlings, which is a radical sorrow, like Miss Nanny's own hardware self,—thieving baith in pantry and parlour, when it can get in. Howsomever, Mr Duffle, this business must have cost a power of money, and considering the King's great straits, and the debt that he and his ministers owe to the pesents, out of which, I do assure you, we were glad to get our twa three pounds, for they were never twa days the same,—it must be allowed that it is a piece of dreadful extravagance. But the Lord Londonderry, that was the Lord Castlereagh, is surely a genteel man—none more so among all the Lords—and I would fain hope he knows where the money is to be had to pay the expence. There he is yonder—that's him with the grand cap of white feathers, and the blue velvet cloke, to denote that he's in the King's servitude.—I hope he's no ordained to be one of the auld bluegowns.—See what a fine band of diamonds he has on his cap. A gentleman told me they were pickit out of the lids of the snuff-boxes that he and his lady got from the Emperor Alexander and the King of France, for putting Boney out of the way, that was sic a potentate to them all. But, Mr Duffle, how is it possible sic a stack of duds as the King is, to fight in state at the head of his armies, when required, for his crown and kingdom? Howsomever, I spose, as by law now-a-days he is not allowt to go to the wars, the Parliament winks at him. But can ye think, Mr Duffle, that it's possible all the diamonds on the leddies' heads here are precious stones?—The

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King's crown, I am told, is spr'ng new, gotten for the occasion, as the old one was found, on an examine, to hae mony false jewels put in to delude the people, the true ones being purloined in times of trouble. But now that the Coronation's 'played and done,' can you tell me, Mr Duffle, what's the use o't; for I hae been sitting in a consternation, trying to guess the meaning of a' this going out, and up and doon, and changing swords, and helping the King off and on wi' his clothes—'first wi his stockings and syne wi his shoone,' as the sang of Logan Water sings.—It may be what the Doctor calls a haryglyphical ceremony, but haryglyphical or rabbitifical, I doubt it would take wiser men than Pharaoh's or the Babylonian soothsayers to expound it. To be sure it's a fine show, that cannot be denied; but it would have been a more satisfaction to the people, had his Majesty paraded up and down the streets like your King Crispianus at Glasgow."

While Mrs Pringle was thus discoursing, in her discanting way, in high satisfaction and glee, taking every now and then a suck of her oranger, the Head Lord Chamberlain came with his staff in his hand, arrayed in his robes of crimson-velvet, and wearing his coronet on his head, and ordered the Hall to be cleared, turning out, by his own bodily command, every one that lingered on the floor, more particularly the Earl Marshal's flunkies; for it seems that the Lord Chamberlain, as I read in my old Magazine, is obligated, at a royal Coronation, to have a gaw in the Earl's back, and takes this method to show his power and supremacy within the bounds of the Hall. But the ceremony was, I could see, not relished by those in the Earl Marshal's livery, for the most part of them being gentlemen disguised for the occasion, had hoped, under that masquerading, to have egress and ingress both to Hall and Abbey. However, the disgrace was inflicted in a very genteel manner, by the Lord Gwydir, who performed the part of Lord Chamberlain, throughout the whole ploy, with the greatest ability. Nothing, indeed, of the kind was ever so well done before; for his lordship, unlike his corrupt predecessors, making a profit of the office, did all in his power to render it suitable to the nobility of the three kingdoms, and suppressed the sordid custom of making the royal ancient feast of the King of the realm a pay show, like the wax-work of Solomon in all his glory.

When the Hall was cleared in this manner, a bustle about the throne announced that the King was again coming, so we all stood up, and the trumpets sounding, in came his Majesty, with his orbs and sceptres, and took his seat again at the table. Then the lower doors were thrown open, and in rode three noble peers on horseback, followed by a retinue of servitors on foot, bearing golden tureens and dishes, which, after some palaver, were placed on the King's table. During this scene, the learned gentlemen of the daily press, above and behind me, were busily writing, which Dr Pringle observing, inquired what they were doing, and when I explained it to him, as I had been told, he noted that the ambassadors of the allied powers were placed over against them, and said, that the thing put him in mind of Belshazzar's feast, the newspaper reporters being to them as the hand-writing on the wall, "MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN," said the Doctor, in so solemn a manner, that I wished the ambassadors could have heard it, as it might have been to them for a warning to their masters; no doubt, however, they were dismayed enough to see the liberty of the press so far ben, and for the first time, too, in a station of recognised honour at a Coronation.

When the golden dishes were set before the King, they stood sometime untouched, for his Majesty would not permit them to be uncovered, till one of the ministers was got to say the grace. Then the lids were taken off, when, lo and behold! as Mrs Pringle judiciously observed, they contained but commonalities; and surely, as she said, there ought to have been, at least, one pie of singing blackbirds, on such a great occasion. However, the King tasted but little of them; it was therefore supposed that he had got a refreshment behind the scenes. But we know not the truth of this suppose, and, at the time, I could not but compassionate his Majesty in being obligated to eat before such a multitude. It would have spoiled my dinner, and the thought of such discomfort made Doctor Pringle, as he told me himself, pray inwardly that the Lord migh'

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never make him a king; a very needless prayer, in my opinion, considering the reverend doctor's great simplicity of parts and talents in the way of policy.

At this time, I discerned a very clever and genteel manner of acting on the part of the Lord Londonderry, who was one of the grandest sights in the show. In marching up the Hall with the rest, he took his stance on the platform whereon the throne was placed, and in the wonderment of the time forgot to take off his cap of feathers, although then before the presence of the King's Majesty. Some friend at his Lordship's elbow observing this, gave him a jog, to put him in mind that it might be thought ill breeding. Any common body like me would have been sorely put out at committing such an oversight; but his Lordship, with great ready wit, shewing what a pawky diplomatic he is, instead of taking off his cap on the spot, feigned to have some turn to do on the other side of the platform; so he walked past in front of the King, and making his Majesty as beautiful a bow as any gentleman could well do, took off his cap, and held it, for the remainder of the time, in his hand.

The first part of the banquet being ended, the sound of an encouraging trumpet was heard—and in came the Champion on horseback, in the warlike apparel of polished armour, having on his right hand the Duke of Wellington, and on his left, the deputy of the Earl Marshal. But it does not accord with the humility of my private pen to expatiate on such high concerns of chivalry; and I was besides just tormented the whole time by Mrs Pringle, speering the meaning of every thing, and demonstrating her surprise, that the Duke of Wellington could submit to act such a playactor's part. Really it's a great vexation to have to do with either men or women of such unicorn minds as Mrs Pringle, where there is any thing of a complexity of sense, as there is in that type and image of the old contentious times of the monarchy, shewn forth in the resurrection of a champion in a coat-of-mail, challenging to single combat.

In this conjuncture of the play, we were put to a dreadful amazement, by a lady of an Irish stock, as I heard, taking it into her head to be most awfully terrified at the sight of a Highland gentleman in his kilt, and holding his pistol in his hand. The gentleman was Glengarry, than whom, as is well known, there is not, now-a-days, a chieftain of a more truly Highland spirit; indeed it may be almost said of him, as I have read in a book, it was said of one Brutus, the ancient Roman, that he is one of the last of the chieftains, none caring more for the hardy mountain race, or encouraging, by his example, the love of the hill and heather. Well, what does the terrified madam do, but set up a plastic to disarm Glengarry, thinking that he was going to shoot the King, and put to death all the blood royal of the Guelf family, making a clean job o't for the bringing in of the Stewarts again. Then she called to her a Knight of the Bath, and a young man of a slender nature, one of the servitors, and bade them arrest Glengarry. It was well for them all that the Macdonell knew something of courts, and the dues of pedigree, and bridled himself at this hobbleshow; but it was just a picture, and a contrast to be held in remembrance, to see the proud and bold son of the mountain—the noble that a King cannot make, for its past the monarch's power to bestow the honour of a chieftainship, even on the Duke of Wellington, as all true Highlanders well know;—I say, it was a show to see him, the lion of the rock, submitting himself calmly as a lamb to those "silken sons of little men," and the whole tot of the treason proving but a lady's hysteric.*

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* The particulars of this ludicrous affair are excellently described in a letter from Colonel Macdonell himself, published in answer to a paragraph in that sagacious newspaper, *The Times*, entitled "A Mysterious Circumstance." When the "mysterious circumstance" was first read in Edinburgh, it was at once known that it could only apply to Glengarry; but a Highlander thought otherwise from the pistol not being loaded, saying, "By Gote, it could na be Glengarry, for she's aye loaded."—We subjoin the letter.

"SIR—The alarm expressed by a lady on seeing me in Westminster Hall on the day of his Majesty's coronation, and the publicity which her ladyship judged it becoming to

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After the champion and his companions had made their "exeunt omnes," as it is written in the Latin tongue, in the play-books, there was another coming forth of the high Lords on horseback, followed by their retinue of poor Gentlemen, that have pensions, carrying up the gold dishes for his Majes-

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give to that expression of her alarm by means of your paper, I should have treated with the indifference due to such mock heroics in one of the fair sex, but that it has been copied into other papers, with comments and additions which seemed to me to reflect both upon my conduct and the Highland character. I trust therefore to your sense of justice for giving to the public the real history of the 'mysterious circumstance,' as it is termed. I had the honour of a Royal Duke's tickets for my daughter and myself to see his Majesty crowned, and I dressed upon that magnificent and solemn occasion in the full costume of a Highland Chief, including of course a brace of pistols. I had travelled about 600 miles for that purpose, and in that very dress, with both pistols mounted, I had the honour to kiss my Sovereign's hand at the levee of Wednesday last, the 25th instant. Finding one of our seats in the Hall occupied by a lady on our return to the lower gallery, (whence I had led my daughter down for refreshments,) I, upon replacing her in her former situation, stepped two or three rows further back, and was thus deprived of a view of the mounted noblemen, by the anxiety of the ladies, which induced them to stand up as the horsemen entered, whereupon I moved nearer the upper end of the gallery, and had thereby a full view of his Majesty and the Royal Dukes upon his right hand. I had been standing in this position for some time, with one of the pilasters in the fold of my right arm, and my breast pistol in that hand pointing towards the seat floor on which I stood, when the Champion entered, by which means I hung my body forward in any thing but 'seemingly as if going to present it:' in fact, I had taken it into my hand in order to relieve my chest from the pressure of its weight, after having worn it slung till then, from four o'clock. It was at this instant that a lady within a short distance exclaimed, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' to which I answered, 'The pistol will do you no harm, madam;' but a second time she cried out, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' This last I answered by assuring her that the pistol was not loaded, but that I would 'instantly retire to my place, since it seemed to give her uneasiness;' and I was accordingly preparing to do so, when accosted by a young knight-errant, and closely followed by two others, likewise in plain clothes, one of whom, the first that began to mob me, for it merits no other term, laid his hand on my pistol, still grasped, under a loose glove, in my right hand; and, observing the numbers increase on his side, he asked me to deliver him the pistol. Need I say that, as a Highland chieftain, I refused his demand with contempt? The second gentleman then urged his friend's suit, but was equally unsuccessful; a Knight of the Grand Cross was then introduced with all due honours, by the name of Sir Charles, into this petty contention, and he also desired me to give up my pistol to that gentleman; which I flatly refused, but added, that understanding him by dress, &c. to be a Knight of the Grand Cross, he might have it if he chose with all its responsibility; for, as I had already said, 'it was not loaded, and pistols were a part of my national garb in full dress.'

"Again, Sir Charles desired me to 'give it to that gentleman;' but my answer was, 'No, Sir Charles. You, as a soldier, may have it, as the honour of an officer, and a man of family, will be safe in your hands; but positively no other shall, so take it, or leave it, as you please.' Soon after the Knight Grand Cross had come up, I perceived the gentleman in the scarlet frock (who appeared to be sent by Lady A——y), but his conduct was not prominently offensive in this affair. Sir Charles, after the conversation above referred to, took possession of that pistol, the other being always worn by me in its place; and the Knight Grand Cross, having first declined my turning up the pan to shew that there was no powder in it, I told him I had a daughter under my protection in the hall, and consequently proceeded in that direction, on his signifying a wish that I should retire, adding, 'I have worn this dress at several continental courts, and it never was insulted before.' I begged the favour of his card, (which he had not upon him), at the same time gave him my name, and the hotel where I lodged, expressing an expectation to see him. Sir Charles at this time begged I would move forward, and I begged of him to proceed in that direction, and that I would follow; this he did a short way, and then halting, requested I would walk first. I said, 'I had no objections, if he followed:' however, he and the Squire remained a little behind, probably to examine the pistol I had lent Sir Charles, which the latter shortly came up with and restored. Soon after I was seated, I missed my glove, and returned in search of it to the close vicinity of Lady A., when her gallant Squire pledged himself to fetch it to me if I retired to my seat, and he soon after redeemed his pledge: mean time, Sir Charles must recollect that I spoke again to him, on my way back, and that I then mentioned to him the name of a neat

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ty's table, in a most humiliated manner, bowing their heads three times, and coming away backward; and when the King had eaten of the dishes, there was a great shew of loyalty and regality, performed by divers dukes and lords of manors; among others, I was pleased to see his Grace of Argyle performing the ancient part of his Scottish progenitors, and getting a golden cup for his pains.

I think it was in this crisis of the entertainment, that Mrs Pringle pointed out to me, sitting by the head of the Peers' table, an elderly man, with a most comical wig, and having a coronet over it on his head, just a sport to see. Both the mistress and me wondered exceedingly what he could be, and when we heard him propose to drink the King's health, with one-and-eighty hurras, we concluded he could be no other than the King's George Buchanan on this occasion; and what confirmed us in this notion, was his soon after going up as one privileged, and saying something very funny to his Majesty, at which we could see his Majesty smiled like a diverted person. Over and above this, he took great liberties with his royal highness the Duke Clarence, at the King's left hand, shaking hands with him in a joke-fellow like manner, and poking and kittling him in the ribs with his fore-finger, which was a familiarity that no man in his right mind at the time would have ventured to practise at the royal table, and before the representatives of all the monarchies of Europe, as was there assembled looking on. But when I pointed him out to the Doctor, the Doctor was terrified at our ignorance, and told us that it was the Lord Chancellor. I could not, however, believe this, as it is well known the Lord Chancellor is a most venerable character, and knows better how to behave himself with a gravity when within the light and beam of the royal eye.

But the best part of the ploy was after his Majesty had retired, for, when he departed, every one, according to immemorial privilege, ran to plunder the table, and the Doctor and me and Mrs Pringle made what haste we could to join the hobbleshow below, in order to get a share of the spoil. The Doctor, at the first attempt, got a golden cup, as he thought, but, och hon! honest man! on an examine, it proved to be only timber gilt; as for me, I was content with a piece of a most excellent bacon ham, and a cordial glass or two of claret wine, and a bit seed-cake, having fasted for so long a period. Mrs Pringle would fain have had a rug at the royal nappery on the King's table, but it was nailed fast. She, however, seized a gilded image of a lady, like what is on the bawbees, with a lion by her side, and not a little jocose the Mistress was with it, for it was almost as big as a bairn, wondering and marvelling how she would get it carried home. But, as the Doctor observed on the occasion, most uncertain are all earthly possessions.—Mrs Pringle happened just for a moment to turn her back on her idol to take a

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connexion of mine, well known in command of the Coldstream Guards; and as neither of these gentlemen have called for me since, I presume they are satisfied that the blunder was not upon my side, and that my conduct would bear itself through. The conclusion of the day went off very pleasantly, and when satiated therewith, my daughter and I drove off amidst many marks of civility and condescension even from strangers, as well as from our own countrymen and acquaintances in the highest rank.

"This, sir, is the whole history of the absurd and ridiculous alarm. Pistols are as essential to the Highland courtier's dress, as a sword to the English courtier's, the Frenchman, or the German, and those used by me on such occasions are as unstained with powder, as any courtier's sword with blood: it is only the grossest ignorance of the Highland character and costume which could imagine that the assassin lurked under their bold and manly form.

"With respect to the wild fantasy that haunted Lady A.'s brain of danger to his Majesty, I may be permitted to say, that George the Fourth has not in his dominions more faithful subjects than the Highlanders; and that not an individual witnessed his Majesty's coronation who would more cheerfully and ardently shed his heart's blood for him than

"Your humble Servant, not 'Macnaughton,' but
"ARD-FLATH SIOL-CHUINN MAC-MHIC ALASTAIR, which may be anglified 'Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry and Clanronald.'"

"Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street, July 29."

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glass of wine with me, when a bold duchess-looking lady laid hands on the darling Dagon, and carried it away to another part of the table, where she sat down triumphing among judges and other great personages, and expatiated over her prize. Poor Mrs Pringle was confounded, and turned up the white of her eyes like a dying doe with disappointment, and had not the courage to demand back her property, being smitten with a sense, as she afterwards said, of not having come very honestly by it; so the lady carried off the image, as her prize, to her chariot, and a proud woman I trow she was, demonstrating over its beauties to all her acquaintance, as she bore it along in her arms, and on her own great good luck in getting it.

As we were thus employed, Mrs Pringle gave me a nodge on the elbow, and bade me look at an elderly man, about fifty, with a fair gray head, and something of the appearance of a gaunsy good-humoured country laird.—"Look at that gentleman," said she.—"Wha is't?" quo' I.—"That's the Author of Waverley," was her answer; "a most comical novel, that the Doctor read, and thought was a true history book."

Seeing myself so nigh to that great literary character, and understanding that there was some acquaintance between him and my friends, I sideled gradually up towards him, till he saw the mistress and the doctor, with whom he began to talk in a very conversible manner, saying couthy and kind things, complimenting the Doctor on his talents as a preacher, and sympathising with Mrs Pringle, whose new gown had suffered great detriment, by reason of the stour and the spiders' webs that had fallen down, as I have rehearsed, from the rafters.

By this time some familiar interchange of the eye had taken place between him and me; and when he understood that my name was Duffie, and that I corresponded in a secret manner with Mr Blackwood, the bookseller in Edinburgh; he said that he had been just like to die at some of my writings, which I was very well pleased to hear; and then I speered at him if he was really and truly the author of Waverley. "Mr Duffie," said he, "I just hae as little to say to the book as you hae."—To the which I replied, "that if a' tales be true, that could be nae lie."—"But we ken," cried Mrs Pringle, "that ye are the author, though ye may have reasons, in black and white, o' your sin, for the concealment."—"Na," quoth the Doctor, "that's, I must say, a hame push; but, no doubt, when a decent man denies a charge o' the kind, it ought to be believed." In this easy manner we stood conversing for a season, and then we sat down on the steps leading up to the King's throne, and had some jocose talk anent what we had seen, and other sights and shows of regal pageantry, the which, by little and little, led us on to speak of past times, and the doings of Kings and Queens, who have long departed this life, till at last we entered upon the connection and pedigree of his Majesty with the old tyrannical House of Stuart; my new acquaintance, however, did not much relish the observe that I made concerning the prelatic nature of the princes of that line.

After this sederunt we rose, and the disappointment of the golden image was not the only dejection that Mrs Pringle was ordained to meet with that night:—Both the Doctor and her had forgotten to make proper regulations about Captain Sabre's carriage, which was to take them home; so that, after waiting till the Hall was almost skailed, and many of the lights out, we three, in all our finery, were obligated to walk out into the streets, and no hackney was to be seen or heard of. What with the gravel hurting her feet, and the ruin it was of to her satin shoes, Mrs Pringle was at the greeting, and some drops of rain beginning to fall, her new gown was in the very jaws of jeopardy. But she is a managing woman, and not often at a loss;—seeing the Doctor and me standing overcome with perplexity, and in a manner demented, she happened to observe a gentleman's carriage at a door, and, without more ado, she begged the servants to ask their master to allow them to take her home, which he very readily did, and thus extricated us all from a most unspeakable distress, for both the Doctor and me got into the chaise beside her, and arrived safe at Captain Sabre's, where there was a great assemblage of friends, and a wonderful speer and talk about what we had all seen that day at the Coronation.

When we had rested ourselves a

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short space of time, and taken some refreshment, the doctor and me (he having put off his gown and bands) went out by ourselves on our feet, it being no length of a walk from Baker-Street to Hyde-Park, to see the fire-works, things which the doctor had never seen, but which were no unco to me, as we have had sic-like at Glasgow, from riders and equestrian troops. But this, at that time of night, was not a very judicious adventure, considering that I was in my sky-blue court-dress, with a cockit-hat and a sword; for it brought the voices of the commonality. I, however, could have put up with them, but just as we got into the crowd, there was a great flight of sky-rockets, with a fearful rushing noise, which so terrified Doctor Pringle, that he thought it was a fiery judgment breaking out of the heavens upon London, for the idolatries of the day—and uttered such a cry of fright, that every body around us roared and shouted with laughter and derision; insomuch, that we were glad to make the best of our way homeward. But our troubles did not then end. Before we were well out of the Park, an even-down thunder-plump came on, that not only drookit the doctor to the skin, but made my sky-blue silk clothes cling like wax to my skin; and, in the race from the rain, the sword gaed in between my legs, and coupit me o'er in the glar of the causey with such vehemence, that I thought my very een were dinted out: the knees of my silk breeks were riven in the fall. Some civil folk that saw my misfortune, helped me in wish the doctor to an entry mouth, till a hackney could be got to take me home. In short, the sufferings I met with are not to be related, and I had an experience of what it is to be stravaiging after fairlies at the dead hour of the night; for when I reached Mrs Damask's house, she was gone to bed, and nobody to let me in, dripping wet as I was, but an ashypet lassie that helps her for a servant. No such neglect would have happened with Mrs M'Lecket in the Saltmarket. She would have been up to see to me herself, and had the kettle boiling, that I might get a tumbler of warm toddy after my fatigues. But I was needcessitated to speel into my bed as well as I could, shivering with the dread of having got my death of cold, or of being laid up as a betheral for life, with the rheumatoese.

ACCOUNT OF A CORONATION-DINNER AT EDINBURGH,

In a Letter from JOHN M'INDOE, *Esq. to* WILLIAM M'ILHOSE, *Esq. Manufacturer, Glasgow.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I PROMISED to write you from this boasted city, and my destined route having landed me in it at a most important juncture, I haste to fulfil my engagement. But this letter shall neither be about business, which you detest; nor the appearance of this small eastern metropolis, which you despise. No, sir: this letter, I am resolved, shall be about *the men of genius here*, the only thing worth notice in this their city, and the only article in which we *cannot* excel those who are destined to live in it. You are well aware that my attachment to literature, or rather to literary men, is such, that with unwearied perseverance I have procured introductions to all such of them as verged on the circle of my uttermost acquaintance. But perhaps you do not know, that when could in noways attain such introductions, I made a piece of business with the gentlemen, put on a brazen face, and favoured them with a call. It is a fact, that I waited on Mr J——y with a political French novel in MS. written by a lady. He received me rather haughtily, with his back stretched up at the chimney, and his coat turned to one side; but I held him excused, for I perceived that he was thinking on something else. I made him a present of the work, however, and have been proud to see what use he has made of it. I also waited on Sir W—— S—— with a few Saxon coins, and two Caledonian brass javelins; on Mr C—— N—— with a song from Dr Scott; on Mr ——— with a specimen of Glasgow ice, and the Gorbals weaver's theory on the mean temperature of the globe; on P—— W—— with some verses to the moon, said to be written by Finlay; on G—— with

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a German dialogue of Paisley manufacture; and on the E—— S—— on pretence of buying his wool. But of all the introductions I ever had in my life, the most singular took place here last night, which, as you will see by the post-mark, (should I forget to date this,) was the celebrated 19th of July.

I came from Stirling to this place in the morning, in order to attend at the great public dinner; but being informed by chance, that a club of literary and social friends were to dine together at a celebrated tavern, at which they have been accustomed to meet for many years, I was seized with an indescribable longing to make one of the party, and immediately set all my wits to work in order to accomplish this. Accordingly, I went to the commercial correspondent that was deepest in arrears with our house, and besought his interest. He introduced me to another, and that one to another, who promised, if practicable, to procure me admission; and the manner of this admission being not the least singular part of my adventure, I must describe it to you the more particularly.

This last-mentioned gentleman, (who was a jeweller,) after writing a card of considerable length, gave it me, with a direction where to find his friend, who was a mercantile gentleman whose name I had often heard mentioned: therefore, when I threw my eye on the direction, I was greatly delighted. I soon found his shop, and, the door being open, popped in; where, behold, the first face I saw was that of an elderly reverend-looking divine, a man of the most benevolent aspect. Behind him was a tall dark squinting politician, at a hard argument with an artist whose picture I had seen at an exhibition or two, and knew him at first sight. I do not know his name; but he wears spectacles, has a round quizzical face, and a very little mouth, out at which the words come pouring in flights, like well-ground meal out of a mill. But that meal had some poignancy of taste about it; for it made the politician writhe and wince, and almost drove him beyond all patience. Beyond the counter, at the fire-place, stood two celebrated lawyers, with their fore-fingers laid across, arguing a lost process over again with great volubility. I could see no mercantile-looking person whatever to whom to deliver my letter, save a young well-favoured lad with a Roman nose, busily engaged at one of the windows with his day-book, and to him I shewed the back of my card; but he only nodded his head, and pointed to an inclosed desk on the opposite side. To that I went; and, shoving aside eight or nine spacious subscription-boards for painters, poets, artificers, and all manner of rare and curious things, I set my nose through the spokes, and perceived the bald head of a man moving with a quick regular motion, from the one side to the other alternately, and soon saw, on gaining a little more room for my face among the subscription cards, that he was writing, and tracing the lines with no common celerity. I named him, and at the same time handed him my letter; on which he cocked up his eyes with a curiosity so intense, that I could scarcely retain my gravity, and thought to myself, as he perused the lines, "This must be an extraordinary fellow!"

When he had finished reading the note, he beckoned me to meet him at an opening in the counter, near the farthest corner of the shop. I obeyed the signal; but as he passed the two lawyers, he could not help pricking up his ears to the attestations of one of them, who was urging the case with more fervency than the matter appeared to require. When he came to a pause, the Merchant of Venice, for so I always felt inclined to denominate him, only said to him, "Well, it may be all very true that you are saying, my dear sir; but, for God's sake, don't get into a passion about it. There can be no occasion at all for that." And having given him this sage advice, he passed on, shook me by the hand, and conducted me down stairs.

"So you are for this private dinner, in place of the great public one, with my Lord Provost, and all the nabbs in the country to preside?" said he.—"I would prefer it a great deal," said I, "and would take it as a particular favour, if you could procure me admission into a company made up of gentlemen, whose characters I hold in the highest admiration."—"Ay! God bless the mark!" said he, taking a hearty pinch of snuff with one nostril, and quite neglecting the other; "so you admire them, do you? I should like, an it be your will, to know what it is for

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hope it is not for their detestable political principles? If so, I have done with you, friend; let me tell you that."—"I suppose our principles are all much the same in the main," said I; "and I hope you intend to be of the party, for one."—"Me? not I—I love the fellows personally, and should certainly have been there; but then one hears such blarney; so much sycophantic stuff, it makes one sick, and affects one like an emetic after a good hot dinner. By the bye, I have no great objections to their mode of dining;" (at this part, he took another hearty snuff, still with the same nostril, and gave two or three dry smacks with his lips;) "but the truth is, I do not know if I can be admitted myself."—"I thought you and they had been all one," said I.—"Why, so we are, in some respects," replied he; "as I said, I love the blades personally, but as to their political creed, I say, God mend it. But so it is, that I am so often with them, that my own party have almost cut me; and the others, who know my sentiments well, view me with a jealous eye, and would as soon, I fear, want me as have me; so that, at present, I am an alien from both parties. But, I must say this for these luminaries whom you profess to *admire*, that badness of heart is none of their faults. There will be some more of the artists here immediately. I will speak to them—you shall be sure of a ticket of admission."—"Shall I likewise have the pleasure of meeting with the Edinburgh artists too?" said I.—"All of them who pretend to be literary men and tories," said he. "But, heaven be praised, we have not many of them!"

Well, to make a long tale short, to the meeting we both went, where nine-and-twenty of us sat down together to dinner; and as I was merely introduced by name to two of the stewards as the friend of this Merchant of Venice, little farther notice was taken of me, so that I had time to note down a few things that passed, which I subjoin for your amusement, and that of Tod and Finlayson, should they meet you at Dugald's to-morrow evening. In the meantime, I shall describe two or three of the leading members of this literary club, that you may have a guess who they are; for I forgot to tell you, that the obliging Merchant bound me by a promise, before undertaking to introduce me, that whatever I said, wrote, or published, I was to give no names, that having become of late a most dangerous experiment. I gave him my word, which I will not break, though it will cramp me very much in my letters; but the ample field of description is left free and open to me, and to that will I resort, as a general that feels himself cramped in the plain makes his retreat to the mountains.

We shall begin with the president, who was an old man with long grey locks, prominent features, and a great deal of vivacity in his eye; a little lame of both feet, and tottered as he walked, so that I instantly recognised him as one who, of late years, has been, like the cuckoo, often heard of but seldom seen. You will understand well enough who I mean. The gentleman next to the president, on the right hand, was young, sprightly, and whimsical; with hawk's eyes, and dark curled hair. He spoke so quick, and with so short a clipped tongue, that I, who sat at a distance from him, scarcely ever could distinguish a word that he said. He on the president's left hand was a country-looking man, well advanced in life, with red whiskers, strong light-coloured hair that stood upon his crown like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and a black-silk handkerchief about his neck tied over a white one. These two appeared to be intimate acquaintances, and were constantly conversing across the table. The countryman appeared to be often jealous of the other, and at a great loss to understand the ground of his jokes, but he would not let him have a minute's peace. I shall give you one single instance of the sort of conversation that was passing between them, so much to the amusement of the president, and the friends next to them. The young gentleman had been telling the other some literary anecdote about the author of a book called *Marriage*, (which I once saw advertised) but I could not hear distinctly what he said. The other raised his eyes as if in great astonishment, and I heard perfectly what he said, which was as follows:—"Weel, man, that's extraordinar! I never heard ought like it a' my days afore. Hech, but it wad be a queer job, if ane but kend that it was true!"—"What!" said the president, "sure you don't accuse your friend of telling you falsehood, or indeed *suppose* that he would tell

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you aught that is not strictly true?"—"Whisht, callant. It as a' that ye ken about the matter," said the countryman. "I am only speaking for mysel'. Let every man ride the ford as he finds it. He may have always told the truth to you, and every body else. I'll never dispute that. But let me think; as far as I min', he never in a' his life tauld me the truth but once, and that was by mere chance, and no in the least intentional." I was petrified, but those who knew the two only laughed, and the accused party laughed the most heartily of any.

The croupier was likewise a young gentleman, tall, fair, and athletic; and had a particular mode of always turning up his face like a cock drinking out of a well when he began to speak. Though rather fluent after he began talking, he seemed always to commence either with pain or difficulty, and often in the middle of a dispute between others, when he disapproved of a sentiment on either side, then he held up his face, and made his mouth like a round hole, without engaging any farther in the debate. I could not help observing, however, that one very ingenious gentleman, with whom I was peculiarly happy to meet, but who is now so publicly known, that I dare not even describe him, kept his eye ever and anon upon the croupier's motions; and though he sometimes laughed at them, if ever the said croupier turned up his face, he held it as good as if he had sworn that the speaker was wrong. And this celebrated character restrained himself, or rose into double energy exactly in proportion to the attitude of the croupier's nose, which he failed not to consult as minutely as a farmer does the state of his barometer.

There were also two, who, by way of precedency, sat opposite to each other in armed chairs at the middle of the table; the one a facetious little gentleman, with an Irish accent; the droollest being, without effort or premeditation, that I ever heard open a mouth. Indeed one would have thought that he often opened his, and let it say what it liked. I was a grieved man when he got so drunk at an early hour that he fell under the table. His fellow was nothing behind him in either good humour or fun, but I thought they were sometimes trying who could speak the greatest nonsense. This last I do not know, for some called him by one name, and some another. He is a stout boardly gentleman, with a large round whitish face, —a great deal of white round the pupil of the eye, and thin curled hair. A most choice spirit; and you must either have known or heard of him when you were in Campbell's house here. I took him at first for a well educated substantial merchant; afterwards for a sea-captain; but I now suspect that he may move in a higher circle than either of these would do.

The next most remarkable man of the party in my eyes was a little fat Gibbon-faced scholar, with a treble voice, and little grey eyes. He is indeed a fellow of infinite wit and humour, but of what profession I could not devise. He may be a doctor of physic, a dominie, a divine, a comedian, or something more extraordinary than any of these; but I am sure his is an artless and a good heart, and that he is not aware of the powers of his own mind in the delineation of human characters, perhaps (and it is a pity) too careless of what he says, and too much addicted to the ludicrous.

There was also a tall elegant old gentleman, from whom I expected something highly original. There were two or three attitudes of body, and expressions of countenance, that he assumed in confuting a young impertinent advocate, that were quite inimitable; but he was placed by some individuals that he seemed not to like, and in a short time drew himself up. I hope I shall have an opportunity of describing some more of them by and by; in the mean time I must proceed with regularity, which leads me at present to something by no means unsubstantial, namely the dinner, a thing which I have always accounted an excellent contrivance wherewith to begin the commemoration of any great event.

The dishes were exclusively Scottish. There was the balmy Scots kail, and the hodge-podge, at the two ends of the table to begin with; and both of these backed by a luxurious healthy-looking haggies, somewhat like a rolled up hedgehog. Then there were two pairs of singed sheep heads, smiling on one another at the sides, all of them surrounded by well scraped trotters, laid at right angles, in the same

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way that a carpenter lays up his wood to dry; and each of these dishes was backed by jolly black and white puddings, lying in the folds of each other, beautiful, fresh, and smooth; and resembling tiers of Circassian and Ethiopian young maidens in loving embraces. After these came immense rows of wild ducks, teals, and geese of various descriptions; with many other mountain birds that must be exceedingly rare, for though I have been bred in Scotland all my life, I never heard any of their names before. Among them were some called whaups, or tilliwhillies, withertyweeps, and bristlecocks.

As soon as the dinner was over, our worthy president rose and made a most splendid speech, but as you know I do not write the short-hand, I cannot do justice to it by any report. He concluded thus:—"Gentlemen, let us dedicate this bumper to our beloved sovereign, GEORGE THE FOURTH—May he long be spared to wear the crown this day set upon his head, and sway the sceptre put into his hand over a free, a loyal, and a happy people. With all the honours, ten times redoubled."

Here the applause, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and shouting, was prodigious, so that I was afraid the people, in the extremity of their loyalty, had been going mad. But after they had sung the King's Anthem in full chorus, they again took their seats quietly, all save the countryman before mentioned, who was placed at the president's left hand, and who had all the time been sitting with open mouth staring in the speaker's face. When the rest sat down, he heaved his fist firm clenched above his head, and vociferated, in a loud and broad dialect, "Faith, callants, ye may say what ye like; but I can tell you, that this auld chap at the end o' the board speaks weel, and hauds a confoundit grip o' good sense too." And with that he came down on the table with such a rap, that he made all the glasses jingle. This set the circle in a roar of laughter, but he held up his hand again as a sign for them to be silent, and seemed disposed to harangue them. Some called to order; others, *Hear, hear*; and, finally, all voices united in the cry of, *Chair, chair*. The orator finding himself thus interrupted in what he intended to have said, looked good-naturedly about, and said, "I fancy I'm maybe like the tail that grew out o' the tup's nose, a sma' bit out o' my place here, and a wee blink farther forret than I should hae been. I was gaun to mak a speech, an' tack a toast to the tail o't; but a' in gude time. Auld cronie, gi'e me your hand in the meanwhile; I hae aye kend you for a leel man and a true, and I think mair o' ye the night than ever!" With that he shook the old president unmercifully by the hand, and added, "Ay, my hearty auld cock, we are a' ane, and there's muckle gude blood i' the land that's a' ane wi' us; and as lang as that is the case, we'll sing the Whigs Leyden's bit auld sang—

'My name it is doughty Jock Elliot,
And wha dare meddle wi' me?'"

After this, a number of loyal and national toasts followed from the chair, the same that are given at every social meeting. When these were exhausted, the croupier being called on for a toast, he rose, and after turning his face three times straight upward, he delivered a very striking speech, and concluded by giving as a toast, "*A pleasant journey, and a hearty welcome to our King to Scotland.*"

This toast was drank with all the honours; and, before the president took his seat, he begged that some gentleman would favour the company with a song corresponding with the toast. "That I'll do wi' a' my heart," said the countryman, "an ye'll excuse me my speech. I'm never at a loss for a sang; and gin I ha'e nae new ane that suits, I can brag a' the country at patching up an auld ane." He then sung the following song with great glee, and every time he pronounced the term *Carle*, he came with a slap on the president's shoulder.

"*Carle, an the King come.*"

1.

"Carle, an the King come!
Carle, an the King come!
Thou shalt dance, and I shall sing,
Carle, an the King come!"

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A royal face when have we seen?
When has a King in Scotland been?
Faith, we shall bob it on the green,
Carle, an the King come.

2.

Raise the loyal strain now!
Carle, thou's be fain now!
We's gar a' our bagpipes bumm,
Carle, an the King come.
Auld carle, I have heard thee bless
His good auld Sire with earnestness;
Nor shall thy heart rejoice the less,
Carle, an the King come.

3.

I have heard thee tell, too,
Stuart's race excelled too;
Then, for their sakes, we'll hail their Son,
Carle, an the King come.
For them our fathers rued fu' sair,
And stood till they could stand nae mair;
Then let us hail their only Heir
Carle, an the King come.

4.

Who has raised our name high?
And our warrior fame high?
Tell—that snarlers may sing dumb,
Carle, an the King come.
O loyalty's a noble thing!
A flower in heaven that first did spring;
And every grumbler down we'll fling,
Carle, an the King come.

5.

Who our band can sever?
Carping croakers, never!
But now their crimes we'll scorn to sum,
Carle, an the King come.
Then bend the bicker ane an' a',
We'll drink till we be like to fa',
And dance it, cripple stilts an' a',
Carle, an the King come.

6.

"Carle, an the King come!
Carle, an the King come!
Thou shalt dance, and I shall sing,
Carle, an the King come!"
When yellow corn grows on the riggs,
And gibbets rise to hang the Whigs,
O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
Carle, an the King come.

The singer received his due quota of applause; and being reminded that he had a right to call a song, it was hinted, that he should call on the Merchant of Venice, alias the Royal Merchant; but he shook his head, and replied, "Na, na, it is nae his time o' night yet by ten bumpers. I ken him ower weel to ca' on him now;—but he'll gie me, *Wad ye ken what a Whig is?* or twall o'clock yet, for a' his canting about rights an' liberties in the forenoon. He speaks muckle nonsense about thae things. I'm while's

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just was for him." Another whispered him to call on the president; but he added, "Na; I'm something like the weaver wi' his grace—I never like to ask ought that I think I ha'e nae some chance o' getting."

The next gentleman who spoke, at least to any purpose, was one before mentioned, whose personal appearance I chuse not to describe. He being clothed in black, I had taken him all the afternoon for a clergyman; and after he spoke, I had no doubt but that he was a celebrated whig minister, who was taken from Perthshire to London some years ago; and yet I could not conceive what he was seeking there. Word followed word, and sentence followed sentence, till he actually winded out his speech to the length of three quarters of an hour's duration. But before he was half done I got fatigued, which, creating some confusion in my ideas, I lost all traces of connection in my notes; and on looking them over to-day, I find so many contractions of superlative terms, most of them meaning the same thing, that I can make nothing of them; and it is a loss for you I cannot, for though the speech was delivered in a preaching style, it was nevertheless a piece of grand and impressive eloquence; insomuch, that I said to myself again and again, "On my word but the seceder minister does well!" The subject was indeed scarcely to be equalled. It was a character of our late venerable and beloved Sovereign—"The father of his people, and the firm defender of their rights, whose image was embalmed for ever in their profound and grateful remembrances, and whose descent to the grave was long overshadowed by the darkest of human calamities.'" Such were some of the speaker's impressive words; and you can scarcely conceive how much he affected his audience. It was upon the whole a singular mixture of prolixity, pathos, and sublimity. He concluded by giving "The memory of our late beloved and revered Sovereign, George the Third.'" The toast was drank with the silent honours, in a way which I never saw done in Glasgow, and which in this instance appeared to me highly impressive. All the company taking example by the president stood up in silence, and waving their emptied glasses slowly around their heads, crossed their hands on their brows and made a reverend bow, after which a long restrained *ruff* of approbation ensued like the sound made by muffled drums.

After this an elderly gentleman with spectacles rose, and said, "He had been favoured with a few verses of a song that day—that they were written by a gentleman in the company, who, he believed, had written more loyal and national songs than any bard now living, more perhaps than all of them put together; and as the verses appeared to suit the foregoing toast in a particular manner, he volunteered to sing them, provided he were allowed to consult the manuscript. This being granted, he sung the following stanzas in a soft under voice, to a most beautiful old air, to be found only in Albyn's Anthology.

Our good Auld Man.

1.

Our good auld man is gane!
Our good auld man is gane!
But I will greet for the auld grey head,
Now cauld aneath the stane.

2.

There's some brag o' their weir,
And some o' their lordly kin;
But a' my boast was his virtuous breast,
And the kindly heart within.

3.

'Tis neither for blight nor blame
That the tear-drap blinds my e'e,
But I greet when I think o' the auld grey head,
And a' that it bore for me.

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4.

Though darkness veil'd his eye,
And light o' the soul was nane;
They shall shine bright in a purer light,
When the moon and the stars are gane.

I only took notes of one more speech and two songs; for, indeed, the glass went round so freely, that wine and loyalty got the upper-hand of my judgment, and I lost all recollection of what was afterwards done, said, or sung, as completely, as if I had been at a whig dinner, with Kelly in the chair, at the Black Bull.—Yours, &c. JOHN M'INDOE.

THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

CHAPTER VII.*

Early Recollections.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin auld langsyne.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae row'd
Sin auld langsyne.

BURNS.

IN travelling along the streets of Edinburgh, I have often stopped to witness the children of the present day enjoying themselves at the games which formed the delighted pastime of my boyhood; and I have sometimes regretted that a classical book of juvenal sports did not exist, to assist the recollections of the past. Indeed I had, I must confess, for a long time ceased to notice the continuance of such games, till, in my own family, a set of youngsters arose, who from the school brought the knowledge and the practice of the almost forgotten amusements; but, from that period, I have again refreshed my memory, by taking a share in these innocent relaxations; and, though it may not add much weight to my character as a philosophical traveller, I find I can take a game with the *bairns* at *kittlie-cout*, or *blind Harry*, as well as ever, and can jink as nimbly at *tig touch timmer*, *doze a tap*, or roll up a *pirie*, as if I had just escaped from reading my accustomed dose of Barrie's Collection, under the superintendance of that worthy teacher.

In the multifarious projects of manhood, what a change must not the most careless observer have perceived from the time when one set of objects, and one set of amusements, formed the business and the pleasure of all; and no one can look back to the period of boyish amusement, and early study, without thinking of the varied situations which his school-fellows now fill in the great theatre of life. He who was the hero of the little ring at school, has perhaps sunk into the humble dependent of his former follower; and he who enacted the chief

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* We have received a communication from Mr Lithgow, junior, referring to Chapter I. of the Travels of Columbus, in which, in a friendly way, he congratulates our worthy publisher for having risen above the *Storm*,—Mr Storm's shop being the ground floor of No. 17, Prince's Street. That we have occasionally, in our castigations of infidelity, glanced aside from infidel opinions to their embodied supporters, and exposed the arts of ultra-whiggery and radicalism in the persons of their champions, and have thus given offence, we do not deny. But the fifty-thousand readers who monthly devour our pages, and the fifty thousand more who read them at second hand, are the surest test of the value of our labours, and the strongest evidence that THE MAGAZINE, in spite of misrepresentation, is now accounted the chief bulwark of those "who fear God, and honour the King."—EDIT.

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personage in mimic plays,—whose ingenuity added to the interest, and whose spirits increased the mirth, of the little drama,—has, it may be, in the scenic illusions of after life, sunk to the office of candle-snuffer or scene-shifter to his more fortunate companions.

It is certainly not very comfortable for many to reflect, that while their former companions at the bowl or the ball have risen to distinction and opulence, they may be toiling, with hopeless activity, for "the day that is passing over them;" and it is not very palatable to human pride, to see the associate of school tasks pass his early playmate unheeded on the street, because he has had no friends to assist his progress, or wealth to secure a continuance of school friendship. But, while no degradation can be implied, or should be felt, when all do not begin life with the same advantages, so no superiority of intellectual powers can be adjudged to those who merely occupy an exalted station on account of hereditary wealth or title; and while one holds fast his integrity and moral worth, I see no distinction in creatures of the same species, which should entitle either to overlook the other, or any occasion for envy even on the part of the most humble, who fills to the best of his ability the part which Providence has assigned him. In the race of life, there are many starting places, and many goals; and he is no more to be despised for want of activity or diligence, who sets out with the disadvantages of poverty and want of friends, ten miles from the winning-post of human distinctions, than the person is to be praised, who, with every temporal advantage, has only a few yards to run. At least this is my system; and, if it has no other effect, it has that most convenient one, of making me contented with my humble station. I can look down with pity upon the man, who, merely on account of the possession of a few more pounds, or a few more acres of land, thinks himself entitled to treat with disdain a fellow being, whose situation in life may be of as much real consequence in the economy of Providence, and whose ultimate hopes of "untried being" may be as well grounded as his; and I am sometimes tempted to consider the unprofitably rich, and the luxuriously idle, as beings beneficently placed in these situations, for want of powers and energies to do something better. When I am forced, by the customs of society, occasionally to roast my servants by extraneous cookery,—make the children run about the house like frightened kittens, in the hurry of festive preparation,—put the whole economy of my family for days out of order,—and myself to sit up till long past the midnight hour, to entertain a few friends, I often think how preferable my situation is to those who are almost always in company,—whose entertainments are as everlasting as any thing human can be,—and who have neither strength of mind to look at, nor time to think of, the present, the future, or the past. In the scale of happiness, it would be hard to say which class of beings has the greatest share; and the few snatches of pleasure in the power of the humblest, are perhaps enjoyed with a relish unknown to the sated appetite of daily luxury.—"Give me neither poverty nor riches."——But I am moralizing, when I should be describing.

To those who have been formerly young, (and I do not insist upon those who never were so to read this chapter,) and especially those who, for the encouragement of teachers, have taken the trouble to procure them pupils, and have thus become fathers, I make no apology for dedicating a few sentences to early recollections; and however odd it might appear, were a dozen of the High School callants, of twenty-five years back, (now perhaps reverend clergymen, respectable merchants, officers in the army, judges, or advocates,) to be seen at the *cleckenbrod*, or *dosing* their *piries*, yet I believe, that even the remembrance that "such things were," forms not the least interesting topic of conversation, when old school-fellows meet afterwards in the voyage of life.

The games among the children of Edinburgh have their periodical returns. At one time nothing is to be seen in the hands of the boys but *cleckenbrods*; at another, *dosing of taps*, and *piries and pirie cords*, form the prevailing recreation; and at a third, every retired pavement, or unoccupied area, swarms with the rosy-faced little imps playing at *bowls*, their eyes sparkling with delight at the acquisition, or moulded into melancholy at the loss

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of a favourite marble. The demand for bowls has occasioned, according to the prevailing systems of mercantile economy, a corresponding increase in the manufacture. In my time there were only two species, *marble* and *stone bowls;* but now there are five or six different kinds, formed of stucco, clay, &c. which, though more of them can be got for a penny, yet I doubt much if they would stand the force of a *breaker* of former days.

Rowing girrs, (rolling hoops,) forms another healthy exercise to the boys of Edinburgh. Hoops seem less in use now, however, than formerly; and I have observed that few are now decorated (thanks to the police bill) with *ginglers*. The operation of guiding the path of a *girr*, which is done with a short stick, I should think an excellent preparation for those young gentlemen who may afterwards be called, in the course of events, to drive their own four-in-hand, or display their ability in more humbly guiding the equipage of another. *Bummers*, or a thin piece of wood swung round by a small cord, I have not seen for many a day.

Ho, spy! is chiefly a summer game. Some of the party of boys conceal themselves, and when in their hiding-places call out these words to their companions; and the first who finds has next the pleasure of exercising his ingenuity at concealment. *Hide and seek* is, I believe, played much in the same manner; but the watchword of this last is *hidee*. The English and Scots used to be played by parties of boys, who, divided by a fixed line, endeavoured to pull one another across this line, or to seize, by bodily strength or nimbleness, a *wad* (the coats or hats of the players) from the little heap deposited in the different territories at a convenient distance. The person pulled across, or seized in his attempt to rob the camp, was made a prisoner, and conducted to the enemy's station, where he remained under the denomination of *stinkard* till relieved by one of the same side, or by a general exchange of prisoners.

Pen-guns are made and fired at the season when the turnip first comes to market, which turnip, cut in thin slices, and bored through with the quill, forms the charge. *Bountry-guns* are formed of the alder tree, the soft pith being taken out, and are charged with wet paper; and *pipe-staples* form a very amusing play thing, by putting two pins crosswise through a green pea, placing the pea at the upper end of the pipe-staple, and, holding it vertically, blowing gently through it. Making *soap-bells* with a tobacco-pipe, and witnessing the fragile globe sailing in the air, is still a frequent and innocent amusement.

Flying dragons is a very common thing in Edinburgh in harvest; and very beautiful objects these dragons are, as they flutter in the air in an autumnal evening. To prevent misapprehension, however, on the part of readers of romances, I beg to remark, that our Scottish dragons are perfectly harmless animals, and have no connection whatever with giants' castles, or maidens in jeopardy. They are generally guided by very young boys, with a chain no stronger than a piece of slight packing twine, and are found to be perfectly at the command of their little masters. In short, a *dragon* in Scotland is what is called in England, with no greater propriety, a *kite;* and, in both countries, I believe, they are generally formed of the same material —paper.

Pitch-and-Toss, is played with halfpence or buttons. The parties stand at a little distance, and pitch the halfpenny to a mark, or *gog*, and he who is nearest the mark, has the envied privilege of tossing up for *heads* or *tails*, and the first *shot* at the next trial of skill. *Penny-stanes* are played much in the same manner as the *quoit* or discus of the ancient Romans, to which warlike people the idle tradesmen of Edinburgh probably owe this favourite game. The *duck* is a small stone placed on a larger, and attempted to be hit off by the players at the distance of a few paces.

If the reader be tired with these recollections of former days, I can have no objection, by concluding the chapter here, to give him a *barley*, (parley;) and if he feels he has enough of the subject, he has nothing to do but shut the book, *and* (to use a very expressive juvenile term,) *spit and gi'e owre*.

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CHAP. VIII.

Zickety, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the nock;
The nock struck one,
Down the mouse ran;
Zickety, dickety, dock.

HALLOWE'EN, and HALLOWFAIR, in Edinburgh, usher in nuts, gingerbread, and other articles for *fairings;* and has been the appointed time, ever since I remember, for all the boys to possess themselves of *shintys.* The shinty, or *hummy,* is played by a set of boys in two divisions, who attempt, as they best can, to drive with curved sticks, a ball, or what is more common, part of the vertebral bone of a sheep, in opposite directions. When the object driven along reaches the appointed place in either termination, the cry of *hail!* stops the play, till it is knocked off anew by the boy who was so fortunate as to drive it past the *gog.* Playing at the *ba'* is also a favourite game with the boys of Edinburgh, and *penny Heriotes* were at one time very celebrated. These balls were manufactured by the boys of George Heriot's Hospital, and, from this circumstance, got the name of *Heriotes.* I can vouch to their being an excellent article of the kind, and famous *stotters.* Golf is played also by young as well as old gentlemen; and running the *gauntrice,* or gauntlet, is a punishment frequently inflicted on the least dexterous, as *dumps* are on the knuckles of those who are unsuccessful at bowls.

The games for girls are not so varied as those of the boys. Though they may occasionally assist at those of the boys, yet it would be accounted unboyish, or effeminate, did the little men venture to take a part in the amusements more peculiarly appropriated to the girls. Of these, the *chucks,* played with a *bowl* and *chucks,* a species of shell (*Buccinum lapillus*) found on the sea-shore; and the *Beds,* where a *pitcher* is kicked into chalked divisions of the pavement, the performer being on one leg, and hopping, are exclusively games for girls.

"*Dab a prin in my lottery-book; dab ane dab twa, dab a' your prins awa,*" is putting a pin at random in a school-book, between the leaves of which little pictures are placed. The successful adventurer is the person who puts the pin between two leaves including a picture, which is the prize, and the pin itself is the forfeit. *A' the Birds in the Air, and a' the Days of the Week,* are also common games, as well as the *Skipping-rope, and Honey-pots.*

The rhymes used by children to decide who is to begin a game, are much the same in the period to which my recollection extends. The one at the head of this chapter is most frequently used for this purpose. To it may be added the following; and I would recommend the whole to the notice of the antiquarian.

Anery, twaery, tickery, seven,
Aliby, crackiby, ten or eleven;
Pin-pan, muskidan,
Tweedlum, twodlum, twenty-one.

As I went up the Brandy hill
I met my father wi' gude will;
He had jewels, he had rings,
He had mony braw things;
He'd a cat and nine tails,
He'd a hammer wantin' nails;
Up Jock, down Tam,
Blaw the bellows, auld man.

In another play, where all the little actors are seated in a circle, the following stanza is used as question and answer:—

Who goes round my house this night?
None but bloody Tom;
Who stole all my chickens away?
None but this poor one.

Another game played by a number of children with a hold of one another, or *tickle-tails,* as it is technically called in Scotland, is, *Through the Needle-e'e.* The immemorial rhyme for this alluring exercise is this:—

Brother Jack, if ye were mine,
I would give you claret wine;
Claret wine's gude and fine—
Through the needle-e'e, boys!

Pirley Pease-weep is a game played by boys, and the name demonstrates that it is a native one; for it would require a page of close writing to make

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it intelligible to an Englishman.* The following is the rhyme of this play,—

Scotsman, Scotsman, lo!
Where shall this poor Scotsman go?
Send him east, or send him west,
Send him to the crow's nest.

The terms of *hot* and *cold*, used in the game of *Kittlie-cout*; the couplet,

Gie's a pin to stick in my thumb,
To carry my lady to London town;

and another couplet, addressed to the secreted personage at *Hidee*,—

Keep in, keep in, wherever you be,
The greedy gled's seeking ye;

as they are often heard in the playgrounds, must awaken the most pleasing recollections in the minds of those who have formerly enjoyed these pastimes, or who still enjoy them by substitution, in the persons of the little masters and misses, who are to take charge of the affairs of the world for the next generation. The following rhyme (for I am afraid grey-bearded bachelors of the present day will not think it contains much reason) is still in very common use,—

Little wee laddie,
Wha's your daddie?
I cam out o' a buskit lady.
A buskit lady's owre fine;
I cam out o' a bottle o' wine.
A bottle o' wine's owre dear;
I cam out o' a bottle o' beer.
A bottle of beer's owre thick;
I cam out o' a guager's stick.
A guager's stick's but and ben;
I cam out o' a peacock hen.

To the favourite tune of Nancy Dawson several rhymes are sung in concert, as—

London bridge is broken down—
We're a' maidens here but ane—
This is the way the ladies bake—
Here we go by gingo-ring, &c.

But I must here stop; for in a work intended for the use of grown gentlemen, and ladies arrived at the years of discretion, it may be thought, that sufficient space has already been allotted to the amusements of periods long since and for ever past.

Thus have I, Christopher Columbus, Esquire, shortly noticed the chief of those games which were, and still are, the amusement of the children of Edinburgh; and I seldom walk the streets, or pass the High School in the intervals of the daily tasks, without wishing, that it were decorous still to partake of amusements so healthy, and so innocent. The billiard-table, dice, cards, fives-court, and pugilism, are only improved modifications of the same games, transferred from the open air to the tavern or enclosed court, and the passions of the grown-up players excited by the stimulus of wine, or the still stronger one of stakes in money. In place of the exercise being conducive to health, it is often only the precursor to a dinner of repletion; and the ingenuity exercised, during the midnight hours, at cards, or the mad hazards of the dice, is often the prelude to permanent ruin. I do not envy the man who cannot take amusement or exercise for health, or for their own sakes; and I would rather that my stomach had lost all the taste for healthy viands which hunger induces, than that my mind should be the slave of the most degrading passions which can agitate the bosom of a human being.

It would, perhaps, be in vain now to expect, that judges should leave the bench to hold the *bannets* between two pugilistic competitors, though they may formerly have done so in the High School Yard—that a gambler at cards or dice should stop the ruin of his own or of another's fortune, by playing at *nivy-nick-nack* or *pitch and toss*; that colonels and generals should amuse themselves at *Ho, spy!* the *wads*, or join the jocund bands at the *English and Scots*;—or that lawyers and attornies should unprofitably exercise themselves at *bowls* or the *cleckenbrod*: And it perhaps

* May I venture to suggest to our erudite commentators, and those skilled in antiquarian lore, that it would be better, in place of amending poor Shakespeare, (whose writings require no emendation,) to turn their talents for conjectural criticism and historical research to such subjects as I have now set forth. It would be curious to know, that many of our present youthful games were played by Mark Antony or Julius Cæsar;—that Homer or Virgil had dozed *taps* and *pirics*;—that Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret had played at *tig*;—or that Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce ever amused themselves, in *fun*, at the game of *English and Scots*.

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would be equally vain to expect, that ladies should give up the luxurious waltz, and the beauty-killing attractions of late hours, to dance in daylight over the skipping-rope, or join the merry ring at *Through the needle e'e,—A' the birds o' the air,*—or *Tig me if you can;* but, as the difference between these amusements is only in degree, I see no reason to despair of inducing those, to whom innocence, and health, and happiness, are objects of interest, to return to the pastimes of childhood, with the same guileless hearts as when they entered into their spirit in the morning of their days.

It may be considered puerile, childish, or even infantine, O reader! if you will, to have said so much of games and times so long gone by; but I know at least one judge who was famous at making *bumbee-binks;* several advocates who were celebrated for catching minnows and bansticklers; and not a few writers to the signet who were dexterous at finding and *herrying yellow-yites* and *lintics.* With many a respectable merchant in Edinburgh have I been in partnership in a concern of rabbits and *doves;* drowned puppies and kittens with many a reverend divine; worried cats and rats with many a first-rate tradesman; and *bickered,* as the scars on my forehead still testify, with many of the victors of the French at Waterloo. I have lived to see not a few of my early companions blotted from the list of animated beings; and I cannot think of their fate without feeling that every chapter of my Voyages and Travels here, draws me nearer to

"That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

Amongst the vast number of those who have successively appeared on the stage of life, how few are remembered beyond a few months or years! and even the very games which occupied their earliest and happiest days are in danger of being lost, from a change of manners, and the want of an "honest chronicler."

Chapter IX.

THE GRASSMARKET.

Here's a sight, fy haste ye, mither,
Cows and stots, and a' thegither,
Stoitin ane against anither,
Tweedle-drone, drone-tweedle, O!

Sic a sight was never seen, O!
Some are fat and some are lean, O!
Dirty some are, others clean, O!
Tweedle-drone, drone-tweedle, O!

The Grant Fencibles' March, with variations.

The Grassmarket, on a Wednesday, is a busy scene. Being the market for black-cattle and horses, a number of droves are weekly assembled there for sale. Though the amount of my agricultural knowledge might not qualify me to undertake a farm, yet I have occasionally peeped into the publications of our patriotic countryman Sir John Sinclair, and flatter myself that I am able at first sight to distinguish a bull from a cow, a horse from a mare, and a wether from a ram. I can tell an egg from a flour-dumpling; know that calves are not fed on field-mice,—that geese are not quadrupeds,—and that butter and cheese are made, not of small beer, but of milk. Saunntering along one Wednesday morning, and stopping at every parcel of cattle exposed for sale, my attention was for a moment arrested by the appearance of six very handsome bullocks. I liked the physiognomy of the poor animals, and could not help feeling some regret that the purpose for which they were driven there was to put an end to their existence; that they had been brought from luxuriating in sunny pastures and daisied fields, merely with the view of filling the maw of that most carnivorous and rapacious animal, Man. My reverie was interrupted by a slap on the shoulder from a man in a great-coat, with boot-hose, and a whip in his hand. "Weel, what think ye o' thae stots?" said he; "there is nae better beasts in the market the day." "They seem very handsome animals," said I. "Ye may say that," replied

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my new friend; "they war fed in my ain yard at Wirlymows, and de'il a bit o' oilcake ever crossed their craigs: only find them, man—tak hand o' them—dinna be feared."

With that he half dragged me between two of the bullocks; and, not to shew my ignorance, I felt the flanks of the animals, in the manner I saw him, raised their tails, and patted their necks, as if I had been born a grazier or a butcher. "What do ye think may be the weight o' thae now? gie's guess."—"I have no idea, indeed," replied I. "Toots, awa wi' your affectation, man,—ye ken fu' weel,—ye haena been sae lang a flesher without kennan mair than ye wish to tell. But if they dinna stand out aught-and-forty stane, ye's get them for naething. I'm sure ye'll no grudge saxteen punds the piece for them—ye canna in your conscience ca' that dear."—"I really do not know their value correctly—they may be worth that money, for aught I know."—"Worth the money! Deacon Mitchell took twal sielike for 5s. mair a-head; but no to stand gibbling gabbling, they're your's at that price, and we'll say nae mair about it." "But really, sir, I know nothing about the matter, and"—— "Say nae mair about it, Mr Harrigals,—it's a done bargain," said he, taking me by the hand; "I ken your father fu' weel, and he'll no be sorry ye've coft the beasts thrae me. If ye dinna double your money on them, I'll eat them a' mysell. We'll just stap into this house here, and tak half a mutchkin on the bargain, and ye can gie me your order on Sir William for the siller.—Sandy, drive these beasts to Mr Harrigals' parks at the Grange Toll, and then gang to Mrs Twopenny's and get your breakfast, and see the powney get a feed, for I'll leave the market at twal. Come awa, Mr Harrigals, and we'll settle the business," said he, taking me by the coat.

Remonstrance was of no avail—I could not get in a single word. A feeling of the ridicule I should incur among my friends in the town-council, and the figure I should make at home as the proprietor of twelve fat stots, kept me for the moment in a kind of stupor, and I followed, or rather was dragged along by my conductor, who was expatiating on the bargain he had sold me. Trusting to be able to explain matters when in the house, or failing of that, to disposing of the animals, though at some loss, to my friend Deacon Sparerib, the butcher, I resolved to make the best of my unfortunate situation.

We were crossing the street to the fatal house, squeezing through a crowd of farmers, graziers, butchers, dogs, and cattle-drivers, when the attention of my friend was arrested by the calling of his name, in a loud voice, by a person at a little distance—"Andrew!—Andrew Cloverfield!—Mr Cloverfield, I say?—Deil's in the man, is he deaf?"—"Wha's that crying on me? Stop a wee, Mr Harrigals, till we see," said he, and turned in the direction from whence the voice proceeded. A young man, about my own size, was bustling through the crowd, dressed in a short white jacket, booted and spurred. "O, it's you! Preserve us a'—how like you are to your brither! I've been looking for you twa hours in the market the day, as I had half-promised to your father to put a gude article in your hands. Herd Sandy's awa' wi' the beasts to your park, and now we'll a' gang in, and we'll hae our breakfast thegither."—"That's no my brither, Mr Cloverfield; you must be mista'en; and if ye hae sell'd the beasts, there's nae mair about it; but my siller's as gude as anither's, and there's as gude fish in the sea as ever cam out o't."—"For God's sake, sir, stop a moment," said I; "the bargain's yours, if you will take it. This honest gentleman has been under some sad mistake, which he would not allow me to clear up—do but take the animals at your own price."—"What!" said young Harrigals, "has this chield been imposing upon you by calling himself me? Grip him, Andrew—he maun be a swindler—and I'll ca' for the police."—"Wha may ye be? tell honestly this moment," said Cloverfield, seizing me by the neck; "if ye offer to cheat me, by a' that's good I'll gie you a sarkfu' o' sair banes, even in the open market. He may have accomplices—there may be mair than ane o' them."

It was in vain for me to tell him that he had forced the cattle on me, or to attempt to explain that I had only meant to satisfy my curiosity, by unwittingly looking at his bullocks. "Tak him into the house, till we see wha he is that has ta'en up our name," said Harrigals; "if he has forged our

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name, we'll hae him ta'en afore the Shirra;" and I was dragged across the pavement, in dread of being pelted by all the cattle dealers in the market, and of being perhaps walked in procession amidst a crowd of boys, to the nearest watch-house. A few moments conversation, however, served to make the necessary explanation; and when it was known that my father had been in the town-council, and had a shop on the South Bridge, my character of a swindler was changed immediately into that of a "foolish laddie, for middling wi' things that I had naething to do with." Mr Cloverfield began now to think it was partly his own fault that I was dragged in to purchase bullocks, which I could not for their value have killed; and young Harrigals declared, that such a comical circumstance had never occurred in the High Market in his day.

"Foolish callant," said Andrew, "what for did you no speak out, man! I thought whan I saw ye feart to set your feet in the shara, and handle the nout wi' your yellow gloves, preserve us a', that the Edinburgh fleshers were turn'd unco gentle indeed. But howsomever, I wadna cheat ye—ye need nae hae been fear'd for that. Mr Harrigals kens that they are a gude bargain, and ye might maybe hae sell'd them wi' profit. But, come, we'll hae a half mutchkin upon it. Lassie, tell your mistress to bring in the tea-things,—ye're no to gang awa', my merchant, wi' an empty stomach, and maybe ye'll learn something about buying cattle afore we're done. It's a capital joke after a'.—I canna help laughing at my ain simplicity." Mr Harrigals added his request to the solicitations of Mr Cloverfield, and after a good breakfast, and a glass of brandy, which I was forced to swallow to keep the wind out of my stomach, as Andrew said, I received a kind invitation, when I felt inclined, "to come and tak a day's fishing in the Braidwater at Wirlyknowe, where was the best trout in a the country."

I left my friends with a hearty shake of the hand, and with mutual congratulations at the circumstance which had brought us acquainted; and I returned home by the Bow and the Lawnmarket, both of which streets, and the houses therein, seemed, from their dancing so oddly before my eyes, not to have made up their minds about the centre of gravity. The people also appeared to walk less steadily than when I commenced my excursion. These circumstances have been since endeavoured to be accounted for by the administration of the glass of brandy to my stomach; but I leave it to the reader to decide, whether it is more likely that the houses should actually nod their heads, or that the celebrated traveller, Christopher Columbus, Esq. should be imposed on by his own very serviceable organs of sight.

Chapter X.

Angling and Shooting.

A's fish that comes in the net.

Scots Proverb.

Larus hybernus, Lin.—The winter gull;
Our rocks and islets of this race are full.
Colour, pure white; cinereous on the back;
The head and bill, as usual, on the neck;
The first quill-feather black; black streak'd the tail.
They feed on fishes, sometimes on the whale;
In misty weather, and in wintry storms,
They seek the shore, and pick up frogs and worms.

Pennant's British Zoology in Verse,
by David Drinkwater, F. L. S.

"We are all catching or caught," said I to myself, as I left Lucky Thomson's little tavern or inn near Musselburgh, where "Entertainment for Men and Horses" met my eye, after a morning's exercise on the Esk;—we are all anglers or fishers in the great pond of life; and provided a proper bait be held out to us, we seldom fail to snatch at it. The shop-keeper baits his windows with jewellery, ribbons, and silks, to catch the eye of female beauty; while tallow-candles and tea, hams, cheese, and sugar, are laid out to at-

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tract the notice of the thrifty housewife. The bookseller gilds his books, and the apothecary dusts his pills, to make them go down more pleasingly; the lawyer, like the spider, sets his lines, and the clergy sweep their fly-hooks, all for the purpose of catching something. Thousands are taken by the gilded butterflies of fame and glory, and thousands more are in the continual pursuit of the more substantial bait of riches. Even nets are set by beauty to entrap the hearts of the unwary; and the jointured widow, or miss with expectations, have only to display their purses, to congregate the persons, if not the hearts, of a whole county of unmarried gentlemen.—"But what has all this to do with your travels, Mr Christopher?" I think I hear the reader ask; "Recollect we are at a complete stand still, while you are musing and moralizing in this odd manner." You are perfectly right, gentle Reader; and, in case of rain, I shall not keep you longer in the king's highway, but take you back again to Lucky Thomson's Inn, where you may share with me, in idea, the comforts of a hungry stomach, *baps* and butter, eggs, ham, and all the luxuries of the day's first meal.

I had fished up the water, and down the water, with but indifferent success, till, coming in contact with the sign-board above mentioned, I thought I could not do better than lay in a cargo of provisions to last till dinner time; so I ordered breakfast, and put my fishing-rod, to save the trouble of unscrewing, against the little window of the apartment where breakfast was set, that I might see it in case of accident. I had demolished at least one *bap*, (*Anglicè*, roll) eat two caller eggs of the honest gentlewoman's own laying, according to her phraseology, and was in the act of breaking up a third, when the shaking of my rod outside the window attracted my attention. After a tremulous motion, I thought I heard the *pirn* unrolling, and the next moment the rod fell and disappeared. Unwilling to part so easily with an old companion, which would moreover have spoiled my sport for the remainder of the day, I ran to the door to ascertain if the trout had really left the water, and followed me to eat their breakfast on dry land. My rod lay on the ground, with the line extended, and pulled by something round the corner of the house. Taking it up, and beginning to wind up the line, I soon found an obstruction to my progress, which even in these wonderful times I should not have contemplated. I had not rolled up above two or three yards, when a respectable matron of a hen, surrounded by eight or ten chickens, made her appearance, shaking her head, unwilling to come forward and afraid to retreat.

The good woman of the house followed me to the door, suspecting perhaps that I had forgot to pay my reckoning; but, upon seeing what had happened, she exclaimed, "Preserve us a'! is that my brood hen ye hae catched wi' your fishing wand? if it be, gentle or simple, ye had better been fishing something else, I'll assure ye." She then ran to the animal, which by this time was turning up its eyes, and making very extraordinary faces for a hen, and seizing it up, roared out, "As sure as I'm on this spot, the puir beast has eaten the flee-hook, and she's golloring up blude. What gart ye come to my house, wi' your what-ye-ca'-thems? I had father ye never ditted my door, than been the death o' poor Tappie." She was now joined in her lamentations by two girls, who expatiated upon the cruelty of the monster that was the death "o' grannie's hen," who could make eight or ten orphans so unadvisedly, and who "had the heart to torture puir dumb animals in this way."

Though I could scarcely refrain from laughing at the strange attachment to my line, I put on a grave face, and said in words becoming the melancholy occasion, "My good woman, I am sorry, very sorry indeed, for your hen; but you should consider, that if she had not attempted to steal my fly, nothing would have happened." "Steal! my hen steal! she's as honest a hen as you, and that I'll let you ken, sir. What signifies a bawbee's worth o' hooks, and a wee pickle horse hair? I wadna hae ta'en five shillings for my poor creature." "Come, come, there is no use in making words about the matter. There's half-a-crown," said I, cutting off the line at the hen's mouth, "and no more about it."—"Half-a-crown!" exclaimed Lucky Thomson, "I wonder how you can offer half-a-crown for a hen worth

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double the siller. I wad cast the money in your face, rather than sell my poor beast's life for half-a-crown."

I had heard or read somewhere, that the loudest speaker in a vulgar quarrel always comes off victorious; and, finding that I could not bring my landlady to reason in any other way, I raised my voice to its utmost pitch, and said in my most determined manner, that if she did not choose to take what I offered, I would give nothing at all, and besides prosecute her for damage done to my rod and line, and the loss of my fly. The woman's choler fell as mine seemed to rise; she remarked, in a subdued tone, "that her husband aye said she was owre hasty in her temper; that she saw I was a gentleman, and wadna wrang a poor body; and that she wad just tak what I liked to gie, though it would be lang indeed before the bairns got a hen like poor Tappie."

With little more ado I finished my breakfast. My hostess had her hen killed for nothing, and the price of it to the bargain; and two trouts to the little girls put an end to the mourning for the unfortunate hen and her helpless babies.

Mr Matthews, when you choose to be At Home in our city, send me notice thereof, and I shall make the above into a very capital law-case for your use, and the decision of the public,—for the lawyers of my acquaintance have not yet made up their minds, whether the woman was entitled to damages for the death of her furtive hen, or me, for injury done to my line, and the loss of an innocent fly.

A bird in hand is worth two in the bush says the English proverb, and English proverbs sometimes say true. I was shooting sea-fowl on Portobello sands, at a season when no other shooting is permitted, and for a long time I had wasted powder and patent shot to little purpose. The mews, ducks, and gulls, either flew provokingly high, or at a tormenting distance, and I could not bring one down. In fact, none of them had a mind to be wounded or die that morning, which I thought very strange indeed. At last, however, a large grey gull flew past. I immediately levelled at him, and had the good fortune to see him tumble on the sands before me. I ran to complete my conquest, hoping he was not mortally wounded, for I wanted one of this species very much to pick up the worms and insects in my garden; but when within a yard of where he lay, and almost ready to stoop for the purpose of lifting him up, he eyed me with a significant glance, and then, half running half flying, seemed to say, "Off we go!—catch me if you can." I ran pretty fast, but he ran still faster; and after a coursing along the beach, which even arrested the half-naked bathers to witness its termination, my gull friend got over a garden dike at Joppa, and, having placed the high-road between him and me, disappeared in a corn field.

Was there ever any thing more provoking! But this world is full of disappointments; and, after all, it is not so humiliating to be gulled by a gull, as by one of one's own species. Being sufficiently tired by my chace, I left the bathers to dress themselves in peace, and determined to "wend my weary way" back again to town, and to repair the waste of the morning's expedition by a comfortable dinner.

I had walked nearly half way to Edinburgh, and had entered the range of houses called Jock's Lodge, when, to my astonishment and delight, I perceived my friend the gull stalking quietly by the side of the road, and picking his feathers, very much at his ease. "Ah, my good fellow," thought I, "I shall have you at last;" and to leap across the road and catch up the animal, was but the work of a moment. I got him under my arm almost unresisting, and having slung my fowling-piece on my shoulder, I gaily ascended the rising ground to the city. I had got but a few yards, however, when one of a few children standing by a door cried out, "Eh, there's a man wi' a gull."—"A gull? odd its very like Jenny Cameron's," was the response of another. "It's just it," cried a third; and surmise being increased to conviction among the little whipper-snappers, the whole sung out in chorus, "Jenny! Jenny Cameron! here's a man stealing your gull." Jenny made her appearance forthwith from the door of a little alehouse: "Stop the man wi' my beast," cried Jenny; "bairns, cry to the sogers to stop that man!" I turned to explain to Mrs Janet, that it could not by any possibility be her gull, for that I had

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wounded it at Portobello, and pursued it a good way in the fields. "Name o' your lies to me," said Jenny; "ye may have shot at a gull in your day, for aught I ken; but ye havena shot at this ane this ae half year. Ye'll see the mark o' my sheers on the creature's wing," continued she, "and every bairn in the place kens it fa' weil." It came across my mind, that Janet might be in the right after all; and seeing none of the usual marks of powder and lead on the animal, and moreover finding that one of its wings was actually cut, I delivered up my prize, with many apologies for my stupid mistake. "Ay," said Jenny, as she took the gull, "it was very stupid, nae doubt; but am no thinkin' ye would hae fund out the stupidity, had ye no been puttin in mind o't."

Moral.—Remember, O reader! that neither wisdom nor worth are always proof against cunning and knavery; and if, in the course of your peregrinations through life, you are sometimes disappointed in your well-founded expectations, reflect that even the great Christopher Columbus was twice gulled in one day by a foolish animal from the sea-side at Portobello, and be content.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH,

From an Old Friend with a New Face.

LETTER I.

ON HOGG'S MEMOIRS.*

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I TAKE the liberty of sending back Hogg, which has disgusted me more severely than any thing I have attempted to swallow since Macvey's Bacon. He is liker a swineherd in the Canongate, than a shepherd in Ettrick Forest. I shall never again think of him without the image of an unclean thing; and, for his sake, I henceforth forswear the whole swinish generation. Roast pig shall never more please my palate—pickled pork may go to the devil—brawn, adieu!—avaunt all manner of hams—sow's cheek,

> Fare thee well! and if for ever,
> Still for ever, Fare thee well!

What you can possibly see to admire in Jamie Hogg, is to me quite a puzzle. He is the greatest boar on earth, you must grant; and, for a decent wager, I undertake, in six weeks, to produce six as good poets as he is, from each county in Scotland, over and above the Falkirk Cobler, the Chaunting Tinsmith, Willison Glass, and the Reverend Mr ——. I engage to draw them all up two deep, in front of No. 17, Prince's-street, on the next day of publication; and they shall march round by the Mount of proclamation, and across the Mound, back to their parade. Lieutenant Juillinan shall be at their head—Mr —— shall officiate as chaplain—and —— if he pleases, shall be trumpeter.

But joking apart, of all speculations in the way of printed paper, I should have thought the most hopeless to have been, "a Life of James Hogg, by himself." Pray, who wishes to know any thing about his life? Who, indeed, cares a single farthing whether he be at this blessed moment dead or alive?

It is no doubt undeniable, that the political state of Europe is not so interesting as it was some years ago. But still I maintain that there was no demand for the Life of James Hogg, and that the world at large could have gone on without it. At all events, it ought not to have appeared before the Life of Buonaparte.

Besides, how many lives of himself does the swine-herd intend to put forth? I have a sort of life of the man, written by himself about twenty years ago. There are a good many lives of him in the Scots Magazine—a considerable number even in your own work, my good sir—the Clydesdale Miscellany was a perfect stye with him—his grunt is in Waugh—he has a bristle in Baldwin—and he has smuggled himself in a sack of chaff into the Percy Anecdotes. No man from the country has a right thus to become a public nuisance. This self-exposure is not altogether decent; and if neither Captain Brown nor Mr Jeffrey will interfere, why I will—so please to print this letter.

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* The Mountain Bard; consisting of Legendary Ballads and Tales. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The third edition, greatly enlarged. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author's Life, written by Himself. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

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Take Hogg, and scrape him well for half an hour, and pray what does he prove to be? Why, a very ordinary common-place animal, in my humble opinion, as one may see on the longest day of summer, namely, the 22d of June. In all these lives of his, he keeps drawling and drivelling over his want of education. He could not write, he says, till he was upwards of twenty years of age. This I deny. He cannot write now. I engage to teach any forthcoming ploughman to write better in three weeks. Let Hogg publish a fac-simile of his hand-writing, and the world will be thunderstruck at the utter helplessness of his hand. With respect to grammar, is Hogg aware of this one simple fact, that he never wrote a page approaching to grammar in his life? Give him a sentence, and force him, at the point of the sword, to point out an accusative, and he is a dead man.

Now, I ask you, Christopher, and other good people, if such a man as this has any title to be compared with *Robert Burns*. The Ayrshire Ploughman could write long before he was twenty. He held the plough before he was in his teens—he threshed corn at thirteen—all the girls in Coil were in love with him before he was twenty—some of them to their cost,—and, at twenty-four, he published a volume of poems, containing, the Twa Dogs, The Cottar's Saturday Night, &c.—works that have made him immortal. After all, he was not a great poet; but he knew what he was about.

To hear Hogg and Burns spoken of in the same year, and written of in the same volume, is sickening indeed.—Some silly gentleman has done this, Christopher, in your own Magazine. Why, the idea of such a comparison is enough to make a horse laugh—it is enough to set the whole British cavalry into a guffaw.

Come now, Christopher, and be honest with me. Do you believe that there is a man living who can repeat a single line of Hogg's? If there be, send for a metaphysician to him instantly. Cut off his head, and transmit it to Spurzheim. What the devil is his poetry, as you call it, about? Tell me that, and I will write a sheet in your Magazine every month gratis. Jamie has no ideas. For, if he had, are you so credulous as to believe that one or two would not have spunked out before now? Draw upon him at sight, or at six months' date—no effects.

But I had no intention, when I took up my pen, to write one syllable about Hogg's genius, as it is called. And pray, what is in his life?—absolutely nothing. He has been in this world, it appears, fifty years, and his existence has been one continued bungle. But the self-conceit of the man is incredible. Lord Erskine is a joke to James Hogg,—and often must he have a sore heart to think what the worthy world will do without him some twenty years hence, when he hops the twig. His death will be remembered like a total eclipse of the sun, no doubt; and the people about Selkirk will date any event according to its distance in time from the death of Hogg.—"I remember it well—it was the year of the national bankruptcy."—"Ay, ay—the year Hogg died of the cholic."

Pray, was your friend asleep during the twenty years he herded sheep in Ettrick, and Yarrow, and Polmoody? How do shepherds employ themselves?—Of this he tells us nothing. Day after day—year after year, seems to have passed over his head in a state of mystification, and the honest man is no more able to give an account of them than an old ram, or his dog Hector. Now, all shepherds are not such dolts. Many of them are extremely clever, long-headed, sagacious, well-informed people; and in the present case, the wonderful thing is, that Hogg could have lived so long among such an intelligent class of men, and appeared in the world so utterly ignorant as he is. This is the view of the subject, which I maintain must be taken by all sensible people who read his Memoirs,—and I feel confident that Hogg himself will be startled to find that it is the true one, if he chuses to clap his large, grey, unmeaning eyes on this part of the Magazine.

Well, then—this prodigy tires of the shepherd's life, and comes jogging into Edinburgh; he offers his ballads and balderdash, at sundry times, and in divers manners, to all the booksellers in Edinburgh, high and low, rich and poor, but they are all shy as trouts during thunder—not one will bite. No wonder. Only picture to yourself a stout country lout, with a bushel of hair on his shoulders that had not been raked for months, un-

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veloped in a coarse plaid impregnated with tobacco, with a prodigious mouthful of immeasurable tusks, and a dialect that set all conjecture at defiance, lumbering suddenly in upon the elegant retirement of Mr Miller's back-shop, or the dim seclusion of Mr John Ogle! Were these worthies to be blamed if they fainted upon the spot, or run out yelling into the street past the monster, or, in desperation, flung themselves into safety from a back window over ten stories? Mr Hogg speaks of his visits to booksellers' shops at this period with the utmost nonchalance. What would he himself have thought, if a large surly brown bear, or a huge baboon, had burst open his door when he was at breakfast, and helped himself to a chair and a mouthful of parritch? would not his hair have touched the ceiling, and his under jaw fallen down upon the floor? So was it with those and other bibliopoles. It was no imputation on their taste that they, like other men, were subject to the natural infirmity of fear. No man likes to be devoured suddenly in the forenoon—and the question, in such a case, was not respecting the principles of poetical composition, but the preservation of human life.

Baulked in his attempt at publication of poetry, Hogg determines to set the town on fire. To effect this purpose, he commences a periodical work called the Spy, in which he proposes to treat of Life, Manners and Miller. This, I humbly presume to think, was gross impertinence. I have a copy of the Spy, and it is truly a sickening concern. The author makes love like a drunken servant, who has been turned out of place for taking indecent liberties in the kitchen with the cook-wench. The Edinburgh young ladies did not relish this kind of thing,—it was thought coarse even by the Blue Stockings of the Old Town, after warm whisky toddy and oysters; so the Spy was executed, the dead body given up to his friends—where buried, remains a secret until this day.

Hogg looks back on this enterprize with feelings of evident exultation, ill disguised under mock humility. Just take notice how he glories in his shame!

"And all this time I had never been once in any polished society—had read next to none—was now in the 38th year of my age, and knew no more of human life or manners than a child. I was a sort of natural songster, without another advantage on earth. Fain would I have done something; but, on finding myself shunned by every one, I determined to push my own fortune independent of booksellers, whom I now began to view as beings obnoxious to all genius. My plan was, to begin a literary weekly paper, a work for which I certainly was rarely qualified, when the above facts are considered. I tried Walker and Greig, and several printers, offering them security to print it for me.—No; not one of them would print it without a bookseller's name at it as publisher. 'D—n them,' said I to myself, as I was running from one to another, 'the folks here are all combined in a body.' Mr Constable laughed at me exceedingly, and finally told me he wished me too well to encourage such a thing. Mr Ballantyne was rather more civil, and got off by subscribing for so many copies, and giving me credit for £10 worth of paper. David Brown would have nothing to do with it, unless some gentlemen, whom he named, should contribute. At length, I found an honest man, James Robertson, a bookseller in Nicolson Street, whom I had never before seen or heard of, who undertook it at once on my own terms; and on the 1st of September, 1810, my first number made its appearance on a quarto demy sheet, price four-pence.

"A great number were sold, and many hundred delivered gratis; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he delivered gratis. They shewed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis; 'so they are,' said he; 'I take nothing for the delivery; but I must have the price of the paper, if you please.'

"This money, that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of halfpence, was the first and only money I had pocketed, of my own making, since my arrival in Edinburgh in February last. On the publication of the two first numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but, on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidity and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper, for all those who had given in set themseves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has often repeated my remark on being told of this—'Gaping devils! wha cares what

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they say! If I leeve my time, I'll let them see the contrair o' that.'

"My publisher, James Robertson, was a kind-hearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whisky and ate rolls with a number of printers, the *dirtiest* and *leanest-looking* men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet, when I went out, I was at times so dizzy, I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it."

I write now, Christopher, to direct your attention to the next grand æra in the life of this extraordinary man,—and let us have it first in his own words.

"The next thing in which I became deeply interested, in a literary way, was the FORUM, a debating society, established by a few young men, of whom I was one of the first. We opened our house to the public, making each individual pay a sixpence, and the crowds that attended, for three years running, were beyond all bounds. I was appointed secretary, with a salary of £20 a-year, which never was paid, though I gave away hundreds in charity. We were exceedingly improvident; but I never was so much the better of any thing as that society; for it let me feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow, and what they would not. All my friends were averse to my coming forward in the Forum as a public speaker, and tried to reason me out of it, by representing my incapacity to harangue a thousand people in a speech of half an hour. I had, however, given my word to my associates, and my confidence in myself being unbounded, I began, and came off with flying colours. We met once a-week: I spoke every night, and sometimes twice the same night; and, though I sometimes incurred pointed disapprobation, was in general a prodigious favourite. The characters of all my brother members are given in the larger work, but here they import not. I have scarcely known any society of young men who have all got so well on. Their progress has been singular; and, I am certain, people may say as they will, that they were greatly improved by their weekly appearances in the Forum. Private societies signify nothing; but a discerning public is a severe test, especially in a multitude, where the smallest departure from good taste, or from the question, was sure to draw down disapproval, and where no good saying ever missed observation and applause. If this do not assist in improving the taste, I know not what will. Of this I am certain, that I was greatly the better of it, and I may safely say I never was in a school before. I might and would have written the Queen's Wake had the Forum never existed, but without the weekly lessons that I got there, I would not have succeeded as I did."

Now, you and I have been together in St Cæcilia's Hall, Niddry Street, at meetings of this Society, called the Forum, and am I wrong in saying, that it was a weekly congregation of the most intrepid idiots that ever brayed in public? Hogg tells us, "it was established by a *few young men*, of whom I was one of the first!" This is a gross anachronism. He was at this time an old man, of two score and upwards. Here he says, "he felt the pulse of the public," and gauged "precisely what they would swallow and what they would not!" Suppose, my dear Christopher, that you, or any other medical man, (you seem to have dropped the M. D.) by way of feeling the pulse of christian patients, should practice on the left legs of a gang of jack-asses at Leadburn-hills! or judge of the swallow of a convalescent young lady, by amusing yourself with feeding a tame cormorant? or prescribe to a dowager, fat, fair, and forty, as if you were James Stuart flinging oil cakes to the Dunearn ox? The Public unquestionably has a large and a wide swallow, and a pretty strong bouncing pulse of her own. But the Public would have retched, scunnered,* vomited, swarfed,† fallen into successive convulsions, become comatose, and died under one tenth part of the perilous stuff that was both meat and drink to the Forum. The Forum got fat and pursy, red in the face, with a round belly, under circumstances that would have reduced the Public to a walking skeleton. The pulse of the Forum was heard like the tick of an eight-day clock, 60 in the minute, slow but sure, when that of the poor Public would have been 150. The Forum heard unmoved, what would have driven the Public for ever into the deepest retirement, the cell, or the cloister. Why, in com-

* See Dr Jamieson once more. † Once more.

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parison with the Forum, the Public has all the sensitive delicacy of a private person.

But lest I should be suspected of exaggeration—who composed the select society of the Niddry Street Forum? Young grocers, redolent of cheese, comfits, and tallow-candles, who dealt out their small, greasy, fetid sentences, as if they were serving a penny customer across the counter with something odious in brown paper,—precocious apprentices,—one of whom, in all probability, had made or mended the president's unpaid breeches,—occasional young men obviously of little or no profession, who rose, looked wildly round them, muttered, sunk, and were seen no more,—now and then a blunt bluff butcher-like block-head, routing like a bull on a market-day in the Grass Market,—stray students of medicine from the sister-island, booming like bitterns in the bog of Allen,—long-faced lads from Professor Paxton, dissenters from every thing intelligible among men,—laymen from Leeds, and Birmingham, Hull, and Halifax, inspired with their red port wines, and all stinking like foxes of the strong Henglish-accent,—pert, prim, prating personages, who are seen going in, and coming out of the Parliament House, nobody knows why, or wherefore,—mealy-mouthed middle-aged men, of miscellaneous information, masters of their matter, all cut and dry, distinguished as private pedagogues, great as grinders, and powerful in extemporaneous prayer,—now and then a shrivelled mummy, apparently of the reign of George the II. with dry dusty leathern palate, seen joining in the debate,—stickit ministers who have settled down into book-binders, compositors, or amanuenses to some gentlemen literarily disposed,—apothecaries deep in dog-latin, and tenderly attached to words of six or eight syllables, such as latitudinarianism,—a sprinkling of moist members from mason-lodges, dropping in when the discussion is about half-seas-over,—and finally, for there is no end to this, a few players and scene-shifters, (for on Friday night the theatre is shut,) assiduous in their noble endeavours to revive the study of Shakespeare, and making the Forum resound with screeds of blank verse, out of mouths as unmerciful as leaden spouts on a rainy day.

Such is a most imperfect enumeration of a few of the component parts of the Forum, where Hogg learned to feel the pulse, and gauge the swallow of the Edinburgh public. "Here it was," quoth the swineherd, "*that the smallest departure from good taste was sure to draw down disapproval!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*" No doubt, even in the Forum, it was possible to go too far, and Hogg was, I know, often hissed. It is said, that even among apes and monkeys, there are rules of good breeding, and that the better bred ones are often excessively irritated at the mews and chattering of their less decorous brethren of Ape kind.

But the truth is, that Hogg never could speak at all in the Forum. He used to read ribald rhymes about marriage and other absurdities, off whity-brown paper, stuck up on a niche, with a farthing candle on each side of him, which he used to snuff in great trepidation, with his finger and thumb instantly applied to his cooling mouth, in the midst of the most pathetic passages, cheered by shouts of derisive applause that startled Dugald M'Glashan and his cadies beneath the shadow of the Tron-Kirk. He has no more command of language than a Highlander had of breeches before the 45; and his chief figure of speech consisted in a twist of his mouth, which might certainly at times be called eloquent. He had recourse to this view of the subject, whenever he found himself fairly planted, so that a deaf spectator of the debate would have supposed him stuck up in a hole in the wall to make ugly faces, and would have called for a horse-collar. Was that a situation in which "the smallest deviation from good taste would have drawn down disapproval?"

On the decline and fall of the Forum, James Hogg looked once more abroad over the world, and, his brilliant career of oratory being closed, Poetry once more opened her arms to receive his embrace. He wrote the Queen's Wake; and wishing to astonish some of his friends with a rehearsal, the following scene is described as taking place.

"Having some ballads or metrical tales past me, which I did not like to lose, I planned the Queen's Wake, in order that I might take these all in, and had it ready in a few months after it was first proposed. I was very anxious to read it to some person of taste, but no one would either read it, or listen to me reading it,

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sam Grieve, who assured me it would do. As I lived at Deanhaugh then, I invited Mr and Mrs Gray to drink tea, and to read a part of it with me before offering it for publication. Unluckily, however, before I had read half a page, Mrs Gray objected to a word, which Grieve approved of and defended, and some high disputes arose; other authors were appealed to, and notwithstanding my giving several very broad hints, I could not procure a hearing for another line of my new poem. Indeed, I was sorely disappointed, and told my friends so on going away; on which another day was appointed, and I brought my manuscript to Buccleuch Place. Mr Gray had not got through the third page, when he was told that an itinerant bard was come into the lobby, and repeating his poetry to the boarders. Mr Gray went out and joined them, leaving me alone with a young lady, to read, or not, as we liked. In about half an hour, he sent a request for me likewise to come: on which I went, and heard a poor crazy beggar repeating such miserable stuff as I had never heard before. I was terribly affronted; and putting my manuscript in my pocket, jogged my way home in very bad humour. Gray has sometimes tried to deny the truth of this anecdote, and to face me out of it, but it would not do. I never estimated him the less as a friend; but I did not forget it, in one point of view; for I never read any more new poems to him."

Some of the ballads in the Queen's Wake are tolerable imitations of Scott, and the old traditionary poetry of Scotland. But who the devil cares a jot for Mr Hogg's negociation about it with Constable, and Miller, and Murray, and Goldie, and Blackwood? All the world knows that booksellers are the most selfish and crafty of their sex; and that poor poets are the most ignorant, absurd, and unreasonable of theirs. Poetry is a drug; even goodish decent poetry wont sell; and therefore I blame no publisher for behaving as ill as possible to any poet. Of the publishers aforesaid, Constable seems to have been amused with the matchless stupidity and vanity of Hogg,—but to have behaved to him, on the whole, with much good nature and due liberality. Miller seems to have intended to publish the Pilgrims of the Sun, but got frightened at Hogg's uncouth appearance, and the universal rumours of his incapacity. Murray seems to have awoke out of a dream, and on recovering his senses, to have cut the Shepherd in his easiest manner. Of Blackwood, it would be unbecoming me to speak with either praise or censure in his own Magazine. But this I will say, that if he had offered, or will yet offer, to pay me as well as he has paid Hogg, I will become one of the best periodical writers in this country.

But let us hear what he says further with regard to the Queen's Wake.

"This address gave me a little confidence, and I faced my acquaintances one by one; and every thing that I heard was laudatory. The first report of any work that goes abroad, be it good or bad, spreads like fire set to a hill of heather in a warm spring day, and no one knows where it will stop. From that day forward every one has spoken well of the work; and every review praised its general features, save the Blostle, which, in the number for 1813, tried to hold it up to ridicule and contempt. Mr Jeffrey ventured not a word about it, either good or bad, himself, until the year after, when it had fairly got into a second and third edition. He then gave a very judicious and sensible review of it; but he committed a most horrible blunder, in classing Mr Tennant, the author of Anster Fair, and me together, as two self-taught geniuses; whereas there is not one point of resemblance—Tennant being a better educated man than the reviewer himself, was not a little affronted at being classed with me. From that day to this Mr Jeffrey has taken no notice of any thing that I have published, which I think can hardly be expected to do him any honour at the long run. I should like the worst poem that I have since published, to stand a fair comparison with some that he has strained himself to bring forward. It is a pity that any literary connexion, which with the one party might be unavoidable, should ever prejudice one valued friend and acquaintance against another. In the heart-burnings of party-spirit, the failings of great minds are more exposed than in all other things in the world put together."

Now, Christopher, you, and two or three other men in Scotland are entitled to cut up Mr Jeffrey. He is a man of real wit and cleverness, and deserves to be cut up. But he ought not to be haggled with a blunt joeteleg in the hands of a clown. There is something most laughable in a vulgar rhymster accusing Mr Jeffrey of delay in reviewing his worthless trash. —All the world saw that the critic wished to do a good-natured thing to the swine-herd, and to give him a lift above the sneers of the town. "*He then gave a very sensible and judicious review of it!*" It was neither sensible nor judicious, nor was it meant to be so. It was a mere piece

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of charitable hate—of amiable humbug; and Mr Jeffrey is a great deal too kind, in my opinion, in bepraising the small fry of poetasters, while he sends his harpoon into the backs of the larger poets, and laughs at beholding them floundering about with a mile of rope coiled round them. I never could see any more wickedness in Frank Jeffrey than in Christopher North; and I believe you both to be a couple of admirable fellows,—no men's enemies but your own,—a little deficient in prudence and worldly wisdom; but gradually improving by age and infirmity, and likely to turn out, after all, useful and respectable members of society. I could not let this favourable opportunity pass without paying you both a well deserved compliment: Pray, where lay "the horrible blunder," in classing Mr Tennant, the author of Anster Fair, with Mr Hogg. Mr Jeffrey had never heard of Mr Tennant when he reviewed his poem. He did not speak of him as an ignorant, but a self-educated man. And though this was not altogether the case, there was no horrible blunder in saying so. Mr Hogg is simply a fool, when he talks of Mr Tennant being a better educated man than Mr Jeffrey. Mr Jeffrey's education was complete; and he is a most accomplished scholar, though not yet a professor at Dollar Academy.

Mr Hogg goes on to narrate to the world the circumstances under which he composed his Mador of the Moor, Poetic Mirror, Dramatic Tales, and other volumes.

Of Mador of the Moor, it is not in my power at present to speak in terms of adequate contempt. The story is this:—King James assumes the character of an itinerant fiddler, and seduces a farmer's daughter, somewhere about the extremity of Perthshire. She absconds, and, after a safe delivery of a thumping boy, at which it does not appear that any howdy officiated, madam takes her foot in her hand, and fathers the child upon his Majesty, in his court at Stirling Castle. The king marries the trull, and with the wedding (rather a stale concern) the poem concludes. This may be a common enough way of settling the business about Ettrick and Yarrow, but the kings of Scotland, I am persuaded, never did wive after such a fashion. King Jamie played a good many pranks during the long nights unquestionably, but on no single occasion did he marry any of the girls; and Mr Hogg ought not thus to defend morality at the expence of historical truth. A poet, above all men, should always stick to facts; and this young woman, who, he says, carried her husband, is altogether an imaginary Jacobite relic.

The Poetic Mirror is now lying before me, and two of the imitations of Wordsworth are admirable. But Hogg never wrote one syllable of them. They were written by Lord Byron, with an immense stack of bread and butter before him, and a basin of weak tea. Mr Pringle's little poem is pretty enough, but all the rest of the volume is most inhuman and merciless trash. Does Hogg believe, that if he were to steal Lord Byron's breeches and coat, and so forth, and walk along the Rialto, that the Venetian ladies would mistake him for his lordship? It is easier to play the fool than the lord, and, therefore, in one or two of his imitations, the swine-herd is more lucky. That of himself, for example, is a true specimen of the stye-school of poetry.

I request you, Christopher, to look again at page 65. "*Risum teneatis, amice?*" Read it aloud, and believe your ears.

"I know not what wicked genius put it into my head, but it was then, in an evil hour, when I had determined on the side I was to espouse, that I wrote the Chaldee Manuscript, and transmitted it to Mr Blackwood from Yarrow. On first reading it, he never thought of publishing it; but some of the rascals to whom he showed it, after laughing at it, by their own accounts till they were sick, persuaded him, nay, almost forced him to insert it; for some of them went so far as to tell him, that if he did not admit that inimitable article, they would never speak to him again so long as they lived."

There is a bouncer!—The Chaldee manuscript!—Why, no more did he write the Chaldee Manuscript than the five books of Moses.—Prove he wrote it, and I undertake to prove the moon green cheese, and eat a slice of it every morning before breakfast. I presume that Mr Hogg is also the author of Waverley.—He may say so if he chooses, without contradiction,—and he may also assert that he, and not Lord Wellington, fought the battle of Waterloo,—that he communicated the steam-engine to Mr Watt,—and was the original inventor of Day and Martin's patent blacking. It must be a delightful thing to have such fan-

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cherie these in one's nobile;—but, on the subject of the Chaldee manuscript, let me now speak the truth. You your self, Kit, were learned respecting that article; and myself, Blackwood, and a reverend gentleman of this city, alone know the perpetrator. The unfortunate man is now dead, but delicacy to his friends makes me withhold his name from the public. It was the same person who murdered Begbie! Like Mr Bowles and Ali Pacha, he was a mild man, of unassuming manners,—a scholar and a gentleman. It is quite a vulgar error to suppose him a ruffian. He was sensibility itself, and would not hurt a fly. But it was a disease with him "to excite public emotion." Though he had an amiable wife, and a vast family, he never was happy, unless he saw the world gaping like a stuck pig. With respect to his murdering Begbie, as it is called, he knew the poor man well, and had frequently given him both small sums of money, and articles of wearing apparel. But all at once it entered his brain, that, by putting him to death in a sharp, and clever, and mysterious manner, and seeming also to rob him of an immense number of bank notes, the city of Edinburgh would be thrown into a ferment of consternation, and there would be no end of the "public emotion," to use his own constant phrase on occasions of this nature. The scheme succeeded to a miracle. He stabbed Begbie to the heart, robbed the dead body in a moment, and escaped. But he never used a single stiver of the money, and was always kind to the widow of the poor man, who was rather a gainer by her husband's death. I have reason to believe that he ultimately regretted the act; but there can be no doubt that his enjoyment was great for many years, hearing the murder canvassed in his own presence, and the many absurd theories broached on the subject, which he could have overthrown by a single word.

Mr —— wrote the Chaldee Manuscript precisely on the same principle on which he murdered Begbie; and he used frequently to be tickled at hearing the author termed an assassin. "Very true, very true," he used to say on such occasions, shrugging his shoulders with delight, "he is an assassin, sir; he murdered Begbie:"—and this sober truth would pass, at the time, for a mere jeu d'esprit,—for my friend was a humourist, and was in the habit of saying good things. The Chaldee was the last work, of the kind of which I have been speaking, that he lived to finish. He confessed it and the murder, the day before he died, to the gentleman specified, and was sufficiently penitent; yet, with that inconsistency not unusual with dying men, almost his last words were, (indistinctly mumbled to himself,) "It ought not to have been left out of the other editions."

After this plain statement, Hogg must look extremely foolish. We shall next have him claiming the murder likewise, I suppose; but he is totally incapable of either.

Now for another confounded bouncer!

"From the time I gave up 'The Spy,' I had been planning with my friends to commence the publication of a Magazine on a new plan; but for several years, we only conversed about the utility of such a work, without doing any thing farther. At length, among others, I chanced to mention it to Mr Thomas Pringle; when I found that he and his friends had a plan in contemplation of the same kind. We agreed to join our efforts, and try to set it a-going; but, as I declined the editorship on account of residing mostly on my farm at a distance from town, it became a puzzling question who was the best qualified among our friends for that undertaking. We at length fixed on Mr Gray as the fittest person for a principal department, and I went and mentioned the plan to Mr Blackwood, who, to my astonishment, I found, had likewise long been cherishing a plan of the same kind. He said he knew nothing about Pringle, and always had his eye on me as a principal assistant; but he would not begin the undertaking, until he saw he could do it with effect. Finding him, however, disposed to encourage such a work, Pringle, at my suggestion, made out a plan in writing, with a list of his supporters, and sent it in a letter to me. I enclosed it in another, and sent it to Mr Blackwood; and not long after that period, Pringle and he came to an arrangement about commencing the work, while I was in the country. Thus I had the honour of being the beginner, and almost sole instigator of that celebrated work, BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

Hogg here says, he declined the editorship of Blackwood's Magazine. This happened the same year that he declined the offer of the governor-generalship of India, and a seat in the cabinet. These refusals on his part

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prevented him being requested to become leader in the House of Commons, to overawe Brougham and Macintosh. In short, Blackwood tells me, that all this story is a mere muddled misrepresentation. Ebony is no blockhead; and who but a supreme blockhead would make Hogg an editor!

This long letter will cost you double postage, my dear friend.—Look at page 66.

"That same year, I published the Brownie of Bodsbeck, and other Tales, in two volumes. I got injustice in the eyes of the world, with regard to that tale, which was looked on as an imitation of the tale of Old Mortality, and a counterpart to that; whereas it was written long ere the tale of Old Mortality was heard of, and I well remember my chagrin on finding the ground that I thought clear preoccupied, before I would appear publicly on it, and that by such a redoubted champion. It was wholly owing to Mr Blackwood, that the tale was not published a year sooner, which would effectually have freed me from the stigma of being an imitator, and brought in the author of the Tales of My Landlord as an imitator of me. That was the only ill turn that ever Mr Blackwood did me; and it ought to be a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts."

"I was unlucky in the publication of my first novel, and what impeded me still farther, was the publication of Old Mortality; for, having made the redoubted Burly the hero of my tale, I was obliged to go over it again, and alter all the traits in the character of the principal personage, substituting John Brown of Caldwell for John Balfour of Burly, greatly to the detriment of my story. I tried also to take out Clavers, but I found this impossible. A better instance could not be given, of the good luck attached to one person, and the bad luck which attended the efforts of another."

The Brownie of Bodsbeck shall, God willing, never be read by me; but I have been forced to see bits of it in corners of the periodical works, and they are, indeed, cruelly ill-written. There are various other instances of "good and ill luck," as Mr Hogg calls it, in literary history, besides this one of Old Mortality and the Brownie. Milton, for example, has been somehow or other a much luckier writer than Sir Richard Blackmore. Homer made two choice hits in the Iliad and Odyssey, that have raised his name above that of Professor Wilkie, the unlucky author of the Epigoniad. Adam Smith has perhaps been more fortunate on the whole than the Scotsman; and while you yourself, Christopher, have, by the merest accident in the world, become the best of all imaginable editors, only think what must be the feelings of Taylor and Hessey, as they look on that luckless ass with the lion's head! It is the same in the fine arts. What a lucky dog was Raphael in his Transfiguration; and who does not weep for the accident that befel Mr Geddes in handling the Scottish regalia? In philosophy, by some casualty never to be satisfactorily explained, the fame of Lord Bacon has eclipsed that of the latest of his commentators. We indeed live in a strange world; but these things will be all rectified at last in a higher state of existence. There, Blackmore very possibly may get Milton to clean his shoes; Virgil may stand behind the chair of Dr Trapp; and Longinus gaze with admiration on William Hazlitt.

But I bridle in my struggling muse in vain,
That longs to launch into a nobler stain.

In page 75, you will observe a list of Hogg's works.

	Vols.
The Queen's Wake	1
Pilgrims of the Sun	1
Hunting of Badlewe	
Mador of the Moor	1
Poetic Mirror	1
Dramatic Tales	2
Brownie of Bodsbeck	2
Winter Evening Tales	2
Sacred Melodies	1
Border Garland, No. I.	1
Jacobite Relics of Scotland	2
	15

Now, if the man had absolutely written fifteen volumes in seven years, death would be infinitely too good for him; but his enormities, though numerous and great, do not amount nearly to fifteen volumes. The Hunting of Badlewe is reprinted in the Dramatic Tales,—therefore, strike off one volume for that. The Pilgrims of the Sun, and Mador of the Moor, may sleep in one bed very easily, and the Sacred Melodies and the Border Garland may be thrown in to them. This most fortunately cuts off three volumes. The Poetic Mirror must, I fear, be allowed to stand very nearly as a sort of volume in its way. But, pray, did Mr Hogg write all the Jacobite relics?

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No, nor the notes either. They are all cribbed out of books, without even the grace of inverted commas. Destroy, therefore, these two volumes. The Winter Evening Tales "were written in early life, when I was serving as a shepherd-lad among the mountains," —so charge not against an elderly man the sins of his youth. This yields the relief of two volumes. His guilt, therefore, lies within the compass of seven volumes, or a volume per year since the 1813.

The swineherd frequently alludes to a larger work, of which the present is only an abstract, or rather a collection of "elegant extracts." He concludes the present autobiography thus:—

"In this short memoir, which is composed of extracts from a larger detail, I have confined myself to such anecdotes only, as relate to my progress as a writer, and these I intend continuing from year to year as long as I live. There is much that I have written that cannot as yet appear; for the literary men of Scotland, my contemporaries, may change their characters, so as to disgrace the estimate at which I have set them, and my social companions may alter their habits. Of my own productions, I have endeavoured to give an opinion, with perfect candour; and, although the partiality of an author may be too apparent in the preceding pages, yet I trust every generous heart will excuse the failing, and make due allowance."

Heaven knows that I had no intention of subjecting you to double postage, when I began this letter; but I have been led on, drivelling away paragraph after paragraph, in my good natured old style, till there is not above an inch of candle left, vapouring away in the socket of the save-all. The truth is, that, after all, I have a sneaking kindness for Hogg; and, to shew how completely free I am of all malicious thoughts, I request that you will send out to him this Letter by the Selkirk carrier, and oblige,

An Old Friend with a New Face.

[Courteous Reader,—If thou art one of the numerous family of "The Smalls," the consternation which thou hast suffered in reading the foregoing epistle, can receive no alleviation from any palliative in our power to apply. But if thou art, as we believe the generality of our readers are, a person endowed with a gentlemanly portion of common sense, and can relish banter and good humour as well as curry and claret, thou wilt at once discover that the object of this "deevilrie," to use an expression of the Shepherd's, is to add to the interest which his life has excited. Indeed if the paper has not come from Altrive Lake itself, it has certainly been written by some one who takes no small interest in the Shepherd's affairs; for, in the private letter which accompanies it, the virtues and talents of Hogg are treated with all the respect they merit; and a hope is most feelingly expressed, that by this tickling the public sympathy may be awakened, so as to occasion a most beneficial demand for his works, and put a few cool hundreds in his pocket. At all events, if the Shepherd himself is not the flagellant, we may forthwith expect such an answer as will leave him quits with the writer, whoever he may be; and certainly, as his autobiography sufficiently proves, his fame can be in no hands more friendly than his own. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. To those who will, "with lifted hands, and eyes upraised," regard this as one of those wicked, and we-know-not-what-to-call-them, things, which afflict the spirits of so many of our co-temporaries, we can offer nothing in extenuation of the playful malice of this "attack." But seriously we do think, that among all those whom it must constrain to laughter, none will "rax his jaws" more freely than the Shepherd himself.

C. N.

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THE MODERN BRITISH DRAMA.

No. I.

THE FATAL UNCTION.

A Coronation Tragedy—By LAELIUS *******, *M.D.*

We have great pleasure in doing our utmost to bring this singularly beautiful production into notice. It has redeemed, in our opinion, the literary character of the age from the imputation of the players, to whom we may now confidently assert a true dramatic genius does exist in English literature. Not only is the subject of this tragedy chosen in an original spirit, and the fable constructed with the greatest skill, but the versification and dialogue are equally entitled to unqualified praise.

The plot is founded on the unhappy coronation of Carlo Aurenzebe, King of Sicily, a prince of the Austrian dynasty, who was put to death during the solemn ceremony of the anointment, by the conspirators substituting a corrosive oil, of the most direful nature, instead of the consecrated ointment; and the medical author, with a rare felicity, has accordingly called his tragedy "The Fatal Unction." As the story is well known, we think it unnecessary to say more respecting it, than that the Doctor, with a judicious fidelity to historical truth, has stuck close to all the leading incidents, as they are narrated in Ugo Foscolo's classic history, in three volumes quarto, a translation of which, with ingenious annotations, may speedily, we understand, be expected from the animated pen of Sir Robert Wilson, the enterprizing member for Southwark.

The play opens with a grand scene in a hilly country, in which Mount Ætna is discovered in the back ground. Butero, who had a chief hand in the plot, enters at midnight, followed by the Archbishop of Palermo, whom he addresses in the following spirited lines, his right hand stretched towards the burning mountain.

"There, spitting fires in heaven's enduring face,
Behold where Ætna stands sublime, nor dreads
The vengeance of the foe he so insults—
For what to him avails the thunderbolt?
It cannot harm his adamantine head,
Nor lavish showers of rain his burning quench:—
The wonted arms with which the warring skies
Do wreak their wrath upon the steadfast hills."

After some further conversation of this kind, the archbishop says—

"But why, my good Lord Count, are you thus shaken?
The spark of life in Carlo Aurenzebe
Is surely not eterne. He is a man:
The posset or the poniard may suffice
At any time, my lord, at any time,
To give him his quietus."

"Peace, fool, peace," is the abrupt and impassioned reply of Count Butero to the archbishop, and then the following animated colloquy ensues:—

"*Archb.* I am no fool, you misapply the term;
I ne'er was such, nor such will ever be.
Oh, if your Lordship would but give me hearing,
I would a scheme unfold to take him off,
That ne'er conspirator devised before.
Count Butero. Thy hand and pardon. 'Tis my nature's weakness
To be thus petulant; ah, well you know,
My Lord Archbishop, for I oft have told you,
Told in confession how my too quick ire
Betrays me into sin. But thou didst speak
Of taking off, hinting at Aurenzebe—
What was't thou wouldst unfold?
Archb. To-morrow, Count—
Look round.
Count Butero. There's no one near.
Archb. Heard ye not that?
Count Butero. 'Twas but the mountain belching—out upon't.
Pray thee proceed, and let the choleric hill
Rumble his bellyful, nor thus disturb
The wary utterance of thy deep intents.
What would you say?
Archb. To-morrow, my dear Count,
The Carlo Aurenzebe, your sworn foe,
And our fair Sicily's detested tyrant,
Holds in Palermo, with all antique rites,
His royal coronation.
Count Butero. I know that.
Archb. And 'tis your part, an old time-honour'd right,
To place the diadem upon his brow
Count Butero. Proceed—go on.
Archb. And 'tis my duteous service
To touch and smea him with the sacred oil.
Count Butero. I am all ear—what then?
Archb. What then, my lord? what might not you and I
In that solemnity perform on him,
To free the world of one so tyrannous?"

The traitor archbishop then proceeds to develope the treason which he h

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hatched, and proposes, instead of the consecrated oil, to anoint the King with a deadly venom, of which he had provided himself with a phial. Occasional borrowed expressions may be here and there detected in the dialogue; but, in general, they only serve to shew the variety of the Doctor's reading; we fear, however, that the following account of the preparation, which the archbishop had procured, must be considered as a palpable imitation of the history of Othello's handkerchief; at the same time, it certainly possesses much of an original freshness, and of the energy that belongs to a new conception.

"The stuff in this [*shewing the bottle*]
a gypsey did prepare
From a decoction made of adders' hearts,
And the fell hemlock, whose mysterious
juice
Doth into mortal curd knead the brisk
blood,
Wherein the circling life doth hold its
course—
A friar saw her sitting by a well,
Tasting the water with her tawny palm,
And bought the deadly stuff."

The count and archbishop having agreed "to infect with death" their lawful and legitimate monarch, while he is undergoing the fatigues of his inauguration, then go to the palace on purpose to confer with certain others of the rebellious nobles; and the scene changes to a narrow valley, and peasants are seen descending from the hills, singing "God save the King," being then on their way towards Palermo to see the coronation.

Having descended on the stage, and finished their loyal song, one of them, Gaffer Curioso, sees an old gypsey woman, the same who sold the poison to the friar, standing in a disconsolate posture, and going towards her, he gives her a hearty slap on the back, and says, in a jocund humour,—

"What's making you hing your grunsle, lucky, on sic a day as this?

Gyp. Och hon! och hon!

Gaffer Curi. What are ye och-honing for?

Gyp. Do ye see that bell in the dab there?

Gaffer Curi. Weel, what o't?

Gyp. It's a' that's left me for an ass and two creels."

The carlin having thus explained the cause of her grief, namely, the loss of her ass and paniers in the mire, a conversation arises respecting the bad and neglected state of the roads, in which some political reflections, rather of a radical nature, are made on the Sicilian government and road trustees. In the end, however, as the poor woman is quite bankrupt, by the sinking of her quadruped Argusey, Gaffer Curioso persuades her to go to the city, where she may perhaps gather as much money by begging in the crowd assembled to see the coronation, as will enable her to set up again with another ass and baskets. The whole of this scene is managed with great skill, and the breaks and sparklings of natural pathos, here and there elicited, are exceedingly beautiful. The little incongruity of making the Sicilians converse in our doric dialect, may, perhaps, by some, be deemed a blemish; but when it is considered, that the different high characters in the piece speak in English, the propriety of making those of the lower order talk in Scotch, we are convinced, must, upon serious reflection, appear judicious and beautiful.

When the peasants, with the gypsey, have quitted the stage, the scene is again shifted, and we are introduced to Carlo Aurenzebe, the King and the beautiful Splendora, his royal consort, in their bed-chamber. His majesty has been up some time, walking about the room, anxious for the coming of his Lord Chamberlain, whose duty it was, according to ancient custom, in such a morning, to dress him; but the Queen still presses her pillow asleep; in this situation, the King happens to cast his eye towards the bed, and forgetting his own anxious cares about the impending ceremony of the day, addresses her in the following tender and touching verses:—

"How like a rose her blooming beauty
presses
The smooth plump pillow, and the dent it
makes
Is as a dimple in the guileless cheek
Of some sweet babe, whose chubby innocence
Smiles to provoke caresses. O, my love—
But let her sleep—too soon, alas! too soon
She must be roused, to bear her heavy part
In the great business of the coronation."

His majesty then, in the most affectionate manner, steps towards the bed, and stoops

"to taste her cheek,
That, like a full-ripe peach, lures the fond
lip."

In the attempt he awakens her, and she leaps out of bed, startled and alarmed, exclaiming:—

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"Arrest that traitor's arm, dash down the bowl—
'Tis fraught with death."

And in this striking manner we are apprised that her Majesty has been afflicted with a most awful and ominous dream, of which, when she had somewhat come to herself, she gives the following impressive description:—

"Methought we sat within an ancient hall,
Our nobles there, and all the peeresses
Garb'd as befits the feast you hold to-day.
But as I look'd, a change came in my dream,
And suddenly that old and stately hall,
Whose gnarled joists and rafters, richly carved,
Were drap'd and tasselled by the weaving spider,
Melted away, and I beheld myself
In a lone churchyard, sitting on a tree,
And a fell band of corse-devouring gowles,
Both male and female, gather'd round a grave.

King. What did they there?

Queen. With eager hands they dug,
Fiercely as hungry Alpine wolves they dug,
Into the hallow'd chamber of the dead,
And, like those robbers whom pale science bribes
To bring fit subjects for her college class,
With hideous resurrection, from its cell
They drew the sheeted body.

King. Heavens!

Queen. They did—
And on the churchyard grass I saw it lie,
Ghastly and horrible, beneath the moon,
That paled her light, seeing a thing so grim.

King. Then what ensued?

Queen. I tremble to disclose—

King. I pray you, tell—dearest Splendora, tell.

Queen. It is a tale will harrow up your soul.
They tore the cerements, and laid out to view
The fatted paunch of one who erst had been
The honour'd magistrate of some famed town,
Or parson capon-fed.

King. Tremendous Powers!

Queen. Then stooping down, a beauteous gowle
Smelt the wide nostril, and on looking up,
The moonlight brightening on her forehead, smiled.

King. O who will beauty ever love again?

Queen. Soon without knives the cannibals began
To relish their foul meal—I saw a mother
Give to her child, that fondled at her side,
An ear to mumble with its boneless gums."

Her majesty then continues to relate, that another change came over the spirit of her dream, and the gowles having vanished, she found herself in the midst of traitors, one of whom tried to force her to drink a bowl of poison, when happily she was roused by the king kissing her cheek. A few natural enough reflections are made by both their Majesties on the omen, and the first act is terminated by the lord chamberlain knocking for admission to assist his majesty to dress, while six mute ladies come in with a robe de chambre, which they throw round the Queen, and lead her off into her dressing-room.

The second act opens in the street, with a conversation between the friar who had bought the poison from the gypsey woman, and the King's principal secretary of state for the home department:

"*Sec.* My Lord Archbishop is an honest man:
Much do I owe him; for by his good favour
I was promoted to the trusts I hold.

Friar. I do not call his honesty in question,
But knowing what I know, if you will promise
To let me have the vacant see, I'll prove
This same proud prelate a most plotting traitor.

Sec. Go to, go to, thou grow'st calumnious.

Friar. I had a bottle once of deadly venom.

Sec. Why had you that? O thou most damned villain,
Say, wherefore kept you poison in that bottle;
For whom, assassin, didst thou buy the draught?

Friar. Will you not listen?

Sec. No: begone and leave me,
I sin in holding converse with thy kind;
And in my office do I much offend
In suffering such a man to roam at large—
The cruel'st beast that in the forest dens,
The tawny lion, and the grumbling bear,
Are far less dangerous than such as thou;
They keep no murd'rous phials in their pockets,
Nor secrete steel to do their guilty deeds."

This scene is conceived with great art; for the friar, as the reader sees, is just on the point of telling the secretary of state that he had given the poison to the Archbishop, and if the secretary would only have listened to him, the plot, in all human probability, would have been discovered. But the secretary, by his rashness, prevents himself from hearing the suspicious circumstance of the Archbishop having secretly provided a bottle of poison, and quits the scene, vehement-

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ly expressing his abhorrence of all murderers—

"Whether their hests they do with pill or poniard,
The ambush'd pistol, or the bludgeon rude,
That strews the road with brains—"

pretty plainly insinuating that he considers the friar as one of those bad characters,

"Who make no pause in their fell purposes."

The friar, who is a very honest man, though longing a little for promotion in the church,—which, by the way, is a natural enough feeling in a clergyman,—justly indignant at the imputation of the secretary of state, breaks out, after that minister has made his exit, into this noble soliloquy:

"Oh that the gods, when they did fashion me
Into this poor degraded thing of man,
Had but endow'd me with the tiger's form,
And for these weak and ineffectual hands,
Had bless'd me with that noble creature's feet,
I would have torn the saucy dotard's throat.
Me, murderer! what, I that came to speak
My strong suspicion of the plotting prelate,
To have my words of truth with rage repell'd,
And the warm milk of human kindness in me,
Tax'd with the thickness of a felon's blood!"

While the friar is in this resentful mood, Count Butero enters, and a long and highly poetical dialogue takes place, in the course of which the friar is led to suspect that his lordship has some secret understanding with the archbishop, and that between them something of a very dreadful nature has been concerted.

"*Count.* But tell me, monk, where lies the guilt of it.
To die is to be not—and what is slain
Is therefore nothing. How then, tell me, father,
Can that which nothing is, be guilt, that is
A thing most heinous—both in earth and heaven?
Friar. There's atheism in such subtlety.
I pray thee, son, to change these desperate thoughts;
They smack of sin, and may draw down forever
That winged thing that is more truly thee,
Than is the clothes of flesh and bone thou wear'st,
Loading its pinions, that would else expand,
And eagle like, soar onward to the skies.
Count. I'll hear no more—thou speak'st but priestly prate,
And the archbishop has a better knowledge
Of what 'tis fit we should believe.
Friar. My Lord,
If that his grace—my Lord Butero, hear me—
Nor turn your back so, with a mouth of scorn—
I say, my lord, if the archbishop holds
Such shocking doctrines, and retains his see,
I doubt, I doubt, he is no honest man,
But one that's school'd and fashion'd for much sin.
Count B. How know you, knave, that he's prepared to sin?
Friar. I said not so,—you have not heard aright.
But why, my lord, should you look so alarm'd?
What signifies the prelate's sin to thee,
Or thine to him—that thou shouldst quail to hear?
I did but say, he was no honest man.
Ah, Count Butero, you do know he is not.
Why do you start, and lay your dexter hand
So on the cut steel of that glittering hilt?
I did not charge *you* with dishonesty,
I spoke but of his grace—look to't, my lord:
Your threat'ning gestures volumes tell to me,
Of something dreadful in the womb of time,
Hatching between you and that wicked prelate.
[*Exit the Friar; the Count follows him a few paces with his sword drawn, but suddenly checks himself, and returning sheathes it.*]
Count. Back to thy home, my bright and trusty blade;
I'll not commission thee for aught so mean.
Thy prey is royalty—a jibing priest
Would but impair the lustre of the steel.
Yet he suspects, and may to others tell
His shrewd conjectures, and a search detect
Our schemed intent to make the coronation
Administer to bold ambition's purpose."

The Count then retires, and the scene changes to a hall in the palace, where the Queen, in her robes of state, is addressed by the old gypsey.

"*Gyp.* Stop, lady fair, with jewell'd hair,
And something gie, to hear frae me,
That kens what is, and what shall be.
Queen. Alas, poor soul! take that small change, and go—
I have no time to list my fortune's spacing.
This is the coronation-day, and I,
That am the queen of this resplendent land,
Have a great part in that solemnity.
Gyp. Pause and ponder, noble dame,
Swords have points, and lamps have flame;

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Bottles corK'd we may defy,
But doctors' drugs are jeopardy.

Queen. This is most mystical—what doth she mean?

Gyp. I heard a tale, I may not tell,
I saw a sight, I saw it well;
In priestly garb the vision sped,
And then a body without head;
A traitor died, a hangman stood,
He held it up—red stream'd the blood;
The people shouted one and all,
As people should when traitors fall;
But O, thou Queen of high degree,
What 'vails the gladsome shout to thee.

Queen. This is mere rave—I understand it not—
Away, poor wretch, I'll send for thee again!"

The gypsey is accordingly dismissed with "the small change" which her majesty had bestowed; for "it is a law of our nature," in such circumstances, to deride admonition, and the author evinces his profound knowledge of man, in thus representing the Queen, reckless alike of her prophetic dream, and the gypsey's prediction, still going undismayed to the coronation.

The next scene represents an apartment where the regalia of Sicily is kept. The crown and the other ensigns of royalty are seen on a table, and among them an ivory pigeon, with a golden collar round its neck. The archbishop enters with an officer, the keeper of the regalia, and the following brief, but striking conversation, ensues.

"*Archb.* Are all things now prepared?

Off. They are, my lord.

Arch. Clean'd and made ready for their solemn use?

Off. They have been all done newly up, your grace,
For, in the time of old Queen Magdalen,
Whose sordid nature history well records,
Some of the gems and precious stones were stolen.

Archb. So I have read, and that one day the lord,
Who then with justice held the seals of state,
Did catch her with the crown upon her lap,
Digging the jewels with her scissars out,
To sell them to a Jew.
But how is this—
Where is the golden spoon I must employ
To pour the sacred oil on royalty?

Off. 'Tis here beside the dove.

Archb. Give me the dove.

Off. 'Tis full, your grace.

Archb. Ye gods, what have I done!
The sacred oil I have spill on the floor—
But 'tis no matter, still the dove is full.
Yea, though from age to age it hath been poured,
Yea emptied on a hundred royal heads,
Still, when 'tis needed, is the pigeon full.—
But go and bring a cloth to wipe that up.—
[*Exit the Officer; in his absence the Archbishop takes a phial out of his pocket, and, unscrewing the head of the dove, empties the poison into the hollow which held the oil, saying.*]
Now this will do—for who shall dare to question
The miracle that doth replenish still
This legendary bauble?
[*Re-enter Officer with a towel.*]

Archb. Officer,
Be ye in readiness; the charter'd nobles,
Appointed to bring forth these hallow'd ensigns,
Will soon be here to bear them to the presence.
[*Exit the Archbishop; and the Officer is seen wiping up the holy oil as the drop scene falls.*]"

The whole of this act is perfect, the dialogue rich and appropriate, and the action never flags for a moment, but proceeds with an awful and appalling rapidity.

The drama is very properly divided into only three acts or parts, *the beginning, the middle, and the end*, which the author tastefully denominates "the preparation," "the operation," and "the consummation;" and the third and last opens with the peasants and Palermitans assembled to see the coronation procession, and all talking Scotch in the most natural manner.

"*Gaffer Curioso.* Hoots, ye stupit muckle stot; what gart you tread on my taes, ye sumph that ye are?

Cit. Taes! ha'e ye taes? I'm sure a brute like you should ha'e been born baith wi' horns and clutes.

Gaffer Curioso. I'll tell you what it is, gin ye speak in that gait to me, deevil do me gude o' you, but I'll split your harnpan.

1 *Fem. Cit.* Black and sour, honest folk, for gudesake dinna fight.

2 *Fem. Cit.* Wheesht, wheesht, it's coming noo!

[*The Procession enters with solemn music; the crowd increases, and the Friar comes in at one side, and the old Gypsey woman at the other.*]

Gyp. Wo. That's the friar who bought the venom frae me at the well—I'll watch him—For what, I wonder, did he buy the venom?

Friar. As the Archbishop passes to the church
I'll mark him well—for, in my heart, I fear
He meant no virtue, when he me entreated
To give the deadly ointment to his care.

Gyp. Wo. The friar's surely no right in the head—He's speaking to himself—I'll hearken to what he's saying.

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Friar. How he deceived me! no preferment yet
Has recompensed me for the fatal phial.

Gyp. Wo. Fatal phial!—He's talking about my wee bottle.

Friar. The fell Archbishop, and the Count Butero,
With others of the baronage, have long
Been justly deem'd much discontented men.

Gyp. Wo. That's nae lie; for wha's no discontented noo a-days?

Friar. The two have plotted;—stratagems and spoil
Were in the gesture of the choleric count,
What time we spoke together, and his look
Told me the prelate was with him concern'd
To work some dire and woeful overthrow;
Would that I ne'er had parted with that phial
To the proud metropolitan.

Gyp. Wo. Eh, megsty! he's gi'en the bottle to the Archbishop!

1 *Fem. Cit.* See ye that poor doited monk? he's been mumbling to himsel, and never looking at the show.

Fem. Cit. And the tinkler wife has been harkening to every word he said.

1 *Fem. Cit.* But look, oh, there's the Archbishop carrying the holy doo—and see Count Butero with the crown—Oh me! what a grand like thing it is.

Cit. Noo, lads, be ready—the King's minister's coming.—Tune your pipes for a gude hiss to him for the new tax on kail pots and amries.

[*As the prime minister passes, the mob all hiss and howl.*]

Friar. The prelate look'd at me as he pass'd by,
And there was meaning in his scowling glance.

Gyp. Wo. I'll gie the King warning o' the plot, and may be he'll help me to another ass and creels.

1 *Fem. Cit.* Ah, me! what a lovely lovely gown the Queen's got on.

Cit. Now, three cheers for the King.

[*The King and Queen enter under a cloth of state, supported by Bashaws, and the People sing a verse of "God save the King," at the end of which the Gypsey Woman rushes forward.*]

Gyp. Halt, King, and list—beware, beware,
For traitors' hands have laid a snare.

Queen. Come in, my liege, 'tis but a crazy hag,
That makes her living by predicting woe.

King. Her voice is most portentous, it hath cow'd
The manhood of my bosom, dearest chuck;
And I would fain, till some more happy omen,
Defer the coronation.

Queen. Heed her not,
But let us in, and on the seat of power
Be consecrated with the holy unction.

King. Alas, my heart misgives!—An unaccustom'd load
Doth hang on my stuff'd stomach, and forbids
All cheer to enter with my boding fancies—
Would that most ominous wretch were well away;—
Avaunt! thou raving Pythia,—hie thee hence!

1 *Fem. Cit.* Eh me! how the spae-wife has terrified the King!

Cit. Down wi' the auld radical jaud, she's no canny.

[*The mob seize the Gypsey Woman and carry her off, and then the second verse of "God save the King" is sung, and the Procession passes.*"]

"It is a law of our nature" to have oppressive presentiments on those occasions when we have prepared ourselves to enjoy the greatest pleasure; and our author has, in the foregoing scene, handled this with a free and delicate pencil, happily representing Carlo Aurenzebe, in the very high and palmy state of his coronation, afflicted with thick coming fancies. The undaunted confidence of the Queen, and her contempt of the omens, is impressively illustrative of the blindness of mankind to impending misfortunes. We do not recollect that "this law of our nature" has ever been illustrated in poetry or the drama before. The action, too, of the spectators, is singularly felicitous in this scene. Nothing can be more natural, than that in a crowd people should tread on one another's toes; and the various shades of popular feeling are exhibited with great address. The first lord of the treasury is hissed for having levied a new tax; but the universal respect for the character and office of the monarch, is finely displayed in the burst of indignation with which the populace seize the sybil, and drag her to immediate punishment. They do not, however, put her to death, as might be supposed from what takes place, and by which the interest of the plot, now hastening rapidly to an issue, is so much augmented, for she is afterwards seen dripping wet in the grand assemblage of all the dramatis personæ at the catastrophe, having only, as her condition implies, been pumped upon.

The second scene presents the interior of the cathedral, and the ceremony of the coronation going forward. The archbishop prepares to anoint, and he looks pale and agitated. The friar, who had followed him closely, observes his agitation, and also the interest and

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anxiety with which Count Butero watches the action.

"*Friar.* Why should his hand so shake?
—that iv'ry dove,
Frained guileless from the Afric beast's huge tooth,
Can have no harm in it—He takes the spoon—
What spell of witchery is in that spoon,
To make his hand so palsied as with dread?—
He pours the oil into its golden mouth;
And now he sets the pigeon on the altar,
And 'gins to drop the unction on the head.
Ye gods, why should his majesty so start,
As if the ointment were the oil of vitriol?

King. Hold, my Lord Archbishop, I pray thee hold,
Thou droppest fire upon me. Treason, ho!
I burn, I burn!—O for some quenching engine
To have my kindled head—O! water, water!
My love, Splendora, I am scorch'd with something
Hotter than fire!—Do'st see if my head flames?

[*A great commotion takes place in the church; the Queen faints as Carlo Aurenzebe rushes distracted off the stage.*]

Archb. He's mad!—the man is cursed by heaven with craze,
And fate has will'd Butero for our king.

Friar. 'Twas you that did it!—O thou wicked prelate!—
Noble Sicilians, draw your swords, and seize
This holy traitor.—Here I do accuse him
Of highest treason, blood, and sacrilege;
And Count Butero art and part with him,
In the dread action that appals you all.—
Ladies, look to the Queen.

Secretary. Alas! good priest,
Now do I rue how I rejected thee,
And scorn'd the warning that thou would'st have given.

Friar. Ah, wise too late!—But where's his Majesty?
Fled in distraction—let us see to him.

[*Exit Friar, and the Secretary of State. The Ladies carry off the Queen, and the Nobles seize the Archbishop and Count Butero.*]

Archb. I'll speak no more, from this accursed hour.
O, Count Butero, partner of my crime,
My lips are seal'd in adamantine silence;
Yon marble statue of departed worth,
Is not more silent on its pedestal,
Than from this time am I.

Count B. Take me away;
Since I have miss'd the guerdon of my purpose,
I am grown reckless of all penalties.
Hew me in pieces, lop my limbs away,
With pincers rive my quivering flesh, and pluck
These visionary orbs from out their sockets;
My tongue tear hence, and fling it to the dogs;
Yea, all extremities of torture try,
I can endure them all!

Archb. 'Tis a vain brag—
But let me speak no more, lest my unguarded tongue
Betray some secret that may fatal prove.

[*Enter Friar, followed by the Gypsey Woman, dripping wet.*]

Friar. O horror, horror! never tongue nor pen
Hath told what now hath chanced—The frantic King,
Rushing distracted, in the public eye,
Began to reel and stagger in his woe,
And presently his head did smoke; anon
The bursting fires shot wildly from his eyes,
And like a lighted torch he burning stood,
No succour offer'd—all the trembling throng,
Transfix'd, look'd on, incapable to aid."

Here properly the drama should have ended, but the author, conscious of his strength, changes the scene, and introduces the Queen again, but in a mad state, followed by her ladies, wringing their hands.

"*Queen.* I had a lover once—where is he now?
Oft in his vows he spoke of darts and flames;
Alas! I heeded not that too fond tale,
But I have liv'd to see him burn indeed;
O ye cool fountains and ye flowing springs,
Where were your waters in that fatal hour?
Could I have wept like you, my copious tears
Had been sufficient to have quench'd the fire.
Ha! thou foreboding owl, thou gypsey hag,
Why didst thou warn me of this woeful chance,
And charm me to despise the admonition?"

"The law of our nature," which thus induces her majesty at once to acknowledge the truth of the gypsey's predictions, and to accuse the old woman of having rendered her incredulous, every man who has had any experience of himself must have felt, and cannot but be alive to the simplicity and beauty of Splendora's address to the Doctor's Cassandra. But we must come to a conclusion; the extracts which we have so largely given, will enable the public to appreciate the merits of this extraordinary performance, and we trust and hope the sale will be such as to induce the author to favour the world soon again with some new effort of his impressive talent. Whether "The Fatal Unction" is calculated to succeed in representation, we cannot undertake to determine; but we do not think that

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any sound critic will admit the objection as valid, which Miss Dance made to it when it was proposed to her to undertake the part of the gypsey, namely, that no lady would consent to stain her complexion with umber, and therefore the piece never could be properly performed. We think, however the experiment might have been made, and Miss Dance, in the part of Splendora, would have been a most lovely and interesting representative, particularly in the mad scene, for, to use the words of an eloquent theatrical critic in the Edinburgh Correspondent, "Who, that saw Miss Dance in Belvidera, can for a moment hesitate in allowing her pathos and fine feeling? and so true were they both to nature, that we shall venture to say, *her's* were not feigned tears—who, that beheld her in that arduous part, will deny that she had a voice of great extent and compass? The mad scene was terrific and heart-rending in the highest degree; and the ineffable smile of insanity which she gave, while she fancied that she had Jaffier in her arms, and the strangely changed tone of her voice on that occasion, were certainly never more happily conceived, or executed with more distracting effect." By the way we should here mention, that the other day, in a certain bookseller's shop, we heard a professor in a university, not a hundred miles from the college, say to a gentleman who was speaking in raptures of Miss Dance's poor Belvidera's smile, "What did she go mad for?" To think of any man in this enlightened age asking, "What Belvidera went mad for?" and that man, too, not a professor of divinity!!

"FIFÆANA."

No. I.

Sir,—A change in the established form of religious worship in this country, has supplied us with many a ruined cathedral and desolated abbacy; and the transference of the seat of Scottish royalty from Holyrood to St James's, has been proportionally productive of palace ruins. In whatever direction you take your annual trip, whether you travel by the power of steam or of the lever, by land or by sea, on foot or on horseback, you cannot fail, provided your course is over your native soil, to discover, at the opening up of every bay, and at the weathering of every head-land, at the entrance of every strath, or on the apron of every eminence, some arresting shape of Ruin, melting down, under the silent but irresistible influence of time, into the earth, yet still continuing to connect, by all the ties of association, the past with the present, the mitre and the crown of Scotland with the less elevated apprehensions of modern times. A Scotsman who has never travelled beyond the precincts of his native country, who has never crossed the Tweed on the one hand, nor the region of "Skua-gulls"* on the other, can have no adequate notion of the advantages of which Scotland, as a theatre of travel, is possessed. He would be apt to suppose, that through whatever land he might chance to direct his course, he would still, amidst all the modern exhibition of steam and smoke, and manufacturing, and husbandry,—amidst all that feathering of trade and traffic, by which our sea-ward vallies and navigable rivers are skirted, discover, at reasonable intervals, the more hallowed forms of antiquity, the lingering features of chivalry, the broken arch and the mouldering turret, the genius of a former and more poetical age—hovering over, and still greeting with a parting valediction, the present. In this expectation, however, he would be disappointed. St Paul's, and Windsor, are still the abodes of religion and royalty, whilst St Andrew's Cathedral and Falkland Palace are in ruins. The same happy revolution in church and state, which removed from us the superstitious observances of Rome, and the seat of our government, has left us, in addition to more substantial benefits, the reversion of a most romantic and interesting land, rendered still more interesting and romantic by the mouldering remains of our former royal and religious establishments.

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* Shetland—Vide Dr Fleming.

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I am not so smit with antiquarian mania, as to imagine, or to attempt to persuade others to imagine, that a "Ruin" is preferable, as an object of pleasurable contemplation, to an entire and a sublime edifice; but I assuredly think, that when these floating wrecks on the ocean of time are associated not only with the mere display of architectural design and execution, but with the ancient spirit and moral energies of our country, with much that it has now lost, but which once rendered it dignified in its internal character, and imposing in its external relations, our patriotism must be of a very suspicious description indeed, if it is not awakened and strengthened by the contemplation of them. There is nothing, in my opinion which is more truly salutary to our national health and prosperity, than this reverence for, and frequent conversation with, the "Mighty Past." And, should the time ever arrive when a Scotsman can travel over the land of his fathers, hallowed as it is in almost every direction with reminiscences of their public character or domestic life, without taking any interest in such recollections, he will then be ripe for a state of rebellion or of vassalage. He will either have actually forfeited his claims to independence, or be prepared to do so. Were I desirous of reducing our national character, whether considered in reference to loyalty or to patriotism, to all that binds our hearts to the throne, or that attaches us to our national constitution and privileges; from the plenitude of authority, or rather from the insidious covert of design, I would issue forth my mandate, that all the monuments of our ancient history should be erased—that with the ruins of the cathedral, as well as with the tomb-stones of the martyrs, men should build offices, and construct fences—and that the fast mouldering palaces of the race of Stuart should yield up their last foundation-stone to grace the lintels of some modern villa, or figure from the snug parlour chimney of some burgh magistrate. I would become a second Edward, and efface not only from paper and parchment, but even from the face of the earth itself, every intimation, every record of antiquity; and thus I would train up a young, and a bustling, and a trifling generation, to consider pleasure and pudding as all in all!

My reflections have assumed this cast, in consequence of a visit, or pleasure excursion rather, which, a few days ago, I was induced to make, in company with a highly respectable and intelligent friend, to the ruins of Falkland Palace. Understanding that the present proprietor of these "Royal Ruins," and of the extensive grounds around them, (J. Bruce, Esq.) had, with a great deal of good sense and proper feeling, ordered the Palace to be enclosed by a sufficient wall, and thus protected from that dilapidation under which, in the course of ages, it had suffered so much, and by means of which (if permitted to be proceeded in) not a vestige would in a few years remain, I was anxious, ere the inclosure should be completed, and the former aspect of the ruins, by the opening up of some new views,* in some measure altered, to saunter over, under the conduct of a well-informed and intelligent guide, the venerable, and time-hallowed precincts. It was a June day, and worthy of Juno herself. The wind, which had long resisted every southern tendency, and which had regularly at night-fall checked round in sullen obstinacy to the east, had at last yielded up "*the point*," and came over our faces, as we advanced upon our expedition, in all the blandishment and softness of an Italian atmosphere. The sun, which had obtained sufficient elevation to overshoot the highest parts of the Lomond hills, yet not to irradiate the northern aspect, flooded down his beams upon us, over a dark and still sunless background, through which trees, and turrets, and cottage-smoke were beginning to penetrate into light. There was a freshness and a hilarity over the whole face of nature, according well with that lightness of heart, and buoyancy of spirit, which generally accompanies, as well as suggests, such careless, and, as the busy world deem it,

* The alterations here alluded to, are towards the north side of the Palace, by means of which the northern aspect, which was formerly concealed by trees and some rising grounds, will be opened up, and travellers upon the Cupar and Perth roads, by Auchtermuchty, will have an excellent view of the ruins.

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aimless excursions; and as we trotted and walked our horses onwards, in an easy jogging tête-a-tête way, I felt assured that this day's enjoyment was not at the mercy of chance; and that, being pleased with, and happy in ourselves, we should find the objects we went to visit fully equal to our expectations. As we halted for an instant in passing through the ancient and most beautifully situated burgh of Auchtermuchty, in order to water our horses at a small, but clear and rapid stream, which divides the town, my friend took occasion to remark, that, according to tradition, we were now upon classic ground, rendered so by the exceedingly graphic and humorous description of country life and manners, which the "Guidewife of Auchtermuchty," said to have been written by King James the First, contains. "*There*," said he, pointing to a green bank, on the farther side of the stream, "fed the honest woman's gaislines, of which the gudeman made so poor an account; and upon that very stone, perhaps, were the 'foul sheets' laid, which the spait thought proper to carry along with it."* In the course of conversation, I learned that "Christ's Kirk on the Green," likewise supposed to have been celebrated by the royal author above mentioned, lay upon the banks of the river Leven, at no great distance, and was in fact none other than the church and the green of Lesly;—"the dancing and deray," making part of an annual revel, which, under the sanction of royal authority, and even example, was there exhibited. "Weel,† Bally-Mill," said my friend, as we began to cross over the valley towards Falkland, to a respectable looking figure who was riding past us, in an opposite direction, "how's a' wi' ye the day, Bally-Mill?" Mutual conversation ensued, 'from question answer flowed,' during which, as I had not the good fortune to be acquainted with Bally-Mill, I had drifted a considerable space in advance. When my friend overtook me, he made me acquainted with the following anecdote, respecting the manner in which the property of Bally-Mill, which lies a little way farther east, upon the banks of the Eden, was originally obtained from King James the Fifth, of facetious, and princely, and, alas, unfortunate memory!

The king, who was fond of seeing human nature under every modification of circumstance, and in the absence of all ceremony and constraint, a taste which a court was but indifferently calculated to gratify, was in the habit, whilst he resided at Falkland, of making excursions in disguise into the adjoining country. In one of these frolics, he entered, rather late in the evening, a miller's house, which was situated on Falkland muir, at the confluence of the Daft-water with the Eden. As the royal presence did not appear to her any ways imposing, the miller's wife stoutly opposed the entrance of her Guest; and at last, finding that words had but little weight with him, she brought up, as she had frequently in the course of expostulation threatened to do, the more weighty argument of her husband's presence upon the carle's obstinacy. The Miller, who chanced to be a man of some humour, and of great good nature, though miserably ruled by his wife, was prevailed upon to consent to the stranger's request; and having adjusted his mill-labour for the night, returned to his Guest with a tongue loaded with inquiries, and a heart light as air. The stranger was intelligent, and facetious; the landlord became gleesome and open-hearted, till at last, with a most friendly and familiar salutation betwixt the carle's shoulders, and a hearty, and vigorous, and protracted shake of his hand, the gudeman declared he was the "ae best fallow he had met with since the death o' the auld parson o' Cult, who was aye fou six days out of the seven, and ended his life at last ae drifty night amang the snaw."‡

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* Vide No. 1. Vol. I. of this Magazine.

† It is customary in Fife, as well as in several counties of Scotland, to address farmers, and even small proprietors, by the familiar appellation which belongs to their property or farm. Thus we have "Drone," "Strone," "Cuff-about," and "Tail-about," "Cockairnie," "Rumgally," "Craigfoodie," &c. &c.

‡ It is reported of this "drouthy brother," that, having through life frequently expressed a wish for a white "hinner end," in allusion to the sweet milk with which he was in the habit of washing down the lagging remains of a parrich-cog—his death, in the manner stated, became proverbial.

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The ale, which now, in spite of "Bessy's grumbling," and protesting again and again that there was not anither drap in the house, if their "*hair war like a gowan*,"* —the ale, which had now begun to flow more freely, wrought wonders.

"Kings may be great, but *they* were glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

In a word, they were, in the course of the evening, (under the management of John Barleycorn,) as well acquainted with each other, and upon as familiar terms, as if, like Burns's drouthy cronies,

"They had been fou for weeks thegither."

And upon taking his departure next morning, the stranger insisted upon a visit from his kind-hearted and hospitable landlord, at his house in Falkland, where, under the name of "The Gudeman of Ballengeoch," he was, as he alleged, sufficiently well known. The visit, in the course of a few days, was paid—and the courtiers, being apprized of the jest, had the miller introduced, very much to his astonishment and confusion, into the king's presence. Here he was banquetted and feasted for some days in a most princely manner, and dismissed at last with the alternative of the 8th part or the 4th of the lands of Bally-Mill, at his option. Having consulted his wife on this intricate subject, he was admonished that no man in his senses could possibly hesitate respecting the relative value of 8 and 4. "And the 'eighth part' remains in the possession of the person who passed us," concluded my Informer, "to this hour."

We had, by the time that this anecdote was completed, come so far round in front of the Lomond hills, which now lay directly south of us, as to open them up in a beautiful and most sublime style. "Like two young roes that are twins," they rose before us in all the freshness of a recent, yet in all the permanent stability of an eternal existence. I have seen many mountains which overpowered the mind more with bulk, and height, and compass—but none which presented a smoother and a more distinct outline, and which cut out, in the clear blue heaven above, a more bold and graceful curvature. I can never restrain my feelings when I am under the influence of mountain scenery—it comes over my soul with the power and the swell of music. So, lifting myself up from the saddle, and cutting right and left with a switch I had in my hand, to the no small alarm of my companion, and bodily apprehension of my poney, I burst out into these, or similar exclamations:—"Here is the pathway of chivalry—a field worthy of kings. On that mountain's brow I still see the shades of royalty—the deer is starting from his covert, and his branchy horns are figuring amidst the stillness and fragrance of the morning air. But the royal trumpet has sounded—and a thousand bugles have awakened at the call—and the steed, and the rider, and the hound, and the echoes are away—and from the banks of Lochleven, to the tides of the German Ocean, all is one wide display of speed, and glitter, and princely bravery, and courtly confusion—and the gallantry of ladyhood is abroad—the pride and the boast of a Scottish court are darting their flaming radiance from glen to steep, and from steep to glen. The falcon,† too, is on the wing—and now hangs like a spot in the bosom of the cloud—and now stoops it suddenly, with the speed and the fatality of lightning. But the scene has shifted, and the noontide heats are come on—and, clustering in upon that plain, are arranged on the green grass sod, without the ceremony of heralding 'King and courtier, lord and lady fair'—whilst the fat deer is seething in the oak-suspended cauldron,‡ and the jest is seasoned with laughter, and the laugh is unhampered by courtly ceremony—and the 'First Stuart of the land' has seated the fairest daughter of proud Loraine by his side—and the eye is bright, and

* "Hair was like a gowan,"—proverb meaning, "Were you even as beautiful." Yellow hair amongst our Scottish progenitors, as well as in ancient Greece, being held in high estimation.

† Hence Falkland—quasi Falconland!

‡ This is probably no fiction—for the parish of Kettle, or King's Kettle, to the east of Falkland, derived, in all likelihood, its name from this circumstance.—*Vide* Statistical Account, parish, Kettle—by the Rev. Dr Barclay, Minister.

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the cheek is glowing—and the heart of a whole court is beating wild and high to the tune of health and glee and festivity." — "Tumterara-tarrara-tumtee," interrupted my less mercurial friend. "Has the man lost his senses? Who ever heard of such a rhodomontade of blaflummery and stilted nonsense? Why, man, that stuff might do for M'Pherson's Ossian, or Blackwood's Magazine." The very mention, my dear sir, of your far-noted Magazine, acted like a charm in bringing me to myself again; and from that moment to this, I have never lost hope of seeing my friend's prophecy realized.

After a considerably protracted silence, we came up close to the very breast, as it were, and under the brow of the mountain, and I could perceive, much to my mortification, that there were other wrinkles than those of time observable upon its front. There was something so incongruous betwixt the great expression of nature, combined with the moral sublimity of association, by which I had so lately been transported, and dikes, and ditches, and irregular inclosures, and partially cultivated patches, and all the littleness, and all the contamination of private and plebeian appropriation, the characters of which I read but too distinctly up to the very mountain-top—that my spirits sunk as much below par, as they had lately risen above it, and I meditated, with a mixture of indignation and regret, on the sacrilege I had witnessed. "That summit," said I at length to my companion, "was wont, but a few years ago, to suggest no notion, nor recollection, but that of the power which originally created it, or the mightiness and pride of our national story, with which it was so eminently and closely associated.—But now—fy upon it—Oh, fy!—There is "Tailor Lapboard's" park, and this is "Suter Elson's" field, and that is "Bailie Bluster's" portion; here, at this stone, terminates the division of "Christy Codgut," the fishwife; and that unseemly patch which disfigures the very summit, at once suggests the idea of "sowen-mugs and leather aprons."—Fy on't—Oh fy—the mountain smells already of the loom and the workshop; let us pass quickly on." "Loom here, or loom there," replied my friend, "who seemed now to regard me as if he were seriously concerned about my intellects, "the division of these Lomonds was no easy job. I was myself present at several meetings, where Sir William Rae, and Sheriff Jameson, had no little difficulty, and exhibited great prudence, and skill, and impartiality, in adjusting the various claims; and it is my humble opinion, that there is more good sense in one rood of well-cultivated land, than in a thousand acres of waste royalty; and, however disrespectfully you may speak of tailors, and shoemakers, and bailies, and weavers, and so forth, they are fully as useful in their day and generation, and not a great deal less ornamental, than idle grooms and blackguard courtiers, persecuting kings, and assassinating nobles. You have but to cast your eye a little to the westward of the road upon which we are now entering, to see a verification of all this, for *there* lies before you the Cameronian village of Fruchy, which once lent a night's lodgings to those unhappy men whom the oppression of "a Stuart race" had driven like cattle from their homes and their families, and whom, under the whip, and in terror of the thumbikens, a royal escort were conducting to endure death, or worse than death, in the dark and airless dungeon of Dunotter Castle.* And if you will only put yourself to the trouble to direct your eye a little in advance, you will mark, over the tiled and thatched roofs which intervene, and composing as it were a part of that royal palace we are now fast approaching, the parapet and turrets of a fortress, which is stained by one of those deeds of horror, which rose in barbarous atrocity above the genius, and character even of the age in which it was perpetrated." Having, notwithstanding a slight degree of inclination to retaliate upon this somewhat cutting and uncourtly address, allowed my curiosity to hear the story to which he al-

* Several of these unhappy men died in this worse than Calcutta black-hole, and a well sprung up, which is still to be seen in the middle of the dungeon floor, to supply the thirst of the survivors! Such interpositions were by no means unusual in these times. A braken-bush, for example, grew up and spread in the course of a night, till it covered, and completely concealed from the search of persecuting "Clavers," one who had effected his escape from this horrible place of confinement!

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luded to overcome my resentment, my friend proceeded thus:—

"*There*," said he, "stood, and in fact still stands, the ancient castle, or *mar*, of the Macduffs, Earls and Thanes of Fife, who were once powerful enough to dispute authority and dominion *here* with majesty itself. This castle was afterwards forfeited to James the First, by an act of attainder against Macduff, and now composes part of the Palace which we are about to visit. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, this castle was committed to the keeping of King Robert's brother, the ambitious and most barbarously inhuman Duke of Albany, who, having prevailed upon his brother the king to commit his son and heir to the kingdom, the young, and somewhat licentious David Duke of Rothsay, to his protection, shut up the young Prince in a dungeon of this castle, and, with a view to his father's succession, actually starved him to death. The story is one which is enough to bring tears from the most rocky heart, and while it fixes an indelible stain—I had almost said upon Nobility itself—it sheds a lustre over the very peasantry, and these very burgesses you were but lately disparaging, which no title, or rank, or worldly grandeur, could ever confer.

"A poor woman, the wife, as is reported, of a Burgess of Falkland, having chanced, in passing by, to hear the groans and the miserable wailings of the unfortunate Captive, advanced, at the risk of her life, to a small chink, or loop-hole, in the wall, and there learning the helpless and perishing condition of the starving and totally-deserted Inmate, she ventured to slip through to him, from night to night, "cakes" made exceedingly thin on purpose, conveying, at the same time, to his perished and famished palate, through a reed, or piece of hemlock, the warm and reviving stream which proceeded directly from her own breast.* But the device was at last found out, and in all probability to the destruction of this humane and most undaunted woman, as well as most assuredly to the lingering and revolting death of the *now* altogether supportless captive. Imagination recoils with loathing and shuddering from such deeds of darkness as this, and rests with delight and rapture on the kindly refreshment which the strong contrast, presented by the woman's conduct, affords."—"If I knew," added I, "a single *Brat* in Falkland, the most ragged and vice-worn even, which tumbles a stone from that Palace roof, or shivers a window in that parish school-house,—if I knew any thing at all in the shape of humanity which owned this woman for Ancestor, I would adopt him as my son: 'he should eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, and lie in my bosom; and I would be unto him as a father.'"—"Away, and away; you again run with the harrows at your heels, my good friend," rejoins my more cool and considerate monitor; "I am afraid your benevolence will have no opportunity of being exercised in this case, unless it instruct you to estimate the lower orders of society more highly than in your Lomond rhapsody you were lately disposed to do."

Having now come up to the very front of the Castle which looks down upon the town, towards the south, we put up our horses with Mrs Scott, ordered a beef-steak for dinner, and set out incontinently upon our investigation of the Palace and adjoining ruins.

Upon entering through the boldly arched and truly royal gate-way, which conducts into the interior of the square, two sides of which are still pretty entire, we found ourselves in the presence of a Character well known in Falkland,—distinguished not less by the antiquity of the family from which he is descended, and of which he is the last and only remaining branch, than by a most devoted and unequivocal attachment to Mrs Scott's chimney-cheek and whisky bottle.—

* "By this Annabel the queen dying, David her son, who by her means had been restrained, broke out into his natural disorders, and committed all kinds of rapine and luxury. Complaint being brought to his father, (Robt. 3,) he commits him to his brother, the governor, (whose secret design being to root out the offspring,) the business was so ordered as that the young man was shut up in Falkland Castle to be starved, which yet was for a while delayed, a woman thrusting in some thin oat-cakes at a chink, and giving him milk out of her paps through a trunck. But both these being discovered, the youth being *forced to tear his own members*, died of a multiplied death," &c. —Hall's *Preface to Drummond of Hawthornden's History of Scotland*, p. 16. London edit. 1655. Vide likewise *Lesly, Bishop of Ross.*

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After a sufficient period of morning libations, he had just escaped from his favourite retreat, and was in the act, I nothing doubt, of reckoning kin and counting lineage with a full score of rather suspicious-looking faces, which were eying him in various stages of derangement, and mutilation, and decay, from the east and from the south walls. We were not long, under the management of my guide, in making him recognize our object, and in directing his antiquarian lore upon our ignorance. "You must know then," said he, taking me by the arm, and conducting us to the farther extremity of the western division; "you must know, '*sed nil nisi bonum de mortuis;*' you must understand that there were in former times only three great families in Europe, '*sed nil nisi bonum de mortuis,*'—the house of Bourbon—the house of Stuart—and the house of D——m. The house of Bourbon was distinguished by many great princes, and mighty kings; the house of Stuart, '*sed nil nisi bonum de mortuis,*' built and inhabited this very palace before you; and the house of D——m, after four or five hundred years of distinguished effort, has at last produced *me*."* This was something like entering upon the Trojan war 'at the Egg,' so we took the liberty of endeavouring to restrict his somewhat discursive and antique remarks to the objects immediately before us; in consequence of which we were apprised of the conflagration of the east wing of the Palace, in Charles II.'s time; of the residences of the Dukes of Athol, and Earls of Fife; of the devastations and sacrilege committed by Cromwell's soldiery; and of the more recent aggressions upon these venerable and still imposing Ruins, by the neighbours and town's people, who had long regarded them as a public quarry, or common good. "Even now," continued our man of family and '*extensive latinity*,' "even now that I am pointing out to you the chambers where Dukes resided, and Kings sat in judgment, these vile low-born wretches are preparing, I verily believe, to overturn the wall by which these ruins have of late been enclosed; and to assert, by main force, and without 'law or leave,' what they conceive to be their immemorial privilege of devastation."

Scarcely had our Informer pronounced these words, when our ears were saluted with the distant sound of a drum, which seemed to beat furiously, and at every flourish gave rise, and lifting up, to a most dismal yell of human—and scarcely human voices. "Let us retire up this stair-way," said our '*nil nisi bonum*' Conductor, "to the battlements, and there we shall be safe, and in a situation to observe their proceedings." So, in a few seconds, we were safely seated on the western Turret, far and happily removed above the tumult and turmoil which was now accumulating beneath—And turmoil and tumult of the most decided character were now exhibited. Wives were running into the streets with children in their arms; artizans were collecting, armed with the implements of their profession; and dykers and ditchers were driving in from all quarters, towards the centre of general rendezvous, making, all the while, a most furious demonstration of tongue and gesticulation. The tide of gathering and of bustle became every instant more strong and overpowering, till, collecting all its strength and weight into one mighty swell of assault, it burst through the great gate-way of the Palace, and spread out in various fragments of confusion and uproar, in the very court-yard which we had so lately, and so fortunately deserted. The drum at last, whether from the voluntary cessation of him who had so powerfully belaboured it, or from the giving way of the parchment, it was not easy to determine, was silent; and, elevated upon a fragment of the parapet wall, with a pick in one hand, the other being extended in the attitude of impetuous and impassioned address, "an Orator," apparently of no common powers, delivered to the motley and unseemly mob around him, a harangue, in which frequent mention was made of "law, rights, prescriptions, use and wont," &c. "Here, Lass, haud that wean o' mine, there, for a jiffy," exclaimed a virago mother, thrusting her brat, squalling rebellion and discontent, into the arms of a half-grown girl, who stood beside her, "and I'll soon settle their dyke-bigging. A braw story, indeed"—taking hold of the orator's pick, and commencing her movements in advance—"a braw story,

* Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus Mus.

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in troth, to think to bar us out wi' stane and lime walls frae our ain auld use and wont." So saying, she was down the green, and had fixed the point of her weapon of destruction into the obnoxious erection, and had hurled down the first stone, as a signal of encouragement to thousands, ere they had time to come up to second her efforts. "*Nec longa erat mora*," for when, after a very short interval, the multitude began, having effected their purpose, to open up and disperse, we could distinctly observe the breach they had made, large enough to afford a free thoroughfare to carts and carriages of all descriptions. "They are Goths—they are Vandals" exclaimed the last of the ancient and distinguished house of D——n, in which averment, I confess, I felt every disposition to concur; when, ere I had time to embody my feelings in articulate sounds, I could see my sagacious friend eyeing me with somewhat of a monitory aspect. "Let us suspend our opinion," said he, "at present; they tell me this day's transactions are likely to become a question of litigation in a court of law, and it would be altogether injudicious in us to prejudge a question of right, respecting which I understand the very best judges may be divided in opinion." "Divided in a whistle case!" retorted our hero of the whisky stoup, with an air of determined partizanship, which altogether, independently of a verbose and "*nil win bonum*" philippic which succeeded, sufficiently indicated in favour of which side, had he been placed in the chair of judgment, his decision would have been given. Having now succeeded in withdrawing our eyes and our attention from the motley band beneath, and having directed them leisurely and contemplatively over the surrounding scenery, we were amply repaid for all the disgusting turmoil we had seen, and for all the steps of steep, and sometimes broken ascent we had surmounted.

Looking eastward, the closely wooded, and far stretching strath of the Eden,—so named, undoubtedly, from its immemorial amenity,—lay beneath the stretch and the effort of our vision; we surveyed the extensive plain, where the Fallow deer once roamed amidst their forests of oak, and where a few straggling successors still remain in ancient and unrestricted freedom!—Turning towards the north, fertile and cultivated fields rose, tier above tier, on the eye, till the gently swelling ascents melted away into the blue heaven by which they were relieved from behind. Towards the west, the Elder of the "twin Lomonds" projected its basaltic and abrupt precipices far into the still (in this direction) admirably wooded plain, and presented the expression of a Lion in the act of grasping his prey. The East Lomond, which pressed its green, and plump, and undecayed freshness upon the sky, almost immediately over our head, formed a striking and an agreeable contrast to the ruined achievements of man, amidst which we were seated. Here the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the memory with recollecting, nor the imagination with bodying out; and if any traveller by Falkland has an hour, whilst his beef-steak is making ready in Mrs Scott's, (and a capital beef-steak she makes,) to spare, let him ascend the western Turret of the Palace, and, seating himself on the parapet immediately over the gateway, let him look abroad in silent and solemn contemplation over ages that are past, and objects that are present—over much that is eminently calculated to gratify and delight the sight, and to elevate, and expand, and ameliorate the heart.

Without troubling you with the circumstantiality of order, and manner, and colloquy, I may just mention now, in conclusion of this long and somewhat discursive communication, that we visited the old chapel, with its fine roof, and massive oaken doors;—that we descended again into the area, and inspected a long race of open-mouthed * Kings and Queens of Scotland, which thrust out their stoney countenances from the wall;—that we had in

* I observed, that advancing from the more ancient to the more modern mouths, the lips gradually became closer and closer, till, in the two last of the series, the compression was such as to *protrude* the *under lip* considerably;—a sure mark of high civilization and supercilious dignity in the *Great*, and of vanity and self-conceit in those of *less elevated* rank. Many of the countenances, however, are remarkably fine, and present some valuable Spurzheim notices. One is amazingly, and what I would even term *ridiculously*, like the late ex-Emperor Buonaparte; and another wears the exact countenance of our tutelary saint, John Knox.

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remembrance (though not under our eye, as it is completely destroyed) the chamber, where the merry-hearted King of Scotland, after his losses at Solway Moss, *quantum mutatus!* in all the disconsolate desolation of disappointed hopes and a broken heart, retired, to die;—that we passed across the square, and through the passage, (which we had seen so lately, and with so much violence, opened,) into the still entire and spacious "Tennis-court," the only antiquity of the kind now remaining in Scotland;—that we surveyed the bare and now woodless fields, which still obtain—*quasi lucus a non lucendo*—the name of "Falkland *wood*," and which were stripped of their Caledonian oaks by the republican violence and rapine of Cromwell;—that, in compliance with my invariable practice, we visited the church-yard, or rather burial-ground, of Falkland, in which the monument erected to the memory of the pious and far-noted Emily Geddie, * was all that attracted, or deserved to attract, our notice;—that we rode out as far as the old church-yard of Kilgour,† a most retired and romantic spot, where we found a farm-steading, constructed almost entirely of broken head-stones and monuments;—that we found the bones and flesh of a *dead horse*, festering, in sacrilegious and obscene contamination, in a large stone-coffin, where the body of the poor unfortunate Prince David, formerly mentioned, had, in all probability, been once deposited;—and *that*, after having qualified our beef-steak, with a *quantum-suff.* of Mrs Scott's whisky-toddy, and having obtained a full and a detailed account from our *new* friend "*Nil nisi bonum!*" of the ancient and honourable House of D——m,—we returned to our places of abode about night-fall, highly gratified, upon the whole, with our excursion, but exceedingly shocked by that barbarous disrespect for the relics of antiquity, and the manes of the dead, which we had been compelled to witness.

Now, sir, I have finished my narrative; and if, through means of your extensively circulating Magazine, I can draw the attention of those in power to the object of it, namely, "*to the enclosing and preservation of our old, and venerable, and national Ruins,*" I think I shall contribute to the keeping up among us of that patriotic and chivalrous spirit, which is utterly at variance with every tendency to radicalism and insubordination. And if, by the slight allusion I have been compelled to make to the instance of Kilgour,—which is by no means a solitary one,—I shall have succeeded in awakening the attention of one single parish Proprietor to the subject of church-yard dilapidation, I shall have done more for the repose of the dead, and for the rational satisfaction of the living, than if I had been the Inventor of an Iron-safe, to preserve their bodies from resurrection.

It is my intention, during the latter end of this harvest, to make an excursion over Scotland, with the view of giving you some "Church-yard" and "Ruin" intelligences—of supplying you with a list of the "moral maxims of the dead"—and with a statement of the "sacrilegious and revolting dilapidations of the living,"—and neither power nor interest shall induce me to spare the guilty, nor to calumniate or misrepresent the innocent.—I am yours, &c.

VIATOR.

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* This singularly pious and affectionate girl,—for she died at sixteen years of age,—was daughter to John Geddie, in the Hill-town of Falkland, and has found a historian of her "Choice Sentences and Practices" in a James Hogg, (not the Jacobite Hogg,) altogether competent to the task he has undertaken. She was born in 1665, and died in 1681. The pamphlet was published by James Halkerston, Bailie in Falkland, in 1795, for the benefit, as he expresses it, of the rising generation; and is extremely rare, and not a little curious.

† Kilgour was formerly, previous to the union of the two parishes, the burial-ground of Falkland; and either Lesly or Buchanan, or both,—for I cannot speak positively, not having the books by me at present,—mention the particulars of the funeral procession from Falkland to Kilgour. Drummond says, Prince David was buried at Lindores, but this seems to be a mistake.

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CHARACTERS OF LIVING AUTHORS, BY THEMSELVES.

No. I.

"Dans ce siècle de petits talens et de grands succès, mes chefs-d'œuvre auront cent éditions, *s'il le faut.* Par-tout les sots crieront que je suis un grand homme, et si je n'ai contre moi que les gens de lettres et les gens de goût, j'arriverai peut-être à l'Académie."

LOUVET.

I'M a philosopher of no philosophy, and know not where the deuce my wisdom came from, unless it was in-born, or "connatural," as Shaftesbury will have it. I have studied neither the heavens, nor the earth, nor man, nor books; but I have studied myself, have turned over the leaves of my own heart, and read the cabalistic characters of self-knowledge. Nor without success, for truth, I trust, has been no stranger to my pen. If all the world followed my example, there would be some sense in it.—But they do not. They have not courage and alacrity enough to catch wisdom and folly "as they fly." They ponder and weigh—wind about a vacuum, like the steps of a geometrical stair-case. They do not "pluck bright knowledge from the pale-faced moon." They do not dare to look from the table land of their own genius,—their own perceptions, nor sweep boldly over the regions of philosophy, "knowing nothing, caring nothing." They do not expatiate over literature with the step of freemen,—they are shackled, and have not the spirit to be truly vagabond. They are not elevated to a just idea of themselves, their own feelings are not hallowed, and they put forth their thought "fearfully, and in the dark." This is not the way to be wise;—there is confidence required for wisdom as well as for war. We are all of one kind; the feelings of nature are universal, and he that can turn his eye in upon himself,—that has mental squint enough to look behind his nose, may read there the irrefragable laws and principles of humanity. This is the difficulty,—the bar between man and knowledge, as is observed by Mr Locke, (who, by the bye, is an author I despise,—a philosopher who reasoned without feeling, and felt without reason). If a person can once enter into the receptacles of his own feelings, muse upon himself, watch the formation and progress of his opinions, he will then have studied the best primer of philosophy. If he can once lay hold of the end of that web, he can unravel it *ad infinitum.* With his pen in his fingers, and his glass before him, he no sooner begins, than he is at the bottom of the page; and the Indian jugglers, with their brazen balls, were nothing to the style in which he can fling sentences about. I can speak but from my own experience: I have found it so; and though there is a degree of excellence, which all persons cannot arrive at, yet the fabrication of essays is a *double* employment, and I here record the principle by which I arrived at its perfection, as a bequest and lesson to posterity.—Despise learning; never mind books, but to borrow. Let the ideas play around self, and that is the way to please the selfish reader—other readers there are not in the world.

It is vulgarly supposed, that a man, who is always thinking and talking of himself, is an egotist. He is no such thing; he is the least egotistical of all men. It is the world he is studying all the time, and self is but the glass through which he views and speculates upon nature. People call me egotist; they don't know what they say. I never think of myself, but as one among the many—a drop in the ocean of life. If I anatomize my own heart, 'tis that I can lay hands on no other so conveniently; and when I do even make use of the letter *I*, I merely mean by it any highly-gifted and originally-minded individual. I have always thought myself very like Rousseau, except in one thing, that I hate 'the womankind,'—I have reason—he had not. Nevertheless, had he hung up his shield in a temple, I'm sure I should recognize it. I feel within me a kindred spirit,—the same expansive intellect that strays over the bounds of speculation, and has grasped nothing, because it met nothing worthy,—the same yearning after what the soul can never attain,—the same eloquent and restless thought, whose trains are ropes of sand, undone as soon as done,—the same feverish thirst to gulp up knowledge, with a stomach in which no knowledge can rest. If a fortuitous congregation of atoms ever formed any thing, it formed us, for truly we are a tesselated pair, each of a disposition curiously dove-tailed, as Burke said of Lord Chatham's ministry,—of facul-

ties put together so higgledy piggledy, that however excellent each is in its kind, the union is an abortion,—a worse than nothing—but the anagrams of intellect, as Donne would say. The world, too, has treated us similarly; with the most patriotic feelings, our countries have laughed at us; with the most philanthropic pens, we have become the buts and bye words of criticism; and with the warmest hearts, we never had a friend. He despised poetry,—so do I; he despised book-learning—I know nothing about it; he did not care for the great—the great do not care for me. What further traits of resemblance would you have? —his breeches hung about his heels.

The author of a *mighty fine* review of Childe Harold compares the author, my friend's friend, to Rousseau, and eke out the similarity in poetic prose. I have no fault to find with the Review, it being *buon camarado* of mine, but they might have made out a better comparison. It was L. H. first suggested to me my resemblance to the author of Eloisa; it is one of those obligations I can never forget. He said, at the same time, that he himself was like Tasso, and added, in his waggery, he would prove that bard a Cockney. This is neither wit nor good sense in my friend, who, finding he cannot shake off the title, wishes to convert it into a crown;—it won't do, the 'brave public' will have it a fool's cap.

As for me, I care not; they will have me Cockney—they're welcome; they will have me pimpled in soul and in body—they're welcome; I know what they will not have me—but no matter; I wander from my theme—myself, but I cannot help it. The thoughts of what I have suffered from envenomed pens come thick upon me; but posterity will do me justice, and there will yet be "sweet sad tears" shed over the tombs of me and of my tribe. Nevertheless, let me not give up the ghost before my time—I am worth two dead men yet; nor let it be here on record that I could be moved by my hard-hearted and hard-headed persecutors. But "what is writ is writ"—it goes to my heart to blot one quarter of a page. My thoughts walk forth upon the street, like malefactors on the drop, with their irons knocked off. They come unshackled, unquestioned, unconcocted; and if I have uttered heaps of folly in my day, I trust there was some leaven—good or bad, which I care not—to save it from being utterly insipid.

There have been few great authors who took from the beginning to writing as a profession—it is too appalling—I doubt if it would require half so much courage to lead a forlorn hope. They are, for the most part, men, against whom all other avenues were shut,—who have been pushed from their stools,

"And being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit."

And this not for lack of capacity, but for want of will; none of them could give a reason for being what they are—I could not, I know, for one. Yet mine was a natural course. It is an easy transition from the pencil to the pen, only the *handling* of the first must be the result of long practice, and unwearied assiduity. The latter goes more glibly, and is the engine of greater power. We long to grasp it, as if it were Jove's thunderbolt, and "hot and heavy" we find it. The study of the arts, too, is a terrible provocative to criticism—to canting and unmeaning criticism. I must confess, I tremble to think what literature is likely to suffer from the encroachments of that superficial and conceited tribe. I was myself one of them, and may own it, though they be to me the first 'aneath the sun.' They leap to taste, without laying any foundation of knowledge—with their eyes stuck into the subject matter of their work; their notions of things are too apt to resemble those of the "fly upon the well-proportioned dome;" their overstrained idea of the all-importance of their art, may be a very useful feeling to themselves, and to their own exertions, but, to the world, it is pedantry and impudence. There are other things besides painting, and of this truth they do not seem enough aware. There are exceptions, however—I am one, H——another. And I take this opportunity of weighing a little into the opposite scale, since I perceive they hold up their heads more than ordinary, (especially the Cockney artists) on the strength of my former essays. I have heard a dauber speak of me, 'yes, he writes about the art,' in much the same tone as if he were recommending Milton to a divine for having treated of the Deity. They shall no more such essays, nor shall they again lay such flattering unction to their souls.

I must needs be an honest man, for

I speak hard always of what I love best;—it is upon points nearest our own hearts that we are most apt to feel spleen. Downright foes never come within arm's length of one,—one cannot get a blow at them; and we must fall foul of our friends, were it but for practice sake, to keep our pugnacity in tune. People, with whom I have been in habits of intimacy, have complained that I make free with their names, borrow my best things from their conversation, and afterwards abuse them. It is all very likely; but why do they talk so much? If they throw their knowledge into one's hands, how can we help making use of it? Let them enter their tongues at Stationer's Hall, if they would preserve the copy-right of speech, nor be bringing their action of trover to regain what they have carelessly squandered.

He that writes much, must necessarily write a great deal of bad, and a great deal of borrowed. The gentleman author, that takes up the pen once in three months, to fabricate a pet essay for his favourite miscellany or review, may keep up his character as a tasteful and fastidious penman. But let him be like me, scribbling from one end of the year to the other—obliged to it, at all hours and in all humours—and let's see what a mixture will be his warp and woof?—Let him, in an evil moment, be compelled to "set himself doggedly about it," as Johnson says, and he'll be glad to prop himself up with the gossip of his acquaintances, and the amusing peculiarities of his friends. Let him stick in his working clothes, hammering away all weathers, like Lord Castlereagh in the House, and he'll have little time for display and got up speeches. He'll soon learn to despise which word comes foremost, and which comes fittest, and, in the way of diction, he'll soon cry out with myself—"all's grist that comes to the mill." Grammarians and verbal critics may cry out against us for corrupting the language—they may collate, and talk with Mr Blair of purity, propriety, and precision; but we own no such rules to our craft;—with us, words are

"Winds, whose ways we know not of."

All we have to do is, to take the first that offers, and sail wherever it may blow;—all parts are alike, so as the voyage be effected—all subjects alike, so the page be concluded.

Talking of subjects—I have been often accused of a fondness for paradox. I am not ashamed of the predilection. Truth, in my mind, is a bull, and the only way to seize it is by the horns. This bold method of attack the startled reader calls paradox. He had rather spend hours in hunting it into a corner, with but a poor chance of noosing it after all, and is envious of him that has the courage to grasp it at once. I like the Irish for this, they blunder upon truth so heartily, and knock it out of circumstances, as if these were made of flint, and their heads of iron. I blunder on it myself often, but the worst of this method is, that one is so apt to mistake common-place for a new discovery. We light upon it so suddenly, that there is no time to examine its features, and thus often send forth an old worn-out maxim as a spic and span-new precept. But 'tis the same thing,—half the world won't recognize it, and the other half won't take the trouble of exposing it. All the didactic prosing of the age—prosing, be it in verse or not, is but the *bis crambe repetita*—the old sirloin done up into kickshaws and fritters. Gravity and sense are out of tune—the stock is exhausted to the knowing—the only vein unworked is humour. Waggery is always original; and there is more genuine inspiration in comic humour, than in the mighty-mouthed sublime. Madame de Stael, that eloquent writer,—whom I know but in translation by the bye—has anticipated these observations of mine in her Essay on Fiction:—"Nature and thought are inexhaustible in producing sentiment and meditation; but in humour or pleasantry, there is a certain felicity of expression, or perception, of which it is impossible to calculate the return. Every idea which excites laughter may be considered as a discovery; but this opens no track to the future adventurer. To this eccentric power there lies no path,—of this poignant pleasure there is no perennial source. That it exists, we are persuaded, since we see it constantly renewed; but we are as little able to explain the course as to direct the means. The gift of pleasantry more truly partakes of inspiration than the most exalted enthusiasm." The world are beginning to be of the same opinion,—they are finding out this truth more and more every day. Natural humour, lightness of heart, and

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brio, it begins to think the best philosophy,—and it is right. Doubtless this is the great cause of the popularity of that confounded Northern Magazine, which seems to have taken out a patent for laughing at all the world. Like the spear of Achilles, however, its point can convey pleasure as well as pain—a balm as well as a wound. It is a wicked wag, yet one cannot help laughing with it at times, even against one's-self. I shall never forget the look of L. H. when he read himself described in it, as a turkey-cock coquetting with the hostile number newly come out. There was more good nature in the article than he had met any where for a long time, and he grinned with a quantum of glee that would have suffocated a monkey.

I would that Heaven had endowed me with more of the risible faculty, or more of the serious; that I had been decidedly one or the other, instead of being of that mongrel humour, which deals out philosophy with flippant air, and cracks jests with coffin visage. I can't enrol myself under any banner; and cannot, for the life of me, be either serious or merry. I've tried both; but my gravity was doggedness, and my mirth most uncouth gambolling. So I must e'en remain as I am,—up or down, as stimuli make or leave me. It is a sorry look-out, though, to be dependent on these,—to owe every bright thought to "mine host," or mine apothecary. I am not an admirer of "the sober berry's juice;" it generates more wind than ideas. Johnson's favourite beverage is better, but it is not that I worship. "Tell me what company you keep," says the adage; a more pertinent query would be, "Tell me what liquor you drink." I would undertake to tell any character upon this data. There is a manifest "compromise between wine and water" in Mr Octavius Gilchrist; 'tis easy to discover sour beer in Mr Gifford's pen; and brisk toddy in North's—equally easy in mine, to descry the dizziness of spirit, or the washiness of water, whichever at the time be the reigning potion.

This hurried sketch will not see the light till I am no more. 'Twill be found among my papers, affixed to my Memoirs, and my executors will give it to the world with pomp. Then will I, uncoated, unbreeched, and uncravatted, look down from the empyreal on the scatteration of my foes. A life of drudgery—of "hubble, bubble, toil, and trouble"—will be repaid with ages of fame; and, enthroned between Addison and Bacon, my spirit shall wield the sceptre of Cockney philosophy.—Yet let me not be discontented; I am not all forsaken. From Winterston to Hampstead my name is known—at least, with respect. I am in literature the lord-mayor of the city—the Wood of Parnassus (what an idea!). The apprentices of Cockaigne point at me, as towards the highest grade of their ambition. I am the prefect of all city critical gazettes; and L. H. for all his huffing and strutting, is but my deputy—my proconsul.—Said I not well, Bully Rock? I blew into his nostrils all the genius he possesses, and introduced him to the honourable fraternity of washerwomen and the round-table; since which auspicious day, he lacked never a beef-steak, or a clean shirt. But of him, and of all my acquaintances, I have left valuable memorials throughout my writings. This observation, and that anecdote, have always come *pat* into my sentences; so that, with my mixture of gossip and philosophy, I shall be the half-Boswell, half-Johnson, of my age.—Not that I deign to compare myself with the first in dignity, or with the last in "that fine tact, that airy intuitive faculty," that purchases at half-price ready-made wisdom. As to my politics, it would be a difficult matter to say what they were. I know not myself; so that we will treat them as a country schoolmaster gets over a hard word, "It's Greek, Bill, read on."—As to my temper, it is of the *genus irritabile prosaicorum* (if that be good Latin.) I am very willing to give, but little able to return a blow. I weep under the lash, and, in truth, am too innocent for the world. After attacking private character and public virtue,—endeavouring to sap all principles of religion and government,—uttering whatever slander or blasphemy caprice suggested, or malice spurred me to,—yet am I surprised, and unable to discover, how or why any one can be angry with me. I own, it is a puzzle to me to find out how I have made enemies. Yet, such is the world, that I am belaboured on all sides;—friends and foes alike fall foul of me;—and often am I tempted to cry out, in the language of that book I have neglected, "There is no peace for me, but in the grave."

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ESSAYS ON CRANIOSCOPY, CRANIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, &c.*

By Sir TOBY TICKLETOBY, *Bart.*

CHAP. I.

Counsel for the Prosecution.

Gentlemen of the Jury, this cause here
Depends not on the truth of witnesses,
As was the case some hundred years ago,
Before the days of Justice Ticklebobius;
But upon statute 4th of George the Fourth.—
Compare this villain's head with what you know
Of bumps, that all agree denote a thief;
And if there's a righteous skull-cap in the box,
(And I must not suppose it otherwise,)
I have no fear but you'll give verdict, "Guilty."

Counsel for the Prisoner.

Look at that bump, my Lord, upon his head;
Pray feel its brother, on the other side;
And say if, in the range of possibilities,
This poor man here could either rob or steal,
And bear such striking marks of rigid virtue.
Ye Gentlemen of Jury, feel your heads,
And if there is a knob upon your skulls
(Unless mayhap the rudiments of horns,)
That bears more honest seeming, then will I
Give up this much-wrong'd man to punishment.

Justiciary Records for the year 1996.

As almost every individual in this ancient city who can read has lately had an opportunity of judging of the infallibility of the doctrine which measures the powers of our minds by the bumps upon our skulls, from the accurate examination of the head of the unfortunate individual who lately forfeited his life to the laws of his country, by one so eminently qualified to form an accurate opinion on the subject, I trust I shall be pardoned for dedicating a few pages to a theme which I have been compelled to hear illustrated in every company.

There seems now little doubt, from the learned publications of our own countrymen, that every prevalent bent of mind or brain (for brain without mind is a very useless article indeed) developes itself by a corresponding increase of the bony case which is supposed to contain the thinking apparatus, and that an examination of the head of any one by those in the secret, is sure to detect the prevailing character of the individual, from the external swellings or bumps upon his skull. This is the system of those renowned discoverers Drs Gall and Spurzheim, and of their illustrators in this country; and any one who takes the trouble to examine it by the test of experiment, will soon find that this hypothesis of human action is admirably calculated for the subsequent improvement of our species. My chief objection to it is, that it does not go far enough, and that in the thirty-three great divisions in the map of the osseous covering of the centre of nervous energy, room has not been found for thirty-three divisions more. For instance, we know that there are dull, and very stupid, and even insane people in the world; yet there is no organ

* *Cranioscopy* means the inspection of the cranium, and *Craniology*, a discourse on the cranium. *Phrenology* is derived from the Greek noun Φρένες, mind, or rather perhaps from Φρενῖτις, *mentis delirium;* the same root from which our common English word *phrensy* takes its rise, and which signifies, according to Dr Johnson, on the authority of Milton, *madness, franticknesss.* The Scottish writers on this subject, with the characteristic good sense of their countrymen, prefer the appropriate term *phrenology* to the less significant terms employed by the cranial philosophers of the south, or the fathers of skull science on the Continent. *Phrenitis*, in the nosological systems of Sauvages and Cullen, I need scarcely remark, is a cognate word.

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of stupidity, or bump of dulness,—no rise or depression to designate the sane from the insane,—the crack-brained theorist from the cool investigator. Now, that there must, in some skulls at least, be tremendous bumps of folly and gullibility, (*gullibilitiveness*, I believe, should be the word,) the writings of Spurzheim and his followers afford abundant and most melancholy proof.

Another very profound theory of human action and human motive, has been lately propounded by the celebrated Dr Edward Clyster; and though the system of the Doctor has been prevented from being sufficiently known by the mean jealousies and envy of professional rivalship, and the prevailing celebrity of phrenology, it certainly deserves to be made better known. The Doctor's theory is, that the prevailing mental character of the individual may be traced with equal certainty on another extremity of the human body; and that in point of practical experiment, more instances can be cited in favour of his hypothesis, than that of Drs Gall and Spurzheim. From the Doctor's repeated examination of the bottoms of nearly eight hundred boys, while usher of the Grammar School of Kittlehearty, and from facts communicated to him by the four masters of the High School of Gutterborough, he concludes with confidence, that the indications of the hemispheres of the one termination, are at least of equal importance with the indications of the other. He mentions with an air of triumph the results of the application of the birch (*taws*, Scotticé,) to this part, and the well known effects of the operation in stimulating the intellectual powers, as matter of everyday observation, and as affording reason to believe that the bottom is more intimately connected with the mind than preceding investigators have supposed.†

The intimate connection which subsists between the stomach and the brain, so well known to medical men from the intolerable headachs which arise from repletion and indigestion, also well deserves the notice of some great man, capable of working up the idea into a system. The facts which have come under my own notice, have long impressed me with the belief, that there is more mind in the belly than most people are aware of. There is no saying what effect even diet may have on the production of genius; and it would be premature, in the present state of our knowledge on this point, to offer any conjectures as to the share which breakfast, dinner, and supper may have had in the elicitation of works, hitherto attributed to the head alone.

Without entering into the merits of these rival hypotheses, or of the more probable one of Lavater, that the prevailing habits of thought give a characteristic tone to the whole physiognomy, I may be permitted to state, that the production of genius is a much more philosophical subject of inquiry than the indications of it, or the want of them in a person already formed, and where the utmost that can be expected from the knowledge is, some minute regulations for checking or improving what can only be checked or improved to a very limited extent. These indications, then, of the hitherto barren theory of Drs Gall, Spurzheim, and Company, I now purpose to turn to some practical account.

It is a well-known fact, that the human cranium may be moulded, in early infancy, into any conceivable shape, from the elastic nature of the bones of which it is formed. Every medical practitioner, from Hippocrates and Celsus down to Abraham Posset the apothecary, is aware of this fact; and it is equally well ascertained, that several tribes of savages take their distinctive mark from the form of the skull. It is fashionable among one tribe, for instance, to wear their brain in a case shaped like a sugar-loaf, while others

† Dr Spurzheim, from the circumstance of Sterne being represented in all his portraits with his head leaning on his hand, and his finger on a particular place of his forehead, concludes that the organ of *wit* must occupy that identical spot; and Dr Clyster, from the late Dr Webster, the founder of that excellent institution, the Widows' Fund of the Scottish Clergy, having his hands in his breeches-pockets when he brought forward the measure in the General Assembly, and always one hand in that position when he spoke on the subject, considers it as demonstrated, that the organ of *Benevolence* and Philanthropy must be confined to that neighbourhood. So nearly balanced are the two theories.

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prefer to have their terminating prominence moulded in imitation of a cocoa-nut. And I have little doubt, when the interior of the African continent is better known, that nations will be found with their craniums compressed into forms still more unaccountable.* The mere mention of these undoubted facts, when coupled with the knowledge of the functions of the brain derived from the writings of Gall, Spurzheim, and their British disciples, must awaken, in the minds of philosophic observers, ideas of the perfectibility of the human race, and the concentration and expansion of the powers of the human mind, which may make the golden age of the old world, or the Millenium of the present, an event within the reach of ordinary life, and perfectly practicable in the next generation.

I know the envy generally attached to the promulgator of a new discovery; and I should not have dared, did a court of inquisition exist in this country, perhaps even to hint at the generalization of facts collected by the great men who have gone before me in the road of discovery. But if the scheme I have now to propose be taken up by Parliament in their next session, I pledge myself, (the principles of Gall and Spurzheim retaining their infallibility,) gradually to lessen by its means the annual amount of crime in this country, and in the course of thirty years, the common term for a generation of human beings, to banish it entirely from Great Britain.

As it is of considerable importance, however, and as it may prevent the honour of my discovery from being appropriated by others, and save a world of literary controversy about priority of ideas, I beg to mention, that the idea came into my organ of inventiveness on the twenty-fifth of July, one thousand, eight hundred, and twenty-one, ten minutes after eleven o'clock at night, and that it entered into my very marked organ of benevolence in less than three minutes after. As all the circumstances which lead to any very notable discovery are of service in tracing the filiation of ideas, I may further remark, that it was after a careful perusal of the Phrenological Notices regarding Haggart's head, attached to the end of that murderer's narrative, and the very satisfactory illustration of that almost prophetic art, which can, by manipulation, typify a thrice-condemned convict as a remarkable culprit, before he is actually hanged! My supper this evening consisted of a plate of strawberries, (very small ones,) and about the eighth part of an ounce, by estimation, of Scottish Parmasan, viz. ewe-milk cheese.—Thus much for the ascertainment of my discovery, which, I have little doubt, will add a few leaves more to the already flourishing laurel which already encircles the head of Sir Tobias Tickletobæus, Baronet.†

As all the organs of thought and volition are as distinctly laid down in the cranial map of Gall and Spurzheim as the position of the Isle of May, or the Bell Rock, in the charts of the coast of Scotland,—and as I have already demonstrated the practicability of compressing the cranial bones, at an early age, into any conceivable form,—nothing more is required, to give a new and definite direction to the thoughts and feelings of the next generation, than to mould the infant head to a given form, by the simple application of an unyielding metal head-dress, formed so as only to permit the developement of the required organs. These metal caps might be moulded from the heads of those whose ruling passions were most strongly marked; and, continuing them of the same form, they might be made of increasing sizes, so as to suit every shade of growth, from puling infancy to the full grown man.

If the elevation of the skull, at a certain part, be occasioned by the developement of a particular organ situated under it, (and this has been clearly demonstrated by Dr Spurzheim, and his Scottish disciples,) there can be nothing more easy in nature, or in the

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* The relation which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Othello, of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," may turn out to be a veritable fact. Othello, it will be observed, was a native of Africa.

* My German commentators generally quote me by my Christian name Tobias; but the Dutch translators always denominate me as above. I mention this, because it has, in more than one instance, occurred that I have been confounded with "my uncle Toby," and I wish as long as possible to preserve my personal identity.

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brass and iron manufactures, than to furnish metal caps, which, by repressing the growth of the injurious, and encouraging the expansion of the good affections, would inevitably make all the future generations of Britons to think and act alike for the common welfare. For instance, were the Protestant succession wished to be secured to the descendants of the present reigning family, let the royal infants be provided, from their births, with iron caps, with a large vacancy for *amativeness* and *philoprogenitiveness*, in which these organs might shoot up to the utmost luxuriance; and if the organs of benevolence and righteousness, (why not *benevolentiveness* and *righteousiveness*, Messrs Gall and Spurzheim?) were thought necessary in sovereigns, their growth might be encouraged at the expence of other organs of less public value,—as *self-loveativeness* and *covetiveness*.* Repressing the disposition to *furtiveness* and *secretiveness* in the next generation, the cause of one class of crimes would be instantly done away. Allow not the organs of *destructiveness* and *combativeness* to expand their be y covering, and war and ruin will be banished from the land. When the means of subsistence become too scanty for the existing population, let the organs of *amativeness* and *philoprogenitiveness* have no room for display in the head-dresses of the young, and the next generation will live and die in hopeless virginity and unregarded celibacy. The organ of public *approbation* might make all the gentlemen in the public offices, now so handsomely paid for their trouble, think themselves fully requited for their services by a vote of thanks, were this organ to be exclusively encouraged in the children of the present incumbents. A strict attention to the organ of *righteousness*, might sweep away at once all the expensive establishments of courts, judges, and lawyers; and the due production of the organs of *veneration* and *benevolence*, might save our successors, in less than thirty years, the expence of churches, and the payment of tithes. And were other nations not to adopt the great discovery now promulgated, and it were necessary to have a standing army kept up, one or two hundred thousand children, with steel caps which should allow only the organs of *combativeness* and *destructiveness* to enlarge in their infant craniums, would place the country in perfect safety from the danger of foreign invasion; while a due proportion of the organ of *determinativeness* in our peasantry and mechanics, might make our subjugation a matter of absolute impossibility.

In short, the thirty-three divisions into which the skull is arranged, and the thirty-three propensities corresponding to these divisions, may be so modified, by adopting metal cases for the covering of the heads of the young, as to produce any quantity of talent required. The Parliament have only to pass an act, ordering a sufficient number of these skull-moulds to be made, of various sizes, for the use of every parish; and to make it felony, without benefit of clergy, for the next generation to be without them, at least till the wished-for organs have sufficiently displayed themselves. Of the effects of this discovery upon the future fate of the world, nobody who possesses one bump out of the thirty-three can allow himself to doubt. The extravagance of one sovereign, might easily be made up in the penuriousness of his successor; and indeed the measure, by a little care on the part of the parish officers, might make the least wise of the next generation equal to Newton or Bacon; and the least eloquent not inferior to Cicero or Demosthenes. In fact, the world might be made, in less than a century, to advance further in intellectual and moral improvement, than it has done for the last five thousand years. Wars, and the ravages of war, might be made for ever to cease; and the multiplied and varied generations of mankind, might, without rivalry, walk their round upon the stage of life, free from the irritations of passion, and from every stain of moral turpitude which could either embitter their wanderings in time, or lessen their hopes of immortality. Then should we have professors of anatomy and butchers (to use a common me-

* This is printed *costiveness*, by mistake I presume, in the second edition of Dr Spurzheim's book.—See Dr Hamilton's work on Purgative Medicines, for the alleviation of this troublesome complaint; and the Doctor himself for its permanent cure.

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taphorical expression,) born with the knife in their teeth; lecturers on every branch of science calculated to acquire the necessary information from their cradles; or, what perhaps would be still better, the metal caps might be constructed so as to allow no faculty to expand beyond the mediocrity of hopeless dulness, or absolute stupidity; and then the money now expended in the education of the young, in cultivating faculties unmarked, perhaps unexisting, in the bony covering of the cogitative pulp, might be applied to more hopeful and necessary purposes.

CHAPTER II.

I hae a theory lying in saut,
  Lad, gin ye lo'e me, tell me true;
I hae a strong notion ye've mony waur faut
  Than the thing that the Carles are to try ye for now.

I hae a theory wantin' a leg,
  Lad, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
There's mair in the shell than inside o' the egg,
  Speak out, for I canna ilk day come to you.

Old Song.

Phren. I'll tell you what you are, my honest friend,
(On secrecy from me you may depend,)
You don't love women—hate the thoughts of wine?
Now, tell me truly—Do I right divine?
Mur. No, Sir!—You're wrong for once. I loved the fair—
The decent ones I mean—beyond compare:
Seduction was my forte; and, as for wine,
Little of that delicious drink was mine;
But when well on with good plain Highland whisky,
I was too sly to blab, or even seem frisky.
Phren. You had no wish to kill, but to escape?
Mur. Why, there you're right, sir; but, when in a scrape,
One may knock down, and think of nothing ill;
This was my case—but blows will sometimes kill.

*Dialogue between a Phrenologist and a Murderer.**

Having, in the preceding chapter, laid the basis of my great discovery before the public, I now proceed to some of the minor details. The great matter at the first commencement of the plan would be, to provide accurate models

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* As our respectable correspondent, Sir Toby Tickletoby, has omitted to insert a motto for this chapter, perhaps from not having carried his library with him to the Moors, we have taken the liberty to prefix two,—one from a well-known old song—the other from a manuscript of "Haggart's Life, done into English verse, by an Eminent Hand," which has been sent us for publication.

To ascertain the fidelity of this paraphrase, we were at the trouble of comparing it with the original published narrative, and now subjoin the parallel passages.

Phre. "The present communication is entirely confidential, and will not be abused. David Haggart is therefore requested to be open, and completely candid in his remarks. P. 159.

"*You would not be the slave of sexual passion, nor greatly given to drink.*"—P. 167.

Hag. "You have mistaken me in this point of sexual passion; for it was my greatest failing that I had a great inclination to the fair sex; not, however, of those called prostitutes; for I never could bear the thought of a whore, although I was the means of leading away and betraying the innocence of young women, and then leaving them to the freedom of their own will. I believe that I was master of that art more than any other that I followed.

"A little spirits were always necessary, although I could abstain from them at pleasure, according as it suited the company I was in. When in drink I was very quiet, and would think twice before I spoke once."—Pp. 167, 168.

Phren. "*You would never be cruel or brutal; and you would never inflict serious suffering upon any individual without bitterly regretting it?*"—P. 167.

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of skulls, with the required organs properly displayed, for the purpose of having caps made of all sizes to suit the growth of the infant cranium. A search in the tombs of great men, whose excellence in any art or science was known and ascertained, might in this view be attended with very beneficial consequences; but as in cemeteries where thousands are annually buried, the confusion of skulls and bodies is such in a few years, that one would not be able to identify even their own bones, the effects to be derived from skulls drawn from this source, could never be accurately depended on. It has therefore struck me, that a more certain way of procuring models would be to have them made from the craniums of existing talent, where talent is wanted, or from the head-pieces of patriotism and incorruptible integrity, if any such should be found to exist in the country. In my speculations on this subject, I at first thought that removing the integuments from the outside of the cranial covering, or scalping our celebrated countrymen for the purpose of making casts from the bones of their heads, would be sufficient; but as anatomists assert that skulls are not everywhere of the same thickness, there may exist bumps and depressions on which the talents depend, only to be discovered by an internal examination of the shell after the removal of the kernel. It is not too much to expect, therefore, that the possessors of those craniums which have made a noise in the world, or which have been the cause of the celebrity of their proprietors, may leave them as a legacy to their admiring countrymen; but it would be far more patriotic, certainly, were they now to give them up to the modeller, before old age evaporates the cranial contents, or an additional deposit of osseous matter fills up some of the cavities on which eminence depends. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, the first general in Europe, and who has so often hazarded his life for the benefit of his country, would, I am certain, have no objection to have his body shortened a few inches to promote so much good, and thus be the matrix of a hundred future Wellingtons; and I feel quite confident that none of our own celebrated countrymen, and we have a good many, would hesitate for one moment to sacrifice their heads to the future and certain improvement of their native land. In place of one Stewart, and one Scott, (at present the brightest luminaries in our Scottish horizon,) we might, in a few years, have hundreds of the one, and thousands of the other; and provided we were wise enough to keep the models in our own hands, (for they have

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Hog. "Cruel to my inferiors I never was; but I rejoiced to pull the lofty down, to make them on a fair level with their brethren in the world. Whatever I did, I never looked back to my former crimes with regret, as I never thought that was of any use."—P. 167.

"I laid one low with my pistol. Whether I have his murder to answer for, I cannot tell. But I fear my aim was too true, and the poor fellow looked dead enough."—P. 32.

"Before he had time to challenge me, I hit him a very smart blow on the head with the butt-end of my whip."—P. 109.

"Our only object was liberty—not to murder poor Thomas Morrin."—P. 167.

Phren. "The greatest errors have arisen from a great self-esteem, a large combativeness, a prodigious firmness, a great secretiveness, and a defective love of approbation. No others of the faculties appear to possess an undue degree of energy or deficiency."—P. 160.

"Your nature is, in many respects, different from your actions."—P. 169.

"Your sentiment of Justice is not remarkably defective."—Ib.

"Your sentiment of benevolence is great," &c.—Ib.

We have quoted these latter passages to shew what an excellent man Haggart was, but for his unfortunate convictions, and as additional proofs of the soundness of the theory which our correspondent has so eloquently advocated. Though it has been insinuated to us in more than one quarter that the observer must have been either blind or "lushy," when he made observations so little in accordance with the registers of the criminal courts; and though we have heard it remarked as an odd manner of characterising the profession of robbery, seduction, and murder, to term it merely "*a sporting line of life*,"—yet as David, according to the indications of his cranium, was "an honourable man," and his observer is known to be "an honourable man," we make no farther remark, than by repeating with Mark Antony, that "so are they all,—all honourable men."—C. N.

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no such heads in any other country,) an era in Scottish literature might arrive, far more splendid than the age that boasted of Hume, Smith, and Robertson. Or, say that the worthy managers of our city corporations, and the Sheriffs of our counties, were to lay their heads together, and resolve to deny county and civic privileges to every one who should not choose to have their childrens' heads cramped into these approved models; and if the General Assembly of our National Church should add the weight of their influence to the scheme, and deny church-privileges to the nonconformists, I have little doubt that the native enterprise of our countrymen, guided by such craniums, would soon acquire the government of the world, and lay the foundation of an empire of greater extent, and of infinitely more power, than any that has yet existed.

It has been objected, I believe, to the system of Gall, Spurzheim, and Company, that its direct tendency is to lead to the doctrine of Materialism; but I see no just grounds for the objection. If the soul is independent of the body, and if the bumps and depressions on the human cranium be the work of this invisible agent, it should rather, I think, afford evidence of its independent power, that it can make room for the display of its peculiar faculties, without consulting the mass of matter or the bones where it is supposed to have its temporary residence. But as all the demonstrations of soul are only known to us through the medium of body, it is absurd to say that we can know any thing of this divine essence, excepting in connexion with its corporeal seat. Wine is wine, whether in a hogshead, a flask, or one of Day and Martin's blacking-bottles; and soul is soul, whether we suppose its seat to be in the belly, the head, or the feet. Was ever a philosopher heard of, who could invent theories, or illustrate facts, without the assistance of his stomach, and the apparatus contained in his thoracic cavity? and does not a cannon-shot through the breast put a stop as effectual to the operations of soul, as if it had been directed to the head? All that the phrenologists say is, that particular powers of mind or soul have been proved to manifest themselves in peculiar developements of the bones of the head; and all that I say is, that by my glorious invention, (as I have no doubt it will be termed by after ages,) the growth and developement of these bones may, in early life, from their yielding quality, be made to accommodate themselves to the display of any required faculty of mind.

There is a strong argument from analogy, which may be here mentioned in illustration of the doctrine now propounded. Trees, it is well known, when left to take their own mode of growing, always delight to luxuriate in the wild irregularity of unshapely and unpruned branches; though it is quite well known to the skilful gardener, that they can be made to assume the form of a fan or a cone on walls, or expand horizontally on espaliers, at the pleasure of their early instructors, and still, after all, be trees, and bear fruit better than in their wild uneducated state. Now, I will not do my fellow-creatures the injustice to suppose, that they are less susceptible of cultivation than plumb or cherry-trees, or that the bony covering of their thirty-three propensities is harder than holly or boxwood, or more untractable than the teak or "knotted oak." But further illustration is unnecessary; the very mention of the circumstance must carry conviction to the mind of the unprejudiced observer of nature.

It may be objected to the magnificent discovery now enunciated, that the soul may not choose to occupy a habitation moulded to a certain shape; and that, if forced to reside in a house she* does not like, she may sit sullenly in her cell, and disappoint the hopes

* By the bye, why is the soul always of the feminine gender, and the mind neuter?

> The Soul, secure in *her* existence, smiles
> At the drawn-dagger, and defies its point.
> Hark, they whisper!—Angels say,
> *Sister Spirit*, come away?

I hope some of those metaphysical writers, who bewilder themselves and confound others, by the indiscriminate use of the terms soul, mind, brain, thinking principle, and so forth, would answer the question. My own soul, I am convinced, is an independent masculine spirit, which shall survive long after the pulpy attributes and bony faculties of phrenological minds shall be crumbled to dust.

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of those most interested in her future display. That this may happen in one case out of a thousand may be considered as possible; though it is not very likely that the occupier of a common-place rotundity would be content to lose the pleasure of thinking like Newton or Bacon, merely out of dogged moroseness, which would hurt nobody but itself. But even were this case to be more common than can be supposed, the certainty of preventing the growth of evil propensities is sufficient to counterbalance the loss which society might sustain from this cause; and, to carry on the allusion to the training of plants, the manure of education which would in many cases be applied to heads already predisposed to excellence, might raise their possessors to such heights of knowledge, that the average of the whole population might be equal to a Locke, and not inferior to a Pope or Addison.

It is impossible for one mind to conceive all the objections which may be made by the ignorant, or those who are so wedded to old notions as to consider no innovations as improvements. But it would ill become the projector of so magnificent a plan for the future, not to suggest something likewise that may ameliorate the existing race of human beings, and, at least, banish vice and crime, if it do nothing more, from our native country. If the prevailing disposition of mind can be infallibly ascertained, according to Phrenologists, by the examination of the outside of the head, might not the British Parliament do something worse than pass an act, which shall oblige all individuals of this empire, of whatever age, to submit their rotundities to the required examination; and those found with organs hurtful to the community could then be separated from the general mass, and prevented from disturbing the peace of society by their furtive or murderous propensities? Crime would thus be crushed in the bud, and the infant murderer, or the confirmed thief, might pay the forfeit of their intended crimes long before their little arms were able to wield a rush, or their eyes distinguish one species of property from another. The grown up wicked people might be put to death without mercy, for the safety of the good; or, if this were thought too cruel, they might be transported, at the expence of the Societies for the Suppression of Vice, to our new settlements on Melville Island, where their ingenuity might have room for its display in contesting with the arctic bear and fox the right of property in each other's bodies. Were this "consummation," so "devoutly to be wished," to take place, a committee of Gall and Spurzheim's followers in London, and the same in Edinburgh, superintended by their publishing disciples, might be established, for the purpose of picking out all the disturbers of society with villainous propensities, previous to their shipment; and the British millennium might instantly commence, by the shutting up for ever of those receptacles of vice and misery, the Newgates, and Bridewells, and prison-houses of every denomination.

As in every great revulsion of public opinion, or change of public sentiment, certain classes are sure to suffer, the opposition to the measure from those interested in the existence of crime, or who derive their chief support from the commission of vice, might be overcome by granting them annuities equal to the amount of their annual profits. Or, if this should be thought to fall too heavy on the national income, the measure might be partially delayed till the present race of office-holders wore out. Leaving a few culprits in every county for a certain limited period, the criminal courts and the officers of police, the keepers of jails, and the public executioner, would have no more reason to complain of the stagnation of trade, than other honest dealers in mercantile commodities for a long time past; and those respectable and useful matrons, who keep markets of beauty for the unwived part of the population, might be restricted in their calling to the disposal of their present stock. From the usual termination of crime, the frail nature of beauty, and the accidents to which it is exposed, I do not see that, from these causes, the millennium need be delayed beyond a very few years.

In those cases where the bumps on the skull do not form an infallible criterion, (for it must be allowed that this mode of judging of propensities sometimes fails) the assistance of those acute observers of human nature, the Bond Street and Police officers, ought to be called in, before deciding finally upon a moral delinquency; and, as a

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last resource, a jury of Spurzheimists would settle the matter in a way not to be called in question. Though the examination of the skulls of great men has, in a few cases, thrown discredit on the theory, by even the most acute phrenologists sometimes finding the cranium of a thief to belong to the most beneficent person, and a murderer's bump on a head overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," yet these are but exceptions to the general rule,—mere tricks of nature to perplex philosophers. It is a very ill constructed theory, indeed, that cannot explain things much more perplexing, and fortunately here the explanation is not difficult. In craniums of this sort, the organs undisplayed possess sufficient controul over the externally prominent ones to counteract their mischievous tendency; and although the head of Shakespeare, examined by the doctrines of the craniologists, palpably wants all the organs which should have contributed to form a mind capable of "exhausting worlds and imagining new ones;"—although Milton, by the same theory, looks very like as if he could steal a horse; Dryden might be mistaken for the keeper of a country ale-house; and Swift, Pope, and Gay, as three fellows whom it would be unsafe to meet upon an unfrequented road;—although Sir Isaac Newton and Dr Adam Smith, according to Spurzheim and Co., may be set down as tailors in no great estimation; Joseph Addison as an irreclaimable rake; David Hume and Edward Gibbon as portly coachmen, with heads as smooth as the hind-quarters of their horses;—yet all these, I insist, are but exceptions to the general rule, and are by no means to be considered as of any consequence in the estimation of the phrenetic or phrenological hypothesis.

To conclude, (for I do not wish to exhaust the subject,) it may be mentioned, as an additional argument for the introduction of metal caps, or mind-regulators, that the heads, where no superior purpose was required, might be formed so as better to suit the various occupations of men than those in common use. Might not the person intended as a teacher of mathematics, for example, have his seat of thought moulded into the shape of a triangle, a cone, a cylinder, or any other form which might be of use to him in his demonstrations of Euclid, and thus save the trouble of tracing illustrative diagrams? those intended to carry weights on this part of their bodies might have the upper surface of the cranium formed into a horizontal plane; while soldiers, intended for parade, might have it elongated to a cone or cylinder, which would add some inches to their stature. But these details I willingly leave to the committee of Parliament, who will have to arrange the provisions of the bill; only suggesting, as it is my own discovery, that the act should be intituled, both in the warrant for the money which I am sure to receive from Parliament, and in the Journals of the House, "An Act for hastening the British Millenium, and for the revival of the Golden Age."

CHAPTER III.

Improvement of Intellect from Cross-breeds of Genius.

Hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year.
English Song.

Dr Spurzheim, in his late duodecimo on Education,* has a chapter on the "Laws of Propagation," in which he proposes to improve the human race by judicious cross-breeding. The reasonings contained in that chapter are certainly worthy the attention of those persons of both sexes who may now be disposed to enter into the matrimonial state; and, were not the subject repulsive for its indelicacy, I should have been glad to have supported my

* A View of the Elementary Principles of Education, founded on the Study of the Nature of Man. By J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. Edin. 1821.

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own preconceived opinion by numerous quotations from an observer of such talents. But as I have an antipathy to scientific bawdry and learned obscenity, whether coming from the pen of Dr Aristotle or of Dr Spurzheim, I only quote the result of the interesting inquiry. "It is indeed a pity," says the Doctor, "that the laws of propagation are not more attended to. I am convinced that, by attention to them, not only the condition of single families, but of whole nations, might be improved beyond imagination, in figure, stature, complexion, health, talents, and moral feelings. I consider with Aristotle,"—Vide Aristotle's Masterpiece,—"that the natural and innate differences of man are the basis of all political economy. He who can convince the world of the importance of the laws of propagation, and induce mankind to conduct themselves accordingly, will do more good to them, and contribute more to their improvement, than all institutions, and all systems of education!"

As any improvement of intellect from this source, however, is of little consideration, after the magnificent theory illustrated in the foregoing chapters, I should not now have noticed the subject at all, were it not to establish my own claim to priority of discovery, even on this point. From a paper of mine read before the Philosophical Society of Assbury, upwards of two years ago, and which was honoured by the marked approbation of all the members present at its reading, I extract the following passages:—

"It will not be denied, that great improvements have been made, during the last fifty years, in the breeds of cattle, by the judicious intermixture of the various qualities of animals, which are the objects of the breeders of horse or black cattle, or the rearers of sheep and the producers of wool. It is also well known, that Mr Knight, whose philosophic experiments on plants have been productive of so much advantage to horticulture, has succeeded in raising new and improved varieties of fruit from the junction of allied species. And it is at least a probable conjecture, that the same attention to the marriages of the human race, where genius or valour, or any species of excellence may be required, would scarcely fail to have similar results.

"For example, who could doubt that the junction of a male Milton and a female Addison, a he Dryden and a she Swift, a feminine Pope, and a masculine Otway, would have produced, by the commixture of talents, a cross-breed of genius to which there would have been no parallel? and Bacon's sagacity, and Newton's scientific powers, might, by a proper arrangement of marriages betwixt the members of the families, long ere this time have resolved all the desiderata in philosophy, and unfolded all the arcana of nature.

"It is perhaps of no use to regret that the philosophical views which guide our graziers in the improvement of the breeds of cattle, and our experienced jockies in the management of their horses, were not perceived and acted upon ere this time,—and the eighteenth century in Britain had, compared to the rest of the world, enough to distinguish it, without having added to its laurels the discovery which I have now the honour of detailing. If it had been earlier made, the person who now addresses you would not have had the merit of it, and this Honourable Society would not have had the envied distinction of recording in their Transactions, and publishing to the world, a secret for its future improvement, even more valuable than the finding out of the philosopher's stone.

"To put the theory to the test of experiment, I now beg to propose the appointment of a committee, to confer with committees of the other scientific and literary associations throughout the kingdom, for the purpose of arranging the details, and securing to posterity the combination of the talents we at present possess, by promoting connexions which, however they may interfere with the partial and short-sighted arrangement of parents, will infallibly raise the next age to a precedency of talent over all former ages of the world."

I have nothing further to add on the subject. But if a sound and healthy progeny is an object of concern to any respectable and beautiful young lady who may wish a cross with our family, I trust I shall not be so unpolite as to reject the advances of youth and beauty. My address is, Sir Toby Ticklebby, of Ticklebby Hall, by Longtown.

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ΤΑΤΩΝ ΜΟΥΣΩΝ ΈΙΣΟΔΙΑ.

THE MUSES WELCOME

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE JAMES, &c.

THERE are two things which, we hope, will ever be found to go hand and hand to the end of time; we mean learning and loyalty; and that discontent and dissatisfaction will ever be confined to the utterly ignorant, and to that more mischievous class, which may be denominated the half-informed; in which arrogance and pretension are more assiduous in making converts to crude speculations, than conscious of deficiency in making progress in true philosophy and sound sense. It is a considerable time now, since Pope told the world, that "a little learning was a dangerous thing," and assuredly the Spenceans and Radicals cannot be brought forward as an illustration of the falsity of his maxim.

Were a comparison to be drawn between our ancestors of a century or two back, and the present times, we do not think, that, in many respects, we should have great cause to exult in the parallel. We should in all likelihood surpass them in the show, but yield to them in the substantial practice of good. We should exhibit more of finicalness, pretension, politeness, and all those arts and graces, which cost little in the exercise; but it is much to be feared, that, balanced against them in benevolence, hospitality, warm-heartedness, disinterestedness, generosity; or in any of those virtues, the practice of which requires a sacrifice of selfish feelings; or in profundity of knowledge; or in whatever demands severe exertion of the mental faculties, we have as much reason to dread our being found wanting, as Belshazzar, when he beheld

> The armless hand that wrote
> His sentence on the palace wall.

Extremes meet. There are one set of people who are ever ready to exclaim, that the present age is by far the best and wisest of any that the world has exhibited; and that the past is to them but a scene of twilight indistinctness and confusion; while there is another set, who despising every thing recent, merely because it is so, and willing to adhere rather to old prejudices than to newly discovered truths, will be contented with nothing but what wears the stamp of ancient usage, and venerable old age. In most things, truth, after all, generally lies in the middle; and the surest way of arriving at it is, by setting aside all prejudices, and forming our estimate from the consideration of facts alone. There is nothing, for instance, more loudly vaunted of than the present flourishing state of learning in Scotland—which is indeed supposed to form one of our most characteristic excellencies among the nations of the earth—and that liberal diffusion of ideas, originating in the cheapness of education, which has formed us into a large body corporate of authors and readers; yet we venture to stake our credit, that no such volume as the one before us, "The Muses Welcome to K. James," could, by any exertion of cotemporary talent, be possibly called forth on any similar occasion. As to our sister Erin throwing it into shade, by any thing which she may produce on the present occasion of his Majesty's visit there, we profess an equally sceptical opinion.

So inveterate were the prejudices, now fast dispelling, which our southern neighbours, at least the most uninformed part of them, conceived against this portion of the island, that our forefathers were accounted a set of savages prowling about the mountains, and utterly ignorant of the arts which adorn civilized life. A journey to Scotland was considered as a thing far more hazardous than what we look on a voyage to China to be now-a-days; and the traveller, before leaving his disconsolate friends, generally made his will, and settled his affairs, as the chances were considerably against his safe return to the bosom of his family. We speak of things not half a century old; and which will be found to be not wholly extinct at the present day, as witness the fears expressed so pathetically in the commercial travels of our friend the Bagman, as may be found extracted in an early Number of our work: but we trust we have there made sufficient apology for him, in its being the first time he had ever lost hold of his mother's apron-strings.

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A more complete refutation of the scandals thrown out against old Scotland, and a more triumphant display of her general scholarship and sound information, at a time when a great part of Europe was in a state of semi-barbarism, can be found nowhere more satisfactorily, than in the collection from which we now propose to make some extracts. And we do think we shall be deemed to have rendered a service to our country, by putting our literary men on their mettle, against the expected visit of his Majesty next year.

James the Sixth, after having resided, and held his court in London for fourteen years, found it expedient, for the better settling of the civil and ecclesiastical differences of his Scottish subjects, to visit his ancient dominions in person. In his journey northward, the heads of the civil authorities, and the seminaries of learning, in testimony of their loyalty and joy, delivered orations, held disputations before him, and greeted him with poems in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English tongues, which were collected in a handsome folio, printed in 1618, (the year following,) and edited by John Adamson.

In passing from Berwick to Dunglass, the King was first addressed by A. Hume, in a most elaborate piece of oratory, which sets out with saying, that Priam of Troy had fifty sons; and that between father and children there subsisted many reciprocal duties. This postulate we immediately grant to Mr A. Hume; but let us see what use he makes of the fact. James the Sixth is likened to Priam, and the Scottish people to his offspring; but, as Priam had a Paris, as well as a Hector, the similitude will not hold good here, in Mr A. Hume's opinion, as his countrymen were all Hectors. He then proceeds to give a sketch of the history of Scotland from the days of the Picts, the landing of Fergus, the invasions of the Britons, Danes, Normans, and Romans, down to the day and the hour in which the King stands before him. Nothing surely can be more loyal or rhetorical than the following passage.

"Nos hactenus per duo ferè millia annorum soli fuimus majorum tuorum; illiq; nos respiciebant solos. Si labores et sudores; si frigus et famen; si incommoda, et pestilula, quæ illi pro nobis, nos pro illis hausimus, enumerare velim; dies me, quid diam dico? imò annus, imò et ætas deficiet priùsquàm oratio."

The speech being concluded, a great number of "poesies," in the Latin tongue, were recited, some of them considerably above mediocrity, and one or two of them very chaste and classical.

On the 15th of May, "the King's majestie came to Sea-towne," where he was presented with a Latin poem, half as long as the Pilgrims of the Sun, composed by Joannes Gellius a Gellistown, Philosoph. et Med. Doc. who seems to have been fond of congratulatory addresses, as, previous to this, he was also author of an Epithalamium in Nuptias Frederici V. et Elizabethæ, printed at Heidelburg in 1613.—But let us turn from him to a name with which we are more familiar, and not more so than we ought to be; for, whatever Mr Gifford may say to the contrary, we uphold Drummond to be, if not a great historian, at least a poet of exquisite sensibility. When stupidity is trampled on, it remains in the mire; but genius re-assumes its native superiority. Such has been the fate of Drummond's writings, and they illustrate the motto which he has prefixed to the poem of "Forth Feasting," in this collection; "A Virtute orta occidunt rarius." The poem was presented by Drummond in person; but whether recited or not, we are not informed. We extract the following as specimens:

"Let others boast of blood and spoyles of foes,
Fierce rapines, murders, Iliads of woes,
Of hated pompe, and trophæes reared faire,
Gore-spangled ensignes streaming in the aire,
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The Gadian the souldiour of Aurore,
Vnhappie vasatrie! to enlarge their bounds,
Which charge themselves with cares, their friends with wounds,
Which have no law to their ambitious will,
But (man-plagues) borne are human blood to spill:
Thou a true victor art, sent from above
What others straine by force to gaine by loue,
World-wandring fame this prayse to thee imparts,
To bee the onlie monarch of all hearts.
They many feare who are of many fear'd,
And kingdomes got by wrongs by wrongs are tear'd,

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Such throneasablood doth raise blood throweth downe,
No guard so sure as loue vnto a crowne."

Notwithstanding its animation and poetical merit, the following is in a strain of hyperbole, which, at the present day, would hardly be tolerated.

"The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,
Blow, golden, purple flowres, shall to thee bring,
Pomona's fruits the paniskes, Thetis gyrles,
Thy Thulys amber, with the ocean pearles,
The Tritons, beards-men of the glassie field,
Shall give thee what farre-distant shores can yeald,
The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gemmes,
Vaste Platas silver, gold of Peru streames,
Antarticke parrots, Æthiopian plumes,
Sabean odours, myrrhe, and sweet perfumes:
And I myselfe, wrapt in a watchet gowne,
Of reedes and lillies on mine head a crowne,
Shall incense to thee burne, greene altars raise,
And yearly sing due pæans to thy praise."

The same poem may be found in the folio edition of the Collected Works of Drummond, published at Edinburgh in 1711, p. 35.

On the King's entering Edinburgh by the West Port, on 16th May, the city deputed "Mr Johne Hay, their clerk deputie," to make an oration in their name, and on their behalf. Master Johne proved himself no mere man of straw, and one whose diffidence would not overcome him on the day of trial, as may be guessed at from the following passage in his speech—

"This is that happie day of our newbirth, ever to be retained in fresh memorie, with consideration of the goodnesse of th' Almightie God, considered with acknowledgement of the same, acknowledged with admiration, admired with love, and loved with joy; wherein our eyes beheld the greatest humaine felicitie our harts could wish, which is to feide vpon the royall countenance of our true Phœnix, the bright starre of our northerne firmament, the ornament of our age, wherein wee are refreshed, yea revived with the heat and bright beames of our sun, (the powerful adamant of our wealth) by whose removing from our hemispheere, we were darkned, deepe sorrow and feare possessing our hearts, (without envying of your M. happiness and felicitie,) our places of sobsee ever giving a newe heat to the fever of the languishing remembrance of our happinesse: The verie hilles and groves, accustomed of before to be refreshed with the dewe of your M. presence, not putting on their wounted apparell; but with pale lockes representing their miserie for the departure of their Royal King."

He must have presumed on the King possessing a voracious swallow, when he afterwards declared his conviction that he was "in heart as upright as David, wise as Solomon, and godlie as Josias." The Sovereign was here also deluged with Latin and Greek poems, by Thomas Hopæus, Henricus Charteris, Patricius Nisbetus, Jacobus Sandilandius, Patricius Sandæus, Thomas Synserfius, David Primrosius, Thomas Nicolsonus, Alexander Peirsonus, Nicolaus Udward, Andreas Fuorius, Jacobus Reid, Johannes Rayus, Jacobus Fairlie, and fifty others, all learned men in their day; but (alas! how are the mighty fallen,) all now forgotten and unknown! The university presented a pithy Latin oration—at the palace of Falkland, a long Latin poem was recited—and compositions, in Latin and English, were produced at Kinnaird, particularly by Joannes Leochæus, and Alexander Craig of Rose-craig. The town-clerk of Dondie also made a notable speech, and two Latin poems were, at same time, there presented.

At "the Palace of Dalkeith," the "Philomela Dalkeithensis" welcomed him in eight Latin poems; and when "his Majestie's happie nativitie was celebrate on the xix of *Junii*, in the Castle of Edinburgh," a speech was delivered to him in Hebrew by Andrew Kerr, a boy of nine years of age. We had always imagined Mr Odoherty as having been the most wonderful instance of precocity that ever lived, but we doubt that he has here found a tough rival. As the Ensign is Scottish by the mother's side, we doubt not that, with proper case, he may trace back Andrew to have been a lineal ancestor of his own, more especially as talents are often hereditary in families.

At Stirling, the King was welcomed in an elaborate speech by "Master Robert Murray, commissar there," who, towards the conclusion of his address, has the following words—

"This towne, though shee may iustlie waunt of her naturall beautie and impregnable situation, the one occasioned by the laberynths of the delightsome Forth, with the deliciousnes of her valayes, and the heards of deare in her park; the other by the statlie rock on which shee is raised; though shee may esteeme herself famous by worthy founders, reedifiers, and the enlargers of her manie privileiges; Agricola, who in the dayes of Galdus fortified he

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Kenneth the Secund, who heere encamped and raised the Picts, Malcolme the Secund, Alexander the First, William the Lyon; yet doeth shee esteme this her onlie glorie and worthiest praise, that shee was the place of your M. education, that these sacred brows, which now beare the weightie diademes of three invincible nations, were empalled with their first heere: And that this day the only man of kings, and the worthiest king of men, on whom the eye of heaven glaunceth, deignes (a just reward of all these cares and toyles which followed your cradle) to visit her. Now her burgesses, as they have ever bein to your M. ancestors obedient and loyall, they here protest and depose to offer wp their fortunes, and sacrifice their lives in maintenance and defence of your sacred person and royall dignitie, and that they shall ever continue thus to your worthie progenie; but long long may you live. And let ws still importune the Almightie

"That your happy dayes may not be done,
Till the great comming of his Sonne,
And that your wealth, your joyes, and peace,
May as your raigne and yeares increase.
Amen."

This was surely enough for one day, but the good people of Stirling thought otherwise; and some thousands of hexameter verses were thrust into the King's hand.

Perth, otherways called Sainct-Johnes-towne, was determined not to be beat, and they deputed "Johne Stewart, marchant burgesse" of the said burgh, to give his Majesty a specimen of their loyalty, and their oratory. After enumerating all the benefits bestowed by royal favour on Perth, he concludes in the following delectable strain—

"Wee, your maiesties ever-loyall subjects, the citizens of Perth, as heretofore wee have bein alwayes readie to serve your highnes to the last gasp, being earnest with God for your owne long, and your seed's everlasting reigne over ws in peace; so now praying Almightie God, that your majestie may shyne in the firmament of these kingdomes like Josua's sunne in Gibeon, there to dowble the naturall dyett of man's abode vpon earth, with the citizens of Jerusalem, who gaue a shoute to the heaven for joy of King David his returne home unto the citie after his long absence, wee bid your Majestie most hartlie welcome home againe to your ancient kingdome and cradle, Scotland, and to this the hart thereof, your Maiesties Peniel Perth."

Then follows the Perth poetry. Amaryllis expostulates and exults with his Majesty, in two eclogues of the longest. The very bridge gets a tongue for the occasion, in the person of Henricus Andersonus, and wheedles the King for a subsidy with most courtier-like dexterity. We cannot resist a part of the complaint—

"Maxime Rex, nostri solatia maxima luctus,
O toties casus commiserate meos.
Maximus ille ego sum Pons, et modò maximus amnis
Se pronum in gremio volvit, agitque meo.
Ipse per undenos jacui minùs vtilis annos:
Nunc lacer in mediis semirefectus aquis.
Solus eras, animo qui me miseratus amico,
Contuleras census Regia dona tui."

Nor the remedy appositely alluded to by the honest bridge, in the concluding lines—

"Me tibi, me patriæ, simul et mihi redde, meisque;
Vt merear titulis justa trophæa meis.
Subsidii expectantissimus
Pons Perthanus."

The indefatigable Johannes Stewartus, not content with the dazzling display of his oratory, pours out a long poetical dialogue between Scotia and Genius; and, after Alexander and Henricus Adamides, and Adamus Andersonus have sung till they are tired, the Musæ Perthnenses are winded up by Εγκωμιαζικὴν, auctore Georgio Stirkeo, who, to give him his due, fairly puts to shame all ideas of relationship, either with stirks or stots, which his name might suggest.

As might have been expected, "The City of Sainct Androes" was not deficient in the demonstrations of their loyalty and learning. Maister Harie Danskin, schoolmaister thereof "held forth in a Latin oration, whose prolixity must have wholly excused his Majesty, if he took a nap towards the middle of it, and whose pedantic and fulsome panegyric would have made any countenance, short of one framed of solid brass, to blush scarlet. We can almost conceive with what ineffable delight, and self-gratulatiôn, the pedagogue signed himself "Henricus Danskenius, Civitatis Andreannæ orator, et Juventutis ibidem, moderator." This exhibition of oratory was surely enough for one day, but the wisdom of the University thought otherwise; and, as his Majesty was hastening from his seat of suffering to the great church, (whether seeking sanctuary or not, we are uninformed,) he was met at the very porch, with another torrent of Latin eloquence, by Dr Bruce, rector of the University, who,

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on concluding, presented as many Latin and Greek verses, good, bad, and indifferent, as would suffice to fill a decent twelve shillings octavo. Even this was not enough; they could not think of the King's departure, while a single vestige of doubt could possibly remain in his mind, as to their wonderful acquirements. They accordingly held "Theses Theologicæ de Potestate Principis," with great parade of logic and learning; and, (not to let the King escape without a compliment,) we are informed, that when any difficulty, worthy of regal solution occurred, that is to say, when the Principal and Professors were fairly baffled, his Majesty interfered, and so successfully, "ut omnes (qui et plurimi et dictissimi interfuerant) auditores in summam rapuerit admirationem."

Philosophical problems, on a subsequent day, were also propounded, no doubt, to the great illumination of his Majesty, who departed for Stirling, where he was met by the whole posse of Professors from Edinburgh, Adamson, Fairlie, Sands, Young, Reid, King, &c. who spouted their philosophical theses by the hour. The King, when at supper the same night, is said to have produced the following jeu d'esprit in compliment to them, which is fully as good as any dusty metaphysics he got from them, and certainly far more ingenious:—

"As Adam was the first of men, whence all beginning tak,
So Adamson was president, and first man in this Act.
The Theses Fairlie did defend, which thogh they lies contein,
Yet were *fair lies*, and he the same right *fairlie* did maintein.
The feild first entred Master Sands, and there he made me see,
That not all Sands are barren Sands, but that some fertile bee.
Then Master Young most subtilie the Theses did impugne,
And kythed old in Aristotle, althogh his name bee Young.
To him succeeded Master Reid, who, thogh *reid* be his name,
Neids neither for his disput blush, nor of his speach think shame.
Last entred Master King the lists, and dispute like a King,
How Reason, reigning as a Queene, shuld anger vnder-bring.
To their deserved praise have I thus playd upon their names,
And wiss their colledge hence be called, the Colledge of KING JAMES."

His Majesty having arrived at the city, which was then called Glasgow, and now the West Country, Mr William Hay of Barro, delivered a most luminous oration, which, however, the sight of such a splendid cavalcade very nearly made him fall through, as he fairly confesses.—

"Seing euerie thing heere about mee magnificent, high, and glorious, I am become like one tutched with a Torpedo, or seen of a Woulfe; and my words, as affrayed, ar loath to come out of my mouth; but it shall be no dishonour to mee to succombe in that for the which few or none can be sufficientlie able."

But he afterwards cheers up, and proceeds in the following strain, which we boldly stake against the finest things ever uttered by Counsellor Phillips:—

"O, day! worthie to bee marked with the most orient and brightest pearls of Inde, or with them which that enamoured Queen of Nile did macerat to her valorous as vnfortunat lover! O, day, more glorious (becaus without blood) then that in which, at the command of that imperious captain, the sune stayed his course, and forgot the other hemisphere! Thou hast brought vs againe our prince, by three diadems more glorious than hee was in that last day, when with bleeding harts and weeping eyes wee left him. Those who never looked on our horizon but as fatall comets, nor ever did visit vs but heavie with armes, and thirstie of blood—Thou, O day! as benigne planets, friends, and compatriots, bringest vnto vs."

When he concludes, forward steps Master Robertus Bodius, in the name of the University, and delivers a glorious Latin speech, copiously interspersed with Greek quotations, and concluding with the words, "Amen. Amen. Vivat Rex Jacobus in æternum."

The Glasgow scholars were not deficient in their turn, but thundered forth Latin poems, signed Robertus Blarus, and Greek congratulations, ending with David Dicksonus.

Paisley would appear to have been a city, noted for its extensive literature even at this remote era of our history; and, what is still more remarkable, their knowledge appears to have come to them by intuition; a great proof of which is exhibited in the volume before us, wherein is a clever oration, delivered in the Earl of Abercorn's great hall, "by a prettie boy, Williame Semple," which commences with the following noble similie:—

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"A graver orator, Sir, would better become so great an action, as to welcome our great and most gratious soveraine; and a bashfull silence were a boye's best eloquence. But seeing wee read, that in the salutations of that Romane Cæsar, a sillie pye, amongst the rest, cried, *Ave Cæsar*, to: Pardon mee, Sir, your M. owne old parret, to put furth a few words, as witnesses of the fervent affections of your most faithfull subjects in these parts, who all by my tongue, as birds of one cage, crye with mee, *Ave Cæsar, Welcome most gratious Kinge.*"

When Master Williame had made an end of speaking, another good thousand hexameters were produced in the shape of a Carmen Panegyricum.

At Hamilton, Sir William Mure, younger of Rowallan, presented a copy of English verses, which, in despite of their quaintness and classical affectation, (which, it would appear, were characteristic of the times,) possess no mean degree of poetical merit. We quote the following stanzas as a specimen:—

"Great JAMES, whose hand a thre-fold seepter swayes,
By heavens exalted to so high a place,
Both crown'd with gold and never-fading bayes,
Who keps three kingdoms in so still a peace;
Whose love, cair, wisdome, grace, and high deserts,
Have maid thee monarch of thy subjects' harts.
"Thogh thou by armes great empyrs may'st surprise,
Mak Europe thrall, and over Asia reigne,
Yet at thy feet, despysed, Bellona lyes:
No crownes thou craves which bloody conquesis stain.
While others aim at greatness boght with blood,
Not to bee great thou stryves, bot to bee good.
"Whome snakie hatred, soul-conceiv'd disdaine,
Hart-rooted rancos, envy borne in hell,
Did long in long antipathie detaine,
To either's ruine, as they both can tell,
Uniting them, thou hast enlarged thy throne,
And maid devyded Albion all bee one."

At Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig, his Majesty was also greeted in Latin poems; and, returning by Dumfries to his English dominions, Mr James Halyday, in the name of the town, scattered the flowers of rhetoric on the King's head, with a most lavish hand.

To the "Muses Welcome to King James, on his return to Scotland," are appended the "Planctus, et Vota Musarum in Augustissimi Monarchæ Jacobi, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regis, &c. Recessu è Scotia in Angliam, Augusti 4, Anno 1617, Ὦς ἀπόλοιο πανδίκαιον ἐς λαμπρὰν τύχαν! Edinburgi, Excudebat Andreas Hart, Anno 1618." It is a collection of Latin poems, equally honourable to the loyal feelings, and to the erudition of our ancestors, but of which our limits preclude us from exhibiting any specimen.

But we must make an end. What we have said and quoted is sufficient to convince our cotemporaries, both here and in Dublin, that it may be as difficult to imitate the expressions of the loyalty of King James's time, as it was at the Coronation of George IV., to find patterns for the dresses of that age.

When his Majesty visits Scotland, we shall be quite content if the memorials which will probably be compiled of the event, convey to posterity specimens, as honourable, of the genius, the taste, and learning, not only of the universities, but of the merchants, and other civil citizens, as the curious and amusing volume to which we have referred.

REMARKS ON BISHOP CORBET'S POEMS.

We are really the only samples of wit extant, since poor Sheridan departed, —and Canning's Hyppocrene's grown somewhat drowthy; but mighty as our powers may be, we cannot profess to keep the world laughing for ever without some assistance. Our teeth have lost their original whiteness, from being too much exposed from over-grinning; though some will have this to be the due consequences of sexagenary decay. 'Tis a foul aspersion: We have grown old

"In jokes, not years,
Piercing the depths of fun."

If we be wrinkled, 'tis not from age, but risibility. There are two deep trenches (almost) cut in our visage "from mouth to either ear," all through one simple gentleman—the King of the Cockneys; and the other inhabitants

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of that smoky land have all left their marks in our features. We can stand it no longer, for they grow more ridiculous, and we more witty every day. Therefore, we intend, for the future, laughing by proxy; and if the gentle reader know of a wide-mouthed, shrewd, idle fellow of an acquaintance, let him be shipped instantaneously in the City of Edinburgh Steam-Boat, under cover, to Christopher North, Esq. He shall be grinner-general of Auld Reekie, and fugleman to the whole world. For when Christopher or his deputy laughs, who shall be grave?

But seriously, the world is growing very dull. There is not a joke stirring. Even the two giant wits of the sister isle, Norbury and O'Doherty, have become chap-foundered. The Ensign has lost all his powers, since he forswore whisky, and grew good. And his brother-wit has been taken with what the sages of Stephen's Green denominate the *teasy weasy*. The Irish bar has so much changed for the worse, that Charles Philipps himself has betaken his youth and eloquence to Westminster, and English jurors have been lately so bepreached out of bullism by him, as to give upwards of sixpence damages for a broken head. To be sure, the Templars plead very justly in defence of their dullness, that they laugh too much over Blackwood, and have not leisure for original wit. They may mean this as a compliment, but we don't take it as such. We reckon upon such ascendancy as a matter of course, and entreat our worthy young friends, in return, not to be cast down by the excellence of what they can never come in competition with; and warn them, what a reproach it is to be grave with such ridiculous personages cocked up before 'em, as Lawyer Scarlett, and Attorney Brougham.

Physic is no better than law, and has grown as stupid as an inauguration essay. From the top to the bottom of the profession—from Sir Henry Halford, down to Gale Jones and Dr Drumgoole, it is stale, flat, unprof—— No; not always unprofitable. But for the church to acquiesce in the general torpor—the profession of Sterne and Swift—it is a bad sign; "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark."

You know us, my worthy public, for a fellow of open arms. We love you all, as in duty bound, by the laws of reciprocal affection; and therefore beg of you, when we do give you, or any set of you, a box on the ear, to think nothing of it. Suppose us over our third bottle at Oman's, acting the editor over his mahogany, argufying for the bare life, (the more the nonsense, the greater the spunk, as the Adjutant says,) and putting forth our gouty foot foremost to shew our magnanimity.

We are at this moment deeply engaged in a dispute, (we have in full perfection that female faculty of writing and speaking at the same time) about the superior intellectuality of the profession. Our opponent waxes angry, (a general trick of our opponents) and has flung at our head Burke's picture of Grenville, and his eulogium on bar-education. "Bar that!" exclaim we. This was too much;—the super-excellent pun upset him, like a Congreve rocket; and so pleased are we with the victory, and the instrument of it, that we intend shipping a cargo of our worst and most spareable puns on board the next whaler, that we may vie with Sir William, and "leap mast high" at contributing to the slaughter of the monsters of the deep.

But independent of this *ruse*, we had the best of the argument. We maintained, that with respect to the subject matter of study, the professions could not be compared. As to heresies, what so contemptible as Whiggism? With many more sage proofs and vinous reasoning, till we came to issue upon wit and humour, and the tendency of the different modes of life to produce it. The advocate for the pre-eminence of medical wit overpowered us at first with a large catalogue of names we had never heard of—wicked wags of decayed magazines and provincial towns,

> "Now breaking a jest, and now setting a bone."

He was marvellously obstreperous—we heard him out—and turned him out; then fell to ourselves, tooth and nail—surplice against long robe. We came at last to something like a compromise, allowing supereminence to the law in stray jests and Joe Millerisms, while, in supporting a continuous and original vein of humour, we maintained the superiour *vis comica* of divinity, and clinched our proof by an overwhelming lot of names, for any of which we were not much indebted to the present age. Our divines, however learned, sage, and exemplary they may be,

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sadly deficient in fun, and have no longer the humour they used to have. This change may be for the better, we hope so, considering it was ourselves who had the chief hand in producing it. We have out-*witted* the whole world, and there is no use in attempting humour, if it be not equal to Blackwood, which is "a moral impossible." Therefore we are not surprised at the clerics having degenerated in this quality from their predecessors, and we fear there is no hope of seeing a humorous account of the coronation feast issue from the bench of Bishops. It was otherwise of old, as thou shalt know, my public, when you come to it.

We trust, that we have thus far satisfactorily illustrated the genius and writings of Bishop Corbet,—proved the anachronisms of his biographers, the negligence of his editors, and the malice of his enemies; and thrown that light upon his real character, of which he has been so long and so unjustly deprived. Mr Octavius Gilchrist, who last edited this reverend poet——but we must not weigh down our buoyant publication with squabbles about editors and editions. To make a long story short, Dr Corbet, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was present in Windsor, not at a coronation feast, but something very like it, seemingly an installation of the Garter, about two hundred years ago, and has left a humorous account of it in a poetic epistle to the Lord Mordaunt. Our readers may judge for themselves, what little alteration two centuries have made in royal feasts and beef-eaters.

"To this good sport rode I, as being allow'd
To see the King, and cry him in the crowd,
And at all solemn meetings have the grace
To thrust, and to be trode on by my place."

The Bishop proceeds: he must have made a slight mistake of Windsor for Westminster, and of the 17th for the 19th century.

"Imagine now the scene lies in the Hall,
(For at high noon we are recusants all,)
The church is empty as the bellies were
Of the spectators that had languished there;
And now the favourites of the Clerk o' the Check,
Who oft had groan'd, and stretch'd out many a neck,
'Twixt morn and evening, the dull feeders on
Patience and the Raysins of the Sun;
They who lived in the Hall five hours at least,
As if 'twere an arraignment, not a feast;
And look so like the hangings they stand near,
None could discern which the true pictures were;
These now shall be refreshed; whiles the bold drum
Strikes up his frolic, through the Hall they come," &c.

"So to the Hall made I, with little care
To praise the dishes, or to taste the fare;
Much less t'endanger the least tart or pye
By any waiter there stolen and set by;
But to compute the value of the meat,
Which was for glory, not for hunger eat;
Nor did I fear *Stand back!* who pass'd before
The Presence, or the Privy-chamber door;
But woe is me, the guard, (those men of war,
But two weapons do use, beef and the bar,)
Began to gripe me, knowing not in truth
That I had sung *John Dory* in my youth,
Or that I knew the day that I could chaunt
Chivie, and *Arthur*, or the *Siege of Gaunt*;
And though these be the virtues which must try
Who is most worthy of their courtesy,
They profited me nothing, *or no notes*
Will move them, now they're deaf in their new coats;

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Wherefore on run I, afresh they fall, and show
Themselves more active than before, as though
They had some wager laid, and did contend
Who should abuse me furthest at arms-end:
One I remember with a grizled beard,
And better grown than any of the herd," &c.
" This Ironsides takes hold, and suddenly
Hurls me, by judgment of the standers by,
Some twelve foot by the square; takes me again,
Out-throws half a bar; and thus we twain
At this hot exercise an hour had spent,
He the fierce agent, I the instrument:
My man began to rage, but I cry'd, ' Peace,
When he is dry or hungry, he will cease;
Peace for the Lord's sake, Nicholas, lest they take us,
And use as worse than Hercules did Cacus.'
And now I breathe, my lord, and have the time
To tell the causes, and confess the crime;
I was in black—a scholar straight they guess'd:
Indeed I colour'd for it; at the least,
I spake them fair, desired to see the Hall,
And gave 'em reasons for it, this was all:
By which I learn, it is a main offence,
So near the Clerk o' the Check to utter sense," &c.

" Much more good service was committed yet,
Which I in such a tumult must forget;
But shall I smother that prodigious fit,
Which past in clear invention and pure wit?
As thus, a nimble knave, though somewhat fat,
Strikes on my head, and fairly steals my hat.
Another breaks a jest, yet 'twas not much,
Although the clamour and applause were such,
As when Sir Archy, or Garrat, doth provoke 'em.
And with wide laughter and a cheat-loaf choak 'em,
What was the jest, d'ye ask? I dare repeat it,
And put it home before ye shall entreat it;
He call'd me *Bloxford-man*; confess I must,
'Twas bitter; and it grieved me in a thrust,
That most ingrateful word *Bloxford* to hear
From him whose breath yet stunk of Oxford beer.
But let it pass, for I have now pass'd through
Their halberds, (and worse weapons,) their teeth, too,
And of a worthy officer was invited
To dine, who all their rudness hath requited," &c.

" But as it stands, the persons and the cause
Consider'd all, my manners and their laws,
'Tis no affliction to me, for even thus
St Paul hath fought with beasts at Ephesus,
And I at Windsor; let this comfort then
Rest with all able and deserving men:
He that will please the guard, and not provoke
Court-wits, must sell his learning, buy a cloak:
' For at all feasts and masques the doom hath been,
A man thrust forth, and a gay cloak let in.'"

The author of " The Specimens of British Poets," has summarily given the merits of this author, saying merely, " that he has left some good strokes of humour against the Puritans." In our opinion, the only bad things he has left, are those little ballads against the Puritans; the wittiest of his poems, his Journey to France, quoted by that author of the Specimen, is a satire on the

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Roman Catholics, which, as it has appeared there, we need not give. The "*Iter Boreale*" abounds in humour. Inns, hosts, and hostess, have always been fruitful sources of merriment to travelling wits.

"To the inn we came, where our best cheer
Was that his Grace of York had lodged there.
He was objected to us when we call,
Or dislike aught, my lord's grace answers all;
He was contented with this bed, this diet,
This keeps our discontented stomachs quiet," &c.

"The shot was easy, and what concerns us more,
The way was so, mine host did ride before;
Mine host was full of ale and history;
And on the morrow, when he brought us nigh
Where the two * Roses join'd, you would suppose,
Chaucer ne'er writ the Romant of the Rose.
Hear him—'See ye yond' woods? there Richard lay
With his whole army; look the other way,
And lo, where Richmond, in a bed of gorse,
Incamp'd himself o'er night with all his force—
Upon this hill they met.' Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell;
Besides, what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play;
Which I might guess by's mustering up the ghosts,
And policies, not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
When he mistook a player for a king;
For when he would have said, King Richard died,
And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cried.
Howe'er, his talk, his company pleas'd well,
His mare went truer than his chronicle;
And even for conscience-sake, unspurr'd, unbeaten,
Brought us six miles, and turn'd tail to Nun-Eaton."

He proceeds to Warwick, apropos to which reverend place, we may make mention of sundry complaints received by us from thence, of some cockneys, who visited it about two months ago in a one-horse *chay*, and spoiled the trees in the greenery, by engraving on them Arry and Mariar, and plucking laurels, for what end we dare not conjecture. But to our Bishop.

"No other hindrance now, but we may pass
Clear to our Inn;—Oh! there an hostess was,
To whom the castle and the dun cow are
Sights after dinner, she is morning ware;
Her whole behaviour borrow'd was and mixt,
Half-fool, half-puppet, and her pace betwixt
Measure and jigge; her court'sie was an honour,
Her gait as if her neighbours had out-gone her.
She was barr'd up in whalebone, that did lease
None of the whales' length, for they reach'd her knees;
Off with her head, and then she hath a middle,
As her waste stands just like the new-found fiddle,
The favourite Theorbo, truth to tell ye,
Whose neck and throat are deeper than the belly.
Have you seen monkeys chain'd about the loins,
Or pottle-pots with rings? just so she joins
Herself together; a dressing she doth love,
In a small print below, and text above." &c.

* Bosworth Field.

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We shall quote but one more poem of the witty Bishop's; and this we recommend to the serious attention of that learned body, The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, cock-a-hoop, as they must be, from the Royal visit. Indeed we know how much the slightest hint promulgated in these pages would influence them; and we feel particularly flattered by Dr Kyle's following our advice in discountenancing The Historical Society. The important piece we recommend, is entitled "A certain Poem, as it was presented in Latin by divines and others, before his Majesty in Cambridge, by way of interlude, styled Liber Novus de Adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam, faithfully done into English, with some liberal additions."

"It is not yet a fortnight since
Lutetia entertain'd our prince,
And vented hath a studied toy,
As long as was the siege of Troy,
And spent herself for full five days,
In speeches, exercise, and plays.

To trim the town, great care before
Was ta'en by the Lord Vice-Chancellour;
Both morn and even he clean'd the way;
The streets he gravell'd thrice a-day:
One strike of March dust for to see,
No proverb would give more than he.

Their colleges were new be-painted,—
Their founders eke were new be-sainted;
Nothing escaped, nor post, nor door,
Nor gate, nor rail, nor bawd, nor ——
You could not know (O strange mishap!)
Whether you saw the town or map.

But the pure House of Emanuel
Would not be like proud Jesabel,
Nor shew herself before the King
An hypocrite or painted thing;
But that the ways might all prove fair,
Conceived a tedious mile of prayer.

Upon the look'd-for seventh of March,
Out went the townsmen all in starch,
Both band and beard, into the field,
Where one a speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his style,
The King being from him half a mile.

They gave the King a piece of plate,
Which they hoped never came too late;
But cry'd, Oh! look not in, Great King,
For there is in it just nothing;
And so preferr'd with tune and gait,
A speech as empty as their plate.

Now as the King came near the town,
Each one ran crying up and down,
Alas, poor Oxford! thou'rt undone,
For now the King's past Trompington,
And rides upon his braw gray dapple,
Seeing the top of King's College Chappel.

Next rode his lordship on a nag,
Whose coat was blue, whose ruff was shag,
And then began his reverence
To speak most eloquent nonsense:
See how, (quoth he,) most mighty Prince,
For very joy my horse doth wince.

What cries the town? what we? (said he,)
What cries the University?
What cry the boys? what, every thing?
Behold, behold, yond' comes the King!
And every period he bedecks
With *Ecn et Ecce venit Rex.*

Oft have I warn'd (quoth he) our dirt,
That no silk stockings should be hurt;
But we in vain strive to be fine,
Unless your Grace's sun doth shine,
And with the beams of your bright eye,
You will be pleased our streets to dry.

Now come we to the wonderment
Of Christendom, and eke of Kent,
The Trinity, which to surpass,
Doth deck her spokesman by a glass,
Who, clad in gay and silken weeds,
Thus opes his mouth, hark, how he speeds!

I wonder what your Grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve year,
And this your son, fair Carolus,
Who is so *Jacobissimus*:
Here's none, of all, your Grace refuses,
You are most welcome to the Muses.

Although we have no bells to jangle,
Yet we can show a fair quadrangle,
Which, though it ne'er was graced with King,
Yet sure it was a goodly thing;
My warning's short, no more I'll say,
Soon you shall see a gallant play.

But nothing was so much admired
As were their plays so well attired;
Nothing did win more praise of mine,
Than did their acting most divine;
So did they drink their healths divinely,
So did they dance and skip so finely.

Their plays had sundry grave wise factors,
A perfect diocess of actors
Upon the stage; for I am sure that
There were both bishop, pastor, curate;
Nor was their labour light or small,
The charge of some was *pastoral.*

Our plays were certainly much worse,
For they had a brave hobby-horse,
Which did present unto his grace,
A wond'rous witty ambling pace.
But we were chiefly spoil'd by that
Which was six hours of, *God knows what.*

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Now pass we to the Civil Law,
And eke the Doctors of the Spaw,
Who all perform'd their parts so well,
Sir Edward Ratcliff bore the bell,
Who was, by the King's own appointment,
To speak of spells and magic oyntment.

The Doctors of the Civil Law
Urged ne'er a reason worth a straw;
And though they went in silk and sattin,
They, Thomson-like, clipp'd the King's Latine;
But yet his Grace did pardon them
All treason against Priscian.

Here no man spake ought to the point,
But all they said was out of joint;
Just like the chappel ominous,
I'the College called *God with us*,
Which truly doth stand much awry,
Just north and south, yes verily.

Philosophers did well their parts,
Which proved them masters of their arts;
Their Moderator was no fool,
He far from Cambridge kept a school;
The country did such store afford,
The Proctors might not speak a word.

But to conclude—the King was pleased,
And of the court the town was eased;
Yet, Oxford, though, (dear sister) hark yet,
The King is gone but to Newmarket,
And comes again ere it be long,
Then you may make another song.

The King being gone from Trinity,
They make a scramble for degree;
Masters of all sorts, and all ages,
Keepers, subcizers, lacqueys, pages,
Who all did throng to come aboard,
With "*Pray, now make me, good my lord.*"

They press'd his lordship wondrous hard,
His lordship then did want the guard;
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Until he blest them all at once,
And cry'd, *Hodiissimè*
Omnes Magistri estote.

Nor is this all which we do sing,
For of your praise the world must ring;
Reader, unto your tackling look,
For there is coming forth a book,
Will spoil *Joseph Barnesius*
The sale of *Rex Platonicus.*

To this Cantab felicitation we subjoin two effusions from Limerick and Cork, the harbingers of a joyous series, expressive of the loyal commotion which agitates the Green Isle.

ODE ON THE KING'S LANDING IN IRELAND,

TWELFTH AUGUST, MDCCCXXI.

By John Howley, Esq. of Garry Owen.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day;
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.

SPENSER. *Epithalamion.*

PROŒMIUM.

1.

The poet flabbergasted by anc strange apparition.

As I was sitting on the Shannon side,
Lull'd by the sound of that majestic flood,
A horseman on a sudden I espied,
Galloping by as quickly as he could;
I hail'd him, but he slacken'd not his pace,
Still urging on his steed, a gallant grey,
Until he past me, then he turn'd his face
Back towards his horse's tail, and thus did say,—
"I ride express with news to strike you dumb,
"Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth is come!"

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2.

He scarce had spoken, ere away he pass'd
  Out of my sight as rapid as a bird,
And left me there in much amazement cast,
  Looking, perhaps, in some degree absurd;
The noble river rolling calmly by,
  The horse, the hasty rider, all did seem,
Even to the vision of my outward eye,
  Like the thin shadowy figments of a dream;
I felt, in short, as Wordsworth did, when he
Chanced the leech gatherer on the moor all by himself to see.

Which leaveth him in ane awkward doldrum, after the manner of W. Wordsworth, Esq.

3.

By the exertion of judicious thought,
  At last I from this mental trance awoke,
Marvelling much how in that lonely spot,
  Upon my eyes so strange a vision broke;
From the green bank immediately I went,
  And into Limerick's ancient city sped;
During my walk, with puzzled wonderment
  I thought on what the rapid horseman said;
And, as is commonly the case, when I
Feel any way oppress'd in thought, it made me very dry.

Shaketh it off, and marcheth homewards.

4.

When I arrived in brick-built George's Street,
  Instinctively I there put forth my hand
To where a bottle, stored with liquid sweet,
  Did all upon an oaken table stand;
Then turning up my little finger strait,
  I gazed like *Docter Brinkley on the sky,
Whence heavenly thought I caught—pure and elate
  Of holy harpings of deep poesy;
And, ere a moment its brief flight could wing,
I threw the empty bottle down, to chaunt about the King.

Turneth stargazer.

ODE.

1.

A very glorious day this is indeed!
  This is indeed a very glorious day!
For now our gracious monarch will proceed
  On Irish ground his royal foot to lay.
Rejoice then, O my country, in a tide
  Of buoyant, foaming, overflowing glee;
As swells the porter o'er the gallon's side,
  So let your joy swell up as jovially;
Shout, great and little people, all and some,
Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has come!

He calleth upon Ireland to rejoice in the fashion of a pot of porter.

2.

Come down, ye mountains, bend your numbsculls low,
  Ye little hills run capering to the shore,
Now on your marrow bones, all in a row,
  From all your caves a royal welcome roar.

Inviteth the mountains to ane saraband.

---

* Professor of Astronomy, in T. C. D.

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Howth is already at the water-side,
Such is that loyal mountain's duteous haste;
Come then to join him, come with giant stride,
Come, I repeat, there's little time to waste;
In your best suits of green depart from home,
For now our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has come!

3.

Maketh of them ane catalogue most musical.

Down should dispatch Morne's snowy-vested peaks,
And Tipperary, *Knocksheogowna's hill,
Kerry, the great Macgillycuddys reeks,
Cork, the Galtees, studded with many a still,
Gallop from Wicklow, Sugarloaf the sweet!
From Wexford, bloody Vinegar† the sour!
Croagh‡ must be there, from whose conspicuous seat
St Patrick made the snakes from Ireland scour,—
All, all should march, tramp off to beat of drum,
For now our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has come!

4.

A word of advice to the rivers, in the style of Master Edmund Spenser, late of Kilcolman.

Rivers, dear rivers, in meandring roll,
Move to your Sovereign merrily along;
Ye whom the mighty minstrel of old Mole §
Has all embalmed in his enchanting song;
Liffey shall be your spokesman, roaring forth
A very neat Address from either Bull,‖
While all the rest of you, from south to north,
Shall flow around in currents deep and full,
Murmuring¶ beneath your periwigs of foam—
"Our Monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has come!"

5.

Ancient lakes.

Killarney sulkily remains behind,
Thinking the King should come to wait on her;
And if he wont, she swears with sturdy mind,
That not one step to visit him she'll stir.
But all the other loughs, where'er they be,
From mighty Neagh,** the stone-begetting lake,
To Corrib, Swilly, Gara, Dearg, or Rea,
Or Goognun-Barra,†† when the Lee doth take

---

* Which being interpreted, signifies, the hill of the fairy calf; there is many a story about it.

† Vinegar Hill, where a decisive battle was fought in 1798, with the rebels, who were totally defeated.

‡ Croagh-Patrick, in Mayo.

§ Spenser, who dwelt beneath old father Mole,

(Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the north side of Armulla vale.)
Collin Clout's come home again.

He has catalogued our rivers in the Fairy Queen, B. 4. Cant. 2. St. 40-44.

‖ In Dublin Bay are two sand banks, called the North and South Bulls. Not far from them is a village called Ring's-End, which gives occasion to the facete to say, that you enter Dublin between two bulls and a blunder.

¶ Something Homeric—

ωτεὶ δὲ ῥόος Ὠκεανῖο
Ἀφρῷ μορμύρων ῥέει.—Κ. 2.

** Est aliud stagnum quod facit ligna dunrescere in lapides; homines autem findunt ligna, et postquam formaverunt in eo usque ad caput anni, et in capite anni lapis invenitur, et vocatur Loch-Each, ac (Lough Neagh.) See Mirab. Hib.

†† *i. e.* The hermitage of St Finbar, who lived there as a recluse. He was first Bishop of Cork. It is a most beautiful and romantic lake, containing a pretty island. It is a great place of pilgrimage.

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Its lovely course, join in the general hum—
"Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has
come!"

6.

O ye blest bogs,* true sons of Irish soil,
How can I e'er your loyal zeal express?
You have already risen, despising toil,
And travell'd up, your Sovereign to address.
Clara has led the way, immortal bog,
Now Kilmalady follows in his train;
Allen himself must soon to join them jog
From Geashil barony, with might and main,
In turfy thunders, shouting as they roam,
"Our Sovereign has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has
come!"

Lealty of the bogs.

7.

Ha! what's this woeful thumping that I hear?
Oh! 'tis the Giant's Causeway moving on,
Heavily pacing, with a solemn cheer,
On clumsy hoofs of basalt octagon.
(Gigantic wanderer! lighter be your tramp,
Or you may press our luckless cities down:
'Twould be a pity, if a single stamp
Smash'd bright Belfast—sweet linen-vending town.)
Why have you travelled from your sea-beat dome?
"Because our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has
come!"

Ane caution to the Giant's Causeway not to tread upon the learned weavers of Belfast.

8.

Last slopes in, sailing from the extremest south,
Gallant Cape Clear, a most tempestuous isle;
Certain am I, that when she opes her mouth,
She will harangue in oratoric style.
So North, and South, and East, and West combine,
† Ulster, and Connaught, Leinster, Munster, Meath,
To hail the King, who, first of all his line,
Was ever seen old Ireland's sky beneath.
All shall exclaim, for none shall there be mum,
"Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has
come!"

Shewing how Cape Clear becometh ane Marcus Tullius.

L'Envoy.

1.

How living people joy, I shall not tell,
Else I should make my song a mile in length;
Plebeian bards that theme may answer well,
Chaunting their lays with pertinacious strength:
They may describe how all, both man and beast,
Have in the general glee respective shares;
How equal merriment pervades the breast
Of sharks and lawyers—asses and Lord Mayors—
Of whelps and dandies—orators and geese—
In short, of every living thing, all in their own degrees.

Mocke commendation on various folk.

---

* Every body has heard of the movements of the Irish bogs.
† The five ancient kingdoms of Ireland.

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Wherein it is earnestly requested of the poets of Dublin, not to slay the King after the fashion of Ankerstroms or Ravillac.

But ye remorseless rhymesters, spare the King!
Have some compassion on your own liege Lord!
Oh! it would be a most terrific thing
Were he to death by Dublin poets bored.
See three sweet singers out of College bray,
And all the aldermen have hired a bard,
The Castle, too, its ode, I ween, will pay,
And the newspapers have their pens prepared.
Be silent, then, and mute, ye unpaid fry!
Let none attempt to greet the King, save such great bards as I.

A WELCOME TO

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH,

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN IRELAND,

MDCCCXXI.

My dear sir,—As I lifted up my voice, and wept over the great national calamity which overspread my native land last year, (I need not say the death of Sir Daniel,) I think it right to rejoice now in the general joy of Ireland at the arrival of the King. I choose the same metre as that which I used in the Luctus, it being, as Beattie well observes of the Spenserian stanza, equally adapted to the grave and the gay. Of course, as before, I recommend it to be sung by my old friend Terry Magrath. The Director at the corner will be saying every where that it was he who wrote this song, or at least that he connived at it, but don't believe him, it being all excogitated by

My dear sir,
Your's till death us do part,
R. D. R.

Cork Institution, *Aug.* 1, 1821.

A WELCOME TO HIS MAJESTY.

[*Tune*—Groves of Blarney.]

Synoptical Analysis for the Benefit of Young Persons studying this Song.

Stanza I. Welcome in general; in the following verses the specific excellencies of Ireland are stated. Stanza II. 1. National meat and drink and valour. Stanza III. 2. National riot in a superior stlye. Stanza IV. 3. National music. Stanza V. 4. National oratory. Stanza VI. 5. National gallantry. Stanzas VII. and VIII. National uproariousness. All these offered for the diversion of the King.

You're welcome over, my royal rover,
Coming in clover to Irish ground,
You'll never spy land, like this our island,
Lowland or Highland, up or down!
Our hills and mountains, our streams and fountains,
Our towns and cities all so bright,
Our salt-sea harbours, our grass-green arbours,
Our greasy larders will glad your sight.

2.

'Tis here you'll eat, too, the gay potato,
Being a root to feed a king;
And you'll get frisky upon our whisky,
Which, were you dumb, would make you sing;

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And you'll see dashers, and tearing slashers,
  Ready to face ould Beelzebub,
Or the devil's mother, or any other
  Person whom you'd desire to drub.

3.

Just say the word, and you'll see a riot
  Got up so quiet, and polite,
At any minute you'd please to wish it,
  Morning or evening, noon or night.
I'll lay a wager, no other nation
  Such recreation to you could show,
As us all fighting with great good manners,
  Laying one another down so low.

4.

And as for music, 'tis you'll be suited
  With harp or bagpipe, which you please;
With woeful melting, or merry lilting,
  Or jovial quilting your heart to raise.
Sweet Catalani won't entertain you
  With so much neatness of warbling tone,
As those gay swipers, our bold bagpipers,
  Chaunting in splendour over their drone.

5.

Then there's our speaking, and bright speech-making,
  Which, when you hear, 'twill make you jump;
When in its glory it comes before you,
  'Twould melt the heart of a cabbage stump.
'Tis so met'phoric, and paregoric,
  As fine as Doric or Attic Greek,
'Twould make Mark Tully look very dully,
  Without a word left in his cheek.

6.

If any ladies, they should invade us,
  The darling creatures, in your *suite,
We'll so amuse them, and kindly use them,
  That in ould Ireland they'll take root.
Our amorous glances, modest advances,
  And smiling fancies, and all that,
Will so delight them, that they'll be crying,
  Were you to part them away from Pat.

7.

The mayors and sheriffs, in paunchy order,
  And the recorders will go down
To gay Dunleary, all for to cheer ye,
  And give you welcome to the town;
But though their speeching it may be pleasing,
  All written out in comely paw,
'Twont be so hearty, as when all parties,
  With million voices, roar† Huzza!

---

* To be pronounced Hibernicè, sweet.
† Hib. Huzzaw.

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8.

God bless your heart, Sir, 'tis you will start, Sir,
At that conspicuous thundering shout,
When Ireland's nation, with acclamation,
To hail their Sovereign will turn out.
England shall hear us, though 'tis not near us,
And the Scotch coast shall echo ring,
When we, uproarious, joining in chorus,
Shout to the winds, God Save the King!

These effusions of Hibernian joy may induce some of our readers to inquire how it has happened that we have given them no account of the grand dinner at which, with our contributors, we celebrated the great event of the 19th of July. The fact is, that we had prepared a very full account of it, but, as the devil in the chest had no selecting power over the papers, he only stumbled on the two following songs.

EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

Composed by James Scott, Esq. M. D. *and Sung by him, with great Applause, on the Evening of Thursday, 19th July.*

There are flowers in every window, and garlands round each door,
And whiten'd is the poor man's wall, and sanded is his floor.
From the cottage, to the castle, in unison all sing,—
Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

The man on this auspicious day one moment that would linger
To whip off his glass, and turn up his little finger,
The rascal disloyal, in a halter may he swing.
Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Long brooded o'er this nation the thunder-cloud of war,
But the trumpet's voice is hush'd, and the battle's bloody jar.
The triumph of our warriors and statesmen we will sing,—
Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Though blindness fell upon the aged father of his realm,
All steady was the hand that was station'd at the helm;
The advisers of his Father to the Regent's side did cling,—
Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Well may the dealers in wine and spirits say,
The happiest of all days is a Coronation day,—
For thousands on thousands drain their bumpers, as they sing,
Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

The nobles of the land to the Monarch all have gone,
The warlike and the wise form a circle round the throne;
The Champion, armed cap-a-pee, hath challenged all the ring,—
Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Oh, when I look around me, it makes my bosom swell,
On those whose pens have written all so loyally and well,
The Radical and Whig, to their hunkers they will bring—
Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

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EXTEMPORE EFFUSION,

Sung with great Effect by MORGAN ODOHERTY, *Esq. on the Evening of 19th July.*

My landlady enter'd my parlour, and said,—
"Bless my stars, gallant Captain, not yet to your bed?
The kettle is drain'd, and the spirits are low,
Then creep to your hammock, Oh go, my love, go!
Derry down, &c.

"Do look at your watch, sir, 'tis in your small pocket,
'Tis three, and the candles are all burn'd to the socket;
Come move, my dear Captain, do take my advice,
Here's Jenny will pull off your boots in a trice.
Derry down," &c.

Jenny pull'd off my boots, and I turn'd into bed,
But scarce had I yawn'd twice, and pillow'd my head,
When I dream'd a strange dream, and what to me befel,
I'll wager a crown you can't guess ere I tell.
Derry down, &c.

Methought that to London, with sword at my side,
On my steed Salamanca in haste I did ride,
That I enter'd the Hall, 'mid a great trepidation,
And saw the whole fuss of the grand Coronation.
Derry down, &c.

Our Monarch, the King, he was placed on the throne,
'Mid brilliants and gold that most splendidly shone;
And around were the brave and the wise of his court,
In peace to advise, and in war to support.
Derry down, &c.

First Liverpool moved at his Sovereign's command;
Next Sidmouth stepp'd forth with his hat in his hand;
Then Canning peep'd round with the archness of Munden;
And last, but not least, came the Marquis of London-
derry down, &c.

Then Wellington, hero of heroes, stepp'd forth;
Then brave Graham of Lynedoch, the cock of the north;
Then Hopetoun he follow'd, but came not alone,
For Anglesea's leg likewise knelt at the throne.
Derry down, &c.

But the King look'd around him, as fain to survey,
When the warlike departed, the wise of the day,
And he whisper'd the herald to summon in then
The legion of Blackwood, the brightest of men!
Derry down, &c.

Oh noble the sight was, and noble should be
The strain, that proclaims, mighty legion, of thee!
The tongue of an angel the theme would require,
A standish of sunbeams, a goose quill of fire.
Derry down, &c.

Like old Agamemnon resplendant came forth,
In garment embroider'd, great Christopher North;
He knelt at the throne, and then turning his head,—
"These worthies are at the King's service," he said.
Derry down, &c.

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"Oh, Sire! though your will were as hard to attain,
As Gibraltar of old to the efforts of Spain,
The men who surround you will stand, and have stood,
To the last dearest drop of their ink and their blood.
Derry down, &c.

"From the Land's End to far Johnny Groat's, if a man
From Cornwall's rude boors to MacAllister's clan,
Dare raise up his voice 'gainst the church or the state,
We have blisters by dozens to tickle his pate.
Derry down, &c.

"We have Morris, the potent physician of Wales,
And Tickler, whose right-handed blow never fails,
And him, who from loyalty's path never wander'd,
Himself, *sivate* Odoherty, knight of the standard.
Derry down, &c.

"We have sage Hempfelhausen, the grave and serene;
And Eremus Marischall from far Aberdeen;
Hugh Mullion, the Grass-market merchant so sly,
With his brethern Malachi and Mordecai.
Derry down, &c.

"We have also James Hogg, the great shepherd Chaldean,
As sweetly who sings as Anacreon the Teian;
We have Delta, whose verses as smooth are as silk;
With bold William Wastle, the laird of that ilk.
Derry down, &c.

"We have Dr Pendragon, the D. D. from York,
Who sports in our ring his huge canvas of cork;
And General Izzard, the strong and the gruff,
Who despatches his foes with a kick and a cuff.
Derry down, &c.

"We have Seward of Christchurch, with cap and with gown,
A prizeman, a wrangler, and clerk of renown;
And Buller of Brazen-nose, potent to seek
A blinker for fools, from the mines of the Greek.
Derry down, &c.

"Nicol Jarvie from Glasgow, the last, and the best
Of the race, who have worn a gold chain at their breast;
And Scott, Jamie Scott, Dr Scott, a true blue,
Like the steel of his forceps as tough and as true.
Derry down, &c.

"We have Cicero Dowden, who sports by the hour,
Of all the tongue-waggers the pink and the flower;
And Jennings the bold, who has challenged so long
All the nation for brisk soda-water, and song.
Derry down," &c.

Methought that the King look'd around him, and smiled;
Every phantom of fear from his breast was exiled,
For he saw those whose might would the demagogue chain,
And would shield from disturbance the peace of his reign.
Derry down, &c.

But the best came the last, for with duke and with lord,
Methought that we feasted, and drank at the board,
Till a something the bliss of my sweet vision broke—
'Twas the watchman a-bawling, "'Tis past ten o'clock."
Derry down, &c.

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But before I conclude, may each man at this board
Be as glad as a king, and as drunk as a lord;
There is nothing so decent, and nothing so neat,
As, when rising is past, to sit still on our seat.
Derry down, &c.

SYLVANUS URBAN AND CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

GENTLE READER,

TIME makes a few changes, not only in kingdoms and manners, but also in periodicals. We have now got before us the lucubrations of Sylvanus Urban, Gent. for the year 1761, and have much amused ourselves with contrasting them with the magazine labours of the present day, and more especially with our own. What an alteration has the interval between two coronations produced!—Sylvanus Urban and Christopher North. The one is an antithesis of the other. The latter is all life, buoyancy, and fire, while the former is the personification of homeliness and heaviness. The tendency of the one is continually upwards, while the other is carried downwards by supernatural force of gravitation. We never say or write a dull or stupid thing, while our worthy predecessor proses and doses to eternity. We are, however, mindful of the ties of relationship which subsist between us, and therefore do not scorn the humbler, but equally necessary pages, of that ancient pattern of urbanity. He was to us what the frugal shopkeeper, the founder of his family, is to the dashing young heir his grandson, who inherits the accumulated products of his industry. The one, mindful of pounds, shillings, and pence, keeps to his dirty shop in Threadneedle Street, or Mincing Alley, and jogs along the "even tenor of his way," without ever emerging into the airy regions of gaiety and fashion. To him all the world is contained within the limits of his daily occupation; he has no idea of further extending his researches. Bond Street and Berkeley Square are no more to him than the Giants' Causeway or the Orkney Islands—he is satisfied in his own sphere. His successor, on the other hand, looks not to the east, but to the west. Full of the spirit of youth and life, he scatters around him his income with generous prodigality of soul, and the very Antipodes of narrowness and regularity, he breaks through all humdrum restraints, and follows wherever the irrepressible and inexhaustible elasticity of his mind impels him.

We have often smiled within ourselves at the thought of the consternation which a Number of our Work would have caused about sixty years since, were it possible for one to have appeared, even but in a vision, to our forefathers. The venerable Sylvanus would instaneously have been petrified with surprise, and, like old Eli, would have fallen down in his chair at the news and broke his back. The whole tribe of allegory and essay writers would have been compelled to use the exclamation of Othello, and mourn over their departed vocation. After one smack of the high-flavoured and exciting viands of our table, the public taste would have become too fastidious to relish the homeliness of their ordinary repasts. Nothing plain or unseasoned would have served; our literary cookery would have tickled them too much to allow them to bear with less skilful and scientific provisions. What a pity that "My Grandmother,"* respectable old woman as she is, did not take to writing in those days! then, undoubtedly, was her time. Why she would have been considered as a very prodigy amongst her kind for clever writing. Even her lumbering heaviness, which renders her rather a dangerous article on shipboard, might in those happy days have been considered as volatility itself. Such is the misfortune of not paying sufficient attention to times and seasons in our enterprizes, and of being born either too soon or too late. But we were speaking of ourselves. We can picture the astonishment which would have pervaded the world of literature had one of our Numbers, for instance the present, been able to anticipate its

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* See Don Juan.

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existence by about sixty years, and to figure away at the coronation of George the Third, instead of that of his worthy successor, whom God long preserve. Ossian himself, that apocryphal personage, and the Boy of Bristol, would have created less controversy and contention. It would have given a kind of St Vitus's dance to every limb of the mighty body of letters, and would have operated like an electrical shock. In short, good reader, you may probably have observed, if you are in the habit of making use of soda powders, the effect which is produced by the infusion of cold water on the particles as they lie scattered at the bottom of the glass. The cold and translucid lymph, late so calm and motionless, effervesces instantaneously, and boils upwards in foaming agitation, moved as if by a spirit. Such and so potent would have been the effect of one Number of our astonishing Miscellany.

The names of O'Doherty, Kempferhausen, Wastle, Timothy Tickler, and Lauerwinckel, must certainly ever preclude imitators; yet there were unquestionably many men of that period to which we have alluded, whom we think we could have made something of in the way of contributors. There was Johnson, for instance. To be sure his style is not of the fittest for our airy and etherial pages, and his wit is rather too clumsy for us, who delight more to use the razor than the hatchet. Properly trained, however, we think the old fellow might have been made to do great things. We have a notion he could have written a very forcible letter, though a Cockney himself, on Cockneys and Cockneyism, and occasionally we might have suffered him to take up, in conjunction with our friend, Timothy Tickler, the reviewing department of our work, provided the subject was not poetry; his Rasselas, after being entirely rewritten by ourselves, we might probably have inserted, but his Ramblers we should have taken the liberty of declining. As for Goldsmith, he would have just done for us. All our readers, we dare say, remember his account of the Common Council-man's visit to see the coronation of George the Third. In what an admirable spirit is it written! We should actually not have been ashamed of inserting it in our Magazine. Hear but Mr Grograms consultations with his wife.—"Grizzle," said I to her, "Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting out all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you caught the last fast day, by rising but half an before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter, Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up, and you know the girl's face is something, at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small. 'Mr Grogram,' replied my wife, 'Mr Grogram, this is always the case when you find me in spirits. I don't want to go out, I own, I don't care whether I go at all; it is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case.' In short, sir, what will you have on't?—to the coronation we went." Poor Goldy, he would have written an excellent series for our Magazine, and we would have paid him handsomely. What a pity he did not live in the days of Blackwood. Burke, too, would have been of some use to us in any political department. To be sure he was rather whiggish at his outset, but we could have fully satisfied him, we think, as to this point. A letter or two of his to certain noble lords, whom we have in view, would have suited us exactly. Churchhill, it must be acknowledged, was a sad fellow—relentlessly indiscriminate in abusive satire; his only excuse is, that he did not live within the period of our publication. He was, however, an engine of power, though improperly directed, and we could have turned him, we think, to very considerable use. What a fine character he would have drawn of the amiable Scotsman! How minutely would he have marked the different features of this Ursa Major, and how glowingly he would have coloured the whole. He would have transfixed him in the very act of shedding the venom of his spleen over the brightest characters of his country. Gray would have done very well for the Diletante Society, and very well for our Magazine. He was a man of taste, and of habits of thinking and writing something like our own, and, in spite of his whims and his delicacies, we are confident we should have agreed to a tittle. As for the rest, they would all have had their posts, some in the higher and some in the lower chambers of our temple of immortali-

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ty, as our old friend Jeremy very properly denominates it. Sylvanus should have superintended our obituaries. Horace Walpole might have arranged our nicknacks; and Voltaire, who would have been delighted at the idea of writing in our Magazine, might have officiated as our jack of all trades. Our readers will observe we say nothing of the author of Junius. We are above mysteries, but there is a delicacy in this case which restrains us. In fact, to tell the truth, we wrote the book ourself, when our politics and our principles were not properly fixed. We must, however, observe, as a kind of corollary to the preceding, that there is yet another instance in which our modesty has prevented us from coming openly forward, and receiving in our own person the acclamations and plaudits of the world. There is yet another instance in which our possession of Gyges's Ring has procured us the immunities of invisibility. This excusable instance—but no—we will not anticipate, or withdraw the veil—we will leave it to futurity to determine what is this third and greatest claim of Christopher North to pre-eminence in letters.

But we are, in the mean time, digressing entirely from the subject; a mode of writing, to use the phrase of that eminent auctioneer Mr Smirk, "pleasant, but wrong." We began with Sylvanus, and we have ended with ourselves, a topic certainly inexhaustible. In short, good reader, what champaigne is to homely black strap, are we when compared with our worthy predecessor. Nevertheless, there are times and seasons when plain dishes are grateful to the palate, and, after the flash and glare of our pages, it may not be unamusing to look back at the sober and serious miscellany of Sylvanus, who, good man! takes care that his guests shall never injure their health by interdicted spiceries. We will, therefore, with thy permission, our gentle friend, just tumble over his coronation volume for the year 1761. And first of all, we must observe, that the poetry is sad stuff. It is all of that particular sort which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Tales, Acrostics, Verses to Miss A. Miss B. and all the Misses in the alphabet,—Odes to Narcissa, Nera, Cloe, and other names of classical notoriety,—Stanzas on the Four Seasons, appearing as periodically as the seasons themselves,—Epigrams which look as dismal as epitaphs, and songs which seem elegies miscalled, are the ordinary stuff of which the venerable Sylvanus weaves his monthly chaplet of poetical flowers. It must certainly have been a most comfortable and solacing reflection to the young manufacturers of these useful articles, the ingenious youths of sixty years ago, who now, alas! having lost the fire of their younger days, write for the Edinburgh Review, and "My Grandmother," to think that such a good-natured repository was extant, which, like the poors' box in a church, was continually open for the contributions of the well-disposed. But now, indeed, *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* Editors are grown hard hearted, and constant readers, as well as constant writers, plead in vain. We will not number the hosts of young men, "smit with the love of poetry and prate," whose hearts we have broken by our repeated refusals, sometimes, indeed, embittered with the shafts of our wit, yet really the number is quite alarming. We are not without our fears of awaking some night, like King Richard the Third, to see our victims pass in review before us, upbraiding us with our cruelty. We wish, too, we had not similar cruelties to the fair sex to charge ourselves with; yet such is the melancholy case. It is an ascertained fact, that two sempstresses died within the last month of a decline, into which our neglect of the Odes of the one and the Stanzas of the other had precipitated them. We are accused of being severe; but we assure our readers, that no sooner were we made acquainted with their melancholy situation, than we hobbled out as fast as our gouty limbs allowed us, to be the messenger of glad tidings to them, and offer them, if necessary for their recovery, the long-desired admission. We were, however, too late. "Mr North," said one of them, "your kind attention is unavailing; we are now going fast to the bourne, from which, to use the expression of Shakspeare, no traveller returns; yet, why should we deny it, it would be some consolation to us before we die, to see ourselves in Blackwood's Magazine. We should then have finished our concerns on this side of the grave." Our good readers will believe that we could not refuse

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them a request under such circumstances. Even we, albeit unused to the melting mood, were dissolved into tears, when we took leave of these two interesting young creatures. Their parting request it was not in our power to perform. They died, alas! before the 20th of the month, without having that felicity to which they so anxiously looked. All this is very melancholy, we wish we could say it was not very true. We should certainly have immortalized their memory, as we have done that of Sir Daniel Donelly, by a Lactus expressly for the occasion; but the coronation intervening, we thought the expression of sorrow at such a period would have been indecorous and disloyal, and have therefore abandoned the idea. We feel yet the remembrance of this sad event casts a damp upon our spirits, and we will accordingly drop the subject.

We were speaking of Sylvanus and his poetry. It would really have done him good to look into our repository for rejected verse, a heap which has been gradually and prodigiously accumulating for the last four years, and now shews a bulk "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved." There would have been matter enough to supply his poetical corner for twenty years, and such matter, too, as the old gentleman would have jumped at. We cannot help observing by the way, that, notwithstanding the great number of Magazines and periodical works, there is yet one desideratum, and that is,—a Repository expressly for dull or middling poetry. We are confident it would have a prodigious sale, and we should certainly recommend it as a good speculation to Mr Colburn, or Messrs Taylor and Hessey. It is a thing much wanted. The mighty pent up mass of dullness, to adopt the phrase of that well known resolution of the House of Commons, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." We, of course, never admit any portion of it into our pages. The London Magazine, and the New Monthly, take off a great deal, and the other periodicals still more; yet the part taken has but a very small proportion to the part left. It is like paying off the interest of the national debt, and even those who contribute to its reduction feel it as a tax. We therefore think it absolutely necessary that some public channel should be devised, through which, as through a common sewer, these bad humours of young and old may meet with an unobstructed passage. Thus shall we see many walk lighter along the streets, who now seem as if pressed and weighed to the earth by some unaccountable internal force of heaviness acting upon them like the night-mare, and, in short, the spirit of cheerfulness, ease, freedom, and self-enjoyment will be diffused through his Majesty's dominions. As an inducement to the happy person who first seizes upon this bright idea which we have here thrown out for the benefit of the world of literature, we hereby promise to set him up with two MSS. poems of Leigh Hunt, some unpublished verses by Lord Byron, and several ditto by our excellent friend the Patriarch Jeremy, who has taken to the writing of poetry in a most extraordinary manner of late, and who now sends us regularly contributions of this description, the postage of which, we are sorry to say, he does not as regularly discharge. Nevertheless, this is excusable enough in an old man like him, whose memory was never of the best.

But let us now see what the good Sylvanus has got in the way of prose. It is but homely stuff, but it is unquestionably better than his poetry. Yet, "Interesting Queries concerning the Dutch," "New Project for inclosing the Common Land," "Account of a Cure for a Cold," "Some Proceedings in the last Session of Parliament," "Narrative of the Attempt on Belleisle," and "Description of a terrible Shipwreck," are amongst some of the most attracting contents of his Miscellany. These, we have a notion, would look rather curious by the side of "An Hour's Tête-a-tête with the Public," or the intrepid Standard-bearer's Boxiana. The story of Almoran and Hamet would hardly pair well either with the "Ayrshire Legatees," or the "Steam-Boat." People now-a-days grow sick at the names of Omar, and Abdallah, and Caled, and feel no great desire to traverse the plains of Circassia, even with a Genius at hand to instruct them. Mountains and forests now rather pall the stomach, and "Son of man" inevitably gives us the vapours. The time is past when the old men saw visions, and the young men dreamed dreams. Visions now only make us shut our eyes, and dreams

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set us instantly a-sleeping. That useful class of the community who would dream you a dream of six columns as regularly as the week came on, is now, like the tribe of scriveners, extinct, though, in both cases, the same thing is revived under another denomination. The writers on politics have taken up the falling mantle; and he who wishes to see how the old sect of dreamers are now employed, need only to look into the Edinburgh Review.

But, after all, Sylvanus must be considered as one of the sages of literature; and we shall be quite satisfied if we are enabled to continue our career as long as he has done, and, throughout the whole period, be regarded with as much uniform respect and esteem by the Gentlemen of England.

CONTINUATION OF DON JUAN.*

My dear North,

As I know you have a confounded moral ill will at Byron, and lately threw yourself into a devil of a passion at his racketting boy, Don Juan, I have determined, before you can get the three new Cantos, to put it out of your power, for a month at least, to say one uncivil word on the subject—For you will not venture to reject any communication of mine; and two articles on the same topic, is what you will never permit in the same number. This afternoon, as I was at dinner, an unknown porter brought me a copy of the book—what bookseller sent it he either would not or could not tell, but I have no doubt, when I get my bill from Murray, I shall find it there. At the sight of Don Juan, I need not say that the dissection of joint and fowl was instantly abandoned, even had I not been seized with the determination to anticipate the severity of your strictures, by immediately sitting down to try if I could get this sketchy critique off by the post.

In the first place, then, Christopher, I take leave to insist that these three cantos are like all Byron's poems, and, by the way, like every thing else in this world, partly good, and partly bad. In the particular descriptions, they are not quite so naughty as their predecessors; indeed his Lordship has been so pretty and well behaved on the present occasion, that I should not be surprised to hear of the work being detected among the thread-cases, flower-pots, and cheap tracts, that litter the drawing-room tables of some of the best regulated families. But to the work itself.—The third canto opens with a reference to the condition in which the hero and Haidée were left at the conclusion of the second.

"Hail, Muse! *et cetera.* We left Juan sleeping,
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
Or know who rested there; a foe to rest
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears.

"Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."

This, you must allow, is pretty enough, and not at all objectionable in a moral point of view. I fear, however, that I cannot say so much for what follows; marriage is no joke, and therefore not a fit subject to joke about; besides, for a married man to be merry on that score, is very like trying to overcome the pangs of the toothache by affecting to laugh.

"Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired,
(But that, of course, is rare,) and then despond:
The same things cannot always be admired;
Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tied till one shall have expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

---

* Don Juan; Cantos III, IV, and V. London: Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars. 1821.

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"There's doubtless something in domestic doings,
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

* * * *

"Haidée and Juan were not married, but
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful;
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful."

The piratical father of Haidée,

"detained
"By winds and waves, and some important captures,"

having remained long at sea, it was supposed he had perished, and she, in consequence, took possession of all his treasures, and surrendered herself to the full enjoyment of her lover. The old gentleman, however, returns, and landing on a distant part of the island, walks leisurely towards his home, while Juan and his daughter are giving a public breakfast to their friends and acquaintance. The description of the fête is executed with equal felicity and spirit; we think it would be difficult to match the life and gaiety of the picture by any thing of the kind in English poetry—perhaps in any other poetry.

"And further on a group of Grecian girls,
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls;
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too, having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would set ten poets raving;)
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.
"And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,
Small social parties just begun to dine;
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
Above them their dessert grew on its vine,
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.
"A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreath his venerable horns with flowers;
While, peaceful, as if still an unwean'd lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then,
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.
Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er grow older."

The father is not at all pleased to see such fatal doings in his absence.

"Perhaps you think in stumbling on this feast,
He flew into a passion; and in fact,
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act.

* * * *

"You're wrong. He was the mildest-manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.

* * * *

"Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd
His question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine."

And facetiously looking over his shoulder, said,

"Talking's dry work, and our old master's dead."

This certainly was not very pleasant

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information to the pirate, who, as well as other parents, would have liked to have heard his memory more solemnly respected, but he suppressed his anger as well as he could, and inquired the name of the new master who had turned Haidée into a matron. To this, however, he received but a very so-so answer.

"He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house.
* * * *
"He entered in the house—no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying:
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
And round its once warm precincts, palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

"He entered in the house—his home no more;
For without hearts there is no home—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome. *There* he long had dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er;
There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feeling undefiled."

The portrait of this man is one of the best, if not the very best, of all Byron's gloomy portraits. It may be the Corsair grown into an elderly character and a father, but it is equal to the finest heads that ever Michael Angelo, Carrivagio, painted with black and umber.

"He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour, though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure as in food;
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good;
His country's wrongs, and his despair to save her,
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

"The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by long habitude produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accustom'd to behold,
The wild seas, and wild men, with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

"But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days.
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise;
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

"Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours."

Lambro, for so it seems he was called, passed, unseen, a private gate, and stood within the hall where his daughter and her lover were at table. This affords the noble poet an opportunity to show his knowledge of a Greek gentleman's house and an Ottoman feast. But the merits of this still life, splendid and true as they are in delineation and colouring, are far inferior to the description of Haidée.

"Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

"Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged,
(It is the country's custom,) but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

"The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white than her:

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The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakspeare also says 'tis very silly
'To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.'"

Haidée and Juan are amused, while at table, by dwarfs and dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet, of whom I shall say nothing, Christopher, because I do not think the account is very good, but his song, I am persuaded, you will think is the very loftiest bachanalian ever penned—You will, indeed, although with a grumble, I know, allow this as if you were suffering a jerk of your rheumatism.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

"The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

"The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

"A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

"And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

"'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

"Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

"What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

"In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

"The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

"Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!"

There is a little confusion in the narrative; or perhaps it is the hurry in which I am going over it, that makes me not able to trace it so clearly as I might do, through digressions. Lambro arrived while the lovers were at dinner, and we are led to suppose that he witnesses their dalliance and revelling; but it would seem that this was not the case, for we find Haidée and Juan left alone after the banquet,

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admiring the rosy twilight of the evening sky.

"T' our tale—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired;—
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Now, Christopher, after this, take thy crutch, and, with the help of Blackwood's sporter, John Lesley, crawl up the new road along the Salisbury Craigs, on the first fine Sabbath evening, when all the west is still one broad glow of heavenly ruby; and the castle, in the middle of the view, appears like the crowned head of some great being, resting on his elbow in contemplation; repeat these verses, and I will venture to bet a plack to a bawbee, that from that hour all animosity against the wayward and unfortunate Byron will be for ever hushed in thy bosom. Even John himself will, by the mere sound of thy solemn voice of prayer, thenceforth forego the grudge that he has long borne his lordship for the many burdens he has made him bear, and, melting into tears of tenderness, dry the big drops from his eyes with a corner of the same handkerchief which thou wilt apply to wipe the Ave Maria dew from thine own.

While Haidée and Juan were contemplating the glorious stillness of a Grecian evening, a presentiment of sorrow passes over their hearts.

"I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
And swept, as 'twere, across their heart's delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight;
And thus some boding flash'd through either frame,
And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye."

Having retired to their couch, they are still haunted by the same unpleasant something.

"Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream as rose-leaves with the air;

"Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream,
Within the Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see."

In this state, the ominous fancies of Haidée take at last the definite form of a regular dream, in which she sees Juan dead in a cavern. As she gazes on him, he seems to change into the resemblance of her father. Startled by the apparition, she awakes, and the first object that her eyes meet are those of the pirate sternly fixed upon her—Juan is in the same moment roused by the shriek she gave.

"Up Juan sprung to Haidée's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, 'Within my call,

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A thousand scimitars await the word;
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword.'

"And Haidée clung around him; 'Juan, tis—
'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
Oh! dearest father, in this agony
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy.'

"High and inscrutible the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply;
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

"'Young man, your sword;' so Lambro once more said:
Juan replied, 'Not while this arm is free.'
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
Replied, 'Your blood be then on your own head.'
Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see
'Twas fresh, for he had lately used the lock,
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

"It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

* * * *

"He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
How like they look'd! the expression was the same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual darted flame;
For she too was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though tame:
Her father's blood before her fathers's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

"I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature differing but in sex and years;
Even to the delicacy of their hands
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Show what the passions are in their full growth."

This, Christopher, you must allow, is spirited, and you will observe a curious mark of propinquity which the poet notices with respect to the hands of the father and daughter. The poet, I suspect, is indebted for the first hint of this to Ali Pashaw, who, by the bye, is the original of Lambro; for when his Lordship was introduced, with his squat friend, Cam, to that agreeable-mannered tyrant, the vizier said that he knew he was the Magotos Anthropos by the smallness of his ears and hands.

Don Juan is dangerously wounded, and being seized by some of the pirate's sailors, is carried from the scene. The effect on poor Haidée is deplorable.

For several days she lay insensible, and, when she awoke from her trance, she was in such a state as Mlle. Noblet is seen in the ballet of Nina. The first time you see your venison friend, the Thane of Fife, ask him if there is not some reason to suspect that Byron had her in his eye when he wrote the following description:

"Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

"Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,

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The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains."

"She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

"She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless though she spoke not; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

"Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot
However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory she lay;
And yet those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful meaning.

"At last a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent,
And he begun a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

"Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if you could call
To be so, being; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

"Short solace, vain relief!—thought came too quick,
And whirl'd her brain to madness; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close:
Her's was a phrensy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

"Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
Availed for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

"Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her past;
And they who watch'd her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!"

Don Juan in the meantime is carried aboard one of Lambro's vessels, where he is placed among a cargo of singers, who had been taken in going on from Leghorn to Sicily on a professional trip. The pirate destined them for the Constantinople slave-market, where in due time they arrive, and Don Juan is purchased for the favourite Sultana. Baba, the eunuch who made the bargain, carries him to the palace where she resided.

"Baba led Juan onward room by room
Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance towers;
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
It seem'd as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

"The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;

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Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd lies;
There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies;
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

"This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O'er them in almost pyramidic pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its features,
You never thought about those little creatures,

"Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wond'rous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, not white, nor gray,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may;
They were misshapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

"Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes;
And now and then with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat;
For mutes are generally used for that.

"They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all;
And looking like two incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds: it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small
With shrinking serpent optics on him stared;
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes on."

Baba having opened the door, Juan is introduced into a magnificent room, where wealth had done wonders, taste not much.

"In this imperial hall, at distance lay
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quite in a confidential queenly way,
A lady; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd
To Juan, who though not much used to pray,
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant: while Baba bow'd and bended
His head, until the ceremony ended.

"The lady rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem;
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
Of her deep-purple robe, and speaking low
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate:
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate
Of forms and features; it would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail;
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail."

* * * * * *

"Something imperial, or imperious, threw
A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of you—
And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like despotism in view;
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

"Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
Her very nod was not an inclination;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her station—
They trode as upon necks; and to complete
Her state, (it is the custom of her nation,)
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as a sign
She was a sultan's bride, (thank Heaven, not mine.")

She had seen Juan in the market, and had ordered him to be bought for her. The description of a seraglian love-making is touched with the author's gayest satire, but Juan, still quivering at the heart with the remembrance of Haidée, is very coy to the Sultana, and actually bursts into tears when she says to him,

"Christian, can'st thou love."

"She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears,
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:

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A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

"And she would have concealed, but knew not how;
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 'twas to bear
Aught of a serious sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

"But nature teaches more than power can spoil,
And, when a *strong* although a strange sensation,
Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their station,
They naturally pour the 'wine and oil,'
Samaritans in every situation;
And thus Gulleyas, though she knew not why,
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye."

What ensued I have not time at present to tell, I must refer you to the book itself, for I hear the postman's bell passing the end of the street, and he will be here before I can say half of what I would. I have, however, given enough from the poem to convince you that Byron's powers are in no degree abated, and that there is some tendency to an improvement of manners, in the manner, of this, in so many respects, felicitous work. It will certainly help to redeem his poetical reputation from the effects of that lumbering mass of waggon-wheeled blank verse, "The Doge." But to those who suspect him of "a strange design,
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line,"
it will be found as bad as ever; indeed, with all my own partiality, Christopher, for this singularly gifted nobleman, I dare not venture to approve of some of his allusions in these cantos. He shows his knowledge of the world too openly; and it is no extenuation of this freedom that he does it playfully. Only infants can be shown naked in company, but his Lordship pulls the very robe de chambre from bothmen and women, and goes on with his exposure as smirkingly as a barrister cross-questioning a chamber maid in a case of *crim. con.* This, as nobody can approve, I must confess, is very bad, and I give you full liberty, Christopher, to drub him well for it in your next. You may also introduce a few parenthetical notices respecting the three hundred and fifty ricketty stanzas, of which he ought, as a verse-maker, to feel as much ashamed as any carpenter ever did of a slovenly piece of work. But in your flagellation, be not so peremptory as you sometimes are.—Lord Byron may have his faults,—you may have your own, my good friend, but there is some difference between constitutional errors, and evil intentions, and propensities,—it is harsh to ascribe to wicked motives what may be owing to the temptations of circumstances, or the headlong impulse of passion. Even the worst habits should be charitably considered, for they are often the result of the slow, but irresistible force of nature, over the artificial manners and discipline of society,—the flowing stream that wastes away its embankments. We know not what sins the worst men have mastered, when we condemn them for the crime that subjects them to punishment. Man towards his fellow-man, should be at least compassionate, for he can be no judge of the instincts and the impulses of action, he can only see effects.

"Tremble thou wretch
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
Who, under covert and convenient seeming,
Hath practised on man's life! Close pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace."

In short, Christopher, look to thyself, and believe me truly yours,

HARRY FRANKLIN.

Berkley Square, Thursday.

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AN EXPOSTULATORY ROUND-ROBIN FROM FOURTEEN CONTRIBUTORS.

BELOVED CHRISTOPHER,

Certain individuals, not acting in concert, having betaken themselves, according to your prescription, to the seaside, it was found, by an indescribable sort of freemasonry, that each was labouring under the same distressing symptoms of one species of the love of fame, aggravated to an intermittent fever by a constipation or improper *secretion* of their several productions in your escritoire. We therefore form a little knot of fellow-sufferers in the same way, although indeed we are but a mere *frustum* from that "immense body of mankind which forms the *mass* of your contributors"—a mere block or two of the stately pile which is growing under your architectonic skill. Having been all disappointed of relief from the short statement you made in your July Number, when there was a chance that you would be explicit, we have at last determined to lay our complaints before you. We have conferred with one another, and each has submitted to all the rest the compositions of his or her's, which are lying in your hands, and they have been taken into impartial consideration. We trust we have herein acted ingenuously, honestly, and honourably. Each author laid down a copy of such articles as are candidates for entrance in your Magazine, and it was made a *sine qua non* that the writer should be absent while the rest heard the work read, and then discussed it, and passed sentence on it; each of us in succession thereby becoming examiner and examinee. A perpetual board of green cloth, with interchangeable claimants and referees, thus sat for more than a month; and as many of the articles were of great length, and each member too fearful that his own progeny might be overhastily dealt with, if he grudged his time and attendance, by decreeing a summary rejection of any thing, so it was rather a tedious business. We have got through all the compositions of the party written and transmitted previously to the 15th July, subsequent ones being pronounced inadmissible at our sittings, lest they might never terminate; for we found that many of us, while our elder-born were *coram judice*, helped off the weary time by another literary parturition. An end was made of the committee at last—essay, tale, and letter, song, sonnet, canto, and pastoral, vanished one by one, with our painstaking mark of approbation or condemnation affixed to it. Persons not well acquainted with the circumstances may think us partial, and so we may be individually, each to his or her own performance, but that solemn *quorum*, from which the immediate author was excluded, scanned with severer eyes the labours of their absent competitor, in which condition every one by turns was placed. Where we commend we have done it from a sense of justice; and where we found reason to reject, those compositions are entirely passed over in the present statement. Having thus explained ourselves, we trust that the aggregate commendation of so impartial a body will induce you, if not to introduce the articles, discriminated beneath, into your Magazine, yet at least to give them the preference of a decision.

(Signed)

DOMESTICUS.	H. TWITCH.
X.	P. P.
M. M'NIP.	ALICE FILD.
M. O. M.	V. D. B.
P. Q. R.	OMICRON.
PHILOLIMBRETES.	LAURA.
VIATOR.	CRUX.(1.)

(1.) As Mr Ballantyne would find it difficult to get into our page a circle of sufficient diameter to contain the address with the names of our fourteen well-beloved contributors, sticking on the outer edge like the monsters of the zodiac about a globe, we have given orders that it be printed in the ordinary manner; and though we must of necessity put some signatures before, and some after others, yet to all and singular the *circumscribers*, the rights and immunities enjoyed in the round-robin shape of address are hereby guaranteed without let or gainsay; wherefore the public is warned, that Mr Domesticus, the foremost man, is not more of a ring-leader in this business than Mr and Mrs Crux, the lattermost, nor are Messrs Viator and Twitch, though now holding a middle station, less worthy of being the anteriors, or *posteriors*, in the array, than the gentry aforesaid. For this Note, and for the others following, we announce, according to editorial usage, that we hold ourselves responsible; since we differ in some measure from the autocritical junto who are willing to dictate to *us*, hitherto held to be autocratorical in this department. C. N.

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"Hearth-Rug and Fender Promptings," Nos. I. II. III. by Domesticus.—Although Shakespeare said, "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," these essays bear no marks of it; they seem to us to possess strong claims to your regard, for they surpass Mr Leigh Hunt's celebrated "Day by the Fireside."(2.)

"Future Times of Yore,"—X. By no ordinary hand."(3.)

"On the moral and intellectual tendency of pincushion-making," by Minimus M'Nip, Fell. Phil. Soc. Ups. Downs, Cork, Lead, &c. &c. A curious but somewhat subordinate question in Political Economy, ably and luminously investigated and demonstratively settled.

"The Imperturbable Patten-maker," "The Polyandrian Marriage," and "The Demon of the Salt-box," translated from the German, by M. O. M.—Spirited versions of interesting tales.

"Lament over the laziness of Dr Scott, Timothy Tickler, Esq. William Wastle of that Ilk, Esq. and others of paramount prowess in wit and warfare," signed P. Q. R.—Risibly severe, and which we should hope would prove as expergifacient as a sternutatory to the parties addressed. (4.)

"Dirty Nat, the Pig-boy," a lyrical ballad, to be classed among "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," although, by an easy transfer or commutation, it may be included among those of "Imagination;" signed Philolimnestes.—A gem of the first water. (5.)

"Sonnet on seeing some dead frogs galvinized; with a Supplementary Half-Sonnet, being the overflow of the images and feelings which it was found impossible to compress within fourteen lines," by Hortentius Twitch.—Deep-thoughted, nervous, and imaginative. (6.)

"Specimens of Euclid's Elements in Madrigals," like Ovide en Rondeaux, signed P. P.—Ingenious, perhaps useful. (7.)

"Shilling Fares; or the sights seen, characters observed, conversations heard, pleasures enjoyed, and accidents undergone, in the stages plying about the environs of the metropolis; by Alice Field, formerly of Durham, afterwards, Semptress in Chancery-lane, and now retired from business, in a series of parts." We fear that these journies have been stopped by the Steam-Boat; but surely Mr Duffle would be sorry to find himself an obstacle to a lady's telling her story. Mrs Field begs us to say, that she is not "the wearyful woman." (8.)

"The Three-legged Stool," a dramatic scene. Of overpowering tenderness; and "Decapitation," another gracefully sportive, both by V. D. B. (9.)

"The Poet's Celestial Tour," by

(2.) Although our invalided toe holdeth sweet accord with the hearth rug, and there hath been dalliance of an intimate nature betwixt it and the fender, yet Master Domesticus's promptings mislike us grievously. We print not from the prompter's book—it may be a merit in farces, but not in magazines.

(3.) Most true,—we recommend that he be forthwith elected Poet *Extraordinary* to any hospital for incurables which wants such an appendage.

(4.) P. Q. R. must favour us with his address, or come and hear our reasons in *propria persona*. In his cruet-stand, the vinegar-bottle of sarcasm is not dulcified by the neighbourhood of the oil-flask of courtesy. The omission may be supplied.

(5.) We wash our hands of it.

(6.) Deep thoughted with a vengeance! *Ecce signum*,—
Threads sensitive, which form a thrilling warp
From distaff physiologic finely twined, &c.

(7.) We beg the ingenious author will send them to the Gentleman's Diary; they very happily combine matter now spread over two distinct departments of that publication,—the poetical rebuses and the prose mathematical demonstrations. Thus by P. P.'s device will hard-headed students be enticed into the primrose path of poesy, and spinsters, who used to puzzle themselves to no purpose, will now unwittingly become dexterous geometresses.

(8.) We shall bring them out, if Mrs F. has but moderate patience. Indeed we have had our eye on Mrs Field ever since her first journey, when "her cloak was twisted betwixt nave and spoke,"—being much struck with her sensibility, evinced by her grief at the loss of the old one and joy at the new, which, we are glad to assure our readers, "the Host" (we forget of which house in Durham) was honest enough to buy, "of duffil grey, and as warm a cloak as man could sell." She paid no "Shilling Fare" there, so the history of that journey does not come within her present work.

(9.) We could be well content to lay aside our gravity, and see Mr V. D. B. al

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Omicron.—Fervid sublimity, and a dithyrambic abandonment to the impetus of his genius, characterise this aspirant to your patronage. A great evil has, however, already resulted from your procrastination. Had the poem had an early insertion, the revival, or rather re-modelling of the English hexameter, would have been assigned to him, rather than to the Laureate or the author of the Hymn. But Omicron's case is too like that of Coleridge, whose Cristabel came out fifteen years too late for his reputation, since the bays of ballad-romance had then taken root at Sir Walter Scott's door, and would not budge an inch in favour of him, who avers that he first introduced them to the soil. Omicron's poem, we fear, can no longer expect the factitious support of being a novelty in an original style; but to prove to you that the invention was anticipated by him, allow us to quote the opening; for in a case of this kind, every added day renders it more difficult to do him justice.

> "Ready am I to ascend hence the loftiest heaven of invention:
> Ready, aye ready; but what are the means I employ to arrive there?
> For my shoe-scraper I use the notable Teneriffe Pico;—
> Clouds are steps which I mount to get up to the door I am seeking,
> And the blue firmament's breadth is this very door to be entered. (10.)
> First, though I rap to give notice, a thunderbolt being my knocker,
> Lest on Apollo I pop, undressed in his slippers and night-gown;—
> Double's the rap which results from the discipline brisk of my fingers,
> Which you, and others who grovel, imagine the rattling of thunder," *&c.*

"Letters between Herbert Ludlow and Camilla Conway," by Laura.—The simple dictates of unsophisticated sentiment. (11.)

"Impenetrability; or the Effects of Misapprehended Reciprocity;" signed Crux.—Not entirely new in its leading plan; for, as "The Pleasures of Hope" sprang from "The Pleasures of Memory;" so was the hint for this subtly didactic poem given by one styled "Individuality, or the Causes of Reciprocal Misapprehension, by Martha Ann Sellon." Nevertheless we think it would fall in with the taste of your more studious poetico-metaphysical readers.

These pieces are what we somewhat confidently submit to your better judgment, not mentioning such as we have suppressed, and seldom having noticed more than a single one of our respective productions, now awaiting your fiat to be printed. (12.)

---

his *stool*; and if some part (not his *head*) came with a very smart impact against the ground, it would be a due recompence for making us read such *wooden*, *brainless* stuff.

(10.) Omicron beats M. Garnerin, who entrusted himself to a parachute, which swung him backwards and forwards till his brains were addled, and then banged him against the stones, to see what sort of osteology he was possessed of. We received the hymn a week, two days, and some hours before little o's six-footed lines crept in. We must be just.

(11.) We hasten to persuade Mr H. L. with all the earnestness for his good which we can show, to apply *instanter* for the situation advertised last week of Junior Usher to the lowest form at Mr M.'s academy, Leith; apprehending from the old motto "docendo disco," that it comes within the scope of the possibles, that he may, by teaching scholars not yet imbued with any great quantity of erudition, (being mostly quinquennarians, or at most sexennarians,) himself learn to *spell*; and as to Miss Camilla, she talks of cookery being a vulgar science,—she hallucinates,—the wisest course she can pursue is to put herself for a month or two under the flowery-fisted dominion of the house-keeper of her friend Mrs Thirdcourse, in the capacity of kitchen-maid, (if indeed so much capacity be hers;) but, N. B. she must, meanwhile, be called Molly, Betty, Sally, or the like, as a *nom-de-guerre* or rather *de-cuisine*, for Camilla at the frying-pan, or working away with the flour-dredger, hath some incongruity to the ear. Should she listen to this advice, she will return to a sounder way of judging on the subject. Shall Mrs Rundel have written in vain? Smoke-jacks and cradle spits, forbid!

(12.) In fine, we give no encouragement to our Contributors to question our tact and judgment. Write away merry men all; but Fame hath deputed us sole umpire,—indisputable, and till now undisputed.

C. N.

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BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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FOR AUGUST, 1821.

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*** *By publishing this extra Number, the Eleventh Volume will commence at the regular period in January.*

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LV. SEPTEMBER, 1821. Vol. X.

THE NEW-FOREST PAUPER.

A Lyrical Ballad.

The Justice, in his elbow-chair,
Sat, while a Parish Overseer,
At much expence of breath and action,
And eke in high dissatisfaction,
Address'd his worship's ear.

His tale in brief (though brevity
He studied not) was that a Pauper,
Who of the parish claimed support,
Pray'd for this bounty in a sort
Most monstrous and improper.

The needy wretch had strongly begg'd
Some pittance to his share might fall;
With which, to manage as he may,
Nor drone his scrap of life away
Within the work-house wall.

This to the man in office seem'd
A favour inadmissible.
'Twas casting on the house a slur,
And on him too, the officer,
Who govern'd it so well.

The applicant of whom he spake,
In hale old age before them stood;
Time had not shorn his temples bare,
But on them his once chesnut hair
In snowy whiteness flow'd.

There was a sparkling in his eyes,
The after-gleam of past enjoyment;
And his complexion, fresh and clear,
Denoted, that in open air
Had lain his old employment.

Upright he stood, and unabashed,
And gave to view a manly frame,
Such as in former times had been
The champion of the village green,
And chief in every game.

Though age so gently press'd him, he
By accident was not uncross'd;
It was the rougher foe to him,
And robb'd him of a precious limb,
His left-side arm was lost.

Thus maim'd, yet he, you still would say,
From no inglorious stock was bred;
He bore an air of hardihood,
Of freedom breathed from the wild wood,
Where his prime life was led.

With open front he stood—a picture—
And though his frock gave you to trace,
By the loose dangling sleeve, his loss,
It did not mar his port; he was
A model still of rustic grace.

This thread-bare frock, uncouthly patch'd,
Badge of the craft he erst had plied,
A forest livery had been;
And then in colour 'twas as green
As leaves in summer-tide.

But now its joyous gloss was gone—
For suns, and winds, and dews, and showers,
Had robb'd it of it's honours bright,
And changed it to the rusty plight
Of autumn's soberer bowers.

Such was old Arthur Bromfield—such
His bearing in his low estate.
His free vocation stamp'd his mien,
For in New-Forest he had been
Groomkeeper till of late;

And wish'd it still, and had been able,
But for his hapless mutilation,
Which chanced when with the verd'rers he
In venison season merrily
Pursued his occupation.

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'Twas his to watch the antler'd herd,
Which peering pass'd in mute alarm,
But as he got into an oak,
A branch decay'd beneath him broke,
And thence he lost his arm.

"Well, Arthur," said the Magistrate,
"What in thy favour can'st aver?
There must, forsooth, be weighty cause
To reckon thee, 'gainst parish laws,
An out-door pensioner?"

"An' please your honour," quoth old Arthur,
"I know nought of their rules about it;
But this I will make bold to say,
I'd scorn to take the parish pay,
Could I earn bread without it.

"Born in the woods, up from a boy
I've been a roving forester,
And fairly earn'd, till latterly,
My food, and fire, and livery,
By keeping the King's deer.

"Three years are gone since this befel;"
And here he touch'd his empty sleeve.
"And though no longer fit to be
A forest-groom, yet zealously
By my own work I strove to live.

"The ranger gave a bounty, when
From service I was forced to go,
And with it I two years was fed;
Since which this hand has got me bread,
And that with hard ado.

"Using my wits in works, of which
A one-armed man is capable,
In shifts to make a livelihood,
I traversed heath, and moor, and wood,
For matters which would sell.

"Revisiting my childish haunts,
I roam'd for wild fruits up and down—
Cull'd under brakes the strawberries red,
And brambleberries overhead,
For market at the town.

"And when the riper autumn came,
Startling the squirrel from their drays,
I shook for nuts the hazel trees,
Or gather'd purple bullaces,
Where Roydon's brooklet strays.

"I cropp'd the whorts upon the moors,
The bashful heathcocks' favourite food;
And pluck'd the pleasant cluster'd fruit
From service-trees of old repute
Within the darksome wood.

"And when it nigh'd to Christmas-tide,
I cut the holly's glorious bough,
To deck our parish-church withal;—
And some I carried to the hall,
With merry misletoe.

"Such were my shifts, poor helps they were
For eking out these means of mine:—
But now my wits are at an end,
And I shall thankfully depend
On what your worship may assign."

Spake the Overseer:—"His worship will
Give us an order to receive you
Into the House."—A spot of ire
Glow'd on the veteran's cheek like fire:
Said he, "My presence would but grieve you.

"I've lived among the ranging deer,
Till leaves and greensward, air and light,
I almost need as much as they:
And where my blithe companions stray,
Those haunts I cannot quit.

"Your house to me would be a prison;
For I've in open forest spent
My threescore years, without controul;—
No,—give the smallest weekly dole,
And I'll be gratefully content."

"It cannot be," quoth the Overseer.—
The Justice nodded in assent,
And said with mildness,—"That retreat,
From what you apprehend of it,
Will prove far different."

"Be't what it will, it suits not me,—
I'll seek my woodland hut once more."
So said, so done,—for suddenly,
Not without bow of courtesy,
He sought, and left the door.

Now, whether he, ere this, has swerved
From his so stiff determination,
I cannot say—I never knew,—
But oft within my mental view
His image takes its station.—

For I was struck at witnessing
The poor man's pertinacious love
For the old dwellers in his haunts—
His dappled friends, the inhabitants
Of the otherwise unpeopled grove.

I loved the heart with which he spake,
Whene'er the Forest roused a thought;
And much desired that it were mine,
To bid him spend his life's decline
Within so dear a spot.

And when he died, I'd bury him
Beneath his favourite spreading tree,
Where deer might come, with lightest tread,
And couch beside his grassy bed,
Meekly delighting in the shade
Of its green canopy.

R.

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PROSPECTIVE LETTER CONCERNING POETRY.

Mr Christopher North,

Meaning to address to you some remarks, I shall say for the present that I am a young poet wishing to distinguish, by new literary exploits, the reign of George the Fourth. You must remember that all the celebrated bards of the present time have come out under George the Third; but I must turn over a new leaf; and my present perplexity arises from the difficulty of ascertaining what department will be the best for genius to exert itself in. Looking round, I find the external atmosphere filled with scattered phenomena, betokening past commotions. But many clouds of delusion are driving away, and retreating far behind us. The atmosphere seems no longer the same as when it was weighed down and rendered heavy by the powerful bad angel Napoleon. Lest, however, you should think there may be more words than meaning in these metaphors, I shall proceed to speak of my doubts, Mr Christopher, opening them to you in a confidential manner. But, in the first place, I throw aside all useless and narrow-minded fears of the materials of poetry being exhausted, for every new generation being placed in different circumstances, is made to feel what requires to be differently expressed. Poetry may be said to be exhausted historically, and also in the natural or descriptive departments. The books of Homer, Lucretius, and so forth, remain from age to age, and do not require to be succeeded by other productions; but the kind of poetry which each generation is fitted to produce successively, consists of the expression of problems of feeling which occur to itself, according as external circumstances, or the progress of reflection, throw the mind into new positions. We must look towards that kind which is inquisitive and philosophical, and more intent upon exemplifying the general truths of feeling than upon causing a blind sympathy. It is most likely that no good dramatic pieces will be written unless upon a new plan. When minds of strong feeling become reflective and deliberative, their disposition will not accord with those dramas which require an unreflecting surrender of personal sympathy to moving events. And any thing very profound or true would, at present, be read with more satisfaction in a poem or a novel, than seen represented upon the stage. For, when we commune with the heart, it is best done in private, and in a state of perfect liberty from the multitude. The stage is the fit place for buffoonery, for music, for all the arts of grimace, and the display of personal situation. But it will scarcely, at present, be found the place for what is most serious and true in poetry. Some poets have lately been heard complimenting each other in dramatic talent, and pressing and imploring each other to write tragedies; but if this had been the time, and if nature had prompted them, they probably would have done so before now. Most to be desired are the productions of bold, inventive, and inquisitive genius, untrammelled by subjection to any particular form or extrinsic purpose. For enlarging the mind, there can even be nothing better than the exercises of mere fancy; for in works of fancy, the laws of combination cannot be drawn from clumsy experience, or from an adherence to the probability of events. Therefore, in making them, there is no guide but intellect, taste, and the strong feeling of what is agreeable in the transitions of thought and conception. In the same manner that in a piece of instrumental music, which neither expresses the situation or passion of any person, there is no guide but a knowledge of the relations of the different keys, and abstract taste in choosing the means of modulating through them.

Fearing, however, that these general remarks may sound vague and unsatisfactory, I shall proceed to something more particular. I have said already that I am a young poet, yet I am still doubtful whether to write in verse or prose. In the English language, there is not much gained as to harmony, or the delight of the ear, by writing verse. It is a mistake to suppose that the final purpose of rhyme is the correspondence of sounds, for the real use of the recurrence of rhyme is to mark the place which terminates a certain number of syllables. Thus rhyme, occurring at the end of each eight or ten, strikes the ear, and makes the regularity of the intermediate quantities perceptible. But as some

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lines are read faster and others slower, it is evident that such verse is regular only in the number of syllables, and does not attain to a musical regularity of quantity, in which every line would occupy precisely the same time. This lessens my esteem for verse. Nevertheless, in many sorts of composition, it is still worth while to write in verse, for the pleasure it gives, as well as for the form's sake. The Italian stanza is coming into fashion, but has this fault, that, for the number of rhymes, it requires so much straining and misplacing of words as to be injurious to correctness. This sextuple rudder of thought does best for those who, in sailing, trust more to the wind than to the compass. If I were to write a tragedy for private perusal, and not for the stage, I think it would be best to take a certain kind of verse which resembles the French Alexandrine, namely, the rhyming couplet of twelve syllables. This is a fine sounding measure, full of declamatory pomp and emphasis, and well fitted for conveying the groans of a labouring bosom. Monotony is no fault in verse, if the meaning be good and full; for the very monotony of verse implies its regularity of measure—one of the greatest perfections. I am tired of the blank verse of ten syllables in tragedies; and poets, by adopting a new measure, should get quit of the old spiritless thoughts connected with this.

Having thus expressed the difficulty which a poetical mind finds in chusing between verse and prose, I shall next speak of the choice of themes for poetry. Here the worst error lies in subjection to the opinion of the public, and a wish to light upon some subject that will be sure of immediately arresting its attention. Whoever seeks to enlarge the boundaries of poetry must proceed upon more dignified principles, and turn disinterestedly towards those subjects his mind most strongly draws him to inquire into. That which is built immediately upon the temporary state of popular opinion produces its strongest effect at the first moment it is brought into contact with the public, but diminishes in power ever after, till it comes to appear empty and unmeaning. Such has been the fate of Lallah Rookh, for instance, and will be of all poems that follow after public opinion, which never yet was capable of having one clear or fixed idea, or of recollecting what it was doing six weeks before—

> Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
> It rules, in native anarchy, the mind.

If the world had obstinacy or perseverance in any thing, it would be an unruly force; but happily it partakes of "semper varia et mutabilis" of the female nature, and its tendencies have the same steadiness as the tumbling of a wave, or the succession of thoughts in a sick man's dream. It is not, therefore, made to be obeyed by those who seek for certainty or real good in any department of intellectual cultivation.

Next to be spoken of is the mode of treating a subject. On this subject I feel not many doubts, being convinced that all large and formal plans are a snare to the poet, and bring him into saying feeble, false, or unseasonable things, which do not come either from his own genius or from the subject. The best plan is that which results immediately from the nature of the theme, and terminates with it. Elegance of form, and pure and perfect arrangement, give but small delight in poetry, compared with what they give in music and painting. Poetry must be more versant in the interests of the human affections.

Of all the poets who write at present, the freest in expressing his thoughts in any way they occur to him, is Lord Byron. The freest inventor of fictions is Sir Walter Scott; but they are expressive only of human character, and not of opinion, which has little connection with the active energy of the olden time. Wordsworth's genius does not tend much towards the delights of fiction. Being more fit for meditative self-examination, his thoughts are always called in from inventive flights by an anxious wish to separate truth from falsehood. But his mode of writing is sometimes not entirely freed from something like a puritanical grudge, making him wish still to retain "a stern self-respect," and to take too much pleasure in his own modes of action. One would think it would only be necessary for him to look at those vulgar religionists, who are just, chiefly, for the sake of being proud, and who, although they obey the law, are destitute of all feeling of the beauty of abstract relations; so that they would wish almost to stop at the virtue of mere faith, which is

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compatible with every sort of mental deformity. But I do not throw out these reflections with an intention to apply them to Wordsworth. His fault is not that he participates in such vices, but that he does not keep sufficiently far from the region where they exist. It may be said in his defence, that to accomplish what he has done, it required, besides sensibility, also personal resolution and rigidity of will to persevere, in defiance of what was passing around him. If Wordsworth is sometimes harsh, Milton was sourer in the tendency of his sentiments, and his mind never softened at all into passive love, which sometimes appears, in Wordsworth's poetry, with all the graces of true humility and gentle good-will. The nature of Wordsworth's poetical pursuits must always have hindered him from a wandering freedom of invention; and it is easy to perceive that his mode of imagining is not very graceful or easy. From the third canto of Don Juan, it appears that Lord Byron looks upon him with contempt and disapprobation, especially for this fault. His lordship's mode of thinking and conceiving appears with better effect in Don Juan, than in any former poem. He leans entirely towards natural passions and affections, as opposed to the mind's subjection to the ideal; and, consequently, his most general and absolute sentiment is that of universal relationship with nature, and of the community of substances—a "thorny" creed. In the exercises of fancy, (in which his lordship excels,) he seeks most for a rapid change of colours, and for bold oppositions. The narration of the first intrigue in Don Juan produces a strong sensation. Nevertheless, the successive narrations of amours would require to diminish in warmth, and to increase in philosophical reflections upon the ultimate results of passion, and its various depths; and this, perhaps, is the design of Don Juan, which his lordship promises is to be a moral poem.

Such are the opinions I entertain concerning the lines chosen by the poets who now write. But, for myself, I hesitate, not like a student before the two ways of the Samian letter, but rather doubt and wonder, like a mathematician, among the possible radii of a circle. Yours, &c.

Q.

NOTICES OF OLD ENGLISH COMEDIES.

No. I.

Eastward Hoe—Jonson, Chapman, and Marston.

In the analytical essays on the old English dramatists, which have made their appearance in the former numbers of our work, our readers will observe the design has been confined exclusively to plays of tragic interest and complexion. We have not yet strayed, or attempted to stray, on the comic ground of our ancient drama. Yet this has been occasioned, not so much by our undervaluing the humour and heartiness of our old comedy, as from a conviction of the surpassing excellence of those plays which abound most in scenes of passion and high-wrought feeling, from which, if from any thing, our modern tragic drama must be recreated and refreshed. Their scenes of humour none can estimate more highly than we do; and were it not for those absorbing excellencies we have before alluded to, we are satisfied their claim to attention and admiration would have been more frequently noticed and allowed. We have therefore been induced to commence a new series, with reference to this particular object, in which we purpose to bring a few of these productions before the view of our readers; entreating them at the same time to remember, that we do not promise more than a brief and unpretending analysis of the different plays, with a few concluding observations; and that the present series is not in any wise intended to interfere with or conclude the former, of which we hope shortly to give our readers some fresh and valuable specimens.

With the faculty of opening the sluices of the heart, and awaking the most sacred sympathies of our being, our early dramatists possessed in an equal degree that keen consciousness of the ridiculous, and graphical force of

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delineation, which are required for the production of characters and situations of humour. The same natural and intuitive feeling which led them to comprehend and fathom the graver emotions and higher mysteries of our kind, was never wanting when the object was to discern, analyze, and seize hold of the laughter-raising anxieties, strifes, passions, and humours of common life. Nature, in short, lay before them; and whether their inclination prompted them to call up tears or smiles, to harrow the soul with terror, or expand it with lofty and generous ebullitions of feeling—to strike upon the common and catholic sensibilities of which none are devoid, or to give to the heart new workings, aspirations, and fashionings—or, lastly, to entertain, by the ludicrous or comic exhibitions of our species, their success was ever great, triumphant, and prevailing. Indeed it was impossible they should not be equally potent in the lighter as well as the more serious representations of life, since almost all the qualities of mind which ministered to the one were, as the drama then stood, accessory to the development of the other. Besides, their comprehensiveness of observation was too extensive, their outpouring of faculty too great, to take in only one department of the mighty theatre which lies open for scenical imitation. Like the Roman epicures, they put the whole world in contribution to furnish the magnificence of their table. Human life, not in its fragments, not in its fractured parts, not in its separated portions of hill, dale, champain, or valley, but in its whole chequered and variegated vastness, was the vision it was permitted them to contemplate. The veil of the temple, if our reverence can permit us to make use of the expression, was rent in twain; and thus, with them, those twin-sovereigns, Tragedy and Comedy, which in other times, and with other nations, have risen to life and sunk into extinguishment singly and unallied, with them burst forth into existence at once, and pursued their way, not diversely and apart, but walked together hand in hand, prosecuting their various but not irreconcileable functions, and manifesting at once the approximation of their natures, and the nearness of their relationship.

Accordingly we find, that amongst the number of our elder dramatists, a large proportion were at once writers of comedies and tragedies, and in each line unquestionably and paramountly successful. We do not here speak of those plays which are compounded partly of ludicrous and partly of tragic scenes,—such as the histories of Shakespeare,—but of comedies and tragedies, properly so called, in which this chequer-work was not admitted. Middleton, Rowley, Chapman, Heywood, Marston, and Webster, with many others, might be named, amongst these double functionaries of the drama. In none is this exertion of power more remarkable than in Webster.—Who could possibly conceive or imagine the shadowy and awful pencil which delineated the death of the Duchess of Malfy, in scenes which terror has steeped with its darkest colouring, could ever, quitting the province of clouds and tempests in which its master sat enthroned, the very ποφιλογελοτα ζωης of the drama, descend to embody forth the lighter and lowlier scenes of comedy? Yet this we see it has done, and in a manner which demonstrates it to have been an easy and uninforced attempt. To attribute this to versatility of talent is ridiculous. It had a much deeper root. It was the result of a connexion between the two orders and characters of composition. It shews that tragedy was then pitched in a proper key,—that it had not then forsook the language of common life,—that it had not then interposed a deep gulph between itself and comedy. It shows that a secret and invisible line of communication was then subsisting between them, which, while it served as a connecting chain to both, was the link which bound both to nature. It manifests that no divorce had then taken place, or destroyed that salutary connexion, from which, as neighbouring trees from the intertwining of their roots, each gathered strength. This connexion was indeed the very essence and soul of both. Without it, our ancient drama could not have subsisted, and without it, perhaps, no modern national drama can subsist. As long as they are united by the mutual ties of relationship, tragedy will be checked in its aberrations from life and nature by its less ambitious neighbour, which will, in its turn, borrow dignity from tragedy; but as soon as these are

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severed, the former will evaporate in bombast, and the latter degenerate into farce. So the event has proved. When, by the introduction of stiff modes of criticism, and superinduced insensibility of feeling, the nice and delicate medium of connexion between these twin powers was lost, then immediately departed the excellence of our drama, and thenceforward we meet no more with those touches of nature, strokes of feeling, bursts of passion, and electrifying energies of expression, which abound in our early tragic scenes; and, in their stead, we have little else but frothy declamation, and cold extravagance. Comedy also has lost its sterling dignity, and degenerated first into witty licentiousness, and next into farcical buffoonery and common-place. The comedies of the time of Vanburgh and Congreve are as little worthy of being compared to the substantially excellent productions of Fletcher and Ben Jonson, as any of the tawdry and despicable performances of the present day. The sickly mixture of sentiment and farce, by which the latter are characterized, is absolutely insufferable, after perusing such plays as 'The Alchymist,' and 'Every Man in his Humour.' In them, and in the comedies of their time, all the strong and healthy lineaments of dramatic excellence are manifest and prominent; there is nothing ricketty or unfashioned in their make, and little extravagant or out of place in their situations; they have wit, as it is regulated by nature, and sentiment, as it is controuled by truth.

But these considerations are out of the compass of our design, and we will drop them. The play which we have taken, as the first subject of our specimens, is the joint production of Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. Perhaps it is not one of the most excellent of our early comedies, yet is unquestionably, even as a picture of ancient city manners, an interesting piece of writing. Our reverence, however, for the former of those writers has chiefly induced us to give it an examination, and few, we think, can feel indifferent to any thing in which Ben Jonson had a part, whilst yet in the vigour of his strength. As the joint composition of three eminent dramatists, it is still more interesting; nothing is more pleasing about the performances of these writers than their partnerships of fame. Even surly Ben, self-relying and jealous as he was, we see did not scruple to enter into alliances of this kind, and, besides the present instance, has written in conjunction with Middleton and Fletcher. This is a pleasing indication of a common interest, a heartening spirit, in the literature of the time, which was sufficient to raise and dignify the drama of any country. Yet it is painful to remark, that Marston, who, in the comedy before us, is the coadjutor of Ben Jonson, was, within a short time after the writing of it, one of the most violent of his enemies;—so short and insecure is the continuance of literary friendships.

The present play is one of the many of which city manners are the subject. With most of the comic writers of the time, they were a favourite theme. The prosperous reign of Elizabeth, and the peaceful one of James, gave full opportunity for industry and perseverance to rise to wealth; and commerce multiplied the means and enlarged the resources. Luxury, and extravagance the attendant of luxury, marched forward with rapid strides, and stocked the metropolis daily with fresh temptations for the prodigal and the unexperienced. Attracted by these allurements, the landed inheritors left the country for the town and the court, and frequently launched into extravagancies which their purses were unable to support, while their hospitable firesides were deserted; and what had been the abiding place of their forefathers, was left comfortless and bare. Thus many ancient families were reduced to beggary. On the ruins of these sprung up the race of opulent citizens and shopkeepers; and gradually increasing in importance, began to shoulder out the better educated and better bred gentlemen of the day. Every method which money could supply of hiding the original obscurity of birth and family was resorted to; and the degree of knighthood, which the hand of James, ever poor in purse and prodigal in honours, extended to all who could pay for it, was gladly caught hold of by opulent upstarts as a factitious means of gentility. Hence the frequent introduction of knights in our old comedies, and particularly in those of Ben Jonson, as the licensed subjects of ridicule. Amongst so many instances, it is reasonable to suppose that exam-

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ples of purse-proud citizens, and would-be gentlemen, should be numerous enough in the eastward division of the metropolis; and it is hardly to be imagined that, with such, the vocation of the muses, or the servants of the drama, would meet with much patronage or respect. Still less is it to be believed that this *irritabile genus*, by whom even the unquestionable prerogatives of rank and station are hardly acknowledged, should endure with content, or tolerate with equanimity, the overbearing insolence of city-pride and pretensions. Accordingly a war was immediately commenced between the two contending powers of the stage and the city—in the course of which the latter were, without fear and without scruple, held up to ridicule, as ignorant, uxorious, aping, and conceited; and hence the tribe, varying all occasionally in features, but all with the same generic marks and character of Fungoso's and Master Stephens.

But we will now enter upon our account of the play. Golding and Quicksilver, from whom the original hint of Hogarth's idle and industrious apprentices seems to have been taken, are the two shopmen of Touchstone, a wealthy and saving goldsmith in the city. While the one keeps his hunting nag, and plays at Primero with the gallants of the town, the other, less ambitious of these notable distinctions, attends to his master's interest and shop. The good citizen, who holds dice and ordinaries in abomination, thus parleys with the more dashing appurtenance of his counter.

"Sirrah, I tell thee I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my 'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whither you are running. Work upon that, now.

Quick. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch. 'Prentices' recreations are seldom with their master's profit. Work upon that, now. You shall give up your cloak, though you be no alderman. Hey-day, ruffians!—ha! sword! pumps!—here's a racket indeed!

[TOUCH. *uncloaks* QUICK.

Quick. 'Work upon that, now.'

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, dost thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. 'Sblood, sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace and of quorum; and though I am a younger brother and a 'prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and, by god'alid, 'tis for your worship, and for your commodity, that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, 'tis true; they call me Cousin Frank—right; I lend them monies—good; they spend it—well: But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more? must not their land fly? and to whom?—shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? how could gentlemen be unthrifts, if their humours were not fed? how should their humours be fed but by white meat, and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, Cousin Frank, some gold for silver: I change; gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, Cousin Frank, lend me some silver.—Why———

Touch. Why? I cannot tell; seven score pound art thou out in the cash; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants' company? no; I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt book; garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good, wholesome, thrifty sentences: as, 'Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.—Light gains make heavy purses.—'Tis good to be merry and wise.' And when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretiship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeezed out at the buckall: and I grew up; and, I praise Providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours: But thou,—Well, look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you: seven score pound is yet in the rear.

Quick. Why, 'alid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants' words for it, as any are in London: gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behaved; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind Cousin Frank! good Cousin Frank! for they know my father: and, by god'alid, shall not I trust 'em? not trust?"

Probably the character of Touchstone, though common enough in itself, had a reference to some living personage of city consideration, a man perhaps of sufficient substance and notoriety in his time. We are led to conclude this from the statutory words which are continually introduced into

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his discourse, and which, no doubt, were as well recognised by the original auditors of the play, as any of Foote's ludicrous imitations half a century ago. From the same reason we should be inclined to believe that the old usurer Security was of kin to some money lending and accommodating contemporary. Touchstone, the citizen, has likewise two daughters, the elder of whom, Girtred, a proud and ambitious minx, is on the point of marriage with Sir Petronel Flash, a needy adventuring knight. The father gives us their characters in the following passage.

"As I have two 'prentices; the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry: so have I only two daughters; the eldest of a proud ambition and nice wantonness; the other of a modest humility and comely soberness. The one must be ladified, forsooth, and be attired just to the court-cut, and long tail. So far is she ill-natured to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despite hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has; 'twas her grandmother's gift; let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that: but as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry—shall never use me as men do foxes; keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this Sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, Master Quicksilver, think of husks; for thy course is running directly to the prodigal's hog-trough. Husks, sirrah! Work upon that, now."

Girtred is an entertaining specimen of the vulgar would-be lady of the city. She sighs for coaches and fashions, stops her ears at the sound of Bow Bells; and, already raised in imagination to the pinnacle of her desires, hardly condescends to look upon her more lowly-minded relatives. She thus vents her scorn upon her humble sister.

"*Gir.* For the passion of patience, look if Sir Petronel approach! that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that——for love's sake, tell me if he come! O, sister Mill, though my father be a low-capt tradesman, yet I must be a lady: and I praise God my mother must call me Madam. Does he come? Off with this gown for shame's sake—off with this gown! let not my knight take me in the city-cut, in my hand: tear't! pox on't, (does he come?) tear't off!——'Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,' &c.

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatiency and disgraceful scorn do you put off your city tire! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself, in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Gir. I tell you, I cannot endure it; I must be a lady: do you wear your quoif, with a London licket; your stamen petticoat, with two guards; the buffin gown, with the tuftaffity cap, and the velvet lace: I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well: To eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty; to line a grogram gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks of three pound a-smock, are to be borne withal: but your mincing nicerics, taffeta pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it. Is he come yet? Lord, what a long night 'tis!——'And ever she cried, Shoot home'——and yet I knew one longer—'And ever she cried, Shoot home; fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.'

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest oft fly with a sick wing.

Gir. Bow-bell!

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would, for your sake, I spake not truth—'Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.' I heard a scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats and foxes and dogs together, to draw his plough, whilst he followed and sowed salt: But sure I judge them truly mad, that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers,—a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Gir. Alas, poor Mill! when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet i'faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mill, still; for though thou art not like to be a lady, as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and may'st, peradventure, be saved as soon as I—(does he come?)"

Even her pains-taking mother, who desires and prays for nothing more than the exaltation of her favourite daughter, is treated with no more ceremony.

"*Gir.* Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow: and by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only

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in the right of my husband,) I must take place of you, mother.

Mrs Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter; and have a coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right,) my coach horses must take the wall of your coach horses."

The careful father, disappointed in his eldest daughter's match, determines to give his younger to a more homely mate, by whom his hard-earned substance may not be so likely to be squandered in gaming and ordinaries. He accordingly chooses his apprentice Golding.

"Mildred, come hither, daughter: and how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you fancy her choice? what dost thou think?

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay, but nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? speak freely.

Mil. I am loth to speak ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speak well.

Touch. Well, very good; as I would wish: a modest answer. Golding, come hither: hither, Golding. How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? does he not look big? how lik'st thou the elephant? he says he has a castle in the country.

Gold. Pray heaven the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well: but seriously, how dost repute him?

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Golding, I commend thee, I approve thee; and will make it appear, my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? she is not fair, well favoured or so; indifferent; which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly—she is modest; thou art provident—she is careful. She's now mine: give me thy hand, she's now thine.—Work upon that, now.

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yon fellow? He is a gentleman, (though my 'prentice,) and has somewhat to take to; a youth of good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? you are his. Work you upon that, now.

Mil. Sir, I am all your's; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life: let your virtue still direct it; for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touch. Sayest thou so? Be you two better acquainted; lip her, lip her, knave! so, shut up: in. We must make holiday."

The marriage of Sir Petronel and Girtred takes place; and, amongst the festivities of the occasion, Quicksilver, the dissipated apprentice, gets drunk, abuses his master, and is turned out of doors.

"*Quick.* Am I free o' my fetters? Rent: fly with a duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good sir!

Quick. 'When this eternal substance of my soul——'

Touch. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quick. 'Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh——'

Touch. What then, sir?

Quick. 'I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name.'

Touch. Good Master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance. I will pass at thy shop posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign—'Work upon that, now.'

[*Exit, staggering.*

Touch. Now, sirrah, you, hear you; you shall serve me no more neither—not an hour longer.

Gold. What mean you, sir?

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom; and with thy freedom my daughter: and with my daughter, a father's love."

Quicksilver now turns gallant in complete style. He throws aside the cap, usually worn by city-apprentices of the time as a badge of slavery, and exclaims, in all the glory of emancipation, to his mistress, with the spirit of George Barnwell himself,—

"Sweet Syndefy, bring forth my bravery,
Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd:
I now am free. Avaunt, dull flat-cap, then!
Vis, the curtain that shaded Borgia! ..
There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state,
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistine's bands:
And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,
I'll lie; and snore out my enfranchis'd state."

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Like a man of the world, he has now to live upon his wits; and, not being very nice as to the means, he scruples not to appropriate part of honest Touchstone's property to his own use. He becomes a partner in iniquity with Security, the old usurer and procurer; and, as ruined men have generally a practice of clinging to each other, he is found to be hand and glove with the worthy knight, Sir Petronel Flash. These two concert to procure the new-married wife of the latter by a trick; to make over her inheritance for a sum of money, which Security is to advance, and with which these two adventurers, along with others equally desperate, determine to set sail to Virginia, in the expectation of advancing their fortunes there. The bride, in the mean time, is to be sent, with her mother, into the country on a fool's-errand to her husband's castle, which is in fact on his back, and thus to be got out of the way till the embarkation. Quicksilver's mistress is likewise to be disposed of; and she is, therefore, preferred to the place of waiting-maid to the new-made lady, who gives her the following summary of the duties of her post:

"*Gir.* Hark you, good man, you may put on your hat, now I do not look on you.—I must have you of my fashion now; not of my knight's, maid.

Synd. No, forsooth, madam; of yours.

Gir. And draw all my servants in my bow; and keep me counsel; and tell me tales; and put me riddles; and read on a book sometimes, when I am busy; and laugh at country gentlewomen; and command any thing in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case, be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Secu. I warrant your ladyship for that."

The plot succeeds. Girtred signs away her property, and departs full of triumph to the castle of her husband; not, however, without being discomfited by the sight of her sister's marriage with her father's industrious apprentice. She exclaims,

"*Gir.* There's a base fellow, my father, now: but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter! he must call me daughter no more now, but 'Madam, and please you, madam; and please your worship, madam,' indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base 'prentice?"

Sir Petronel, in his turn, now denies the gentility of Touchstone's new son-in-law. The old citizen thus answers him:

"*Touch.* An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship——

Pet. Nay, pray forbear, sir; and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen: There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural; now, though your worship be a gentleman natural—Work upon that, now."

Sir Petronel carries on an intrigue with the handsome wife of the usurer Security, and determines to make her the companion of his voyage. Notwithstanding his jealousy, the old man is made, by a feint, to assist in this part of the plot, and all the while imagine that he is only helping to ease his friend Lawyer Bramble of his helpmate. He is even brought to comfort her when she is about to set off.

"*Pet.* A word, I beseech you, sir: Our friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so dissolved in tears, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting; sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Sec. Pity of all true love, Mistress Bramble: what! weep you to enjoy your love? what's the cause, lady? First, because your husband is so near, and your heart earns to have a little abused him! Alas, alas! the offence is too common to be respected."

The adventurers take a boat with their female, but are overset, and with difficulty escape a watery death.—Quicksilver is taken up at the gallows; upon which one of the spectators observes,—

"O me! a fine young gentleman! what, and taken up at the gallows? Heaven grant he be not one day taken down there. O'my life, it is ominous."

Sir Petronel, whose head is not a little disturbed by the fumes of wine, imagines himself cast on the coast of France.

"*Enter* PETRONEL *and* SEAGULL, *bareheaded.*

Pet. Zounds! captain, I tell thee we are cast up o'the coast of France. 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope. Do'st remember where we were last night?

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Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water, and in the water.

Pet. Ah me, we are undone for ever! hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by heaven.

Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains, nor mine eyes, are not mine own yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know by the elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate.—See, here come a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England when he sees 'em? What shall we do? We must e'en to 'em, and entreat some relief of 'em: life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now, but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Pet. *Monsieur, plaist il d' avoir pity de nôtre grand infortune: Je suis un pauvre Chevalier d' Angleterre, qui a suffri l' infortune de naufrage.*

1 Gent. *Un pauvre Chevalier d' Angleterre?*

Pet. *Ouy, Monsieur, i'l est trop vray; mais vous sçavez bien, nous sommes tous sujet d fortune.*

2 *Gent.* A poor knight of England? a poor knight of Windsor, are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

1 *Gent.* On the coast of dogs, sir. Y'are i'th'Isle of Dogs, I tell you. I see y'have been wash'd in the Thames here; and I believe ye were drown'd in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you.—I ken the man well; he's one of my thirty pound knights.

2 *Gent.* Now this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day, for four pound given to a page, all the money in's purse I wot well."

The old usurer's helpmate manages to get to her husband, and to blind him as to her departure. The rest are not so fortunate. Quicksilver and Petronel are taken by the constable before Golding, the industrious apprentice, now advancing high in city credit, and an alderman's deputy. He commits them to the counter, to repent themselves at their leisure. After telling Touchstone of his new honours, the old gentleman thus addresses him:

"Worshipful son, I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one of the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies, to be remembered the same day with the lady Ramsey, and grave Gresham; when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds play'd i'thy lifetime, by the best company of actors, and be called their Get-penny. This I divine and prophecy."

Meanwhile the undeceived and mortified lady returns to her father, who will not receive her. She thus condoles with her maid:

"*Gir.* Ah, Synne! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Synne?

Synd. Not I truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Gir. Why, good faith, Syn, I could dine with a lamentable story now; *O hone hone, o no nera, &c.* Can'st thou tell ne'er a one, Syn?

Synd. None but mine own, madam, which is lamentable enough: first, to be stol'n from my friends, which were worshipful, and of good account, by a prentice, in the habit and disguise of a gentleman; and here brought up to London, and promised marriage; and now, likely to be forsaken; for he's in a possibility to be hang'd.

Gir. Nay, weep not, good Synne. My Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Synne. I was more than promised marriage, Synne; I had it, Synne; and was made a lady; and by a knight, Syn, which is now as good as no knight, Syn. And I was born in London; which is more than brought up, Syn: and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Syn: and instead of land i'the country, all my knight's living lies i'the Counter, Syn; there's his castle now.

Synd. Which he cannot be forced out of, madam.

Gir. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two; hunger, they say, breaks stone walls. But he's e'en well enough served, Syn, that so soon as ever he got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away from me, as I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the Knight of the Sun, or Palmerine of England, have used their ladies so, Synne? or Sir Launcelot? or Sir Tristrem?

Synd. I do not know, madam.

Gir. Then thou knowest nothing, Syn. Thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthoods now-a-days are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a-horse-back; ours go a-foot. They were attended by

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their squires; ours by their ladies. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travel'd wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still prest to engage their honour; ours ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Sund. Ay, madam; they were the knights of the Round Table at Winchester that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table, at ordinaries, that sit at hazard."

The whole scene is very pleasant, and we would gladly quote it did our limits allow.

The prisoners attempt a reconciliation with Touchstone, who is, however, immoveable. The account which the keeper of the prison gives of their devout turn of mind and penitence is very humorous, and bears all the marks of Ben Jonson's style.

"*Gold.* Here's a great deal of humility i'these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it you would say so. The knight will be i'the Knight's-ward, do what we can, sir; and Mr Quicksilver would be i'the Hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison. Only Security sings a note too high sometimes; because he lies i'the Twopenny-ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask, what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'em is't is so devout, the knight or t'other?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially; I never heard his like. He has eat his hair too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts! He can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs; and speak you all the Sick Man's Salve, without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Mr Wolf.

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant; a fellow could neither write nor read. He was called the ban-dog o'the Counter; and he has brought him already to pair his nails, and say his prayers; and 'tis hop'd he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer."

Golding finding his father reject all overtures from the humble prodigals of the counter, to effect a reconciliation, by a stratagem procures Touchstone to be a witness to the penitence of the knight and the apprentice, the latter of whom is doling out miserable ballads, to the edification of the hearers, far and near. These ballads are an admirable burlesque of the puritanical poetry of the time.

"*Touch.* Who is this? my man Francis, and my son-in-law!

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master, that I have no offended.

Friend. Good sir!

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppress'd.

Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's; he that was hang'd at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Friend. So, sir.

Quick. To the tune of, *I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick. In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver I did dwell of late:
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still, work upon that;
But, alas! I wrought I know not what.
He was a Touchstone, black, but true;
And told me still what would ensue.
Yet, woe is me, I would not learn,
I saw alas! but could not discern.

Friend. Excellent! excellent well!

Gold. O, let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick. I cast my coat and cap away;
I went in silk and sattins gay;
False metal of good manners, I
Did daily coin unlawfully.
I scorn'd my master, being drunk;
I kept my gelding and my punk!
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
(Who now is sorry for the same)

Pet. I thank you, Francis!

I thought by sea to run away,
But Thames and tempest did me stay.

Touch. This cannot be feigned sure. Heaven pardon my severity! *The ragged colt may prove a good horse.*

Gold. How he listens and is transported! he has forgot me.

Quick. Still Eastward-hoe was all my word;
But Westward I had no regard:
Nor ever thought what would come after,
As did, alas! his youngest daughter.
At last the black ox trod o' my foot,
And I saw then what 'long'd unto't:
Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill!

Touch. And I will do it, Francis!

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Wolf. Stay him, Mr Deputy, now is the time; we shall lose the song else.

Friend. I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir.

Quick. This stanza now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Friend. Pray you go on, sir.

Quick. O Mannington! thy stories show.
Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow;
But I confess I have not the force,
For to cut off th' head of a horse;
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of sin;
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's high-way, and bogs of lust;
Whereby I may take virtue's purse,
And live with her, for better, for worse.

Friend. Admirable, sir! and excellently conceited!

Quick. Alas, sir!

Touch. Son Golding, and Mr Wolf, I thank you; the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shewn a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen! I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole 'prenticeship to hear him."

The result is easily anticipated. The penitents are forgiven, and restored to favour again—the proud daughter, the extravagant son-in-law, and the idle apprentice, are reformed, and are rendered wiser by experience.

There are no scenes in this play peculiarly rich in humour, nor are any of the characters marked with great force; yet, upon the whole, it is an agreeable performance. The plot is easy, natural, and unperplexed, the dialogue is flowing, and seldom deficient in pleasantry. The latter is occasionally disfigured by grossness and double-entendre; it has, however, less of conceits and quaintness than is usually met with in comedies of the day. When it is not licentious, it is generally intelligible, and has lost little by time.

In conjunct performances of this kind, it is frequently rather difficult to trace out the different authors in their several parts, and unquestionably the difficulty is greater in comedy. In tragedy there is less danger of mistake, inasmuch as the conception and expression of passion take a more certain character from the mind which forms them, and fall more into a marked and distinguishing mould, by which that may be ascertained, than the sentiments of common life, which allow of little variation, or the displays of wit, which admit scarcely more. Yet there appears little reason to doubt that Jonson had not the chief part in the writing of this play.—It bears no marks of his peculiar excellencies or defects; it has not that bold delineation of character, that high-wrought finish of dialogue, or that peculiar richness of humour, which his best pieces display, and which, at the time of the composition of the present comedy, being shortly after the production of those pieces, he would have been fully able to bring forth. Neither, on the other hand, is it distinguished by his hardnesses. He elaborated his characters frequently too much, by continually retouching them; and altered and added to his scenes and dialogue, till he lost the freedom of the former, and encrusted the latter with conceits. There is nothing of this in the present play. The style of it bears more resemblance to that of Chapman, in whose comedies there is a more feeble conception of character, and a less poignant vein of humour, but much simplicity and unpretending ease. Probably Jonson first sketched the plan, which might be filled up by Chapman, and receive a few witty and satirical touches from the pen of Marston,* whose manner is, however, more difficult to catch at. The whole, it is likely, underwent the revisal of Jonson, traces of whom are chiefly discernible in the character of Touchstone, and in the concluding scenes.

J. C.

* Marston certainly wrote the passage upon the Scotch, for which he and his coadjutors were imprisoned. There is another similar stroke of ridicule in his Satires. Mr Gifford has ably examined the accounts of their imprisonment, which are full of idle gossiping and inaccuracies. Marston seems to have had much of the gall of the satirist about him. His disposition was not more amiable than his writings.

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ADVENTURE IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

After residing nearly a year in one of the most distant posts of the North-west Company, and conducting the fur trade there, I began to look forward to my return to Montreal. I waited with the greatest impatience for the arrival of the period which was to terminate my banishment, and restore me to society. I was nearly three thousand miles distant from any settlements, and my only companions were two young men, clerks of the establishment, whose characters, and limited acquirements, rendered them very uninteresting associates. My situation was one of considerable responsibility. A great number of Canadians, in the service of the Company, resided at the post, and were under my controul; but I found it a very difficult matter to keep them in a state of due subordination, and to prevent them from quarrelling and fighting with the detached parties of Indians that occasionally visited us for the purpose of trading. Interest and personal safety, alike, required that we should be on friendly terms with the natives; and I spent many anxious hours in endeavouring to promote mutual peace and good-humour.

Our post was situated upon the banks of a small lake, about sixteen miles broad. This lake discharged itself by means of a river into another of much greater dimensions, and thick forests covered every part of the neighbouring country.

One afternoon I took my gun, and strolled out in search of game. Though it was now the beginning of spring, the lake was still frozen completely across, the cold of the preceding winter having been very intense. I soon fell in with a flock of wild ducks, but before I could get a shot at them, they began to fly towards the middle of the lake; however, I followed them fearlessly over the ice, in the expectation that they would soon alight. The weather was mild, though rather blowy. Detached black clouds moved rapidly along the face of Heaven in immense masses, and the sun blazed forth in unobscured splendour at one moment, and was completely shrouded from the eye the next. I was so intent on the pursuit of my game, that I hastened forwards almost unconsciously, my progress being much facilitated by a thin layer of snow which covered the ice, and rendered the footing tolerably secure. At last, I fired at the ducks, and killed one and wounded another. I immediately picked up the first, but its companion, having only been winged, began to leap away before I caught hold of it. I followed, but had not advanced more than twenty yards, when, to my astonishment, I found that the ice was in many places covered with water to the depth of several inches. I stopped short full of alarm, and irresolute what to do. It was evident that a thaw had already commenced, and as I well knew with what rapidity the ice broke up when once affected by a change of temperature, I became alive to all the dangers of my situation, and almost shuddered at the thought of moving from the spot on which I stood.

The weather had grown calm and hazy, and the sky was very black and lowering. Large flakes of snow soon began to fall languidly and perpendicularly through the air; and after a little time, these were accompanied by a thick shower of sleety rain, which gradually became so dense, that I could not discern the shore. I strained my eyes to catch a glance of some living object, but a dreary and motionless expanse stretched around me on every side, and the appalling silence that prevailed was sometimes interrupted by the receding cries of the wounded bird. All nature seemed to be awaiting some terrible event. I listened in fearful suspense, though I knew not what I expected to hear. I soon distinguished a distant thundering noise, which gradually became stronger, and appeared to approach the place where I stood. Repeated explosions, and hollow murmurings of irregular loudness, were succeeded by a tremendous sound, like that of rocks bursting asunder. The ice trembled beneath my feet, and the next moment it was disunited by a vast chasm, which opened itself within a few yards of me. The water of the lake rushed upwards through the gap with foaming fury, and began to flood the surface all around.

I started backwards, and ran, as I conceived, towards the shore; but my progress was soon stopped by one of those weak parts of the ice called *air-*

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holes. While walking cautiously round it, my mind grew somewhat composed, and I resolved not to advance any farther, until I had fixed upon some way of regulating my course; but I found this to be impossible. I vainly endeavoured to discern land, and the moaning of the wind among the distant forests alone indicated that there was any at all near me. Strong and irregular blasts, loaded with snow and sleet, swept wildly along, involving every thing in obscurity, and bewildering my steps with malignant influence. I sometimes fancied I saw the spot where our post was situated, and even the trees and houses upon it; but the next moment a gust of wind would whirl away the fantastic shaped fogs that had produced the agreeable illusion, and reduce me to actionless despair. I fired my gun repeatedly, in the hope that the report would bring some one to my assistance; however, the shores alone acknowledged, by feeble echoes, that the sound had reached them.

The storm increased in violence, and at intervals the sound of the ice breaking up, rolled upon my ear like distant thunder, and seemed to mutter appalling threats. Alarm and fatigue made me dizzy, and I threw down my gun and rushed forwards in the face of the drifting showers, which were now so thick as to affect my respiration. I soon lost all sense of fear, and began to feel a sort of frantic delight in struggling against the careering blasts. I hurried on, sometimes running along the brink of a circular opening in the ice, and sometimes leaping across frightful chasms—all the while unconscious of having any object in view. The ice every where creaked under my feet, and I knew that death awaited me, whether I fled away or remained on the same spot. I felt as one would do, if forced by some persecuting fiend to range over the surface of a black and shoreless ocean; and aware, that whenever his tormentor withdrew his sustaining power, he would sink down and be suffocated among the billows that struggled beneath him.

At last night came on, and, exhausted by fatigue and mental excitement, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down upon the ice. It was so dark that I could not have moved one step without running the risk of falling into the lake. I almost wished that the drowsiness, produced by intense cold, would begin to affect me; but I did not feel in the slightest degree chilled, and the temperature of the air was in reality above freezing. I had lain only a few minutes when I heard the howl of a wolf. The sound was indescribably delightful to my ear, and I started up with the intention of hastening to the spot from whence it seemed to proceed; but hopeless as my situation then was, my heart shrunk within me when I contemplated the dangers I would encounter in making such an attempt. My courage failed, and I resumed my former position, and listened to the undulations of the water as they undermined, and beat against the lower part of the ice on which I lay.

About midnight the storm ceased, and most of the clouds gradually forsook the sky, while the rising moon dispelled the darkness that had previously prevailed. However, a thick haze covered the heavens, and rendered her light dim and ghastly, and similar to that shed during an eclipse. A succession of noises had continued with little interruption for several hours, and at last the ice beneath me began to move. I started up, and, on looking around, saw that the whole surface of the lake was in a state of agitation. My eyes became dim, and I stretched out my arms to catch hold of some object, and felt as if all created things were passing away. The hissing, grinding, and crashing, produced by the different masses of ice coming into collision, were tremendous. Large fragments sometimes got wedged together, and impeded the progress of those behind them, which being pushed forward by others still farther back, were forced upon the top of the first, and fantastic-shaped pyramids and towers could be indistinctly seen rising among the mists of night, and momentarily changing their forms, and finally disorganizing themselves with magical rapidity and fearful tumult. At other times, an immense mass of ice would start up into a perpendicular position, and continue gleaming in the moonshine for a little period, and then vanish like a spectre among the abyss of waters beneath it. The piece of ice on which I had first taken my position, happened to be very large and thick, but other fragments were soon forced above it, and

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formed a mound six or seven feet high, on the top of which I stood, contemplating the awful scene around me, and feeling as if I no longer had the least connection with the world, or retained any thing human or earthly in my composition.

The wind, which was pretty strong, drove the ice down the lake very fast. My alarms and anxieties had gradually become less intense, and I was several times overcome by a sort of stupor; during the continuance of which, imagination and reality combined their distracting influence. At one time I fancied that the snow still drifted as violently as ever, and that I distinguished, through its hazy medium, a band of Indian chiefs walking past me upon the surface of the lake. Their steps were noiseless, and they went along with wan and dejected looks and downcast eyes, and paid no attention to my exclamations and entreaties for relief. At another, I thought I was floating in the middle of the ocean, and that a blazing sun flamed in the cloudless sky, and made the ice which supported me melt so fast, that I heard streams of water pouring from its sides, and felt myself every moment descending towards the surface of the billows. I was usually wakened from such dreams by some noise or violent concussion, but always relapsed into them whenever the cause of disturbance ceased to operate.

The longest and last of these slumbers was broken by a terrible shock, which my ice island received, and which threw me from my seat, and nearly precipitated me into the lake. On regaining my former position, and looking round, I perceived to my joy and astonishment, that I was in a river. The water between me and the shore was still frozen over, and was about thirty yards wide, consequently the fragment of ice on which I stood could not approach any nearer than this. After a moment of irresolution, I leaped upon the frozen surface, and began to run towards the bank of the river. My feet seemed scarcely to touch the ice, so great was my terror lest it should give way beneath me; but I reached the shore in safety, and dropped down completely exhausted by fatigue and agitation.

It was now broad day-light, but I neither saw animals nor human beings, nor any vestiges of them. Thick forests covered the banks of the river, and extended back as far as my eye could reach. I feared to penetrate them, lest I should get bewildered in their recesses, and accordingly walked along the edge of the stream. It was not long before I discovered a column of smoke rising among the trees. I immediately directed my steps towards the spot, and, on reaching it, found a party seated round a fire.

They received me with an air of indifference and unconcern, not very agreeable or encouraging to one in my destitute condition. However, I placed myself in their circle, and tried to discover to what tribe they belonged, by addressing them in the different Indian languages with which I was acquainted. I soon made myself intelligible, and related the circumstances that had brought me so unexpectedly among them. At the conclusion of my narrative, the men pulled their tomahawk pipes from their mouths, and looked at each other with incredulous smiles. I did not make any attempt to convince them of the truth of what I said, knowing it would be vain to do so, but asked for something to eat. After some deliberation, they gave me a small quantity of pemican, but with an unwillingness that did not evince such a spirit of hospitality as I had usually met with among Indians.

The party consisted of three men, two women, and a couple of children, all of whom sat or lay near the fire in absolute idleness; and their minds seemed to be as unoccupied as their bodies, for nothing resembling conversation ever passed between them. The weather was dreary and comfortless. A thick small rain, such as usually falls in North America during a thaw, filled the air, and the wigwam under which we sat afforded but an imperfect shelter from it. I passed the time in the most gloomy and desponding reflections. I saw no means by which I could return to the trading post, and the behaviour of the Indians made me doubt if they would be inclined to grant me that support and protection without which I could not long exist. One man gazed upon me so constantly and steadily, that his scrutiny annoyed me, and attracted my particular attention. He appeared to be the

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youngest of the party, and was very reserved and unprepossessing in his aspect, and seemed to know me, but I could not recollect of ever having seen him before.

In the afternoon the rain ceased, and the Indians began to prepare for travelling. When they had accoutred themselves, they all rose from the ground without speaking a word, and walked away, one man taking the lead. I perceived that they did not intend that I should be of the party, but I followed them immediately, and, addressing myself to the person who preceded the others, told him, that I must accompany them, as I neither could live in the woods alone, nor knew in what part of the country I was. He stopped and surveyed me from head to foot, saying, "Where is your gun? Where is your knife? Where is your tomahawk?" I replied, that I had lost them among the ice. "My friend," returned he, "don't make the Great Spirit angry, by saying what is not: That man knows who you are," pointing to the Indian who had observed me so closely. "We all know who you are. You have come to trade with us, and I suppose your companions have concealed themselves at a distance, lest the appearance of a number of white men should intimidate us. They are right. Experience has taught us to fear white men; but their art, not their strength, makes us tremble. Go away, we do not wish to have any transactions with you. We are not to be betrayed or overpowered by liquid fire,* or any thing else you can offer us. None of us shall harm you. I have spoken the truth, for I have not two mouths."

When he had finished this oration, he remained silent, and I felt at a loss what to reply. At last I repeated my story, and endeavoured to convince him that I neither had any companions, nor was at all in a situation to trade with his people, or do them the slightest injury. He listened calmly to my arguments, and seemed to think there was some weight in them; and the young man already mentioned stepped forward, and said, "Let the stranger go with us,—the bones of my father cry out against our leaving him behind. I am young, but I dare to advise.—Listen for once to the counsels of Thakakawerenté." The first speaker then waved his hand, as a signal that I should follow them, and the whole party proceeded in the same order as before.

Our leader pushed forward, apparently without the least hesitation, though, accustomed as I was to the woods, I could not discover the slightest trace of a footpath. He sometimes slackened his pace for a few moments, and looked thoughtfully at the trees, and then advanced as fast as before. None of the party spoke a word; and the rustling of the dry leaves under their feet was the only sound that disturbed the silence of the forest. Though freed from the fear of perishing for want, I could not reflect upon my situation without uneasiness and alarm; and my chance of being able to return to the post seemed to diminish every step I took. I felt excessively fatigued, not having enjoyed any natural or composed sleep the preceding night, and the roughness of the ground over which we passed, added to my weariness in an intolerable degree; but I could not venture to rest by the way, lest I should lose sight of the Indians for ever.

Soon after sunset, we stopped for the night, and the men set about erecting a wigwam, while the women kindled a fire. One of our party had killed a small deer, in the course of our journey, and he immediately proceeded to skin the animal, that a portion of it might be dressed for supper. When the venison was ready, they all sat down and partook of it, and a liberal allowance was handed to me; but the same silence prevailed that had hitherto been observed among them, and the comforts of a plentiful repast after a long journey, did not appear in the least degree to promote social communication. The meal being finished, the men filled their pipes with odoriferous herbs, and began to smoke in the most sedate manner, and the women prepared beds by spreading skins upon the ground. The composed demeanour of the party harmonized well with the silence and gloominess of the night; and it seemed that the awful solitude of the forests in which they lived, and the sublime and enduring

* Spirituous liquors.

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forms under which nature continually presented herself to their eyes, had impressed them with a sense of their own insignificance, and of the transitoriness of their daily occupations and enjoyments, and rendered them thoughtful, taciturn, and unsusceptible. I seated myself at the root of a large tree near the wigwam, and continued observing its inmates, till, overcome by fatigue, I sunk into a deep sleep.

About midnight I was awakened by some one pulling my hand, and, on looking up, I perceived the Indian who had opposed my accompanying them, and whose name was Outalisso, standing beside me. He put his finger on his lips, by way of enjoining silence, and motioned that I should rise and follow him. I obeyed, and he led me behind a large tree which grew at a little distance from the wigwam, and said, in a low voice, "Listen to me, my friend.—I told you that you would receive no harm from us; and shall I belie my words? Thakakawerenté, who requested that you might be allowed to follow our steps, says that his father was murdered by a party of people under your command, about nine moons ago. This may be true, and you at the same time may be guileless; for we cannot always controul those who are placed under our authority. He tells me that the spirit of the old man has twice appeared to him in his dreams to-night, desiring him to put you to death. He has gone to repose himself again, and if his father visits him a third time during sleep, he will certainly kill you whenever he awakes. You must, therefore, hasten away, if you wish to live any longer." "What can I do?" cried I; "death awaits me whether I remain here, or fly from Thakakawerenté. It is impossible for me to reach home alone." "Be patient," returned Outalisso, "and I will try to save you. Not far from hence, the roots of a large oak, which has been blown down by the wind, stretch high into the air, and may be seen at a great distance. You must go there, and wait till I come to you. Keep the mossy side of the trees on your left hand, and you will find the place without any difficulty."

Outalisso motioned me to hurry away, and I departed with a palpitating heart, and plunged into the recesses of the forest, and regulated my course in the manner he directed. The moon was rising, and I could see to a considerable distance around. The rustling of the dry leaves among my feet often made me think that some one walked close behind me, and I scarcely dared to look back, lest I should see an uplifted tomahawk descending upon my head. I sometimes fancied I observed Thakakawerenté lurking among the brushwood, and stopped short till imagination conjured up his form in a different part of the forest, and rendered me irresolute which phantom I should endeavour to avoid.

I reached the tree sooner than I expected: It lay along the ground, and its immense roots projected from the trunk, at right angles, to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, their interstices being so filled with earth, that it was impossible to see through them.

I sat down, and found the agitation of my spirits gradually subside, under the tranquillizing influence of the scene. Not a breath of wind shook the trees; the leafless and delicately-fibred boughs of which, when viewed against the cloudless sky, seemed like a sable network spread overhead. The nests which the birds had made the preceding summer, still remained among the branches, silent, deserted, and unsheltered; making the loneliness of the forest, as it were, visible to the mind; while a withered leaf sometimes dropped slowly down—a sad memorial of the departed glories of the vegetable world. A small rivulet ran within a little distance of me, but its course was so concealed by long grass, that I would have been aware of its existence by the murmuring of its waters only, had it not glittered dazzlingly in the moonshine at one spot, while flowing over a large smooth stone. When I looked into the recesses of the forest, I saw the trees ranged before each other like colossal pillars, and gradually blending their stems together, until they formed a dark and undefined mass. In some places, a scathed trunk, whitened with the moss of successive centuries, stood erect in spectral grandeur, like a being whom immense age and associations, rivetted to long-past times, had isolated from the sympathies of his fellow-mortals. As the moon gradually rose on the arch of heaven, her light fell at different angles, and the aspect of the woods was continually changing. New

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and grander groupes of trees came into view, and mighty oaks and chesnuts seemed to stalk forward, with majestic slowness, from the surrounding obscurity, and, after a time, to give place to a succession of others, by retiring amidst the darkness from which they had at first emerged. Tremours of awe began to pervade my frame, and I almost expected that the tones of some superhuman voice would break the appalling silence that prevailed in the wilderness around me.

My mind, by degrees, became so calm, that I dropped into a half slumber, during which I had a distinct perception where I was, but totally forgot the circumstances connected with my situation. A slight noise at length startled me, and I awaked full of terror, but could not conceive why I should feel such alarm, until recollection made the form of Thakakawerenté flash upon my mind. I saw a number of indistinct forms moving backwards and forwards, a little way from me, and heard something beating gently upon the ground. A small cloud floated before the moon, and I waited with breathless impatience till it passed away, and allowed her full radiance to reach the earth. I then discovered that five deer had come to drink at the rivulet, and that the noise of them striking their fore-feet against its banks had aroused me. They stood gazing at me with an aspect so meek and beautiful, that they almost seemed to incorporate with the moonlight, but, after a little time, started away, and disappeared among the mazes of the forest.

When I surveyed the heavens, I perceived by the alteration which had taken place in their appearance, that I had slept a considerable time. The moon had begun to descend towards the horizon; a new succession of stars glittered upon the sky; the respective positions of the different constellations were changed; and one of the planets which had been conspicuous from its dazzling lustre, a few hours before, had set, and was no longer distinguishable. It was overpowering to think that all these changes had been effected without noise, tumult, or confusion, and that worlds performed their revolutions, and travelled through the boundlessness of space, with a silence too profound to awaken an echo in the noiseless depths of the forest, or disturb the slumbers of a feeble human being.

I waited impatiently for the appearance of Outalisso, who had not informed me at what hour I might expect to see him. The stars now twinkled feebly amidst the faint glow of dawn that began to light the eastern horizon, and the setting moon appeared behind some pines, and threw a rich yellow radiance upon their dark-green boughs. Gentle rustlings among the trees, and low chirpings, announced that the birds began to feel the influence of approaching day; and I sometimes observed a solitary wolf stealing cautiously along in the distance. While engaged in contemplating the scene, I suddenly thought I saw an Indian a little way off. I could not ascertain whether or not it was Outalisso, but fearing it might be Thakakawerenté, whom I dreaded to encounter in my unarmed state, I retired from the roots of the tree, and concealed myself among some brushwood.

I remained there for some time, but did not perceive any one near me, and thinking that I had been deceived by fancy, I resolved to return to my former station, and accordingly set out towards the great tree, but shortly became alarmed at neither reaching it nor seeing it so soon as I expected. I turned back in much agitation, and endeavoured to retrace my steps to the brushwood, but all in vain. I examined the most remarkable trees around me, without being able to recollect of having seen one of them before. I perceived that I had lost myself. The moment I became aware of this, my faculties and perceptions seemed to desert me one after another, and at last I was conscious of being in existence only by the feeling of chaotic and insupportable hopelessness which remained; but after a little time, all my intellectual powers returned with increased vigour and acuteness, and appeared to vie with each other in giving me a vivid sense of the horrors of my situation. My soul seemed incapable of affording play to the tumultuous crowd of feelings that struggled to manifest themselves. I hurried wildly from one place to another, calling on Outalisso and Thakakawerenté by turns. The horrible silence that prevailed was more distracting than a thousand deafening noises

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would have been. I staggered about in a state of dizzy perturbation. My ears began to ring with unearthly sounds, and every object became distorted and terrific. The trees seemed to start from their places, and rush past each other, intermingling their branches with furious violence and horrible crashings, while the moon careered along the sky, and the stars hurried backwards and forwards with eddying and impetuous motions.

I tried in vain for a long time to compose myself, and to bring my feelings under due subordination. The remembrance of the past was obliterated and renewed by fits and starts; but at best, my recollection of any thing that had occurred to me previous to the breaking up of the ice upon the lake, was shadowy, dim, and unsatisfactory, and I felt as if the former part of my life had been spent in another world. I lay down among the withered leaves, and covered my face with my hands, that I might avoid the mental distraction occasioned by the sight of external objects. I began to reflect that I could not possibly have as yet wandered far from the great tree, and that if I called upon Outalisso at intervals, he might perhaps hear me and come to my relief. Consoled by the idea, I gradually became quiet and resigned.

I soon began to make the woods resound with the name of Outalisso; but, in the course of the day, a tempest of wind arose, and raged with so much noise that I could hardly hear my own voice. A dense mist filled the air, and involved every thing in such obscurity that the sphere of my vision did not extend beyond five or six yards. The fog was in continual agitation, rolling along in volumes, ascending and descending, bursting open and closing again, and assuming strange and transitory forms. Every time the blast received an accession of force, I heard a confused roaring and crashing at a distance, which gradually increased in strength and distinctness, till it reached that part of the forest that stretched around me. Then the trees began to creak and groan incessantly, their boughs were shattered against each other, fibres of wood whirled through the air in every direction, and showers of withered leaves caught up, and swept along by the wind, met and mingled with them, and rendered the confusion still more distracting. I stood still in one spot, looking fearfully from side to side, in the prospect of being crushed to death by some immense mass of falling timber, for the trees around me, when viewed through the distorting medium of the fog, often appeared to have lost their perpendicularity, and to be bending towards the earth, although they only waved in the wind. At last I crept under the trunk of an oak that lay along the ground, resolving to remain there until the tempest should abate.

A short time before sunset the wind had ceased, the mists were dissipated, and a portion of the blue sky appeared directly above me. Encouraged by these favourable appearances, I ventured from my place of refuge, and began to think of making another attempt to regain the great tree, when I heard the report of a rifle. I was so petrified with joy and surprise that I had no power to call out till the firing was repeated. I then shouted "Outalisso" several times, and soon saw him advancing towards me.

"Why are you not at the place I appointed," cried he; "I feared you had lost yourself, and discharged my gun as a signal,—but all danger is past—Thakakawerenté is dead, I killed him." There was some blood on Outalisso's dress, but he looked so calm and careless that I hesitated to believe what he told me.

"I do not deceive you," said he, "and I will tell you how Thakakawerenté came by his death. He awaked soon after midnight, and not finding you in the camp, suspected that I had told you that he intended to kill you. He taxed me with having done so, and I scorned to deny it. His anger made him forget the truth, and he said I had betrayed my trust, and at the same time struck me on the face. Now you know an Indian never forgives a blow, or an accusation such as he uttered. I buried my tomahawk in his head. His friends lay asleep in the wigwam, and I dragged away his body to some distance, and covered it with leaves, and then concealed myself till I saw them set out on their journey, which they soon did, doubtless supposing that Thakakawerenté and I had gone on before. I have been at the great tree since morning, but the mist and the tempest prevented me from seeking

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you till now. Be satisfied, you shall see the corpse of Thakakawerenté.—Follow me!"

Outalisso now began to proceed rapidly though the forest, and I walked behind him without uttering a word. We soon reached the spot where the Indians had slept the preceding night, and found the wigwam remaining, and likewise several embers of fire. My companion immediately fanned them into a state of brightness, and then collected some pieces of dry wood that lay around, and piled them upon the charcoal. The whole soon burst into a blaze, and we both sat down within its influence, Outalisso at the same time presenting me with a quantity of pemican, which proved very acceptable, as I had eat nothing for more than twenty hours.

After we had reposed ourselves a little, Outalisso rose up, and motioned that I should accompany him. He conducted me to a small pile of brushwood and dry leaves, part of which he immediately removed, and I saw the corpse of Thakakawerenté stretched beneath. I shrunk back, shuddering with horror, but he pulled me forwards, and said, I must assist him in conveying the body to the fire. Seeing me still unwilling, he took it up in his arms, and hurrying away, deposited it in the wigwam. I followed him; and asked what he meant by doing so. "Are you ignorant of our customs?" said he: "When an Indian dies, all his property must be buried with him. He who takes any thing that belonged to a dead person, will receive a curse from the Great Spirit in addition. After I had killed Thakakawerenté, I took up his tomahawk by mistake, and carried it away with me. I must now restore it, and also cover him with earth lest his bones should whiten in the sun."

Outalisso now proceeded to arrange the dress of the dead man, and likewise stuck the tomahawk in his girdle. He next went a little way into the forest for the purpose of collecting some bark to put in the bottom of the grave, and I was left alone.

The night was dark, dim, and dreary, and the fire blazed feebly and irregularly. A superstitious awe stole over me, and I dared hardly look around, though I sometimes cast an almost involuntary glance at the corpse, which had a wild and fearful appearance. Thakakawerenté lay upon his back, and his long, lank, black hair was spread confusedly upon his breast and neck. His half-open eyes still retained a glassy lustre, and his teeth were firmly set against each other. Large dashes of blood stained his vest, and his clenched hands, and contracted limbs, shewed what struggles had preceded death. When the flickering light of the fire happened to fall upon him, I almost fancied that he began to move, and would have started away, had not a depressing dread chained me to the spot; but the sound of Outalisso's axe, in some degree, dissipated the fears that chilled my heart, and I spent the time in listening to the regular recurrence of its strokes, until he came back with an armful of bark.

I assisted him in burying Thakakawerenté under the shade of a tall walnut tree; and when we had accomplished this, we returned to the fire, and waited till moonlight would enable us to pursue our journey. Outalisso had willingly agreed to conduct me home, for he wished to change his abode for a season, lest Thakakawerenté's relations should discover his guilt, and execute vengeance upon him.

We set out about an hour after midnight, and travelled through the woods till dawn, when we came in sight of the river, on the banks of which I had first fallen in with the Indians. In the course of the day, Outalisso procured a canoe, and we paddled up the stream, and next morning reached the trading post on the side of the lake.

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SCLAVONIC TRADITIONAL POETRY,

In a Letter to **** ******

SIR,

IN the conversation I was happy to enjoy with you on literary subjects, you inquired once, whether we had any traditional poetry. I replied in the affirmative,—for really we have, and it is very extensive; but to characterise it, all I recollect having then said, might be comprehended in these lines—

More mournful far than many a tear—
Voice most gentle, sad, and slow,
Whose happiest tones still breathe of woe—
As in *your* ancient Scottish airs,
Even joy the sound of sorrow wears.

Now, I send you a specimen of this poetry. Supported by the advice of a friend, I endeavoured to translate it as well as I could into English. The original is in the old Bohemo-Sclavonic dialect, and had been discovered by accident in the year 1817. The manuscript from which it has been published, judging by its hand-writing, as Dubrowski, one of the first Bohemian literati, supposes, is to be referred between the years 1290-1310. It contained several historical ballads. I give you the oldest: you will see from its subject, that it is anterior to the conversion of the Sclavonians to Christianity.

The *tale* belongs to the heroic kind. The *place* of action, as I suppose, is Bohemia or Moravia. The *woods* mentioned in it is the famous Silva Herunia, stretching through Germany, and ending in Bohemia. The *blue mountains*, probably one range of the Carpathian mountains, or perhaps the Giant Mountains, where lived once a people, who, from the growth and strength of their bodies, were called Obry Giants. Of the two *holy rivers*, one might be Elba or Danube. The *foes* against whom they had to fight were perhaps the tribes of Avari and Francs, or, what is more likely, Charles the Great, or one of his successors, Ludovic, who might be brought forward into the poem under the name of *Ludick*, the hostile chief.

Pray excuse the roughness of the translation; it could have been easier to render it more elegant than tolerably verbal; but then I could not have warranted for its fidelity, as I do now.

The tenor of the translated tale, as you will see, is Ossianish; and if your Macpherson has been true, and Ossian ever existed, we want only a Macpherson to boast of a Sclavonic Ossian. There have been with us many bards, who were 'beloved by gods,' whose praises they sung, from whom they received their song, and who were admired and held in veneration amongst men, whose deeds and feelings they hallowed for immortality. Some of the names of those bards memory has preserved, and brought them, along with their songs, to posterity. Here you will read Zaboy and Lumir, elsewhere were celebrated Ratybor and Bojan; the last was even held to be the son of God Wieles. He sung in Great Nowgorod, and, after his name, a street in that town was called Bojan's Street. The hero of his song was Mseislan, Waldimer's son. Of many other bards, there are but the poems extant, and the names forgotten; of a greater number, nothing is known, like those anterior to Homer.

All that we know, upon the whole, about those bards, called in our language *piewcy*, (singers) is, that they were held in great esteem, their persons were sacred and inviolable, they performed religious rites, went in embassies to their own princes and foreign kings,—and two such Sclavonic bards, from the shores of the Baltic, history mentions, as having been on that duty at the Byzantine court. Besides, they celebrated the heroes of their country, and sung and sat at the tables of their princes. In the west of Europe, there has been a Round Table; and you see the east had also its own;—it was in Kior, at Prince Waldimer's court. You know its poetry, from the German translation I had the pleasure to communicate to you.

The Sclavonic bards appear sometimes in the attendance of foreign princes, sought for for their skill and amenity in song. Attila, King of the Huns, after having won a victory, called two bards. They sung in a foreign language,—it was the Sclavonic. They sung feats of war, and praises of he-

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roes of their own country. Whilst hearing them, the other chiefs melted in tears,—nor was Attila's iron heart untouched:—with sadness in his look, he took his son on his knees, and with his callous hand passed over the tender cheeks of the infant, designed heir to his glory and power.

Those bards did not remain in one particular place or country, but went from tribe to tribe as judges, mediators, priests, and instructors. They wandered with their songs and their gests—a sort of musical harp—from one land to another. Their sonorous lay rung often in the scattered villages, over the extensive plains, sometimes re-echoed amid the Carpathian mountains, sometimes along the banks of Vistula, Elba, Wolga, and Danube. The waters of this last river, in preference, were praised by them as *holy*. Toland, your countryman, if his authority is to be trusted, asserts even, that the Celtic bards had borrowed their harp from their Scythian fellow-bards; and the Scythians, according to the historical researches, are the same as the Sclavonians.

Time changing the form of things, brought also change into our poetry. The abolishment of the democratical, or rather patriarchal government, prevailing at that time over all Sclavonian countries—troubles ensued between the numerous petty princes—the increase of their unlimited power over the people—these, and such other circumstances, influencing the exterior state of society, acted likewise injuriously on poetry; for having reduced man and all his welfare to a fluctuating form, and subjected to a capricious disposal of an arbitrary will, they oppressed also his mind, his feeling, and imagination; and thus bringing into the human existence a dismay and servility, brought at the same time a mental incapacity and darkness. An interruption, or rather a total blank of mental exertions ensued, and reigned for many centuries in the literary history of that extensive nation.

The zeal of Christian convertors finished what slavery had begun, and with all its heaviness, would not have accomplished. Their eagerness could not suffer any other song besides their liturgy. They endeavoured to check and silence the free and natural effusions of the human heart as impure for the lips of a Christian. But in spite of the dreary anathemas of the church, joy broke often the bondage of fear, emboldened the neophytes to give freedom to their hearts, and then the existence of human being was often one ecstacy of song. Where, therefore, the political and spiritual power has been less heavy in oppression, you might, even now-a-days, find the holy rites of olden times performed, and the heathen song pure and free, or mixed and encumbered with Christian ideas, ring amid our peasantry.

The occasions at which this happens are different; they seem, however, to be such as were predominant in the days of the former existence of that nation; in like manner, as there are moments in the human life, which are pre-eminent above all others, the remembrance of which is lasting, and almost indissoluble from its duration.

Thus, on St John's night, at the summer tropic of the sun, you would see, in all the Sclavonian countries, in some more, in others less frequent, burning fires on the fields, or on the banks of rivers; the manly youth, with strong arms, rubbing pieces of dry wood on each other, and eliciting what they call the pure and holy fire; hereafter dancing around, and jumping over its high blazing flames. At the same time you would see unmarried daughters of villages, kindle at this fire their wax-candles, and with the wreaths twined of wild flowers, send them down with the current of the streams. From their slowness or rapidity in floating along, they predict for themselves the sooner or later fulfilment of their vows and wishes. During this act, they used to sing old songs, some of them so old, that their meaning in the progress of ages has been lost, but the more mysterious is the riddle of their words, the more are they relished and dear to their anxious hearts.

You would see before the sun-set of a fine autumn day, approach towards the *White Hall*, (dwelling of a landlord,) a crowd of both sexes, old and young, with solemn song and rural music. They are the reapers—they come to celebrate the festival of harvest, and to be joyous. At the head of this crowd proceed two virgins, beauties of the village—their heads crowned with wreaths, one of the ears of wheat, the other of rye, both interwoven with manifold flowers. When they are before the White Hall, they

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offer to their landlord and landlady those symbols of plenty and wealth of the fruitful soil, and, in doing so, pronounce a blessing. Next this act follows a national circle dance, the landlord leads the first pair, with one of the rustic Floras, his guests and peasants behind him; and thus, in mirth and joviality, they drink, sing, and dance the whole night away, the starry blue heavens over their heads, the green turf under their feet. Some of the more ingenious in this Saturnalian company, display a wit in making extempore stanzas, which they sing, adapted to their known melodies, and some of those productions are truly humorous, and burlesque, ridiculing the peasants, the landlord, and often the monarch himself.

You would perceive in the midnight darkness, the virgins steal to the hallowed fountains. You would hear there the music of an old song, like a breeze, "that breathes upon a bank of violets," chaunted in a low and languid voice, but too loud to be unheard in the dewy night. You would see them holding converse with the murmuring waters, and sighing to them the secrets of their heart—ask counsel and return consoled—and ween that thus they had removed the veil from their future destinies.

Some old customs and usages, even the eagerness of religion itself was not able to extinguish; and the clergy, severe at first, were at last forced to yield to their intrusion, and let them mix with the ceremonies of the Christian Faith. Thus you would see the wedded pair go and return from the church with music and song. The songs are addressed to Leda, Goddess of Love, to the moon, to the stars. The bride wears on her head a wreath of evergreen *wasilok* and *ruba*, and is praised in songs as Queen. Amid shouts of joy, and waving of banners, she proceeds with her bridegroom to the *White Hall*, to bow there before the patriarchal landlord, and receive from him presents.

On those, and such-like occasions, you would hear the songs of olden times revived; and hence you may conclude that a great deal of traditional poetry is circulating amidst our people, and it represents the image of the social and religious life of the old Sclavonians. Its spirit upon the whole is twofold, either amorous or heroic, its subject being love or power; but love and power of times that are no more, and over whose tombs a mourning spirit strikes his charming string, at times bold, at times tender, but almost always in a slow, mournful, and melancholy strain. This grief with joy is common to all people, whose deeds, as well as existence, are of yore; whose glory is a pleasing past dream, and whose true and real life we do but see on the dead pages of history.

Several collections of the remains of these old songs have been made with us, but in many respects they are far behind your Border Minstrelsy. The richest and finest harvest of them has been gathered among the Sclavonian tribes under the Turkish Government. Their easy, and rather pastoral than agricultural life, under a soft and moderate climate, fits well for the poetical pastimes, and raises them high in poetry and music, above all their northern brethren; whose habitations, the nearer they approach to the frozen regions, the closer seem to be wrapt in silence. The South-Sclavonians kept constantly in political isolation from the rest of Europe, or far from being influenced by the foreign and refined literature; their mind, therefore, unfolds itself independently, and pours forth treasures of ideas and feelings of its own. Some pieces of their poetry, which must needs be as original as its sources are unalloyed, are of an exquisite beauty, and were appreciated, and thought even worth translating, by men of such a repute as Ferder Goethe, and Bradrinski. Of the tender kind, the *Wife of Assan-Agi* is undoubtedly the finest specimen of elegiac traditional poetry. It is in the Morlæo-Sclavonic dialect, and has been translated into different European languages. The Servians excel principally in celebrating deeds of arms. There exist with them numerous warlike songs in praise of their old kings and heroes, down to the famous George Ozermy; and praises await now the victorious prince Ypsalanty. He fights in the sacred cause of freedom, as the former did; and the defenders of freedom among the Sclavonians never were left unsung.

Thus many remains of old minstrelsy are scattered over all the Sclavonian countries, in songs and oral traditions of the people; which, if gathered to-

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gether, combined with the annals of their history, interwoven with the tendency of the real character and existence of Sclavonians, would furnish materials, if not for the general, at least for the local, national poetry. Its sources, although they are not so rich as in Scotland, are nevertheless more extensive than those of any European people. And where are the limits to them? From the sources of the river Elbe and the Baltic, till the Black Sea, from the Adriatic Sea till the remotest boundaries of Northern Asia, what an immensity of lands! And everywhere dwell the Sclavonian inhabitants; and in how countless tribes! And each individual among them has his five senses, through which he receives external impressions—has a brain that vibrates with thought—has an heart that overflows with joy and woe—has passions that carry his being to actions worthy of an angel or a demon. Besides, what riches of ideas must pour forth from their different social relations to each other, and to Deity! Truly a richness of sources that is amazing for a systematical observer, and rather more fit for the irregular ecstacy of an enthusiast, or a high-minded poet.—There should be born Sir Walter Scotts, to recal from beneath the mountain-tombs, (Kurhany) overgrown with moss and weeds, the bold spirit of the old Sclavonian chivalry. There should be born Burnses and Ettrick Shepherds to give us an ideal of agricultural and pastoral life; and born should be those also, for whom

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Many should be born who would follow Lord Byron; who, by choosing our Mazeppa for his poem, has not in the least disgraced his pen, nor wronged his wild imagination. Its wildness has been rather gratified on the wild places of Ukraine. And many who would follow your Campbell, who did not also disgrace his *Pleasures of Hope* by a heart-rending sigh:

"Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell!"

A sigh, worthy to be placed as an epitaph to the whole nation, which has thus been laid into the grave with all its greatness and glory—A sigh, which heard by a wanderer of Vistula, on the banks of Thames, or along the Forth, recalls to his mind all his "home-bred sympathies." He consoles himself in the *Pleasures of Hope*, reads Lochiel, and sheds tears over the immortal pages, as the generous bard did at the injured shrine of Humanity.

I know that you like to consider *man* under different aspects, and trace his moral being through the history of the manifold exertions of his mind, and social relations. I know that you take of him the highest and most extensive view, from which you easily mark the mysteries of his divine origin and destination; therefore, I hope, it will not be unpleasing to you that colouring, however little it be, of the great image of my kindred nation, a nation that occupies more place on the globe than pages in the history—that contains in itself an embryo to the fulfilment of its great moral and political designs; a nation that, in its various and almost innumerable tribes of which it is composed, under different climes and governments, in spite of disdain and foreign oppression, did not lose the prototype of its original character,—had followed for many centuries, and follows till now-a-days, its own class of ideas, and is particular in its social virtues—whose principles of morality consist in paternal sayings planted from fathers down to their grand-children—whose poetry is chiefly in songs adorned with images and shades of pastoral and agricultural life,—whose music is like a uniform wailing of orphan-children, who even in their revelry seem not to forget that they revel on the tombs of their venerable sires; a nation that lives on the produce of its fruitful soil almost alone, or on its numerous flocks, and disdains all commercial traffic as sordid; that is poor in its stores, but rich in kindness, and warm in hospitality,—whose scattered tribes look with bitter hatred on a foreign yoke, and are stubborn to acknowledge over themselves any other law imposed, except their ancient usages and customs, which they revere; whose leading character is mildness, submission, and fidelity to their legitimate superiors—cordiality between the remotest relations of one family—high respect to the grey patriarchal hair—particular love to their country, and valour in defending its

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rights. Of this many instances are extant, worthy to be noticed as high examples in the history of patriotism.

Some defended gloriously their liberties, and, prodigal of blood and lives, took vengeance on those who dared encroach upon them. Some, who could not restore freedom to their country, exiled themselves for ever, and in other parts of the world sought hospitality and tombs. Some enrolled themselves under foreign banners, bled, guided by glimpses of a deceitful hope, crowned with laurels, if not their valorous temples, their glorious tombs. Death itself seemed to them a victory, who could not endure to see the land of their forefathers groaning in slavery, and to whom a life without freedom was worse than death.

Such is the spirit and tendency of mind common to each people of Sclavonian race; to those who boast to have their own free government, or are grown up to great political power, as to those who dispersed in various climates, led a precarious existence, as subject to foreign governments and laws. This similarity of character can be accounted for but by their common origin alone, and consanguinity; according to which, should it ever be possible to unite all the family members into one whole, they would, at the circle of their home, and at the same tutelary hearth, reassume their national character in all its purity, and by its salutary influence, rise in mildness and strength to the splendour of moral dignity and greatness.

These are the short and desultory considerations concerning the Sclavonians, which the translation here enclosed did suggest to me, and my little skill in English permitted to write down; should they, nevertheless, please your leisure hour, for they do not deserve any other time, I would be happy to remember having done any thing to your satisfaction. I remain,

Sir,

Your most obedient
Servant,

C. L. S.

Edinburgh, 28th July, 1821.

ZABOY, SLAWOY, AND LUDECK.

A Sclavonian Tale.

(Translated from the Bohemo-Sclavonian Dialect.)

Amidst a dark wood appears a rock. On the rock appears the valiant Zaboy. He looks around on all the lands beneath—looking, sighs and weeps, with dove-like tears. Long there he sits, and long is sad.

At once up he starts, and like a stag springs down the rock. He runs through the wood, through the wood's long solitary wild. He speeds then from man to man, from warrior to warrior, through all the country. Few words, and in secret, he speaks to each: and having bowed in thanks to God, he swift returned to his friends.

Thus passed the first day, thus the second; but, as the moon arose on the third night, the warriors gathered to the dark wood. To greet them, Zaboy descends into the glen—into the deepest glen of the thickest wood.

In his hand a sweet-sounding lute he took, and sung:

"Ye warriors of kindred hearts and sparkling eyes! I sing from beneath a song to you; it comes from my heart—from the bottom of my heart, where is the seat of bitterness.

"The father is gone to his fathers. He left behind in his paternal hall his children and beloved wives. Dying, he told his will to none, (save to his eldest brother:) Dear brother! thou mayest say to all with a father's voice:

"A stranger will here force his way, and overrun our native land. In foreign tongue he will command, as he in other parts hath done. He will compel you to work for him—you, your children, and your wives, from the rising till the setting sun. And no more than one friend (wife) shall you have, all the onward way from the spring of your life till the grave. All the hawks of your woods they will scare away, and to such gods as in other countries are, will force you to bow and sacrifice. Ah, brethren! neither to strike our foreheads before our gods will we dare, nor reach them food, where our father wont to bring them offerings, where he raised his

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prayers. They will fell down our woods, and break all our gods."

"Alas, dear Zaboy! thy song comes from the heart, and goes to the heart—to a heart drowned in bitterness. Like Lumir, minstrel of yore, who enraptured Wyszogrod, and all the lands around; so thou hast touched me and all my brethren here. All good minstrels are beloved by gods: from them thou hast thy song, to awaken courage against the foes."

Zaboy threw a look on Slawoy's kindled eyes, and retook his song:

"Two sons, whose voices to manly strength had grown, went often to the wood. There they exercised their skill, in sword, battle-axe, and spear; there they concealed their weapons; but when their arms and mind gained strength, they with joy retook them to take the field against the foe. Followed they were by other manly brethren, and together gave front to the foe. There was a fight like a stormy heaven, but the bliss of former days returned to their home."

All at once they sprung into the dale towards Zaboy. Each one pressed him in his sinewy arms. Then, from breast to breast they passed their hands, and exchanged gathering words.

And the night approached to the dawn. They left the dale, each going lonely. To every thicket to all sides of the wood they went. One day passed, and so another; and whilst the night darkened on the third, Zaboy proceeds to the woods, and through the woods behind him follow hosts of warriors; each of them true to his chief; each with a heart too stubborn to obey a foreign king; each with a sharp weapon.

"Now, Slawoy, dear brother! on to yon blue mountain's brow; its summit overlooks all the lands around. On, let us bend our steps from the hills to the morning sun, (to the east). There is a gloomy wood; there our hands may plight faith. Now, go thou thither with fox's steps; I'll follow thee behind."

"Ah, Zaboy! trusty brother! why is it, that our swords must, from the top of the mountain, begin dreary battles? Rather from this spot let us seek our foes, king's slaves!"

"Slawoy! dear brother! wilt thou crush a viper, on its head put thy foot, and there is the head."

Dispersed to the right and to the left, the warriors proceed through the wood. Here they range at the words of Zaboy, there at the words of Slawoy, their chiefs; and so move, beneath the gloom of the trees, onward to the blue heights of the mountains; and, after three suns had passed, they reached to each other their vigorous hands, and spied, with the fox's look, the king's warriors.

"Ludeck, range thou thy warriors unto one (battle). Ludeck, thou art slave above all slaves to the kings. Tell thou thy savage tyrant, that his orders are smoke to us."

And Ludeck kindled in wrath.—Straight with one call gathers his warriors. Full light is beneath the heavens. Each way in the sun-beams the spears of kingly power glitter bright. Ready they are to go where Ludeck goes, and to strike where he commands.

"Now, Slawoy, dear brother! haste thither with fox's steps. I'll go and strike them in the front."

And Zaboy struck in the front like hail; and Slawoy struck in the side like hail.

"Alas, brother! they are those who have broken our Gods; felled down our groves; scared away our hawks. Gods will give us victory."

And a front of numerous hosts, headed by Ludeck, rushes against Zaboy; and Zaboy, with flaming eyes, rushes against Ludeck. Like oak against oak, seen both above the other trees.

Zaboy presses to Ludeck alone.—Ludeck strikes with a heavy sword, and cuts through the threefold fells of his shield. Zaboy strikes with an axe. Ludeck swiftly avoided the blow. Towards the tree fell the axe. The tree falls down on the warriors, and thirty of them go to their fathers.

Ludeck in wrath: "O thou baleful seed! thou great monster of serpents! with a sword fight with me."

Zaboy grasped the sword, and cuts from his foe's shield a corner. Ludeck, too, grasped his sword; but the sword slips down the iron shield. Both kindle in fire to wound each other. They cut in rags all they had on; spread with blood all around them—with blood all the warriors, and all that was in that gory battle.

The sun passed the noon, and from noon to the evening half way—yet they fought. Neither here nor there

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yielded any one; every where lasted Slawoy's deadly strife.

"O, thou foe! Fiend is in thee; wherefore dost thou drink our blood?"

Zaboy grasped his axe, and Ludeck sprung back; he lifted the axe up, and threw it at his foe. The axe flies; to shivers breaks the shield, and beneath the shield Ludeck's breast.—The *soul* shrunk at the heavy blow. It chased the soul from the body, and flew five furlongs amidst the army.—Fright out of the throats of foe forced shrieks; and joy rung from the lips of Zaboy's warriors, and sparkled in their eye.

"New, dear brother! Gods gave us victory. One band of your's may speed to the right, one to the left. Let them bring coursers hither, hither from every dell." The horses neigh in all the woods—"Zaboy! dear brother! Thou art a lion without fear. Cease not from the bloody work."

At this Zaboy threw away his shield. In one hand he takes an axe, in the other a sword, and wielding them from side to side and forward, cuts a way amidst the enemies. They shake with fear, and flee the field. Fright out of the throats of the foe forced shrieks. The horses neigh through all the woods.

"To horse, to horse! On horses pursue the foe! Through all the lands drive them. Let us carry amongst them terror and destruction."

And fierce they sprung on their fiery steeds. Hard behind they press upon the foemen. Wound on wound they inflict; heap slaughter on slaughter. The vallies, the hills, the woods pass by—to the right and to the left—all flies behind.

Lo! There the holy river murmurs by. Wave towers over wave. The warriors shout shrill, and close step in step press on each other. Together they cross the foaming stream. Its waves had borne many a foreigner, (foe) down; but their own friends in safety carried to other banks.

The cruel kite spreads in breadth and length its long wings over the lands, and keenly darts on each bird. The warriors of Zaboy, dispersed in bands, chased the foe far and wide over the country. Every where they killed and crushed them beneath their horses' hoof. In the night, under the moon, they hung on their back; in the day, under the sun, they hung on their back; and again, in the dark night, and after the night, in the dawn of the day—every where they hung on them.

The holy river murmurs by. Wave towers over wave. All shout shrill, and close step in step follow each other. Together they cross the foaming stream. Its waves had borne down many a foreigner, (foe); but their own friends in safety carried to other banks.

"Go on! thither to the grey mountains. There will end our vengeance! O, Zaboy! dear brother! behold the mountains; already they are not far off, and few are our foes; and even those implore our pity. Turn to yonder side; thou hither, I thither, to knock down all that is kingly! The winds blow destruction through all the villages: the armies bring desolation through the villages—through the villages to the right and to the left. On, warriors, on! with broad strength, and with cry of joy.

"O, dear brother! There the broad top of the mountain. Gods gave us this victory; and there many a soul lingers, hovering unsteady on the trees—a terror to the birds and timorous beasts; the owls alone they fear not them. There upon this summit let us bury the dead, and give food to the pious. There let us bring rich offerings to Gods, who gave us again our freedom. Let us sing them pleasing words, and heap up the spoils of the conquered foe."

MEMORANDUM OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE PIRATES OF THE GULF OF PERSIA. A. D. 1819-20.

The state of society in Arabia seems to have continued nearly the same since the first mention of that country in history. The population is divided into tribes, or clans, which are each sprung from one stock, and governed by an independent chief, the head of the family.

There are two principalities, however, in the peninsula, which may be considered innovations on the patriarchal form of government. The o

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situated on the Persian Gulph is subject to the Imaum of Muscat, the other on the Red Sea to the Imaum of Senna. These appear to have had their origin in the changes produced by the introduction of commercial habits; and the new form of society and government, which arose from the consequent division of occupations, and the acquirement of fixed property.

The remaining part of Arabia is occupied by tribes, who acknowledge no superior beyond their patriarchal leader, and who, for the most part, have no fixed habitations, and no property that is not moveable. The country is too arid to promise much from cultivation, and the inhabitants subsist chiefly on the produce of their flocks, which they drive from place to place, as circumstances may require. Like all people in a similar state of society, they are given to plunder, and their predatory habits have made them warlike.

The tribes which settled on the coast seem to have lived for a considerable time in a manner perfectly similar to those in the interior, but as the use of boats obliged them to chuse for their residence situations where these could be accommodated, they were induced to build houses, to plant date trees, and cultivate the soil; the incursions of their neighbours forced them to erect fortifications for the defence of their property, and thus they fixed themselves permanently to the spot where they had first taken up their abode.*

As their form of government was not changed, and as they retained many of their former habits, and amongst others, their predatory tendencies, they were induced by the prospect of a richer plunder, to carry on their depredations by sea, rather than by land; thus they became pirates. In doing so, however, they could not be said to have changed their habits, but only the element on which they followed what they considered to be their original and natural occupation.

These tribes, therefore, differed widely from a body of persons of various nations and occupations, who had separated themselves from an organised and civilized society, and without any other bond of union had associated for purposes of plunder. The Arabs had a nationality which could not belong to such a community; and their habits were predatory, not from choice, but as the natural and necessary consequence of the state of society amongst them. These habits, therefore, did not necessarily vitiate their moral character in its domestic relations, otherwise than as war in general has a tendency to vitiate; for when they confined their depredations to attacks on the Persian vessels, they differed in nothing from a nation at war with Persia, and when they became more bold, and attacked all vessels of whatever country, they differed in nothing from a nation at war with all the world.

As they were not strong enough to put down opposition by their power, or to carry on their depredations where they were frequently opposed, they were induced, like other barbarians in similar circumstances, to practise a system of terror, and endeavour to prevent opposition by the dread of their vengeance. They accordingly put to death all who opposed them, of whatever nation or persuasion, and committed every description of barbarous outrage. Thinking it necessary to justify such proceedings, they found religious pretexts for what they had done, and declared such deeds to be meritorious and pleasing in the sight of God. When it is remembered for what execrable purposes religious pretexts were often found amongst Christians, even in our own country, such a circumstance will appear the less extraordinary and inexcusable.

The Arabs at first confined their predatory excursions to the Persian Gulph, and the coasts near its entrance; but being almost invariably fortunate, success made them more bold, and more powerful, till at last they issued forth from their inland sea, and infested the whole coast of India, as far as Cape Comorin.

During the progress of these depredations, there arose in Arabia a new sect, calling themselves Wahabees, from their leader Abdull Wahab. They taught that the religion of Mahomed had been degraded, and the true faith hid in a mass of impure doctrine, little

* Rasul Khymah, which, literally translated, is "The Promontory of Tents," grew in this manner into a considerable town out of the incampment which gave it its name.

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better than the religion of the heathen. They condemned the use of the name of Mahomed in prayer, and above all, denied him any supernatural power or assistance. They considered him a devout and enlightened man, and they followed his faith and his doctrines with more strictness and attention than any amongst the Mussulmen. They trusted themselves to the guidance of the one God, whom they worshipped, and would not associate any other name with his. They believed themselves to be under his particular protection, and expected, or pretended to expect, his special interference in their behalf, as the reward of superior devoutness and holiness.

Abdul Wahab claimed no temporal authority, but he collected large sums of money for religious purposes, and became virtually a ruler in Arabia over a numerous but scattered tribe. Missionaries were sent out in every direction, and were successful wherever they went. A great part of the tribe Johafsim, or properly Gohafsin, a powerful piratical tribe on the coast, were converted to the faith, and the Bedowins were following their example.

The Imaum of Muscat, one of the most powerful chiefs in Arabia, and an ally of the British government, was tottering on his throne. The Imaum of Senna was in danger, and Deria, the chief place of the Wahabees, had become one of the first towns or cities in Arabia. Many from amongst the pirates having become Wahabees, this sect supported the predatory system, and were supported by the pirates in their turn. In a short time they gained so great an ascendancy on the coast, that they became the ruling power, and being engaged constantly in predatory excursions, the terms Pirate and Wahabee were almost considered synonymous in the Gulf.

In the year 1809, the Imaum of Muscat begged the assistance of the Bombay government against the people of Rasul Khymah, and of several other ports, which were either in possession of the Wahabees, or associated with them, and under their influence. As these pirates had molested the trade of India for several years, and even attacked the Company's armed cruisers, the government were inclined to cooperate with the Imaum in reducing them; and an expedition under command of Colonel (now General) Lionel Smith, proceeded to and attacked Rasul Khymah, drove the Arabs from the town, burnt the boats, and destroyed all the property in the place. They proceeded also to the other ports, and returned, having executed all that was required by their instructions.

It was supposed that the Wahabees and Johafsims would not again attempt to molest our trade, but this calculation proved to be erroneous; they were strong on the sea in a few years, and became bolder, more formidable, and more successful than ever.

The Bombay marine having been much reduced, was inadequate to the protection of the coasts; even in the vicinity of Bombay, a boat was not safe a mile from our harbour. In the year 1819, the insurance rose to such a rate, that the premium to Kutch, five days sail, was as high as to England; and the merchants of Bombay sent up to government a petition praying for the remission of a tax of one per cent. on imports, which was levied expressly and exclusively to defray the expenses of an establishment for the protection of the coasting trade.

About this time, (1818-19,) Mahommed Ally-Pacha of Egypt, perceiving that the power of the Wahabees had grown into a great kingdom, and that they had taken possession of the holy places of Mecca and Medina, led an army against them into Arabia, and defeating them in several battles, made himself master of Deria, and sent their chief, Abdullah, prisoner to Constantinople, where he was beheaded by order of the Porte.

In the days of the prosperity of the Wahabees, those of the sect who resided on the coast paid a tribute to the chief at Deria, which was collected by Hassin bin Ally, by repute a very learned and devout man, who having gone to Deria in his youth, was there converted to the faith of the Wahabees, and returning to his own country in the vicinity of Rasul Khymah, preached the doctrines of his sect to the tribe Gohafsin, to which he belonged, and converting many of them, became a chief of some power and great influence, and settled himself at Rumps, about six leagues from Rasul Khymah.

Sultan Bin Suggur, chief of the tribe Gohafsin, at one time ruled in Rasul Khymah, as well as in Shyah,

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which he still holds; but he was forced, by divisions in his tribe, and by the power of Hassin bin Ally, to give the government of the former to Hassin Bin Rahma, the son of his father's brother, who became a Wahabee on his being put in authority.

After the fall of Deria, the death of Abdullah, and the destruction of the Wahabee power in the interior, Hossin bin Ally continued to demand the tribute from Hassin bin Rahmah, who refused to pay tribute for a government that did not exist; and thus a dispute arose between the chiefs. But each carried on his depredations by sea, as did also Sultan bin Suggur, till matters being in this situation, the government of India ordered a force to be sent against them, and appointed Sir William Grant Keir to command.

As the Arabs had long dreaded another attack from the side of India, so they endeavoured to prepare themselves against it, and the people of Rasul Khymah put aside one-third of their plunder for the purpose of building a fort to protect the town. This fort was accordingly built, and the defences of the town repaired and improved before the expedition under Sir William Keir had left India.

Hassin bin Ally, too, had abandoned Rumps, which was not naturally strong, and had fortified himself in the adjacent hill of Zyaph.

Such being the state of Arabia, the question arose, What will be the most advantageous course to pursue after the towns and forts of the pirates shall fall into our hands?

Some were of opinion that the atrocities which they had committed demanded retaliation—that a system of persecution, extending to the capture and detention of all the armed persons who could be taken—the total destruction of all property, boats, houses, and plantations—blocking up the creeks and harbours, and doing all that could be done towards exterminating the tribes engaged in piracy, was the mode best calculated to restore peace and order; and they proposed, at the same time, to leave a force at some convenient station in the Gulf, to check any attempt on the part of the Arabs to return to their former habits. The Bombay government seemed inclined to lean to this view of the question rather than any other.

Some however contended, that though the Arabs deserved retaliation, it was not our interest to retaliate to the extent which might be in our power, though it was necessary to establish our absolute superiority—that it was not advisable to persecute—that the nature of the country was such as would make it impossible for a force, equipped like ours, to follow the Arabs into the interior—that the detention of all the persons we could possibly capture, would not materially weaken the pirates, but only exasperate them—that the destruction of houses and plantations would make them desperate, without driving them from the coast, and would, moreover, entail far more misery on the women and children, than on those who had actually committed depredations—that the destruction of all boats indiscriminately was impolitic, for that they could be replaced, though not for some time, and that the people could not live honestly or peaceably in the mean time, without them—that the destruction of all boats would therefore force them to a continuance of their predatory habits, whereas, if they retained such as were fitted for fishing, they could subsist without plunder. They contended, that to prevent the Arabs from plundering, it was necessary to engage them in some other occupation by which they could subsist—that it was our duty, as well as our interest, to make the transition from a predatory to a peaceful life, as easy and profitable as possible, and that it was therefore desirable to gain their confidence, so soon as we had shewn them our power and superiority in war.

These opinions, however, were maintained only by a few, and by far the greater number of persons did not hesitate to give a decided preference to the former plan. Of those, however, into whose hands the conduct of the affairs of the expedition fell, several were inclined to the latter, and seemed willing to leave the matter to the decision of circumstances.

The force destined for the Gulf, consisting of about 1400 European, and as many native troops, with artillery, pioneers, and a battering train, was embarked at Bombay on the first day of November, and sailed on the third, under convoy of his Majesty's ship Liverpool, Captain Collier, and Curlew, Captain Walpole. On the 25th, the

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fleet anchored in the Sound between the Islands of Lorock and Kishm, on the 26th in Kishm Road, where they took in some fresh water, and reached Rasul Khymah on the 2d of December.

Preparations were immediately made for landing, which was effected without opposition before day broke on the morning of the 3d; on the 4th, the enemy's piquets in advance of the fort were driven in, and the batteries commenced. On the 6th, the breaching batteries opened on the fort, and the ships of war on the town. On the 7th, the firing continued all day, and about 8 P.M. the enemy made a sortie, succeeded in taking the mortar battery, and carried a field howitzer to some distance towards the fort; but the battery was retaken, and the gun brought back in a few minutes. On the evening of the 8th, the breach was reported practicable, but at an hour too late to storm. On the morning of the 9th, the storming party advanced, and found the fort and town evacuated.

Being now in possession of the chief place of the pirates, it became necessary to adopt some political course.

The great body of the inhabitants had taken up their abode in a grove of date-trees, to which they might have been followed and attacked, and probably from 50 to 100 fighting men might have been killed and taken; but the women and children of the town were also there, and it was worthy of consideration, whether the advantage to us in weakening the enemy to the extent which was then in our power, would be an equivalent for the misery we should necessarily inflict on the defenceless and innocent, and the burden we should bring on ourselves by the care of the women and children who must fall into our hands.

In the course of the following day, before any decided measures had been adopted, the Arabs sent in their submission, with proposals for an amicable adjustment; and their chief agreed to come in on a promise of *aman*, (forgiveness or personal safety.)

Thus circumstances led to a more lenient course of policy than the government had contemplated, or the persons on the spot had made up their minds to adopt or recommend.

In the course of subsequent communications, the Arabs were found to be more intelligent and more tractable than they had been represented to be. As they were in want of the dates and other provisions which we had taken in the town, they were readily induced to treat and deal for them—and finding themselves safe amongst us, they acquired confidence, and a friendly intercourse was established, which was the more likely to continue, as it promised advantages to both.

The Arabs were willing to enter into any engagements which the British authorities might deem necessary for the suppression of piracy—and as they were the more likely to abandon their predatory habits when relieved from every restriction on the more peaceable modes of obtaining a livelihood, it became our interest to encourage and assist such of them as were inclined to engage in any honest occupation, and to hold out every inducement to others to follow their example. A treaty was accordingly concluded upon these principles.

While these arrangements were in progress, some doubt arose as to the true import of the word *aman*, which became important, as on the decision of this point rested the terms on which Hassin bin Ally, chief of Rasul Khymah, had delivered himself up. He came to us on a promise of *aman*, which some translated *forgiveness*, and some *personal safety*. He was at this time a prisoner, and complained that his being kept in custody was a breach of the promise of *aman*. It appeared that this word admitted of considerable latitude in its use—and it was thought more advisable to liberate the Shaik than to give room for supposing that the British faith had been compromised.

Independent of this consideration, it seemed to be more politic to set him at large, as he was a man of influence in his tribe—and having more to lose, was more interested than any one else in bringing the arrangements to a conclusion. His tribe, too, during his confinement, manifested considerable suspicion of our intentions, which it was thought his liberation would remove.

This calculation proved to be correct; for, on his being set at liberty, not only all the chiefs dependent on or connected with him, but all the predatory chiefs of the coast of Arabia, with only one exception, sent in their submission, and entered on negociations for participating in the benefits of the treaty about to be cor

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cluded with the people of Rasul Khymah.

Sultan Bin Suggur, the chief of Shorgah Kuzeeb of Jazereet ul Humruz, the chiefs of Dubaee, Bothobee, Imaun, and, in short, all except the chief of Zyah, were engaged in negociations with us, and were ready to accede to any terms we might think it necessary to impose.

But Hassin bin Ally, in his hill fort of Zyah, saw all the surrounding chiefs submit, without indicating the slightest desire to follow their example. He was a man advanced in years, and lame from a former wound; but his intellect was active and acute, his spirit was high, and he was an enthusiast in the cause of his religion.

He denied having been engaged in any depredations on the seas, and represented the impolicy and injustice of disturbing an old man of peaceful habits, devoted to religion and retirement, who was possessed of no treasures, and sought for no power or authority. He said that he had fortified the hill of Zyah to defend himself and his people against the attacks of the Bedowins of the hills, who were his enemies, and expressed a belief that our hand was against him only on account of his religion.

But though he held this language, it was well known that he was one of the most active depredators, and the most wealthy and ambitious of all the chiefs of the coast.

It was in vain that we represented our desire to avoid interfering with his religion, and our readiness to secure him in the possession of all his property, if he quietly permitted us to destroy the fortifications of Zyah, and delivered up such of his boats and vessels as we might think it necessary to demand. He only answered that he and his people would die for their religion —that he knew well our superiority in men and in means, but that the result of battles was in the hand of God, who was stronger and mightier than we.

As all attempts to induce Hassin bin Ally to treat as the other Shaiks had done, were found unavailing, it was determined to march a detachment against him.

After a creditable resistance of three days, a flag of truce was sent from the fort at the moment the troops had been drawn out for the storm; and it was agreed that Hassin bin Ally and his followers should march out unarmed, and deliver themselves up without any other stipulation than that their lives should be spared.

They were received by a body of troops, which accompanied them to the creek, whence they were embarked on board the transports as prisoners of war, leaving all their property, women, and children, in Zyah.

It would be difficult to convey any accurate idea of the distressing scene which presented itself on entering the place. Above three hundred women, with a great number of children, found themselves in the possession of an enemy they had been taught to dread and to abhor, without the presence of even one man to afford them the semblance of protection.

As the Arabs themselves make no prisoners, but put to death all who oppose them—no persuasions could induce these unfortunate creatures to believe that their husbands and fathers were yet alive. It was thought advisable to collect them in one great court, to secure them from the insults of the soldiers; but when it was proposed to them, they all screamed out that we were driving them to slaughter.

In the crowd and confusion, the members of families were separated, and each seemed to think that all the others had perished; children lost their mothers, and were unable to recover them. Even babes were lying here and there, with no one near who owned them.

Night fell on this scene of confusion and distress, and kept them in doubt as to the fate of others, and dreadful suspense as to their own. Fatigue and darkness, disappointment and despair, by degrees brought silence, broken at times by a scream of terror, raised on the slightest commotion or alarm.

In the morning they were somewhat more calm; the children had lost the feeling of immediate danger, and were even cheerful; provisions were distributed amongst them, and every one strove to contribute to their confidence and comfort. It was found necessary, however, to destroy the place in which they were collected as it was a part of the defences of the town; it therefore became necessary to remove them to some distance.

It was no sooner intimated that they

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must move from the town than the consternation became as great as ever. They believed that we were about to put them to death, and it was in vain that we endeavoured to persuade them of the contrary. No entreaty could induce them to move. The confusion became as great as at first. The rain fell in torrents, and added to the misery of their situation. Though the distance to which they were to be taken was only a few hundred yards, all our efforts were unsuccessful.

It was found that of the prisoners sent on board the transports, a considerable number were cultivators, who had taken up arms on the occasion, and who had not been personally engaged in any predatory excursions; it was therefore humanely determined to send them on shore for the protection of the females. These liberated prisoners arrived at the time when the greatest confusion prevailed among the women and children. With their assistance, however, confidence and order were restored; and if any thing could compensate for the misery of such a night as the preceding, the meeting that day might be considered a compensation. Even those whose husbands did not return, were consoled by assurances of their safety, and the hope of meeting them again.

In the course of the afternoon, the whole moved in a body on the road to Rasul Khymah, to distribute themselves amongst the villages dependant on that place, and on Zyah, where they all found shelter. One child only remained on the ground, which had been abandoned by its parents, or had perhaps lost them in the siege; he was picked up by one of the soldiers, and given to an officer, who has taken him under his protection.

It was gratifying to observe the humanity and kindness of the soldiers to these unfortunate creatures. Many of them amused themselves by distributing provisions among the women, and feeding and assisting the children.—There was no disposition to take advantage of their defenceless situation; and it did not appear that any woman had been injured or insulted.

After the fall of Zyah, nothing remained to be done on the coast of Arabia except to embody, in the form of a general treaty, what applied to all the chiefs in common, and to make, at the same time, specific treaties with each individual Shaik, or chief, including such articles as could not be inserted in the general treaty.

At the conclusion of these arrangements, all the chiefs remained in possession of their towns and villages, except the chiefs of Rasul Khymah, and Zyah. The former place was directed, by the instructions of government, to be tendered to the Imaum of Muscat, and in the event of his declining to garrison it, it was to be offered to the Pacha of Egypt. It was necessary also to leave a force in the Gulf, and as Rasul Khymah had long been considered the head-quarters of piracy, it was thought that more confidence would be given to traders by our continuing to occupy a place of so great note. It was therefore determined to leave a force, for the present at least, in that place.

Hassin bin Ramah, however, retained every thing he had formerly held, excepting the town of Rasul Khymah, and a few detached towns situated amongst the date groves formerly mentioned, which it was necessary to retain from their commanding the best water.

The chief of Zyah, on the other hand, was still a prisoner with his followers, and a question arose regarding the propriety of setting him at liberty.

The instructions of government had provided for the disposal of prisoners, and had not left any distinct discretionary power to set them at liberty. It appeared, however, that much might be gained by doing so.

We had already given the most decided proofs of our power in the reduction of Rasul Khymah and Zyah, and had had the most ample acknowledgment of our superiority in the submission of all the chiefs. Every day brought additional arguments in favour of the system of conciliation; and the more that was seen of the nature of the country and the habits of the people, the more evident did it become that nothing could have been accomplished by attempting to follow them into the interior. It was found that little could be done with the people except through the medium of the chiefs, and that any attempt to set up rulers of our own making, must certainly fail, from the patriarchal feeling of the tribes.

The followers of Hassin bin Ali were only about 200 in number,

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were not therefore to be dreaded for their power. Though the Shaik was a man of influence, he had no power in his hands, and his residence was in the vicinity of Rasul Khymah, and could be taken at any time. He had no power to do harm, and might be made the instrument of doing much which we wanted to effect.

It appeared, too, that the liberation of the prisoners would demonstrate the lenity of our intentions, and confirm the confidence of the Arabs. If it was determined to endeavour to engage them in peaceful occupations, it was obviously desirable to gain their confidence as much as was in our power.

In consideration of these arguments, it was at last decided that the prisoners should be set at liberty, and Hassin bin Ally returned once more to rule in Zyah.

Having garrisoned Rasul Khymah with 1200 men, the expedition proceeded to the other ports, and having destroyed the boats and fortifications, as stipulated in the treaty, took its leave of the coast of Arabia, and crossed the Gulf to the Persian side.

TIMBUCTOO AND MUNGO PARK.

[We have received the following interesting communication from Glasgow. Our correspondent describes the author as deserving of the fullest confidence, mentioning the names of several gentlemen on whose affairs he was engaged in the Mediterranean; and, from our own knowledge of their characters, we are perfectly convinced they would never countenance any person capable of attempting to impose on the public. The little narrative itself has an air of simplicity and truth, very unlike a fictitious story, and it was not drawn up, as we are informed, with a view to publication; indeed, the incidents which it describes are not important, except with reference to the bold, but unfortunate traveller on whose fate they seem to throw a little light. C. N.]

On the 1st June, 1820, I sailed from Tangiers to Genoa, accompanied by Hagi Mahomet Alibabi, a Timbucton merchant, who had along with him eight Moors, two as companions, and six as attendants. This merchant was one of twenty-five adventurers, who, according to a practice prevalent in Morocco, left Fez for Timbuctoo, with the view of entering into speculations with the natives, and of collecting gold and silver, with which the sands of that place are said to abound. He resided there for twenty-five years, and so detrimental did the climate prove, that in that time he buried twenty-three out of the twenty-four companions who had accompanied him. At the end of this period he returned to Fez, and was now proceeding thence to Mecca on a pilgrimage to the Prophet's tomb. Along with him he had in gold, silver, elephants' teeth, gems, and the like merchandise, what I valued at about 8000l. sterling, and which I understood to be the product of his industry at Timbuctoo.

In the course of much conversation which I had with him, I asked whether he thought it practicable to penetrate into the interior of Africa? He answered, the only obstacle he knew was the unhealthiness of the climate. I then asked what course he would recommend to a European who wished to penetrate into Africa? He said, that he considered the best way for a person with such a wish would be, to join a company of travelling Moors at Morocco, conforming to their habits and forms of devotion. He added, that if a European adopted this course, under the Emperor's protection, which could be easily procured by a recommendation from our government, he would be subject to no danger save such as arose from the climate. He stated, that the journey from Fez to Timbuctoo occupies two months. Continuing this conversation, I asked him whether he had ever heard of any Christians visiting Timbuctoo? He said that he did recollect of a boat, (*una barca*) manned by Christians, advancing towards Timbuctoo by the river. The king, hearing of its approach, sent a canoe to inquire regarding their object, and to demand duties. A dispute ensued, in which the Christians fired on the Timbuctons, killing one and obliging the others to retire, who

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however did so only to await an opportunity of revenge. The Christians then rowed to the shore, at the foot of a high mountain, and disembarked there, leaving the boat unguarded. The tide falling soon after, the boat was left ashore.

The Timbuctons thought this a good opportunity for revenge, and climbing up the mountain, they rolled large stones upon the boat, leaving it totally useless.

In this helpless predicament, the Christians wandered for some time among the mountains in the greatest distress. Unfortunately, however, their visit, the catastrophe, and their presence, united in exciting the imaginary fears of the Timbuctons. The king found it necessary to call a council, in order to consider the most effectual means of preventing those consequences which these fears had for their object. The general opinion there was, that they were spies, and that, if allowed to escape, they would, in all probability, return with an army to take possession of the country, and inflict some dreadful calamity upon the inhabitants. Under this impression, it was resolved, that they should be immediately taken and put to death; a resolution which was carried into effect. The merchant drawing the side of his hand across his throat, signified what had been the end of these unfortunate adventurers. When I questioned him as to the date of this transaction, he seemed to recollect by stringing together, with apparent difficulty, a number of events. On two occasions, however, when I questioned him on this head, he said, he thought that what he related had taken place eleven years ago; that is, in the year 1809. This date will probably be considered by some, as too late to identify the transaction with the fate of Mr Park and of his companions. It would surely, however, be too much to object to the story on this account alone. The merchant was to be considered as a foreigner, he had no personal interest in the transaction, no family occurrence with which, as we see mothers do, he might connect it in his recollection; he had, doubtless, long ceased to employ it as a topic of conversation, and, at most, he had probably only employed it transiently as such. In these circumstances, strict accuracy was not to be expected. And if it be supposed necessary to place the transaction two or three years farther back, I apprehend that no candid person, who recollects the distance in time since it took place, and the circumstances of the narrator, will consider that too great a latitude has been given. In justice to the merchant, I should allude to the language in which we communicated. This was the Spanish, a language foreign to us both, and though known to us sufficiently for general purposes, yet not completely, as in those particulars which give so different a colouring to a narration. Partly to this circumstance, and partly to the ignorance which prevails among the inhabitants of the Mediterranean, of the rising and falling of the tide, I attribute the mention that is made of the falling of tide on the river. The expression struck me at the time, and I then, and afterwards, questioned him on it closely and keenly, till unfortunately he lost temper on the subject, and I was obliged to desist. As, however, I find that travellers state, that great swellings, occasioning sometimes inundations, take place on the river at Timbuctoo,* I think it not improbable that the merchant alluded to a subsiding from one of those swellings.

The character of the merchant, it is incumbent on me to state, was held in the highest respect among the Moors. A Sherrif accompanied him, and I could perceive, that even on him, the austerity of the merchant impressed awe. At sea, and in quarantine, I was confined for two months to the company of the merchant and his companions; and though they proved disagreeable to me on account of their habits, yet I did not take leave of them without some of those sentiments of respect for the character of the merchant which his countrymen entertained.

W. S. C.

P. S.—I subjoin a short Vocabulary of the Timbucton language:

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* Macqueen's *Africa*, p. 73; Lyon's *Narrative*, p. 145.

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A SHORT VOCABULARY OF THE TIMBUCTON LANGUAGE.

1, Afo.
2, Ainga.
3, Ainja.
4, Atakee.
5, Agou.
6, Edou.
7, Ea.
8, Ya.
9, Yaya.
10, Awe.
11, Awegindifō.
12, Awegindé ainga.
13, Awegindé ainja.
14, Awegindé takee.
15, Awegindé gou.
16, Awegindé edou.
17, Awegindé ĕa.
18, Awegindé ya.
19, Awegindé yaya.
20, Waranga.
30, Waranja.
40, Watakee.
50, Wegou.
60, Wedf.
70, Weha.
80, Wéé. e *sounding like* a *in mail.*
90, Jangou norwishi.
100, Jangou.
1000, Jangou we. e *as* a *in mail*
2000, Diembra ainga.
3000, Diembra ainja.

God,	Yorkee.	Tobacco,	Sera.
Heaven,	Sāna. (First *a* as in *far*, *star*.)	Eggs,	Gorongoogerie.
		Milk,	Wa.
Hell,	Jahanama.	Pease,	Dema.
World,	Doonio.	Figs,	Geagea.
Devil,	Jenoon.	Grapes,	Farfa.
Fire,	Noona.	Father,	Baba.
Air,	Heou.	Mother,	Ignia.
Earth,	Ganda.	Grandfather,	Cara.
Sea,	Essa.	Grandmother,	Cara.
Sun,	Wadna.	Son,	Idyakāna.
Moon,	Andoo.	Daughter,	Harkāna.
Stars,	Sāna.	Brother,	Abarie.
Rain,	Bāna.	Sister,	Abarie.
Heat,	Joolo.	Uncle,	Babakana.
Cold,	Foofoo.	Wife,	Wee.
Day,	Noona.	Brother-in-law,	Abarie.
Night,	Chigi.	Twins,	Finaou.
Noon,	Adhahaber.	Friend,	Abaquee.
Morning,	Sba in har.	Enemy,	Abagawid.
Evening,	Wikāree.	Marriage,	Heega.
To-day,	Ho.	Man,	Haree.
Yesterday,	Deefo.	Woman,	Wee.
To-morrow,	Sba.	Old man,	Harucksoo.
Week,	Girbeea.	Boy,	Yakāna.
Year,	Eeree.	Master,	San.
Monday,	Jema.	Shoes,	Tamb.
Tuesday,	Sibs.	Waistcoat,	Deriba.
Wednesday,	Ilhad.	Shirt,	Ecoray.
Thursday,	Itsnien.	Cap,	Toolah.
Friday,	Cladsa.	Pocket,	Geebah.
Saturday,	Eārba.	Ring,	Corobo.
Sunday,	Ilhamies.	Sword,	Tacoba.
Priest,	Jugiree.	Pistol,	Cabous.
Bread,	Tacola.	Gun,	Warafa.
Water,	Heere.	Head,	Camba.
Flesh,	Ilham.	Face,	Wimhagra.
Fish,	Haraham.	Forehead,	Teega.
Roast,	Hamcookeroo.	Eye,	Moa.
Fruit,	Beta.	Ears,	Hanga.
Cheese,	Gesec.	Hair,	Bohamarie.
Chair,	Teeta.	Cheeks,	Wercamboor.
Knife,	Oorie.	Nose,	Neena.
Spoon,	Joto.	Nostrils,	Neenafana.
Plate,	Too.	Beard,	Carbay.
Salt,	Keerie.	Mouth,	Mea.
Pepper,	Dandee.	Teeth,	Hinga.
Oil,	Blanga.	Tongue,	Daēla.

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LETTER FROM BILL TRUCK, INCLOSING "THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN."

DEAR MR CHRISTOPHER,

EVER since my return to my native city, I have found nothing half so relishing, nothing that smacks so well with my taste, as a lounge over your inimitable Monthly, at my evening's allowance. With a jolly long pipe, and a cann of stuff before me, and old Buchanan planted in my dexter, I am as merry an old fellow as ever the devil shook a cudgel over. In fact, so many happy evenings have you made me spend, with still renewed and unabating delight, that I have not only formed the highest opinion of yourself, but have determined, out of sheer gratitude, to sniggle for your future acquaintance, by cheerfully volunteering to your service a few scraps of a work of my own, which, when finished, I intend to dedicate to your excellent correspondent E., of whose clear and pithy reasoning, I think it will furnish no contemptible an illustration.

Without any farther whiffling about the matter then, as I love to do a thing smartly, I herewith inclose as large a portion as I think you'll have room for; and if my *terra et mare* phraseology is not too rude for the finer and more delicate ears of your many thousand readers, of which I hope you'll inform me, you shall again hear from me long before my second appearance is wanted. On the other hand, if you like me not, you may either transmit me to Constable, or the Lion's Head, or dedicate me to any other pleasurable or necessary purpose you think proper, for I am in such good humour with Mr C. N., that which ever way he opines, he can never offend

His devoted

BILL TRUCK.

I still love to be aloft—therefore—
From my attic, Canongate, Edin. 1st Sept. 1821.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAPTER I.

May Britain's glory rest with you!
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

IN the month of July, 1811, at an earlier hour than that appropriated by the Leith burghers to their morning walk on the pier, the sound of a gun and display of a foretop-sail, not only announced that a vessel of war was getting under weigh, but hurried a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Britannia Inn to the landing place.

"What a delightful morning you have got, Farrell!" said one of the ladies to a gentleman in full naval uniform—"I declare I almost envy you. The *sea* is so smooth and gentle, and the sun sparkles so beauteously athwart that fine bay there, that could I only persuade myself of a continuance of such charming weather and smooth water, I dare say,—I don't know, though"—continued she, smiling and blushing—"but I might almost be tempted to venture out with you myself, for one very short cruise."

Captain Farrell eyed the fair speaker with a good-humoured smile; and taking her by the hand, replied, that nothing would give him greater pleasure than the company of such a fair lady. "Though I am very doubtful, my dear Matilda," added he, "whether that delicate form of yours would be able to endure the cold rude winds, that blow from the rocky wilds of Norway and Shetland?"

"Norway and Shetland, Captain!" cried the young lady, disengaging herself from him with an arch smile—"Nay, then, my gallant sir, I've done with you completely.—Ugh!" added she, shuddering, "I positively declare, the very mention of such frightful places makes me ready to faint."

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"I thought as much, my good girl. But come, you will surely give me your hand at parting?"

"O, certainly, Captain," said the lady, "and wish you fine weather, and a successful cruize into the bargain."

The Captain thanked her and bowed; and having taken leave and made his obeisance to the rest of the party, he stepped into his gig, which immediately shoved off, and darted from the harbour with all that celerity, for which these boats are so famed.

The commander of his Majesty's sloop of war Whippersnapper, was speedily on board, and the vessel was already under way, when the Admiral telegraphed him to lay to, and send a midshipman on board the guardship, an order which was instantly obeyed, while the Captain impatiently exclaimed to his First Lieutenant, "What the deuce does the old fellow want now, Toddrell, think you?"

"Heaven knows, sir! for he's troublesome enough at times. However, I can soon tell you," replied the Lieutenant, snatching a telescope from the capstan. "Oho! the old boy is going to send us his last quarter's gatherings, for a passage to Yarmouth, I suppose."

"Confound him and his rubbish," said Captain Farrell, peevishly. "Why the devil don't he kept a tender for his own use, like any other guardo, and not be continually disgracing his Majesty's officers and vessels with the transportation of all the felons and jail-sweepings of Scotland. Are there many of them?"

"No, not above a dozen, I think," replied the Lieutenant; "yet the cutter is completely crowded; but that may be owing to the luggage, you know.—You'll see them all directly."

The cutter was soon along side, discharged of her cargo, and hoisted on board; whilst the Whippersnapper, taking a sweeping stretch round the islet of Inch Keith, stood down the Forth under all the sail she could carry.

From his antipathy to what he phrased *rubbish* and *jail-sweepings*, Captain Farrell was too much engrossed in crowding every inch of canvass upon his vessel his ingenuity could suggest, in order to give he[illegible]ing appearance fro[illegible]y the smallest [illegible]ers; and [illegible]d-ing idle and unnoticed, instantly hurried them to work. This very inattention on his part, however, proved the very means of bringing them all the sooner under his notice; for having at last got the Whippersnapper something to his mind, he was hurrying aft to indulge himself with a stern-forward view of her, when, in passing a solid mass of fellows, who were tugging away at a weather-brace, the whole suddenly lost footing by a yaw of the vessel, and tripping up his heels, rolled him before them into the lee scuppers. From this awkward and ignoble situation he was speedily released by the exertions of a young man, who, with great alacrity, flew to his assistance, and succeeded in dragging him from the embraces, and from under some hundreds weight of sturdy terrestrial matter, ere his astonished subalterns could come to his relief; then, assisting him to his feet, and modestly expressing his hope that he had sustained no injury, he rapidly mixed among the crew. Captain Farrell looked after the stranger in silence, surveyed his crest-fallen and uprising levellers with an angry eye, and having bestowed upon them a few passionate epithets, which we shall not stop to repeat, retired to his cabin to adjust his soiled clothes.

"By G—d, my lads," cried an old seaman, addressing these unfortunate aggressors on dignity, "you had better keep a good look out in future. The skipper, I can tell you, is not the lad that will allow himself to be floundered about in that there sort of manner even by us, who are sea-goers, far less by the like of you mere landlubbers, who are good for nothing but emptying a bread bag. I would therefore have you stand clear the next time, otherwise you'll catch it."

"Catch what?" asked one of the recruits, with great simplicity.

"A broom-stick, you scoundrel!" replied old Bluff, walking away and eyeing his querist with infinite contempt.

But Captain Farrell had been bred in too hardy a school to allow his good humour to be invaded by trifles, and no sooner had consigned his clothes into the hands of his servant, than he was again upon deck, with no other remembrance of his fall than a certain degree of curiosity to see and know something of his *passengers*, as

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he termed them—a desire, which was no doubt a little heightened by the modest gallantry and genteel address of the young stranger by whom he had been so opportunely aided. Seating himself, therefore, on the tafferail, he was proceeding to examine the hitherto neglected list of the guardship, when he discovered it enclosed a note, addressed to himself, which he immediately opened and read as follows:

" H. M. S. Adamant,
Leith Roads.

" Dear Farrell,

" Along with a few law customers, hospital impressed, and other as-usual articles, which it is my orders to transmit you for a passage to Yarmouth, I send you a single volunteer, who is certainly the most complete and clever unaccountable I have ever met with since we entered on the guardo service, and who, by my honour, has constantly foiled me in every attempt I have hitherto made to discover who or what the devil he is. Pray God he may'nt turn out to be a king's-yarn of the old fellow himself after all!

" Now, my dear Frank, as I confess my curiosity is not trifling to know who or what he is, and as I know you of old to be a cool, studious, boring sort of a fellow, I have pointed him thus out to you as a famous subject on which to try your fist; and shall cheerfully hold myself your debtor for any thing under a gallon of Rhenish, if you can give me a rational account of him when you return. Certain I am he is far above the common grade; for not only has he got all the language and polite manners of an admiral about him, but positively puts me down in the way of talking with as much ease as I could tip me a glass of grog. In my own eye, I have thought him many things; but not to my own satisfaction by half;—for I think him by far too modest for a player, and a devilish sight too free of his fists for one of your psalm-singing lubbers.

" He first came under my notice from a complaint made against him by our first boatswain's mate. It would appear that our young volunteer had not been long on board before old Brady, who you know for a scoundrel of the first water, had thought proper to cut away the skirts of his coat; which was no sooner done than he, far from relishing so simple a mode of procuring patches, directly up fist, and levelled old Silver Whistle with the deck. The battle thus commenced, raged so violently, that first the garrison and then the gun room were up in arms; and when at last he was secured and brought before me, he laid down the law and defended himself in such a spirited gentlemanly manner, that, d——n me, Frank, if I did'nt applaud the fellow, while I was obliged to condemn him. Since that time, by way of some small compensation, I have employed him constantly in the clerk's office, where I have always found him quite at home, and can warmly recommend him to you, if you are in want; and I part with him now at his own request, somewhat reluctantly, for no other reason than that he and Brady seem to be irreconcileable.

" By the way of finish for this time, my lad, should you go into Bressay, as you likely will, I will thank you to tell my old friend Kate of Lerwick, that I'll not expect her here this summer, though the good old girl may send me as many stockings and geese as she pleases, you know. If you want a reason for this sudden shift of wind, I will honestly tell you, that the blessed effects of my last cruise on shore has so completely drained me with my agents, as will fairly compel me to hoist the yellow flag till a future quarter day. Then, my boy, the word shall be *Bout ship!* for none shall be merrier than your friend and messmate,

Ralph Highgate,
" Lieut. and Commanding Officer."

No sooner had Captain Farrell read this elegant production, which, whatever may be thought of it, had cost Lieutenant Highgate no small degree of trouble, than seeing some of his own officers busied in trimming some of the foremast sails, he himself called to the boatswain's mate to send the people from the guard-ship aft to muster—an order which was promptly obeyed by an ear-stunning blast of the whistle, the huge fellow growling out as he went forward, " Do ye hear there, Adamants?—Go aft there on the quarter-deck, man and mother's son of ye, to muster!"—which was no sooner over than the Captain, walking along their front, amused himself with inquiring into the nature of the various offences which had consir

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most of the strangers over to a man of war, and laughed very heartily at the bungling attempts some of them made to palliate their crimes.

He next made some slight inquiries into the respective abilities of the other seamen, and concluded this ceremonial by consigning them all into the hands of the purser's steward, in order to be dressed, retaining only the young volunteer, to whom he signified his intention of having something to say.

He was now joined by his Lieutenant, who, after perusing the aforesaid epistle, burst out into a most immoderate fit of laughter, at what he called the absurdity of Highgate's opinion. "By the Lord Harry, he gets worse and worse: that Guardo will not leave one drop of seaman's blood in him. But why should I be surprised at any of Ralph's freaks or whimsies—it was ever thus with him; he was ever full of romance and poetry, madrigals, players, and skip-jacks. I remember as well as 'twere yesterday, when I was *Mid.* with him in the Temeraire, he was known to all the fleet by the name of *Sentimental Jacky:* and it's not the first dozen of times I've seen him grace the cross-trees or topgallant-yard for coquetting on paper with some fanciful Daphne or other, when he ought to have been thumbing his Hamilton Moore. He is a brave fellow, however, and a good seaman; and his only fault, if it be one, is, that he is inclined to look on passing matters with eyes that would do more honour to a parson than to a naval officer. As to his notions regarding this lad, I'm convinced they'll be quite of a piece with many others that I've seen him form. However, let us overhaul the fellow—this highflying incognito—'twill be but unkenneling a fox, and will afford some excellent sport."

Captain Farrell smiled at the mischief he saw hatching in Toddrell's brain; but protested against all severity, as the young man, besides having rendered him very essential service that day, was a volunteer, and did not belong to the ship.

"Phoo!" cried the Lieutenant, "a volunteer! that's all in my eye!—and as for not belonging to the vessel, what matters it?—isn't he in the service? However, take your own way of it; for I am devilishly mistaken indeed if you shan't find me right."

The young stranger, who had all this while stood uncovered at a humble distance, was now ordered to advance by Captain Farrell.—"Come nearer, my lad," said he, leaning his back to the capstan; "I find by this list, that you call yourself Edward Davies?" The stranger bowed in silent assent. "And pray, Mr Davies, d'ye belong to this place?"—"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Were you ever at sea before, my lad?"

"No, sir."

"O well, then, you were probably brought up from childhood in its neighbourhood, and have been accustomed all your life to the noise and bustle of shipping?"

"No, sir."

Here the impatient Lieutenant broke in,—"Or perhaps you've had some near relations in the service who were accustomed to spin their *yarns*?—Pshaw! I mean, to tell you marvellous long stories about it when you were a boy?"

"No, sir," was still the response.

"What!" exclaimed the Lieutenant indignantly, "were you neither brought up in the neighbourhood of the sea, nor had some kinsman or other to tell you lies and blarney about it?—Pray what the devil then made you think of it? Was it because the shore would support you no longer? or was it"——

"Truce, Toddrell," said Captain Farrell, smiling and interrupting him, "give the lad fair play at least. I asked you, my lad, a plain question, and you have hitherto returned me an evasive answer. I must, and will have a distinct one.—Tell me, and tell me at once, were you ever at sea before?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, with looks of distress.

"Ha, ha, ha, ho-a!" burst out the Lieutenant, and stamped his foot for joy. "Come, come, Mister Davies," said the Captain somewhat sternly, "this will never do. I must have more from you than *no, sir*, when I condescend to ask you questions."

"I have answered you both, gentlemen, with the most scrupulous regard to truth," replied Edward, modestly, but firmly. "I never lived nearer the sea than Edinburgh where I was born, or the banks of Esk, where I believe I spent the happiest years of my life. As to my reason for beco-

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ming a volunteer, I did it, I can assure this gentleman, from no unworthier motive than *choice*; for as to the flattery and falsehood I might unhappily imbibe of a sea-faring life, it could only reach me through the volumes I have, seemingly too often, spent an idle hour with. That I was completely a novice in the whole matter, however," added he, sighing, and surveying his clothes, "needs no other confirmation than my present appearance before you."

"True, true, my lad," replied the Captain, softened, and hastily interrupting him, "your clothes are battered and cut-up enough, to be sure—but that's nothing, for the wind will soon come round again in that quarter, if you behave well—at least, I should hope so.—Are your parents living, Davies?"

"So far as my knowledge extends, I believe they are, sir."

"You believe they are, sir?" echoed the Captain, with surprise; while his Lieutenant, with the affected calmness of a victorious soothsayer, looked still harder in the abashed youth's face, exclaimed, "D—n me, that beats cock-fighting!"

"Pshaw!" said the Captain to himself, leaving the capstan, and pacing the quarter-deck with hurried steps. "Highgate's completely at fault, as Toddrell said. The fellow's a regular drilled darby-ringer after all! and yet," continued he, carefully surveying Edward, "who would have thought it?" Then stepping up in front of the astonished Davies, he said, with considerable severity, "Did you not tell me just now, fellow, that you were born in Edinburgh?"

"I certainly did, sir," answered Edward, calmly, "but I never said that my parents resided there."

"Well, well, be it so," cried Captain Farrell, coolly, but somewhat sarcastically; "and, pray, where are you now pleased to say they reside? for, remember, you believe they are still alive."

The young man looked embarrassed, blushed deeply, and, though the question was eagerly repeated by Lieutenant Toddrell, continued silent.

"What, does it clinch at last, my lad?" cried the Lieutenant; "D—n me, but I thought as much,"—and commenced a walk in his turn.

"Hark'ee, fellow," said Captain Farrell, with a mixture of anger and contempt, "from what I had myself seen and learnt of you from this paper, I was fool enough to feel friendly inclined towards you—but that is now over. 'Tis true, we are entire strangers to one another, and yet I cannot help thanking God that you don't belong where I command—for I hate a suspicious character, to say no worse of you, as I hate the devil. Before you go, however, take a friend's advice for once, and bethink yourself better before you venture again to answer such questions on a quarter-deck, otherwise you will stand a fair chance of paying the gangway a visit.—Remember this, and so farewell—you are at liberty to depart."

Edward, whose face had been an alternate deep-flushing red and an ashy paleness, while the Captain was speaking, still stood, however, apparently absorbed in the most painful feelings. Twice he essayed to speak, but his tongue denied its office; and it was only by a desperate effort, on a second order to depart, that he was able to utter, in a tremulous voice, "I obey you, sir, and I do so with deep regret;—for I leave you under impressions, which, I would fain flatter myself, are as disagreeable to you as they are infamous to me. Believe me—believe me—they have not the smallest foundation in truth."

"Then, why not be as honest as you talk of," said the Captain, more coolly, "and answer me a common question in a common way, without resorting to that paltry, shuffling, quibbling manner, to which I cannot help thinking, you've had too much occasion to resort to lately? If you think, my lad, such a stale trick will serve in the least to conceal you, you are mightily mistaken;—for, were such a thing at all worth my trouble, I could tell you in a moment what you are. There are thousands of such fellows as you in the service already—for whom I would not give one straw in comparison of the bold and fearless scoundrel, who honestly hoists his flag and lets every body know that he is one."

"I must confess, sir," replied the youth, with great humility, "considering my present appearance, and the associates amongst whom you found me, that your suspicions are perfectly reasonable, though, as applying to me, I solemnly assure you, they are pr-

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fiestly unjust; for I *will* proudly repeat, I am not what you think me. I could as easily as fearlessly lay every event of my life before you—but—you must excuse me—No—it may not be at this time; nor is it at all necessary that I should bring needless degradation on highly respected names by associating them with such a despicable being as a man-of-war's man."

"Very well, young man," cried Captain Farrell, "very well, take your own way of it, and content yourself; for your concerns you know are nothing to me, and I have something else to do than stand here prating with you. I must tell you, however, that I think you are a queer one, and no better, I doubt me much, than you ought to be. You may leave me."

So saying, Captain Farrell turned on his heel, and walked towards his officers, leaving poor Davies to join his bandit companions in a state of mind far from being enviable.

"Well, sir," said Toddrell, "don't you think poor Ralph's headpiece is in a sad taking? An unaccountable, forsooth! Pray God all our matters were as easy to be accounted for as that fellow—who is a smart lad enough, but who, no doubt, is some barber's clerk ashore, who has bilked his tailor, and run for it. However, I'm really sorry for Highgate, poor fellow! for he gets to leeward so very rapidly, that, d—n me, if I don't think the little brain he ever had is leaving him fast; and if God and the Admiralty spare him a few years more of the first fiddle of a guardo, he'll get as muddled, and crank, and pompously stupid, as a port-admiral, or a dock-yard commissioner."

Here Toddrell's laughter overcame his wit, and he bayed away, as our Campbell says, "*both long and loud*," to the great admiration of all his juniors, who joined him as a chorus with great glee. Captain Farrell's gravity, however, and his utterance of a peevish *pshaw!* soon abridged the view of their well scrubbed teeth, and put their merry muscles in a more decorous and business-like form. Leaving them, therefore, more sedately making various remarks on the unexampled strength of that Scottish genius, whose magic pencil make such paltry fragments as the Fern Islands, objects of such high interest in the literary world,—and the juniors busied in taking observations of the headlands of the beautiful coast of Northumbria—the saucy Whippersnapper nimbly walking through it meanwhile—we will conclude for the present, content with having introduced our man-of-war's man, however unsuspiciously, to the notice of our readers. S.

THE STEAM-BOAT;

Or, The Voyages and Travels of Thomas Duffle, Cloth-merchant in the Saltmarket of Glasgow.

No. VII.

London Adventures.

On the morning after the Coronation, I found myself in a very disjanked state, being both sore in lith and limb, and worn out in my mind with the great fatigue I had undergone, together with a waff of cold that had come upon me, no doubt, caused by that disaster of the thunder plump that drookit me to the skin, as I have rehearsed at length in the foregoing chapter. I was thereby constrained to keep my lodgings for a day; and Mrs Damask was wonderful attentive, and sparing in no pains to get me pleased and comfortable. However, by and by, I came to my ordinar, and then I went about to see the sights, being, in the meantime, much solaced with occasional visitations from that most worthy divine, Dr Pringle. He was indeed to me a friend among strangers, in that foreign land of London, and took a pleasure in letting me know, from his past experience, what was most becoming of notice and observation.

The first place of note that I went to see, was the Gardens of Vauxhall; and I had for my companion, Mr Etile, a Greenock gentleman, that I had dined with in the house of Mr Tartan, my friend and correspondent in that town. He was a busy man, seeing all sort of things. I trow no grass grew beneath his feet on the pleasances of London;

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for he considered it his duty, having come to visit the metropolis as a party of pleasure, to spare no trouble in compassing the ends of his journey.

Going with Mr Ettle to the masquerade at Vauxhall, ilk in a domino, which is just like a minister's gown, and with black false faces on, when we were paying our money at the door for admittance, we saw before us a little, fat, and round lady, and a gentleman in the same guise and garb as ourselves; and following them in, the lady, when she beheld the lamps and bowers and arbours, cried out with a shrill voice of admiration, "Eh, Gordon's Loan, Prussia Street! Sawney Sowans, what's tat? was ever sic a sight seen!" By the which ejaculation, we discerned that this was a Paisley woman, and Mr Ettle said he knew them well, they being no other than Mr and Mrs Sowans from that town. —"We'll get some fun out of them, so keep close at their heels," said he.

With that we walked behind them listening to their discourse, and to every "Gordon's Loan, Prussia Street," with which the mistress testified her wonderment at the ferlies of the place. "I'm confoundit, Sawney Sowans," said she, "at the lights and lamps. Eh! Gordon's Loan, Prussia Street! luk up, luk up, can yon be booits too?" and she pointed to the starns in the firmament with a jocosity that was just a kittle to hear.

By and by, after parading from one part of the gardens to another, harkening to the music here, and looking to ladies and gentlemen dancing there, we entered into a most miraculous round room, with divers other halls and places, as if built up by a Geni, and stood before a batch of foreign musicants, that were piping on the Pan's pipe, nodding their heads in a most methodical manner, and beating drums and triangles at the same time. Mr and Mrs Sowans were just transported to see this, and the gudeman said to her, as he turned to go away, —"It's all in my eye."—"What's a' in your eye?" quo' she.—"Its just clockwork," said he; at which she gave a skirl of pleasure, and cried "Na, na, gudeman, ye're glammer'd there, for they're living images of human creatures like oursels."

The crowd had now assembled in great numbers. In going out of one room into another the mistress was divided from clooking with her husband, and Mr Ettle seeing this, pushed in and kittled her under the oxter—"O Sawney Sowans o' Paisley, whar are ye? Come here, come here, for a man's meddling wi' me."—The which shout of terrification caused a loud uproar of laughter, that was just a sport to enjoy. But after it, Mr Ettle made himself known as a friend, for Mrs Sowans was sincerely frightened, and it behoved him to pacify her, by telling that what he had done was but a masquerading for diversion. Some exchange of discourse anent London and the crowning of the King then ensued, and Mr and Mrs Sowans, telling where they bided, invited both me and Mr Ettle to come and see them in their lodgings, the mistress saying in her couthy way to me, "I hope, Mr Duffle, ye'll no neglec to gie me a ca' before ye lea the toon;" which I promised with meikle good will, for Mrs Sowans is in the main a decent woman, and no given to hide her pedigree, as was shewn by her to the minister of the parish when the maister bigget his new house. "I can sit at the window," said Mrs Sowans, "and see sax houses where I was in servitude, and no ane o' them a' half so good or so bein as my ain."

When we had paraded, as I have said, for a season, we then went into an alcove and had a small bowl of punch; and here I must notice an uncivil thing on the part of Mr Ettle, for when I was sitting resting myself he slipped away out, and left me my leaful lane. Where he went, and who he forgathered with, he kens best himsel, for I never saw hilt or hair of him more that night. So I began to grow eerie at being solitary in an unkent multitude, and coming to the yett of the gardens, hired a hackney that took me home to Mrs Damask's in perfect safety, by half an hour past eleven o'clock. The mistress marvelled at seeing me so soon from Vauxhall, and thought I had surely met with some great misfortune, either in purse or person, and could not divine how it was possible that I could be uneasy at Vauxhall.

The night following I went to hear the music in the Opera—a most suprising playhouse, and I sat down beside Mr Ettle, whom I saw in the pit. I had not, however, been long there when a most beautiful and fine lady came and clinkit herself to my side, saying, "Eh! save's, Mr Duffle, what's brought you frae the Sautmarket

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London? and how's Mrs M'Leckit?" —I was, as may well be supposed, in a consternation at this cordiality from a personage that was a match for a countess, and looked for a space of time in amazement:—"Do ye no ken me," cried the madam, "I'm Jenny Swinton, that was wee lass to your neighbour Mr Sweeties."—And sure enough it was the same glaikit girlie. She had a misfortune that she gied the wyte o' to some o' our neer-do-weel gentlemen; but after this she fell into an open course of immorality, till she made Glasgow o'er het to hold her. Then she went into Edinburgh; and syne, having gathered some lady-like cleeding, she spoused her fortune, and set out to try her luck in London, where, as I could learn, she was well treated as an innocent country maiden both by lords and gentlemen of high degrees. To do the poor creature justice, however, I am bound to say she was very glad to see me, and requested me very warmly to come to her house in London Street, and take my tea with her. And Doctor Pringle, to whom I mentioned the adventure next day, advised me to go, and offered himself to accompany me, in the hope that by our exhortations Jenny might be persuaded to eschew the error of her way. But I had a notion that the invitation was all a trick of Mr Ettle's, to draw me into a situation with this strange woman; for they seemed to be very thick thegither, though he pretended that he didna ken her.

Tale XI.

The Effigies.

The more I saw of the great Tarshish, my spirit was filled with wonder, and borne onward with a longing for new things. Finding it was not convenient to go home for my dinner, when I was in a distant part of the town, I dropped into the nearest coffeehouse, when I felt an inclination to eat,—and by this means I sometimes forgathered with strange persons, deeply read in the mysteries of man.—Among others, I one day, when I felt the wonted two o'clock pinkling in my belly, stepped into an eating-house, to get a check of something, and sat down at a table in a box where an elderly man, of a salt-water complexion, was sitting. Having told the lad that was the waiter what I wanted, I entered into discourse with the hard-favoured stranger. His responses to me were at first very short, and it seemed as if he had made up his mind to stint the freedom of conversation. But there was a quickened intelligence in his eye, which manifested that his mind neither slumbered nor slept. I told him that I was come on purpose to inspect the uncos in London, and how content I was with all I saw;—and my continued marvel at the great apparition of wealth that seemed to abound everywhere. "I think," said I, "that its only in London a man can see the happiness of the British nation."—"And the misery," was his reply. This caustical observe led to further discant anent both sides of the question, until he opened up, and showed that his reserve was but a resolution—not habitual, nor from the custom of his nature. "The least interesting things about this town," said he, "to a man who looks deeper than the outside of the packing-case of society, are the buildings,—the wealth,—and the appearance of the people. The pre-eminence of London consists in the possession of a race of beings that I call the Effigies.—They resemble man in action and external bearing; but they have neither passions, appetites, nor affections;—without reason, imagination, or heart, they do all things that men do, but they move onward to the grave, and are covered up in the parent and congenial clay with as little regret by those who knew them best, as you feel for the fate of that haddock you are now about to eat."

"And what are *the* things?" was my diffident answer. "Why," says he, "they are for the most part foundlings of fortune,—beings without relations; adventurers, who at an early period of life, perhaps begged their way to London, and have raised themselves, not by talent or skill, but by a curious kind of alchemy, into great riches. I have known several. They are commonly bachelors,—bachelors in the heart. They live in a snug way,—have some crony that dines with them on Sunday, and who knows as little of their affairs as of their history.—The friendship of such friends usually commences in the Hampstead or Hack-

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ney stages, and the one is commonly a pawnbroker and the other a banker. The professions of such friendshipless friends are ever intrinsically the same,—nor can I see any difference between the man who lends money on bills and bonds, and him who does the same thing on the widow's wedding-ring, or the clothes of her orphans. They both grow rich by the expedients of the necessitous or the unfortunate. They make their money by habit, without motive, and they bequeath it to some charity or public character, merely because they are by the force of custom required to make a will.—I am a traveller, I know something of all the principal cities of Europe, but in no other has the Effigian species any existence. Their element consists of the necessities of a commercial community, which embraces all the other vicissitudes to which mankind are ordinarily liable.

"One of the most decided, the purest blood of the Effigies, was the late old Joe Brianson. Whether he begged or worked his way to London is disputed; but he commenced his career as a porter.—No one ever heard him mention the name of any of his kin; perhaps he had some good reason for the concealment.—The first week he saved a crown, which he lent to a brother bearer of burdens who was in need, on condition of receiving six shillings on the Saturday following.—In the course of the third week after his arrival, he was worth one pound sterling;—and he died at the age of 73, leaving exactly a million, not taking out of the world one idea more than he brought into London fifty-six years before;—and yet the history of Joe would be infinitely more interesting and important than that of all the men of fame and genius that ever existed. For although he was, in the truest sense of the times, a usurious huncks, he was never drawn into one transaction against the statutes.—I knew him well in my younger years, for I had often occasion to apply to him. I was constituted somewhat differently, and without being so good a member of society, I do not say much for myself when I affirm that I was a better man. Joe was most faithful to his word—his promise was a bond; but like a bond, it always contained a penalty. "If this bill," he used to say, is not pointedly taken up, "I promise you it will be heard of;" and when it was not taken up, it was heard of, and that too with a vengeance. He never gave a groat in charity, because he never had one to give. He lived all his days as literally from hand to mouth as when he entered London without a penny. If you wanted a bill discounted, he never did it off-hand. He had all his own cash previously put out at usury, and was obliged to apply to his bankers. They got at the rate of five per cent. per annum. Joe agreed to sell some article of merchandize to his customer,—and the price he put on it left him not less in general than five per cent. per month, upon the principal of the bill discounted. But the wealth he thus gathered, might almost be said to have been unblest, for it brought him no new enjoyment. At the age of three score, and possessed of half a million, he was taken ill with vexation in consequence of a clerk dying insolvent, who had been in his service three and twenty years, and to whom he had discounted a bill for twenty pounds in anticipation of his salary; the poor man being at the time under the necessity of submitting to an operation for the stone.

"Joe married when he was about fifty. His wife was the daughter of a man with whom he had formed an acquaintance in the Islington stage-coach. She was beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by a handsome young butcher; but educated at a fashionable boarding-school, the butcher's trade was unsavoury to her imagination. Her own father was a nightman—a dealer in dung-hills. There is some difference between a banker and a butcher; and old sordid Joe was on that account preferred to the young butcher by the nightman's daughter. They begat a son and a daughter. The former, at the age of twenty-two, was elected into Parliament by his father's purse. The latter, at the age of nineteen, was married by the same potentiality to an Earl. Joe died—his son and daughter put their servants into mourning when he ceased to discount, and in less than three months after gave them new liveries, in honour of their mother's second marriage. There are no such beings as these in any other capital of Europe, and yet they are common in London. Father, mother, son, and daughter, belong t

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a peculiar species, and it would be a libel on human nature to rank them with the race of man."

Here I could not refrain from saying to the strange man, having by this time well finished my dinner, that I thought he had a sour heart towards the sons and daughters of success and prosperity. "No," says he, "you misunderstand me. I was only speaking of the Effigies, a species of the same genus as man, but widely different in the generalities of their nature."

I could not say that this story left any satisfaction with me, which the rehearser observing, said, "But the Effigies are perhaps not so remarkable as another class, of a very opposite description.—I do not well know by what epithet to distinguish them; but if you will join me in a bottle of wine, I will give you some account of one of them, and the tale may be called 'The Broken heart.'" This was a very agreeable proposal to me, who had no other end in view at the time but my own recreation; so we ordered in one of the landlord's old bottles; during the drinking of which my companion proceeded to the following effect.

Tale XII.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"There are but two kinds of adventurers who succeed in London;—those who, like Joe Brianson, come to it pennyless, with industrious propensities, and those who have friends of power and influence. Young men, brought up as gentlemen in the country, rarely prosper in London; and it is of one of these I would now speak. The person I allude to was the son of a clergyman. He was known among his companions by the nickname of Buskin; and his unhappy fate makes me remember him by no other.

"He was one of a large family.—His father, however, had a good living, but it was unfortunately in a genteel neighbourhood, and the sons and daughters in consequence acquired notions of elegance inconsistent with their fortune. While the old man lived, this produced no evil. At his death, the whole family was plunged into poverty. By that time, however, Buskin, who had come to London as a clerk, was settled in a business, which, while there was no other drain on it than his own expences, was adequate, it appeared, to all his wants, notwithstanding his extra-gentility.—But, from the time that he was necessitated to contribute to the support of his brothers and sisters, his efforts were unavailing to make it sufficiently productive, and a change was soon perceptible in his appearance. Previously he had been rather a sedate character—something given to reflection and sentiment. He wrote poetry, and played on the flute. But soon after the arrival of his friends in town, he became remarkably gay—forswore, it would seem, the Muses—and entered with something of an inordinate keenness into every species of cheerful amusement. He was praised for this. It was thought he had the interests of his sisters in view,—and courted society, to give the gentlemen of his acquaintance an opportunity of knowing their worth and beauty; for they were lovely, amiable, and accomplished to an uncommon degree. This, however, was but the first stage of the mortal malady with which poor Buskin was seized.

"The symptoms of gaiety and good humour continued about a year, when others began to appear. In his dress and manners, the patient still seemed the same individual, but his temper became sharp and irritable. He was satisfied with nothing; the sun itself never shone properly; when he went into the fields, the west wind had lost its genial freshness, and the blossoms, that garlanded the boughs in spring, seemed to him tawdry. The song of the lark was harsh in his ears; and he was heard often to repine at the lot of the day-labourer, whose anxieties terminated with the hours of his task, and who had none beyond the daily period of his toil.

"At first this attracted no particular notice, or when it was noticed, it only seemed to provoke the banter of his friends; but the misanthropic humour continued to grow, and at last it began to be surmised, that his affairs were not thriving. I never obtrude my advice; but one day, when he was unusually petulant, I could not refrain from remarking to him the alteration I have mentioned, and to express my fears.

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"'You are right,' replied he, 'in some respects; my affairs are, indeed, not thriving, or rather they are not adequate to supply the demands of duty and affection. In other respects I have no reason to complain.'—'Then why don't you abridge your expence? you do not want resolution on other occasions—why would you go with your eyes open over the precipice?'—'I do not like,' said he, 'to lose the footing I possess in society; and I hope that something may come round to help me.'

"There was an accent of sorrow in the use of that word help, that rung upon my heart. I could say no more; I had it not in my power to assist the unfortunate man; I could only pity, and mark the progress of his consuming anguish, as one friend contemplates another dying of a consumption.

"But the period of irritation and bitterness also passed, and was succeeded by another more deplorable. He became again singularly animated—his whole mind seemed to be endowed with preternatural energy. In amusement and in business, he was equally inexhaustible; all with whom he took a part in either, admired his vigour, and complained of that amazing activity which left their utmost exertions and efforts so far behind. I was awed and alarmed—I looked at him with astonishment. His voice, in conversation, when any thing like argument was started, became irresistibly eloquent. There was a haste in the movements of his mind, as if some great countervailing weight had been taken away. One evening, in returning with him from a party where this had been remarkably the case, I said to him familiarly, 'Buskin, what the devil's the matter with you? you seem as if your thoughts were in a hurry.'—'They are so,' he replied, 'and they have cause, for they are hunted by a fiend.'

"I was horror-struck; but what could I say? I attempted to remonstrate, but he shut my mouth. 'It is now too late to reason with me—the struggle will soon be over. I feel that I am left to myself; that the protection of Providence is withdrawn, and hope is extinguished. Wherever I move, I am, as it were, in a magical circle. I never come any more into contact with humanity.—I am excommunicated.'

"Although I was grieved and terrified by this rapsody, I yet thought it advisable to ridicule it—when, in a moment, he struck me violently in the face. My blood was ever inflammable at the slightest insult, but this blow smote my heart with indescribable pain, and so far from feeling any thing like resentment at the insult, I could not refrain from bursting into tears, and taking the irritated young man by the hand. It was too dark for me to see his face, but when I pressed his hand, I felt that his whole frame shuddered. Nothing more passed that night. I accompanied him home to his own door, and we parted without speaking, but shook hands in a way that said more to the spirit than the tongue could have uttered. On reaching my lodgings, I sat down, and my thick arising fancies would not allow me to go to bed. At last they got so far the better of me that I went again out, and walked to Buskin's house.—All was silent and repose there. I passed two or three times in front, and then went home; but the night-mare was upon me, and the interval till morning was hideous. At an earlier hour than usual, I rose and dressed myself, and again went into the street, where my unhappy friend resided; and as I approached towards his door, I was startled by a medical gentleman, one of our mutual friends, coming out." * * *

At this point of his story, the hard-favoured stranger's voice faltered, and drawing his hand hastily over his face, he abruptly rose, and went to the door. In the course of a few minutes, during the which I was in a state of rumination, he returned, and calling the waiter, asked what was to pay for the wine; and, throwing down his half of the reckoning, bade me good afternoon, and went away, leaving me to guess and ponder anent the sad and mournful issue of his tale.

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ON FELDBERG'S DENMARK.*

Who is there in Edinburgh or Copenhagen that knows not Feldberg, the Dane?—The gay, the jolly, the vivacious, the witty, the convivial Feldberg!—the sage of the boudoir, the Adonis of the tea-table, the *dulce decus* of the punch-bowl! Feldberg, the companion of Oehlenschlager, the beloved of Thorvaldsen, the bosom friend of Baggesen and Rhamdor! When *he* comes forward to vindicate the literature of his country from the neglect under which it is the reproach of the European nations that it should so long have laboured, who is there that will not "lend him his ears?" Who would not gladly participate in revelations which boast so distinguished an hierophant? We, at least, are not of that number; and we gladly seize this early opportunity to welcome the arrival of the Feldberg first-rate in comfortable moorings,—to send our bum-boat along-side with salutations and refreshments,—and to express our warmest hopes, that the same ardour, talent, and generous enthusiasm which have enabled him, hitherto with success, to buffet the billows in a tempestuous navigation, will at length conduct this literary Columbus to the consummation of his voyage, nor forsake him—

> ——"Till his anchor be cast
> In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last."

In truth, the task of introducing us to the literature of Denmark could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr Feldberg. Connected with many of the great men of his own country by the ties of friendship, and with all, by that communion of genius and feeling which links together the master-spirits of the earth, however varied their opinions and pursuits,—with a mind enlarged by travel,—and a comprehensive knowledge of European literature,—he exhibits a felicitous combination of the qualities always to be desired in a writer of this description, but, alas! how seldom to be found!

With respect to the world at large, the literary offspring of Denmark may be said to have been hitherto confined in the womb in which it was originally engendered. A healthy bantling, indeed, full formed, and of robust proportions, performing vigorously all its natural offices and secretions, and waiting only for so accomplished an accoucheur as Mr Feldberg, to breathe a purer atmosphere, and to become the grace and ornament of a more extended region. In the present number of his work, it is true, he does little more than brandish his forceps, and adjust his patient; but the skill with which these necessary preliminaries are performed, is enough to stamp him a master of his art. He has attempted little, but even in that little, the "coup de maitre," is sufficiently visible. Astley Cooper may be distinguished from a cow-doctor by the very handling of his instruments; and a lady of the bed-chamber from a more vulgar chamber-maid by the mere ******* *******. Des Hayes, even in quiescence, is still the grace and ornament of the ballet; and had Dr Scott adorned the ceremonial of the coronation, in the habiliments of a Knight of the Garter, we question whether the most ignorant of the spectators would have mistaken him for Lord Londonderry.†

But we should ill consult the enjoyment of our readers if we detained them longer by any observations of our own from the banquet prepared for them by Mr Feldberg. Of Thorvaldsen, the Phidias of Denmark, it is creditable to our national taste, that nothing requires to be said to enlighten us as to his merits. His name has been long familiar to our ears as a household word, and his works have not claimed from us in vain that tribute of

* Denmark Delineated; or, Sketches of the present State of that Country: illustrated with Portraits, Views, and other engravings, from Drawings by eminent Danish Artists. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd.

† We understand the Doctor has lately been appointed "Dentist to his Majesty for Scotland," and, in this capacity, claimed the privilege of carrying at the coronation, in one hand the tusk of a Hippopotamus or River Horse, and in the other, a silver basin and ewer, and to have the two latter as his fee. The claim was disallowed, which, we regret the more, as we understand he had purchased the cast-off black velvet suit of a Glasgow provost, to adorn his ample person on the occasion.

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admiration to which they are entitled, both from the purity and grandeur of their conception, and the felicity of their execution. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say, that we look upon the Jason as the finest piece of sculpture which the present age has produced. There is a noble and grand simplicity in the attitude of the principal figure in the groupe, worthy of the antique. The head is fine and commanding, full of beauty and of vigour; the arm is extended bearing the fleece, and is executed with the greatest muscular precision. It is indeed the beau ideal of a heroic warrior, full of life and grace, and shews altogether an elevation of conception in the artist, worthy of the best æra of Athenian sculpture. In his basso relievo of Night flying over the world, there is an embodying of ideal beauty, inferior to none, perhaps superior to any modern creation of the chisel. There is in it a beautiful alternation of rest and motion exquisitely blended into each other; it displays also a lightness and animation of which it would have been difficult to have conceived the marble to be susceptible. His Psyche, Bacchus, and Cupid, his Priam bearing Hector from the field, his Ganimede presenting drink to the eagle of Jove, are all masterpieces, and it is pleasing to reflect that it is to the patronage afforded by our countrymen to this foreign artist that we indebted for them. They are all to be found in English collections.

On his return from Italy, Thorvaldsen was welcomed by his countrymen with enthusiasm and delight. The highest honours were lavished on this distinguished sculptor. Princes swelled his train, poets celebrated his triumphs, and medals were struck in commemoration of the glorious epoch of his returning, crowned with fame and with honours, to his native shore,—

Such honours Denmark to Thorvaldsen paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty sculptor's shade.

Whatever celebrity the painters of Denmark may have acquired, has been chiefly confined to their own country. Of these, the late Professor Juel is the most eminent, and since his death there has arisen no rival to his fame. The tone of his colouring wanted softness, but his paintings are uniformly characterized by a masterly strength of outline, and a skill in the distribution of his lights which mark him a superior artist. Of the living Danish painters we shall say nothing, being quite destitute of materials for forming any judgment of their merits. According to Mr Feldberg, Professor Eckersberg, Mr Dahl, and Mr Moller, are the most eminent.

Having discussed the fine arts, we now turn to the subject of Danish literature and Danish literati, one more consonant to our talents and pursuits. We regret that this subject occupies so small a portion of Mr Feldberg's work, and trust that in the future numbers of his work, this cause of complaint will be obviated.

Those of our readers who have had the good fortune to meet with a small volume of admirable translations from the Danish, published in 1808, will agree with us, we think, in forming a very high estimate of the poetical talent now existing in Denmark. Who the translator is, we know not; but he is embued with the very spirit of his originals, and eminently qualified by his talents to do them ample justice;—and we trust, for their sakes as well as ours, he will not stop short in his career. Of the Danish poets, we are inclined to rank none before Mr Foersom, the translator of Shakespeare. The boldness of this attempt has been equalled only by its success, and it is bestowing the very highest praise on Mr Foersom to say that in his hands Shakespeare has not been debased. Much of Shakespeare is untranslateable. Many, very many, of his beauties are so embodied in the language in which he wrote, so entwined with its idiom, so essentially English, as to be altogether unconvertible into another tongue. No one knew this better than Foersom, and no one was more sensible of the difficulties of his undertaking. He has failed, it is true, where success was impossible, but he is often eminently successful, and the whole work is *Shakespearian* to a degree not attained by any other translator. The following extract will shew the difficulties which Mr Foersom had to encounter in the progress of his work, while its conclusion proves that he at least possessed the enjoyment, "Laudari a viro laudato."

"With this view he projected a translation of Shakespeare, beginning, as was natr to a Dane, with Hamlet. Julius Cæs

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added; and both tragedies appeared in the year 1807. With that refined delicacy and sense of propriety which characterised all Mr Foersom's words and actions, he inscribed the translation to an exalted personage who was most intimately connected with the poet's country—the princess whom, it will be recollected, Mr Southey so feelingly mentions, while describing the sufferings of her mother, Queen Carolina Matilda. He prefixed the following dedicatory lines to her Royal Highness Princess Louisa Augusta, Princess Royal of Denmark:

'Snatch'd from the scenic monarch's glorious crown,
A few stray gems I bring. Before thy feet,
Exalted fair, in every charm complete,
With reverence and delight I lay them down.
Their home was ever in the princely breast:
That crowned vestal, western sun of fame,
She loved them; and in their unfading flame
The image of her brightness shines confess'd.
As when the flow'rets of the spring unfold
Their censers, with the pearls of morn replete,
Nature's sweet sacrifice, the lordly sun
Joys to illume them; on my offering bold,
Sun of the north, from thy resplendent seat,
Of all thy countless rays, oh! shed but one!'

"Foersom had previously submitted his translation of Julius Cæsar to the Royal Board of Theatrical Managers, in the hope that it might be brought upon the stage;—but the royal managers did not consider the tragedy fit for representation. They expressed, however, their high sense of the merits of the translation, and presented Mr Foersom with a gratuity of fifty rix-dollars, which then amounted to about £10. This he acknowledges in his preface, with the feelings of Samuel Johnson, when he addressed his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield,

"The public received the translations of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar with unqualified approbation. They were reviewed with great spirit in the 19th Number of the Literary Intelligencer of Copenhagen, for 1807, by the late Captain Abrahamson, a most distinguished veteran in literature. He took occasion to remark, that the Danish translator possessed the most intimate knowledge of the writings of the British bard, and would therefore naturally feel a desire to transfer them into his own language. He stated, that Foersom had given the text of his author with the fidelity which the admirers of Shakespeare were entitled to require; and, in fact, that he had executed his task quite *con amore*; at the same time expressing his conviction, that the happiest results might be anticipated from Mr Foersom's translations of Shakespeare's other plays.

"The testimony of a man so competent to sit in judgment upon the subject as Captain Abrahamson, was the more gratifying to Foersom, as he had experienced considerable difficulties in bringing the translation before the public. He, indeed, complains in his preface, that he had for years sought a publisher, even on terms 'unfairly fair.' The value of money in Denmark has varied so much of late years, that it is not possible to state precisely what the booksellers may have paid. But in a letter now before me, dated 6th July, 1816, Foersom observes, 'The pen frequently drops from my hand, when I reflect that I do not earn dry bread by the translation of Shakespeare, and that I must even think myself well paid if a bookseller gives me 200 rix-bank-dollars (then about £7) for translating two of Shakespeare's tragedies, and reading the proofs for the press.'

"It redounds so much the more to his honour that he persevered in the undertaking which he had so successfully begun. A second edition of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar was called for; and, in 1810, his translations of King Lear and Romeo and Juliet were published.

"About this time, the writer of these lines became acquainted with Mr Foersom. He had in the preceding year read the translations of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar, and, in consequence, formed a wish to see the translator. Through a common friend, Mr Nathansson, of whom honourable mention has already been made, this object was attained. He saw Mr Foersom, for the first time, at the Theatre-Royal of Copenhagen, where he performed the part of Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal, which was acted for the benefit of Mr Schwartz, one of the best actors in Denmark, who had travelled in England, and was well known to Garrick, George Keate, and other distinguished characters. The part of the gay and thoughtless Charles was evidently unsuited to the translator of Shakespeare; in fact, he had undertaken it at a moment's notice, the person who usually performed it having been taken ill. After the play, Mr Foersom came into Mr Nathansson's box, and soon, by his engaging and unassuming manner, raised as high an opinion of his personal character as I had long since formed of his mental endowments.

"'Will you allow me, Mr Foersom, to account for the wonderful success with which you have translated Shakespeare?' said I. He bowed assent, and I proceeded:—'In my boyhood, I read in Professor Abraham Kall's history about the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and I must beg to express my belief, that the spirit of Shakespeare animates the Danish form now standing before me.' Mr Foersom modestly remarked, that a Dane enjoyed peculiar facilities in translating from the English.

"An intimacy ensued. Indeed the moments I passed with Mr Foersom at Copenhagen, in 1810, were of singular value in the wretched state of the world at that juncture."

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Of such contemporary authors as are noticed in the work of Mr Feldberg, proceed we now with brevity to speak. Evald is a poet of considerable powers. He has written several pieces for the stage, which have been eminently successful, and display a masterly talent for the delineation of human passion, and those evanescent aspirations after virtue, to which even the guiltiest bosom cannot entirely cease to be alive. As a specimen of his talents, we give the following song, which, among some bad taste, shews considerable descriptive power.

"King Christian took his fearless stand
'Midst smoke and night;
A thousand weapons rang around,
The red blood sprung from many a wound,
'Midst smoke and steam to the profound
Sank Sweden's might!
'Fly, sons of Swedes! what heart may dare
With Denmark's Christian to compare
In fight?'

"Niels Juel beheld the storm roll nigh;
'The hour is come!'
He waves the crimson flag on high,
The blows in doubling volleys fly,
'Tis come,' the foes of Denmark cry,
'Our day of doom!
Fly ye who can! what warrior dares
Meet Denmark's Juel, that man prepares
His tomb!'

"Sea of the North! aloft behold
Thy third bolt fly!
Thy chilly lap receives the bold,
For terror fights with Tordenskiod,
And Sweden's shrieks, like death-bell toll'd,
Ring through thy sky.
Onward the bolt of Denmark rolls;
'Swedes! to Heaven commit your souls,
And fly!'

"Thou darksome deep! the Dane's pathway
To might and fame!
Receive thy friend, whose spirit warm
Springs to meet danger's coming form,
As thy waves rise against the storm,
And mounts to flame!
'Midst song and mirth life's path I'll tread,
And hasten to my ocean-bed
Through fame."

But, in the walks of dramatic literature, Oehlenschlager is unrivalled. He possesses a sway over our feelings to which no other poet of his age and nation can make any pretensions. Yet this power, we think, he is not always sufficiently careful not to abuse. In the wildness of his imagination, he delights to soar into the loftiest regions of poetry, and suddenly to dash us to the ground; and it may be questioned, whether the pain of the fall does not frequently more than counterbalance the pleasure of the excursion. His course is lofty, but not equable. When we travel with him, we sometimes cleave the impalpable sky with the swiftness of the falcon, and, at others, are jolted along a detestable road, in a vehicle slower and more cumbrous than the Newcastle waggon. And yet it is perhaps the highest praise of this extraordinary genius, that, maltreated as we are, we never wish to stop, but are content to journey on with him to the last. Such of our readers as are anxious to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the character and distinctive beauties of Oehlenschlager than could possible be derived from any description of our own, we beg to refer to the beautiful translations of some of his most popular dramas which have already appeared in this miscellany.—Baggesen is the Moore, and Ramdohr is the Jeffrey of Denmark; the one has all the lightness, the brilliancy, and the sparkling effervescence of fancy, which distinguish the bard of Lalla Rookh, and the other adds a greater depth and solidity of acquirement to the splendid powers of illustration and of reasoning distinctive of the Caledonian Aristarchus. In short, he carries heavier metal, and is the cock of a more extended walk than Mr Jeffrey has ever occupied. No man possesses a finer and more discriminative taste in the fine arts than Ramdohr. With regard to literature, he stands also on much higher ground than Mr Jeffrey can pretend to. There is no department of it which he has not embellished—none in which his writings do not bear record of his having excelled. No wonder, then, that in his own country, his criticisms are received with deference and respect; that authors bow to his decision with a reverence, altogether unknown to the grumbling and lacerated victims of the Edinburgh or the Quarterly. Mr Baggesen is the friend and associate of this distinguished individual, and worthy of the honour. His poems are like jewels of the first water, small but valuable. There is a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, a splendour of imagination in the whole, which renders them very enchanting. We know of no extended work in which Mr Baggesen has exerted himself. No author is more capable of doing justice to on-

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and we trust, that ere long, he will consecrate his fame to after-ages in an epic poem, as he has already done in the lighter, though not less difficult walks of the art. To shew the estimation in which these two distinguished persons are held in Denmark, we lay before them an epigram by Thaarup, which two of our contributors have been kind enough to translate. As the merits of these translations are somewhat different, we beg to submit them both to the judgment of our readers:

EPIGRAM FROM THE DANISH OF THAARUP.

BY DR SCOTT.

If in a dungeon I were thrown
By some fell tyrant's cruel rage,
Two authors left to me alone,
To charm me with their speaking page.

Homer nor Virgil would I chuse
To sooth of solitude the damn'd bore;
I'd seek in Baggesen my muse,
And find philosophy in Ramdohr.

BY ODOHERTY.

If a king should be so incorrect,
As into a dungeon to cram me,
And bid me two authors select,
To lighten my solitude, damme!

Though the want of old Ebony's Magazine,*
I still must consider a damn'd bore;
For poet, I'd pick out Bill Baggesen—
For critic, I'd pitch upon Ramdohr.

For what toils, what sufferings—would not such praise afford an ample recompence! Having thrown together these few hasty observations on some of the great men, of whom notice is introduced by Mr Feldberg in his work, we shall conclude the present article with a few extracts from the lighter part of the volume before us. There is a great deal of statistical information contained in it, and the local descriptions are executed with a talent and truth, which prove Mr Feldberg to be no unobservant spectator of nature, under all her forms. The following description of Cronenburgh Castle will be interesting to our readers, from the knowledge that it formed the prison of the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda:—

"The Castle of Cronenburgh, in the vicinity of Elsinore, was built by Frederick II. in the boldest style of Gothic architecture. Mr Boesen, an honest old historian of the place, while describing the position, solidity, and magnificence of the castle, affirms, that it may rank with the noblest castles, not only in the North, but in all Europe.

"This venerable edifice is connected with subjects of traditional, dramatic, and historical interest. On descending into the casemates, the story of Holger Danske, (or Ogier the Dane, as he is called in the French romances), will amuse the mind in these damp and dismal vaults. It is thus related by Mr Thiele: 'For many ages the din of arms was new and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronenburgh. No man knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave, who had forfeited his life, was told, that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp, which was nearly burnt out; and, below, stood a huge stone-table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up. It was Holger the Dane. But when he raised his head from his arms, the stone-table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. 'Give me thy hand!' said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him his hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, 'It is well! I am glad that there are yet *men* in Denmark.'

"Leaving the casemates, and ascending the ramparts, Englishmen will find themselves on classic ground. Here they may indulge the fancy of Mr Matthison, the celebrated Swiss poet, who made the venerable ghost of Hamlet's father appear on the platform, when he exclaimed

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

"But a still deeper tragedy will awaken the sympathies of an Englishman on his visit to Cronenburgh Castle. For, (to use the words of a distinguished author, already quoted), 'here Matilda was confined, the victim of a foul and murderous court-intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant, when, by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and as the

* Literally the Copenhagen Review.

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ship bore her away from a country where the venial indiscretions of youth and unsuspicious gaiety had been so cruelly punished, upon these towers she fixed her eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing toward them till the last speck had disappeared.'

"During her imprisonment in the Castle of Cronenburgh, it was Queen Caroline Matilda's chief enjoyment to ascend the square tower, which commands one of the finest prospects in the world. No spot could better sooth the anguish of her mind. The animated appearance of the Sound, in which the English flag is so frequently displayed, would fill her mind with cheering images of the greatness and prosperity of her native land. And, in gazing on the beauties which nature has scattered with so lavish a hand over Denmark, her contemplations on the great First Cause of all good would create in her the best disposition to forgive her 'enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.'"

The ruins of the Monastery at Esrom are particularly interesting, and Mr Feldberg devotes several of his pages to an account of their antiquities, and the traditionary miracles with which they are connected. The devil, it appears, had a wonderful antipathy to the monks of this pious establishment, and did his "possible" to corrupt them. As favourable opportunities of temptation occurred, he occasionally converted himself into a bottle of claret, a haunch of venison, a dressed turtle, or a fine woman, in order to seduce the ghostly fathers from their usual continence and sobriety. Never were a poor set of monks so persecuted. Did they fast, their nostrils were continually saluted with the savoury fragrance of roast beef and Maintenon cutlets;—were they satiated with food, goblets of the finest wine appeared to court their lips, and the drawing of corks was in their ears;—was their hide galled by the sackcloth of their order, garments of silk, and shirts of the finest Holland seemed to court their acceptance;—were they inclined to sleep, behold a down bed and cambric sheets appeared to invite them to repose. The only drawback to these enjoyments was, that in case they accepted them, they *ipso facto* became proselytes of the devil, and gave up all hopes of heaven, which on the whole was not so advantageous a bargain as the holy fathers desired, seeing they wished not only to eat, drink, and sleep well, but to go to heaven also, which instance of good taste, we believe, has been strictly observed by all their reverend successors. We shall give the following legendary tale in the words of Mr Feldberg:—

"The remains of the monastery at Esrom deserve to be visited, as they may shew with what good taste the monks selected one of the most beautiful situations in the island for their residence. It was originally one of the most opulent and considerable monasteries in the North, and of the Cistercian order. Its name, perhaps, might, without much impropriety, be substituted in the following lines:

'O the monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbours' lasted.'*

"Indeed the monks of Esrom led a very merry life, through the wicked agency of the devil, who had gained admittance to the monastery by the name of Friar Ruus, and served in the capacity of cook. The legendary history of this remarkable personage is sufficiently amusing. Mr Thiele, in his work already spoken of, gives it in the following manner:

"It is related, when the devil once saw how piously and virtuously the monks of Esrom lived, that he assumed the human form, knocked at the gate of the monastery, saying that his name was Ruus. Pretending to be a cook's apprentice, as such he was engaged by the abbot. But, being once alone with the master-cook, he shewed disobedience, for which he received chastisement. At this he felt very wroth; and as he had previously put a kettle of water on the fire, he laid hold of the master-cook, when he perceived the kettle boiled, and thrust him into it head foremost. He then ran about and screamed, lamenting the misfortune that had happened to his master. Thus he deceived all the friars of the monastery in such a manner, that they thought him perfectly guiltless, and made him master-cook. This was exactly what he had aspired to, so that afterwards he might work out their destruction. He now dressed their victuals so lusciously, that the monks forgot both fasting and prayer, and gave themselves up to good living. Nay, it is even said that he brought women into the monastery, and thus ingratiated himself highly with the abbot, who even prevailed upon Ruus to become a friar, wishing nothing so much as to have such a cook about him. From that time quarrels

* Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto the First, Note XXII. *Kale*, Broth. In Danish *Kaal*, a very popular dish.

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and wickedness spread to such an extent in the monastery, that it certainly would have come into the power of the Evil One, if the monks had not seasonably left off their vicious ways. It so happened, that Ruus was once in a wood, where he observed a fine fat cow. He killed her, taking a quarter along with him to the monastery, and hanging up the remainder on a tree in the wood. The peasant to whom the cow belonged came soon afterwards; and when he saw the three quarters hanging on the tree, he determined to watch in another tree, until the thief should come to fetch the rest. While he was sitting there, he observed how the devil's imps played their pranks in the wood, talking much about Ruus, and how he designed to invite the abbot and his monks to an entertainment with himself in hell. The peasant was terribly frightened at this, and went next day to the abbot, relating all that he had seen and heard in the wood. On this the abbot called all the monks together in the church, and began to read and sing. Ruus, who had never shewn any particular relish for such devotional services, attempted to sneak out; but the abbot seized him by the cloak, and exorcised him into the shape of a red horse, committing him to the power of hell. For a long time after this occurrence, the iron kettle and gridiron belonging to Ruus were still shewn in the monastery of Esrom.

"The gridiron, which is thus said to belong to the chattels left behind by the exorcised devil, at no distance of time was preserved at Esrom, and shewn as a piece of great antiquity. Indeed it was considered of such importance, that the celebrated Petrus Resenius deemed it worthy of being represented in his "*Atlas Danicus.*" The intelligent Professor Molbech, in his "Juvenile Wanderings," adds to our information regarding the personal adventure of Ruus:—'After being exorcised, the abbot constrained him, by way of punishment for his wicked intentions, to proceed to England, and without intermission to return, bringing with him through the air as much lead as amounted to 320,000 pound-weight, for the roof of the monastery.'"

Although Mr Feldberg alludes to Professor Molbech in the above extract, yet he does not seem to be aware that that gentleman has composed a ballad on the very tradition which it narrates. Mr Lewis, in one of his notes, alludes to it as one of the finest specimens of the "terrible sublime" with which he is acquainted. The ludicrously terrific would perhaps have been a happier epithet; but be that as it may we heartily join the author of the Monk in his admiration of the poetical power which it displays. We are anxious to introduce this piece to the notice of our readers, though we confess that in the partial translation which we have attempted, it is but too probable that we have furnished rather evidence of our feebleness, than of the beauties so prominent in the original. It begins thus:

Once when the morning breezes blew o'er Esrom's cloister'd walls,
They caught the voice of hymning sweet, that rose from Esrom's halls,
And every rising sun beheld its holy monks at prayer,
And when his golden beams went down, they still were kneeling there.

And short and scanty the repasts these holy men partook,
And while they ate they told their beads, and gazed upon their book;
There was no sound of revelry, no circling of the wine,
But the spring supplied their beverage, the crust of bread their dine.

Such was the simplicity of their fare, and such the ardour of their devotions! In the original Mr Molbech enlarges on these at considerable length, and informs us, that by their extraordinary abstinence and mortification of the flesh, they had reduced themselves to the same spareness of body, characteristic of a personage well known in a neighbouring city, by the appellation of "Death run away with the mort-cloth." The following gives us further insight with regard to their habits and personal economy:

Like modern beaux, these holy monks, in iron stays were laced,
And sackcloth rough and prickly too, their nether parts embraced;
No feather bed, no hair mattrass, by them at night was prest,
But on the cold and clammy stones, they threw their limbs to rest.

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What blessed dreams came over them, what visions did appear,
They are writ in Esrom's chronicles, but I may not tell them here;
How lovely women naked came, and tempted them to sin,
And Satan at their hearts did knock, but devil a bit got in.

"A life so holy, such serene repose," must appear beautiful to all, and enviable at least to those whom an intercourse with the world has not yet deprived of all relish for purer enjoyments. It was, however, but of short duration. The devil sets his head at work to seduce them, and judiciously observing that the belly is not the worst avenue to the head, gets his services accepted in the kitchen of the convent, as is duly set forth in the following stanzas.

The Devil saw their holiness, and straightway set his head
To turn them from the pious life which they so long had led;
A cloven-footed scullion boy, he sought the convent door;
They hired him to assist the cook—the Devil ask'd no more.

When two bestride a horse, there's one that needs must ride behind;
The cook by sad experience this truth was doom'd to find;
For the Devil soused him in the broth when it was boiling hot,
And cried, Lie there, you lousy dog, 'tis time you go to *pot*.

Having thus far succeeded in his diabolical career, as may be anticipated, the convent dinners begin very suddenly to improve, and Oman himself could not cater better for his guests than the devil did for the monks at Esrom. The consequences are likewise what may be anticipated.

The jolly friars now began to relish better cheer,
And pickles hot and sauce piquante did at their board appear;
With nice ragouts and fricassees he made them lick their jaws,
And to their fish, on holidays, they called for oyster-sauce.

The chapel bell with grief they heard, the dinner bell with glee aye,
And lamb and mint-sauce now supplied the place of Agnus Dei;
With wine and dishes season'd high their heated blood they stirr'd,
And to the Bible Polyglot they Polly Hume preferred.

We close this mournful example of human depravity with the following stanza, which shews the monks of Esrom reduced, we think, to the very lowest step in the scale of moral degradation.

Thus every holy monk was soon transform'd into a sot,
And they waddled through the cloisters all as fat as Doctor Scott,
And at their shocking trespasses the very saints grew sad,
For they sung their Ave Marias to the tune of "Moll in the Wad!"

If our readers are pleased with these extracts, we can assure them the ballad is not carried on with less spirit in the sequel; and we refer them to the account of the remainder of the devil's exploits to the extracts we have already given from Mr Feldberg's volume. We fully intended, on commencing this article, to have afforded less space to our own observations, and more to the extracts from the work before us. But the evil of our loquacity cannot now be remedied, and we must only gratify our readers with one further quotation, selected in order to display Mr Feldberg in the character of a courtier, a role which he appears to fill with as much grace and ease as any of our indigenous members of the Leg-of-Mutton School. The account of his interview with Prince Christian is extremely characteristic, we think, both of the Prince and the Savant.

"With somewhat similar feeling I saw the young Prince of Denmark. He had just returned from a cruise on the lake, with two lads of about his own size and age, sons of Count Schulin. There had been a fight, and I rather suspect the Prince by

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come worst off. His attention was wholly directed to the youngest Schulin, who appeared to indulge a wilful mood, by teasing the Prince, and telling him that he might rest satisfied with what he had got. The Prince, on the other hand, highly colouring, told him that he had got enough, held a short twig to Schulin's nose, and did all that he could to provoke a renewal of the combat. At last the Prince's tutor called his attention to the drawings for this work. They seemed to interest and please him. Looking at the view of the Sound, the Prince demanded, 'Pray, what is the meaning of the little flag on the fore-top of the guard-ship?'

"*Author.* When that is flying ships need not strike their flags and sails to the King of Denmark.

"*Prince.* What! must ships strike flags and sails to the King of Denmark?

"*Author.* They must do more: the captains are obliged to come on shore, and pay a toll to the King of Denmark. The other day, an English ship, with a cargo of cotton twist, paid L.1500 in toll.

"*Prince.* Indeed! that was a fine ship. I wish such an one would come every day. But how is it that ships pay this toll?

"*Author.* They do so to refund the expenses his Danish Majesty incurs on account of lighthouses, beacons, &c. It is an old custom, of which the English, in particular, are very fond. The English mariners are very partial to Holland's gin, which they get cheap, and in great perfection at Elsinore; besides, they buy knick-knacks there for their wives and sweethearts, and the passengers have an opportunity of visiting Hamlet's Garden.

"*Prince.* Hamlet's Garden! Where is that.

"*Author.* Close to Elsinore.

"*Prince.* Who is Hamlet?

"*Author.* According to Shakespeare, the most accomplished prince Denmark ever produced.

"*Prince.* I do not know him.

"*Author.* Your Highness has not yet, I presume, begun to read English.

"*Prince.* No. I have not.

"*Author.* But French?

"*Prince.* O yes!

"*Author.* Your Highness is probably a great Frenchman?

"*Prince.* No, indeed, I am not.

"*Author.* And shall I tell you, that you never will be.

"Prince. (*Stuffing, and looking at me with earnestness.*) How so? Why?

"*Author.* You are too fond of the sea, as I have been told by a naval friend of mine.

"Prince. (*With enthusiasm.*) Yes! I do love the sea.

"The Prince looked over the other drawing, and then proceeded to his carriage, which was drawn up to the grand entrance of the palace. As he was going to step into the carriage, he pulled off his hat, and, making a polite bow, exclaimed, 'I thank you much, sir, for the sight of those beautiful drawings; I hope they will like them in England, and I wish you a prosperous voyage.'"

We have now discharged a public duty, in calling the attention of the literary world thus early to a work which is undoubtedly destined to render the name of its author immortal. We once more call upon Mr Feldberg to proceed fearlessly in his high career, till he reaches the goal of glory and of fame, to which the completion of his labours must inevitably conduct him. We shall not fail to give our readers due notice of the future progress of a work, of which it would be unjust to the discernment of the public to augur any thing but the most splendid success.

WHY ARE POETS INDIFFERENT CRITICS?

Mr Editor,

The variorum notes on Shakespeare are entertaining reading, and have probably been the cause of many a man's looking into the works of the great poet, who would never have troubled them from pure love of the sublime or pathetic. It is not, then, too much, perhaps, to presume, that most general readers will pretty well recollect Warburton's elaborate note on the players' speech in Hamlet, as well as the much controverted passage to which it is appended. "The greatest poet of this and the last age," says Warburton, "Mr Dryden, in the preface to Troilus and Cressida, and Mr Pope, have concurred in thinking, that Shakespeare produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken, and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. *I think just otherwise;* and that it was given with commendation, to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the *simplicity* and *sublime* of this production." Warburton goes on, as usual, through a variety of ingenious and unsatisfactory arguments in

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support of his opinion; but I must own, that in his conclusion I am inclined for the most part to agree. Not that I can bring myself to think, as he does, the style of the speech a good style, nor that his reasoning, as to what Hamlet says of it, however subtle, appears to me at all convincing; but because it is very possible that Shakespeare may have been fond of the lines, although they are *not* good in any point of view. Nor is it improbable that he was so. That he himself wrote them, there cannot, I think, be much doubt. The Shakespearian vein shews itself here and there. The style, indeed, exhibits much more of his nerve and manner than that of some of the plays which are attributed to him. Titus Andronicus, for instance, which it is a wonder, by the bye, that the critics have never attributed to Marlow, for the turn of the versification, and the atrocity of the characters, are in exact keeping with the "Jew of Malta."—But that the players' speech is not turgid, and in bad taste, and as unlike the style of the ancients as "Hyperion to a satyr," Warburton will succeed in persuading few readers. His parallel quotations, as he would have them thought, from Troilus and Cressida, and from Anthony and Cleopatra, are utterly worthless; the piece, in which the first occurs, is only half in earnest throughout; and the last nobody but Warburton would have produced as a *similar* passage. Still Shakespeare may have liked the players' speech, though he never wrote it, as the learned doctor supposes, in imitation of the ancients; as a *player*, it is the very thing that he would be likely to deem attractive; and poets are, in truth, seldom good critics, that is to say great poets are seldom judicious critics of poetry. Nor is it natural that they should be, for which the reasons are tolerably obvious.

Whether poets are inspired beings or not, does not much alter the bearings of this question. We have, to be sure, their own word for it that they are, and they should know best, as Count Caylus argued when he assured his officious ghostly advisers, to their great perplexity, that he had no soul. But then the word of a poet is none of the most credible, especially upon subjects like these. Be this as it may, however, still it is impossible to conceive of a great poet but as being, whether intuitively or by a series of acts of the understanding, filled and saturated with the delight which springs from some favourite poetical style. This style must be *his own*; and it is only by the perfect comprehension, and intense admiration of its peculiarities and its beauties, that he can have become an original poet. This feeling of delight, in a particular style of poetry, may have arisen, as it no doubt often arises, unconsciously. The numberless steps, of perception after perception, and of association after association, may have been originally so imperceptible, or so completely forgotten ultimately, as to give the whole process the appearance of instinct,—or it may have been a decided creation of the understanding. It may have originated in the nicest discrimination and the most profound analysis. It may have been artificial in its conception, in its birth, and in its essence. Still the style so doated on, must be truly the "chosen one" the "only beloved;" and the modes of choice can only differ as the romantic "love at first sight" of the stripling differs from the gradual and intelligent affection of the man.

Under the first supposition it is nearly impossible to imagine that a mind, influenced by such exclusive and deeply-seated feelings, should not be disqualified impartially to compare the effusions which produce them, with others which do not. In the second instance, it is difficult to imagine this. When we have long and steadily preferred any thing, especially in poetry, that preference, almost necessarily declines, (or if the term displease,) improves into a sort of amiable but unreasonable dotage. The lover may be brought to own that his mistress is, in the abstract, less handsome than some other woman; but he cannot practically think that she is so, because he cannot feel that she is so. Her name must ever be to his ears "more musical than is Apollo's lute," let him play what tune he pleases. As it is in love, so is it in poetry. We are infatuated with a word, a very sound. The poet may exclaim, "What's in a name!" as long as he will, but it is a mistake to say that, to the poet,

"——— A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet"—

It would not do so.

How a mind impregnated with su-

feelings should judge truly of the poetical, is incomprehensible. A jaundiced eye might as well distinguish colours. In order to judge of poetry, according to Burns's indignant expression, "by the square and rule," a poet must dismiss for the occasion that "in which he lives," which, "is his life." He must go out of the very element in which he breathes to inhale some newly discovered gas. He must shuffle off nature, and commit high treason against the very bent and constitution of his soul and intellect. "He must divide and go to buffets with himself—

"His understanding's self, must maul his ass-self!"

He is to sit down and coolly examine that which naturally arouses his finest passions, and act the unbiassed judge in a cause as to which he has been full of prejudices from the very hour of his birth; that the struggle to go through so unnatural a task as this, should occasion all sorts of extremes and absurdities is not extraordinary. Poetical criticism demands other than poetical nerves. It is one man's calling to create a beautiful metaphor, and another's to dissect it. It is for your cold-blooded experimentalist to stare a simile out of countenance, on pretence of criticising the regularity of its features, or to make mouths at the pathetic, under a pretext of subjecting it to the test of ridicule, as an urchin grins in your face in the hope of making you as ridiculous as himself.

Of the fact of good poets being, in general, bad critics, the instances are "as plenty as blackberries." His lordship of Byron is one of the most modern and eminent examples. This is apparent, not only in the recent Bowles Controversy—to which one wonders at those who are sorry that he "condescends," for it is highly witty and amusing, and cannot hurt his reputation as a poet with any one who has common sense,—but may be, more or less, detected in many other transactions of his life. Byron is truly a poet by intuition. In his juvenile poems, that tendency to melancholy, and to the depicting the darker passions, which has all along characterised him, is decidedly developed. He was then too young to suffer it to take such complete possession of him as it has since done, nor had he then attained to that nervous strength, either of thought or language, which imparts a double force to his misanthropical reflections. He accordingly wrote less from his own ideas of style and subject than from those of others; and whenever Lord Byron has been an imitator, he has, in one or other sense of the word, failed. With a predisposition, thus early, towards a certain style and colouring of thought, his judgment has been constantly overpowered by the peculiarities of his poetical temperament. This is evident even in what he has said respecting the Elgin marbles; difference of opinion is common, but there has been no measure in his wrath. He will find very few to join him in his exaggerated vituperations of the noble connoisseur, for rescuing these exquisite remains from the hands of Time and the Turk. The only pity is that it had not been done five hundred years sooner. But the eye of Byron had seen these unmatched sculptures in their original situation; and he loved them with the enthusiasm of a poet.* With such feelings it were in vain to reason. Talk of utility or expediency! we might as well expect the lover to cut off his mistress's beautiful hair to prevent it coming out, or draw her front-teeth to preserve the rest from caries.

His opinions on poetry, even when he has endeavoured to rest them on first principles, or logical deductions, seem to have varied and varied all his life; and with his opinions, variable as they have been, his practice has generally contrived to be inconsistent. In his criticisms in the satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," even when they are not warped by irritated passions, it would be difficult to shew any *one* rule to which he has adhered throughout; if there be any, it is the rule of contrariety. His imitations have not been less inconsistent, nor less unfortunate. They are, however, *often* fortunately unfortunate. Unfortunate in not being like the style imitated, and fortunate in being better. The versification, for instance, of the "Bride of Abydos" is clearly intended to resemble that of Sir Walter Scott,—whose poems, by the bye,

* This is not correct. The marbles were removed from the Parthenon before his Lordship visited Athens.—C. N.

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he had ridiculed,—but it is more condensed and more correct than that of Sir Walter. Again, he has nearly spoiled the third canto of "Childe Harold," by mixing some unintelligible mysticism, about mountains and storms, with his own vigorous and well defined conceptions, under an idea that he was rivalling Wordsworth.

"When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,
I can't help putting in my claim to praise."

Don Juan.

The controversy with Bowles is another instance of the work which poetical prepossessions make with the critical judgment of a poet. Lord Byron may persuade himself, if he can, that Pope is, after all, the greatest of poets—and that he thinks him so; but he shall not persuade the public to believe either of these propositions, for all the syllogisms that he has yet put forth. In truth, it is ten to one but he hates Pope and his poetry from the very bottom of his soul, and if he were to make an affidavit of the contrary to-morrow, the question would still remain where it was. He is, in fact, the dupe of his own feelings. Aware of the occasional hollowness—the sometime extravagance, of those bursts of exalted poetry, which are congenial and natural to his own mind, he distrusts himself. Such poetry is an everyday feeling with him, and he tires of himself. Like the bank, he can command an unlimited issue of his own coin, and he depreciates himself. With these feelings, he endeavours to erect an artificial standard of merit, in direct opposition to that which *he feels* to be the true standard, and, in doing so, he has, for lack of better, floundered upon the precious piece of logic, that—because morals are the best of studies, and Pope has written moral essays in rhyme, therefore Pope is the best of poets. He might as well say, that because mahogany is the best of woods, therefore an ode to Hondurus must exceed all possible odes to any possible collection of trees; or, that because the prospect of Eton is the best of prospects, and Eton the best of colleges, therefore, Gray's ode must be the best that could be written on the Prospect of a College. If reasoning like this may hold, the celebrated metrical version of the Holy Scriptures deposited in the University library at Glasgow, but which the worthy professors are so strangely shy of shewing, must be, to all Christian readers, the paragon of all earthly poetry,—that is, has been, or shall be. That a mind gifted like that of the author of Childe Harold, should prefer Pope, sensible, witty, and elegant as he is, to Shakespeare, to Milton, or to himself, and for such a reason as this, is next to impossible.—Yet we must believe this before we can put faith in Lord Byron's criticism.

Lord Byron has been mentioned first as being perhaps the most notorious instance of the principle which these remarks are intended to enforce. Corroborative examples, however, are sufficiently abundant. Milton, like Byron, seems to have been born a poet, though, to his native loftiness and fire, he has superadded all the majestic and fanciful graces which a profound knowledge of classical poetry could afford him. His genius tended evidently to the highest beauties of poetry,—to the sublime and the pathetic, rather than to the witty, the ingenious, or the elegant. Like Byron, however, Milton is known to have preferred the works of one, the tendencies of whose genius were as opposite to those of his own, as can well be conceived. Cowley, the quaint, the metaphysical, the artificial Cowley, was the favourite of Milton, who preferred him to Dryden. Dryden, Rochester, and the rest of King Charles the Second's pet poets, however, returned the compliment, and were injudicious enough to express their contempt of Milton, whose Paradise Lost was characterized amongst the courtiers as a "dull poem," by one Milton, a blind old rebel, who had been Latin secretary to Cromwell, and narrowly escaped hanging at the Restoration, which, if he had not, they seem to have thought would have been no great matter for regret.

Pope is another instance of the inability of great poets to become good critics. He is the poet of good sense, wit, and judgment. His style, however, is plainly the effect of intense labour. Its polish is the result of repeated touches, and its correctness, of anxious and perpetual pruning. A genius like that of Pope could not cordially relish the natural and luxurious freedom of the older poets. Their thoughts rushed on like the stream of a mountain torrent, whilst his flowed on with the equable current of a ca-

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nal. It was hardly possible that he could really enjoy the works of men like these; nor did he enjoy them. Spence has put it upon record that he esteemed the writings of Ben Jonson, *upon the whole, as "trash."* His sentence on Young was, that he was "a genius without common-sense"—but what tells against him most strongly is, that his edition of Shakespeare is probably the worst ever published. Of the conjectural emendations, Johnson's are very middling, Warburton's worse than middling, and Pope's worst of all. They are universally and woefully *flat*. A fashionable cansonet occurring in the midst of Moore's Irish, or Burns' Scottish melodies, could not sound more deplorably. Theobald, the ci-devant hero of the Dunciad—"poor Tib," as Johnson called him, has experimentally and practically falsified the celebrated couplet of his enemy, and proved that it is one thing to write a poetical "Essay on Criticism," and another to practise it.

"Let those judge others who, themselves, excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

The comparison between Pope's and Theobald's edition of Shakespeare, is in the very teeth of the maxim.

If we come a little nearer our own time, and examine the literary opinions of Gray, Johnson, and Horace Walpole, we shall find the same narrowness in their critical decisions. Gray predicted ill of Collins, and especially, discovered in the writings of the young bard of the Passions, a paucity of images! Mason and himself were more a kin—and Mason he preferred. Dr Johnson makes out a passage in Congreve's Mourning Bride, to be more poetically descriptive than any thing in Shakespeare; and Horace Walpole, reluctantly allowing him genius, despises all the other dramatists his contemporaries. Nay, the Doctor would discourage quotations from the works of a man, of whose admirable expressions, numbers have become idiomatic in the language, by saying that he who brings a passage from Shakespeare as a specimen of his powers, is like the pedant, who brought a brick as a sample of the building. As if Shakespeare's materials, like those of Mrs Centlivre, or Mrs Behn, were essentially commonplace, and he, like them, only remarkable for the art of unravelling plots, or contrasting characters. After saying that *Fleet-street* was his favourite prospect, it was natural to expect that he should run down *Pastorals*. The poet of "London" was not likely to relish Tasso, Guarini, or Allan Ramsay. Nor was he a very fair judge of Ossian, or even Dr Percy's ballads.

Amongst the living poets the same intemperate judgments are daily manifested. Byron, "in his own despite," sets up Pope for a model; deprecates cant in one breath, and cants about morals in the next. Percy Shelley, and the rest of the school of "naturals," gibe at the "artifice" and "sing song" of Pope, and are in love with the unintelligible beauties of Chaucer, making out in the excesses of their creed,

"All discord, harmony—not understood."

Nay, there was Leigh Hunt, the other day, doating upon the exquisite pronunciation of "tobacco," as a rhyme to "acre,"—tobaccre! and impudently avowing his fondness, to the mortification of all those who feel sore at the jokes lately played off on the peculiarities of what is termed the "Cockney School of Poetry."* The Lake poets sneer at every body, and if Dr Southey be not careful with his hexameters, they run some risk of a return. Indeed, the Laureat's "Specimens" of English Poetry are in themselves no bad specimen of that perverse singularity of judgment which haunts the tribe of poets; nor is Mr Campbell's selections without some tendencies of this sort, though more judicious than Southey's. Sir Walter Scott's confirmed predilection for antiquarian description, and heroes who "cannot spell," is well known; and to complete the list, this infirmity of judgment, so fatal to great poets, is apparent even in the venerable father of "The Leg of Mutton School," who, it is plain, must have taken the hint of praising all his great dining acquaintance from Pope's idea of writing "panegyrics on all the kings in Europe," unmindful that the plan was, upon second thoughts, abandoned by its original and equally illustrious author.

In this principle may be found the origin of that illiberal habit more or

* See Notice of the Works of Charles Lamb.—*Examiner*.

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less common to all nations, of depreciating each other's literature, and especially poetical literature.

A nation, like a poet, necessarily has a favourite style; the national style is only more extended than that of the individual. Any national standard of taste must, of course, be to the nation that owns it, as near perfection as possible; and because one people is incapable of entering into some of the peculiar feelings of another, these feelings are ridiculed, or even denied to exist. Thus the French, bigotted to the dramatic unities, and believing that nature and Aristotle are the same, designate the works of Shakespeare, "monstrous farces." And when Lord Byron, in his Don Juan, first fairly introduced into English literature that fantastic mixture of the serious and comic, in which Pulci, and some of the other precursors of Ariosto, and Ariosto himself delighted, many of our horror-stricken critics imagined, that the noble poet sat deliberately down to insult and confound the best feelings of our nature. Their very hair stood on end at such couplets as,

> "They grieved for those that perish'd with the cutter,
> And likewise for the bisquit-casks and butter."

So difficult is it to reconcile one's self at first to any thing that is in opposition to a preconceived standard of taste. The Edinburgh Review has lately let itself down, by shewing some feelings of this sort with respect to French literature; but it is most apparent in our dramatic criticisms, which go beyond all bounds in expressing contempt for the very opposite styles of our neighbours. It is hardly necessary to instance any particular passage; but a specimen occurred to me the other day, so transcendantly unjust, and divertingly impudent, that it is impossible to help giving it, once for all, especially as it comes from a quarter in which good sense, if not great genius, might have been expected. It is the prefatory address prefixed to Shadwell's "Miser," which commences thus:

"Reader, the foundation of this play I took from one of *Moliere's*, called L'Avare; but that having too few persons, and too little action for an English theatre, I added to both so much that I may call more than half of this play my own, and I think I may say, *without vanity*, that Moliere's part has not *suffered* in my hand; nor did I ever know a *French comedy made use of by the worst of our poets, that was not bettered by 'em.* 'Tis not *barrenness* of wit or invention that makes us borrow from the *French*, but *laziness*—; and this was the occasion of *my* making use of L'Avare!"—Poor Moliere! It is difficult to read such things as this without thinking of Prior's well-known epigram.—"Ned" had probably hit upon this sally of Shadwell's, amongst his other proofs of the absurdities of poets; and could his "inverted rule," as Prior wishes,

> "Prove every fool to be a poet,"

I am not inclined to think he would have turned out half so great a one as the elegant and witty epigrammatist. It may be observed, in conclusion, that Prior himself was one of the many poets who have preferred their *worst* work. As Milton doated upon "Paradise Regained," so Prior was enraptured with his prosing poem of "Solomon," and is said to have been highly vexed on hearing that some one had put it below the humorous and exquisite "Alma."

T. D.

[We have inserted this ingenious paper, on account of its literary merits; but we must take leave to enter our protest against the doctrine which the author attempts to inculcate.—We think it indisputable, in so much as poetry is an art, that poets, like other artists, must be the best judges of each other's skill. In what, therefore, relates to the rhythm, the construction of the verse, and to the melody of the numbers, a poet, we conceive, must necessarily be a better judge than any ordinary critic, precisely as a painter is a better judge of pictures, that is, of the style, the drawing, and the colouring, than any ordinary spectator. We think it is paradoxical, therefore, to deny the superiority of a poet's critical judgment;—and we think so too with respect even to the

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element of poesy itself. The taste of a gay and jovial Anacreon, is not likely to find the same delight in the solemn and serious compositions of a Milton, a Danté, or a Byron, that he would in those of a Moore: but it does not surely follow, that he is less a judge of poetry than the critic who does not possess the same delicacy of tact in any class of the art. We do not, however, wish to enter into a controversy on the subject, but merely to give a caveat against the principle assumed by our respected correspondent.—C. N.]

GRACIOUS RAIN.

The east wind has whistled for many a day,
  Sere and wintry o'er Summer's domain;
And the sun, muffled up in a dull robe of grey,
  Look'd sullenly down on the plain.

The butterfly folded her wings as if dead,
  Or awaked e'er the full destined time:
Every flower shrunk inward, or hung down its head
  Like a young heart, grief struck in its prime.

I too shrunk and shiver'd, and eyed the cold earth,
  The cold heavens, with comfortless looks;
And I listen'd in vain, for the summer bird's mirth,
  And the music of rain-plenish'd brooks.

But, lo! while I listen'd, down heavily dropt
  A few tears, from a low-sailing cloud:
Large and slow they descended; then thicken'd—then stopt—
  Then pour'd down abundant and loud.

Oh, the rapture of beauty, of sweetness, of sound,
  That succeeded that soft gracious rain!
With laughter and singing the vallies rang round,
  And the little hills shouted again.

The wind sunk away, like a sleeping child's breath,
  The pavilion of clouds was unfurl'd;
And the sun, like a spirit, triumphant o'er death,
  Smiled out on this beautiful world!

On this beautiful world!—such a change had been wrought
  By those few blessed drops.—Oh! the same
On some cold stony heart might be work'd too (methought,)
  Sunk in guilt, but not senseless of shame.

If a few virtuous tears by the merciful shed
  Touch'd its hardness, perhaps the good grain
That was sown there and rooted, though long seeming dead,
  Might shoot up and flourish again.

And the smile of the virtuous, like sunshine from heaven,
  Might chase the dark clouds of despair,
And remorse, when the rock's flinty surface was riven,
  Might gush out, and soften all there.

Oh! to work such a change—by God's grace to recal
  A poor soul from the death-sleep—to this!
To this joy that the angels partake, what were all
  That the worldly and sensual call bliss?

C.

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A MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD.

Bring me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek, and auburn hair!

Bring me the rosemary, whose breath
Perfumed the wild and desart heath;
The lily of the vale, which, too,
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypress from some sunless spot,
Bring me the blue forget-me-not,
That I may strew them o'er thy bier
With long-drawn sigh, and gushing tear!

Oh what upon this earth doth prove
So stedfast as a mother's love!
Oh what on earth can bring relief,
Or solace, to a mother's grief!

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie
With drowsy smile, and half shut eye,
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

The grave must be thy cradle now;
The wild-flowers o'er thy breast shall grow,
While still my heart, all full of thee,
In widow'd solitude shall be.

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within;
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring,
That aye around the altar sing.

Methought, when years had roll'd away,
That thou wouldst be mine age's stay,
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy—the youth—the man in thee!

But thou hast past! for ever gone
To leave me childless and alone,
Like Rachel pouring tear on tear,
And looking not for comfort here!

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall
At morn and evening o'er thy pall;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing,
And roses pale, and lilies fair,
With perfume load the summer air!

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Adieu, my babe! if life were long,
This would be even a heavier song,
But years like phantoms quickly pass,
Then look to us from Memory's glass.

Soon on Death's couch shall I recline;
Soon shall my head be laid with thine;
And sunder'd spirits meet above,
To live for evermore in love!

Δ

MORSELS OF MELODY.

PART II.

DEAR NORTH,

EXPERIENCE teaches fo—: no, that set of the proverb will not do; experience makes a wise man. You must be convinced now, that song-writing is not my forte. As to the first six "Morsels of Melody,"—you observe I did not even pretend to call them songs,—I am exactly of your opinion, as who is not, when you speak in sincerity? They may do as sentimental lyrics, but they want the nerve and condensation of song-writing. Nevertheless, I have sent another half dozen, according to your desire; though you will find them—except one or two, perhaps—in exactly the same predicament.

Your sincere Friend,

Δ

Sept. 1st.

No. VII.

THE PILLOW OF THE TENT.

'TWAS when the summer skies were blue, and when the leaf was green,
When beauteous birds and blossoms on every bough were seen,
That I parted with my gallant love, as to the wars he went;
May dreams of home aye hover round the pillow of his tent.

Though pleasantly the sun illumes the woodland walks and bowers,
And sweetly sounds the stream, amid its broider'd banks of flowers;
Though the chesnut boughs be shady, and the orchard trees be fair,
I only think on days, when with my love I wander'd there.

I care not now, at noon of night, around the park to stray,
But sit and gaze upon the moon, that wends its silent way,
And I think, as on its silver orb I fix my eager sight,
Perhaps my William's eyes have there been also fix'd to-night.

Oh! soon be war's red standard furl'd, for silently by day
I sit and muse on pleasures past, and pine myself away;
And only through the dreams of night for me are pleasures shown,
For I wake, and sigh at morning light, to find myself alone.

Oh! may I hope within thy breast, that now and then may start,
'Mid noisy camps, a pensive thought, that brings thee to my heart;
When round the board, at eventide, the wine-cup circles free,
Be joyous, and give smiles to all, but keep one sigh for me!

How happily these scenes shall look, that now deserted be,
How glad shall be the home, that now is sad, deprived of thee!
Till fame with glory crown thee, and thy course be hither bent,
May dreams of home aye hover round the pillow of thy tent!

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No. VIII.

COME, MARY, TO ME!

The sun is sinking brightly
  Beyond the glowing seas;
The birds are singing lightly
  From yonder clump of trees;
The labourer hath hied him home,
  The ploughboy left the lea;
Come, Mary, 'tis for thee I roam—
  Come, Mary, to me!

The beds of flowering clover
  Exhale a perfume sweet;
The evening breeze sighs over
  The shaded hawthorn seat;
All day I've wish'd this hour to come,
  I've thought of meeting thee.
Come, Mary, 'tis for thee I roam,—
  Come, Mary, to me!

Oh, fairest! and oh, dearest!
  My life I would not give,
When to thee I am nearest,
  For such as nobles live;
I envy none, yet pity some,
  Who true love never see.
Come, Mary, 'tis for thee I roam,—
  Come, Mary, to me!

No. IX.

TO BETSY.

Though, Betsy, another's thou art,
  Who often hast clung to my side;
And, though 'mid my musings I start,
  That another now calls thee his bride;
Though the love that between us did bloom,
  On thy side is wither'd and cold;
Still it breathes to my heart in its gloom,
  As fragrant and fresh as of old!

Ah, me! that the visions of youth
  Like rainbows all melt and decay!
That the vows and the pledges of truth,
  Should be things that can bind but a day!
That the heart, like the seasons, can turn,
  And from sunshine be chill'd into frost;
And the flame, which so brightly could burn,
  In an instant be vanish'd and lost!

Then, Betsy, for ever farewell!
  Every thought I have cherish'd for thee,
In the depth of my bosom shall dwell,
  Like a treasure deep hid in the sea.
Through the scenes, where so often we roved,
  'Twill sooth me all lonely to stray;
Every flower, every spot that was loved,
  Shall be hallow'd when thou art away!

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Farewell! oh, be happy, be blest,
With him whom thy heart hath preferr'd;
May grief, in the home of thy rest,
Far off, be a sound never heard;
And though dark, and despairing, and lone,
Must the thread of my destiny be,
To dream of the years that are gone,
Is sweeter than new loves to me!

No. X.

THE EVENING INVITATION.

Oh Ida! fair Ida! the evening is sweet,
The small birds sing forth from their leafy retreat,
Peace broods o'er the hamlet, peace reigns on the hill;
Nought is heard, save the river, that murmurs so still;
'Tis the time for the saint, or the lover to roam;
'Tis the soft hour of feeling, oh come, my love, come!

In solitude ever my dreams are of thee,
And in cities thy likeness I never can see;—
As the rainbow comes after the tempest to say,
That the showers and the thunders have melted away,
So the thought of thy charms can a magic impart,
To scatter the sorrows that brood o'er my heart!

Oh Ida, my loved one, oh Ida, my sweet,
Could it be, I would pour out my soul at thy feet;
As the nightingale sits by the side of the rose,
Singing warmer and clearer the brighter it glows;
As the bee seeks the flower, that is fairest and best,
So my thoughts dwell on thee, where alone they are blest.

Oh come, my love, Ida! when thou art away
No pleasure is sweet, and no landscape is gay!
Though the flowers, and the waters, and the woods are so fair,
A something is wanting, if thou be not there;
The sunshine is rayless, the songsters are dumb,
When Ida I see not; oh come, my love, come!

No. XI.

ABSENCE.

Mild the evening sun is shining
On the rose's purple lining;
Sweet the ivy bands are twining
Round the oak upon the lea:—
Hush! the linnet's note is singing;
Hark! the village bell is ringing;
Nature smiles; composure bringing
To the world—but not to me!

Why, when all around is cheery,
Shall my anxious heart be weary,
Shall my soul be lone and dreary,
When all I look upon is gay?—
Gloomy is my hour of leisure;
Deep my cup of sorrow's measure;
Can I dare to dream of pleasure,
When my love is far away!

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No. XII.

THE WANDERER'S ADIEU.

Receive, O beloved, in kindness receive
  The silent and secret farewell
Of one, who has fervently loved thee, believe,
  Without the assurance to tell.
How often, alas! have I linger'd at eve,
  One glance of thy beauty to greet;
And, if 'twas denied me, 'twas pleasant to grieve,
  Since the source of my sorrow was sweet.

How often, unmark'd, have I gazed upon thee,
  With a feverish glow at my heart,
And, oh! if thy voice was directed to me,
  How the life in my bosom would start.
But thy words were so gentle, so modestly free,
  As to calm every doubt of my breast;
Like the sunbeams of evening that fall on the sea,
  Inviting its billows to rest.

When like weed of the desolate wilderness toss'd
  Round some darksome and fathomless cave,
Desponding, I wander each pleasureless coast;
  Or buffet the breast of the wave;
Then like a fair star on the brow of the steep,
  The hopes of my bosom to save,
Thy beacon of light shall irradiate the deep,
  And teach me to bear and to brave.

Thou know'st not my passion, and never shalt know
  Who sends this confession to thee;
Soon mountains shall tower, and the ocean shall flow
  Between my beloved, and me.
But yet I am glad, that thou never can'st grieve
  O'er him, whom no more thou shalt see;
And the pangs of affection perhaps 'twill relieve,
  To think that from such thou art free!

Farewell, and when I am for ever forgot,
  May the essence of feelings refined,
The motionless quiet of peace be thy lot,
  The slumberless sunshine of mind!
May thy home be an Eden, an ark of repose,
  And the praise of the world be combin'd
With the bliss, that from innocent purity flows,
  And the wishes I leave thee behind!

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ON COPLESTONE'S INQUIRY INTO THE DOCTRINES OF NECESSITY AND PREDESTINATION.*

LETTER I.

To CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—A few words shall serve me in the way of preface to the following remarks. There is, however, one preliminary that I am solicitous to press upon your attention. It is *only* with the philosophical part of Dr Coplestone's Treatise that I have to do. That the subject involves the deepest religious considerations, I am well aware. Nor is it possible, that I should altogether avoid adverting to some of the theological consequences, real or supposed, which result from the doctrines in question; but it is my wish to speak of these as distantly as the argument will admit of my doing. I would neither trouble you with the peculiarities of my own creed, nor impugn those of others. A partizan of no sectarian system, a zealot for no religious dogma, the elucidation of truth is all for which I am anxious; and if I may be allowed to hope that I am without that bigotry, which would keep me unconvinced, in spite of reason, I am sure I have no motive of interest which might induce me to affect to be so.

In his Preface, Dr Coplestone very properly gives an outline of the design and contents of his four Discourses. "His leading argument," he says, "was suggested by a small treatise, by the late Mr Dawson of Sedbergh, published about twenty years ago. In it the author lays down three axioms, as the foundation of his reasoning. 1. If we make a false supposition, and reason justly from it, a contradiction or absurdity will be contained in the conclusion. 2. Every action or exertion, voluntarily made, is with a design, or in hopes of obtaining some end. 3. All practical principles must either be founded in truth, or believed to be so for the moment that they operate." From these premises, he infers, "that where the doctrine of necessity is firmly believed, and made use of as a practical principle, *motives* cease to operate. Assuming, then, that in a future state our faculties will be enlarged, our understandings enlightened, and our apprehensions quickened, he concludes, that a continual progress in knowledge must at length terminate in absolute inactivity; and this conclusion, that *activity*, which throughout nature is observed to accompany intelligence, should be destroyed by the rational faculties being enlarged, he justly thinks, is so paradoxical, as to throw much discredit on the principle from which it is by fair reasoning deduced."

Dr Coplestone goes on to say, that "the developement of this principle so applied, is attempted in the earlier part of the first discourse. But, besides this, as an argument of equal authority, and as one concurrent in its application, it appeared to me, that the moral consequences of the hypothesis in question might also be pursued; for the notion of a moral agent, gifted with mental powers, the improvement of which naturally tends to the weakening or the extinction of moral principle, is an absurdity similar to the former, and equally conclusive against the truth of the supposition from which it flows."

"In the second discourse, the difficulties arising out of the belief of a superintending Providence, as compatible with the free will of man, are considered." The following axioms are then laid down:—"1. That God foreknows all things, and yet that he deals with man as if future events were contingent in their nature. 2. That God's Providence controls the order of events, and yet that man is free to choose and to act." It is afterwards remarked, that "each proposition is separately demonstrable; yet they are not contradictory, and yet their congruity may be inconceivable." Upon this it is only at present necessary to make one remark, that

* An Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination, in four Discourses, preached before the University of Oxford, with Notes, and an Appendix, on the Seventeenth Article of the Church of England, by Edward Coplestone, D. D.—Murray.

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the expression "*free to choose* and to *act*," is not definite. No one has ever denied, that man is free to choose and to act according to the dictates of his *will*, which will is *determined* by circumstances under the control of Providence. * The question is, whether man is free to act and to chuse, independently of Providence and external circumstances,—especially the latter. This, however, it is presumed, Dr Coplestone meant to express in his axiom. If he did not, the axiom is admitted by Necessitarians, and is strictly in unison with the Necessitarian theory.

The assertion, that "God deals with man, as if future events were contingent," shall be considered by and by.

In his third Discourse, the reverend inquirer transfers his reasoning to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. The fourth also inquires, whether, according to the Calvinists, "there be few that be saved;" and whether "each man's destiny is to be regarded as settled from all eternity;" this, including some very proper observations on the use of words, is, I believe, the substance of Dr Coplestone's Preface.

It remains to proceed with my intention of offering some cursory remarks, in reply to the points brought forward in his Discourses. There is one distinction, however, insisted upon by the reverend author, from which I must express my dissent. It is the following objection to the use of the word "*true*," as applied to the *future*. "If it (truth) be found to mean what all accurate writers define it to be, the agreement of a *representation* with the *thing represented*, there must be some *thing* previously existing before the idea of truth can be entertained at all. 'Propositio vera *quod res est* dicit.' The original may be antecedent to the representation. An assertion, therefore, respecting the *future*, may be probable or improbable, * * it may have any relation we please to the mind of the person who makes it, or of him who hears it; but it can have no relation at all to a thing which *is not*." Now, this distinction appears to me completely "to turn upon the equivocation of a word." An assertion of the certainty of future events, is only an assertion of the *present* existence of *grounds for knowing* that a certain chain of causes and effects must take place. That which has *ceased* to be, "*is not*" as much as that which has not *begun* to be; yet Dr Coplestone would hardly object to an assertion of the present existence of grounds, for knowing that some past event certainly has been: why should he then to an assertion that some future event shall be? In fact, the knowledge of the past and of the future are precisely of the same sort; *distant* views of causes and effects, not at present in action, but which have either ceased to act, or not begun to act. To a *perfect* intelligence, it is admitted, that the past and the future must be alike, as it must perceive the chain of causes, equally clearly and fully, on each side. Nay, with the human mind, this is the case, as far as human infirmity will permit. In cases where we have the means of a very full knowledge of cause and effect, this is evident; as, for instance, a clockmaker is as certain, barring some very distant chances, that his clock will strike the next hour as that it struck the last.

Dr Coplestone takes for his first text, Acts, xv. 18. "Known unto God are all his works, from the beginning to the end." The Discourse sets out with explaining the nature of the Divine prescience, by comparing it to that imperfect foreknowledge of events, at which the human mind is sometimes enabled to arrive. "As man is a being of a certain composition, having such and such faculties, inclinations, affections, desires, and appetites, it is very possible for those who study his nature attentively, especially for those who have practical experience of any individual, or of any community of men, to foretel how they will be affected, and how they will act under any supposed circumstances. The same power, in an unlimited degree, it is natural and reasonable to ascribe to that Being who excels the wisest of us, infinitely more than the wisest of us excels his fellow-creatures. It never enters the mind of a person, who reflects in this way, that his anticipation of another's conduct lays any restraint upon that conduct when he comes to act. The anticipation, indeed, is relative to him-

* The denial of a particular, and the assertion of a general providence, is one of the attempts to reconcile freewill and the divine control; it only perplexes the questi farther.

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self. * * * * * * * No man supposes the certainty of the event, (to use a common, but, as I conceive, improper phrase,) to correspond at all with the certainty of him who foretels or expects it. In fact, every day's experience shews that men are deceived in the event, even when they regard themselves as most certain. * * * * * How is it then? God can never be deceived; his knowledge, therefore, is always accompanied or followed by the event; and yet, if we get an idea of what his knowledge is by our own, why should we regard it as dragging the event along with it, when, in our own case, we acknowledge the two things have no connection?" This first point of Dr Coplestone's discourse is by no means new—scarcely any, indeed, of the *objections* to the doctrine of philosophical necessity are so—and as it is not new, so it has been more than once answered in some shape or other. The reverend metaphysician himself has, indeed, supplied an apparent solution, probably for the sake of afterwards overturning it, but this solution Necessitarians will not adopt. It is not the true answer to say, "that though your knowledge does not affect the event, yet God, who is all-powerful, who made all things as they are, and who knows all that will come to pass, must be regarded as rendering that necessary which he foreknows, just even as you may be considered accessary to the event, which you anticipate, exactly in proportion to the share you have had in preparing the instruments, or forming the minds of those who are to bring it about." It is equally useless, consequently, to rejoin with the reverend gentleman, "that the connection between the knowledge and the event, is not at all proved by this argument;" or, that "it is not because I knew what would follow, but because I contributed towards it that it is influenced by me." Nor will it serve any purpose of argument to assert, "that God's foreknowledge *ought not* to interfere without belief in the contingency of events, and the freedom of human actions."

The plain reply is this:—Necessitarians do not hold that the Divine foreknowledge *renders* events necessary, but that it *proves* them to be necessary. Human foreknowledge also is a *proof, as far as it goes,* of the necessity of that which is foreknown. The difference between the human mind feeling certain of a future event, and the Divine mind feeling certain of a future event, is nearly this—that human judgment, instead of being perfect, is built upon deductions drawn from observation and experience, which, though often right, are fallible in their nature, and consequently sometimes false, even when resting upon the best apparent grounds. When, however, a man feels certain of a future event, and his certainty is founded, as it often is, upon real and good foundations of observation and experience, it is, in fact, a *complete* proof of the necessary occurrence of that future event, though not acknowledged to be such, because it is impossible to be sure beforehand, whether the grounds of certainty be absolutely good and secure. The difference between the validity of proof drawn from human certainty, and that of proof drawn from the Divine certainty, is the difference between the fallibility of human foresight and the infallibility of Divine foresight. The infallible foresight of the Deity is a perfect proof of the future necessary occurrence of an event, of which the fallible foresight of the human mind is an imperfect proof, but a *legitimate* one, *as far as it goes.* In a note appended to his first discourse, Dr Coplestone, in reply to Edwards, who has strongly enforced this argument, says, "Infallible foreknowledge, while it remains foreknowledge, *proves nothing.* When the being who possesses this *declares* that a thing will come to pass, that declaration indeed *proves,* or is a *certain ground of assurance* to us, that it *will* come to pass. Even then it does not prove the event to be necessary."

Here are some distinctions which may include a little difficulty. The difficulty, however, arises from any thing but the truth of the distinctions. If infallible foreknowledge, when declared, proves that an event will come to pass—that foreknowledge, when undeclared, must be an *existing* proof, though an undeclared proof, of the future occurrence of the given event; it must be an existing proof, because it is known or has declared itself to him who possesses it, although he has not made it known or declared it to others. The declaration or non-declaration of any thing cannot alter the nature or affect the existence of that

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thing. If infallible foreknowledge of an event be a proof of its future occurrence, then, as soon as any one shall possess that foreknowledge, the proof must exist in full force, whether known to one or to many. But even if declared, says Dr Coplestone, it does not prove the event to be *necessary*. "This (he goes on to observe) is an example of the same error which pervades the stoical argument mentioned in the treatise 'De Fato,' *i. e.* confounding words with things. One proposition may be a necessary consequence of another proposition; but the thing denoted by it is not therefore necessary." If it be here meant that the truth of the second proposition is not necessary, this is an assertion at which logicians will a little startle. That the truth of a proposition flowing from a true premiss should not be necessary, is something new in logic. This paradox, however, is not needed to overturn the stoical sophism quoted in the treatise "De Fato."* The argument of the Stoics, which puzzled the disciples of Epicurus, was an affirmation "of the certainty of either the affirmative or the negative of every proposition that could be uttered concerning what was to pass hereafter." The sophism lies in this, that in the first assumption the question in dispute is begged. One of these two propositions—that, on a given day, it will rain, or will not rain, is now certainly true, says the fatalist; and this the epicurean did not, it seems, take upon him to deny. He might have done so, however, according to his own principles. If it be argued that there are such things as *contingent* events, the definition of such events must be, that they are future events, possible in themselves, but on the occurrence or non-occurrence of which, there is no ground in nature for deciding beforehand. The chances for their future occurrence or non-occurrence must be exactly equal, and there must be absolutely no ground for expecting or predicting one alternative in preference to the other. This, it is presumed, is the definition of what is meant by *absolute contingency*, as applied to a future event. If this be so, all propositions as to such events, whether affirmative or negative, must be equally uncertain. Supposing, then, that it is affirmed of an absolutely contingent event, (as it is asserted to be,) for instance, of a person's laughing on a given day,—"one of the two is certain, he will laugh, or he will not laugh;" then this must be denied. For what is the meaning of the assertion? not that one of the two propositions will ultimately become certain, but that one of them is, at the present time, certain; which is only an assertion opposed to the assertion of contingency. The definition of a contingent event is, an event in its own nature absolutely uncertain, and as to the occurrence or non-occurrence of which, all propositions must consequently be uncertain. He, therefore, who undertakes to *prove* the negative of the assertion which says that both propositions, the affirming or denying the occurrence of a future event, are equally uncertain together with the event, and who begins with laying down as one of his premises, that one of the two is now certain, is guilty of a *petitio principii*. The only difficulty lies in distinguishing the falsehood of the position—"because one of the two will, ultimately, become absolutely certain;" therefore one of the two must now, at this moment, be absolutely certain—which does not follow. With respect to the possibility of such things as contingent events, the existence of which is, after all, a mere assumption, more hereafter.

Dr Coplestone's distinction between

* It is evident that the philosophers of Cicero's time had no proper idea of the modern hypothesis of philosophical necessity, but were confused by the notion of a personified Fate, who exerted an extraneous influence upon the course of nature. This is evident in the following passage from the treatise "De Fato."—"Ne Hercule Icadii, quidem, prædonis video *Fatum* ullum. Nihil enim scribit ei prædictum. Quid mirum igitur, ex speluncâ saxum in crura ejus incidisse? Puto enim, etiam si Icadius tum in spelunca non fuisset, saxum tamen illud casurum fuisse. Nam, aut nihil est omnino fortuitum aut hoc ipsum potuit evenire *Fortuna*. Quæro igitur, (atque hoc late patebit,) si Fati omninò nullum nomen,—nulla natura, nulla vis esset, et fortè temere casû aut pleraque fierent aut omnia; num aliter ac nunc eveniunt evenirent? Quid, ergo, attinet inculcare *Fatum*, cum, sine Fato, ratio omnium rerum ad *Naturam*, *Fortunamve* referatur?"

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absolute certainty and necessity is not new.* It is formally laid down, I believe, in Kirwan's Metaphysical Essays, and probably occurs, more or less directly, elsewhere. It seems to be this—that though it may be known that a future event certainly shall be, yet it does not follow that such future event necessarily must be. It is an endeavour to shew that the terms, "certainly shall be," and "necessarily must be," are not identical, or do not include each other. Let us see how this can consist. If it be generally and merely known to be *not* true that a future event necessarily must be, there is an equal chance for the converse of the proposition being true, viz. that it *necessarily must not be;* and if there is an equal chance that the proposition "it necessarily must not be" shall be true, then of course an assertion, "that the event may not happen," is as likely as "that it may happen." Now, if it be true of this same event, that it *certainly shall be*—this would exclude the truth of the negative, that it *certainly shall not be,* and also of the contingent, that it certainly *may not be.* If, then, the Supreme Being know of a future supposed event, that it is not necessary, he as certainly knows that it may not be; and, of course, if he knows also that its non-occurrence is not necessary, then he has a complete knowledge of its contingency; he knows that neither the assertion "it may be," nor the assertion "it may not be," is *necessarily* untrue. If, in addition to this, he know that the event certainly shall be, then he knows that a present declaration to that effect must be absolutely true; and that truth must be as necessary as any thing which now exists is necessary. It follows, then, that he may declare of the event, "that it certainly shall be," and also "that it has an equal chance not to be;" and that both these declarations are necessary, absolute, and existing truths.

The doctrine of contingency must not, however, be assumed, as it has generally been, without examination. Of the existence of such things as absolutely contingent events, there has never been the shadow of a proof.† Absolute contingency is a mere "Ens Rationis," (a phrase sufficiently cloudy;) nay, it is hardly even that. What definition of contingency has ever been offered, from which any distinct ideas can be drawn? What is to become of the reasonings founded upon cause and effect, if events may take place without causes, or causes may be followed by no effects, or by contrary effects? Dr Coplestone, very properly no doubt, submits, (p. 40,) that "if we mean by the word *contingent,* that which cannot be known beforehand; we only say that what cannot be known beforehand, cannot be known beforehand—which is saying nothing; therefore nothing is denied of the Deity." Granted: but what better meaning can the advocates of free-will put upon it? In fact, they are driven to assume, either this sort of absolute contingence, which, as they allow, excludes the divine foreknowledge; or else another sort, the definition of which includes a contradiction; that is to say, they de-

* Hobbes, who, by the way, was perhaps the first who had clear ideas of necessity, complains of the want of novelty in the objections to it. In fact, most of the arguments against the doctrine are to be found in the older writers, however science may have suggested improved methods of answering them. The following passage from Baronius embodies the distinction in question. He endeavours to make out future certainty to be only a sort of *contingent necessity!* It occurs in Sec. XII. "De Necessario et Contingenti."

"Hoc modo—*necesse est* 'Socratem ambulare,' factâ hac suppositione '*quod ambulet*' hoc item modo, *necesse* fuit 'Adamum peccare,' suppositâ præscientiâ Divinâ, quia scil: Dei præscientia *non potest falli.* Interim, hujusmodi necessitas non accidit ratione alicujus principii motivi vel impulsivi; neque enim Deus per præscientiam suam effecit ut homo peccaret, sicut homo qui præscit aliquam Rem futuram, per suam præscientiam non efficit ut Res futura sit, sed, quia Res futura est, ideo præscit. Cum ergo, Necessarium variis modis dicatur, tenendum est, non omnes hos modos necessitatis comprehendi sub *necessario proprie* dicto, sed plerosque eorum nihil aliud esse quam modos quosdam *contingentis, præ se ferentis speciem necessitatis.*" It is precisely South's distinction between the Church of Rome and that of England—one was *infallible;* the other *never in the wrong!*

† See Edwards on Free-will, Chap. "On Cause and Effect." Berkeley "De Motu," &c. &c.

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fine a contingent event to be something, the occurrence of which is certainly known to be uncertain, and yet, of which the certain occurrence is, or may be, certainly known. That the existence of absolutely contingent events is a gratuitous supposition, cannot be denied. No one has ever been able to point out any such event in nature. Experience, on the contrary, has constantly taught, that events happen in a continued chain of cause and effect. Nor has one single occurrence, either of motion, thought, or existence of any sort, been ascertained to have shewn itself independent of some prior connecting event, which acted necessarily as a cause or reason. But a contingent event is either without a cause, or else its cause co-exists with it, and is included in it. On the latter supposition, the event would not be contingent, since it was influenced by something else, and the contingency would be transferred to the co-existent cause. There is no end of this; and we must either at once boldly deny the doctrine of cause and effect, or be content to be lost (like the Niger in its sands) in the wilderness of infinite series.

The next point to which the reverend author directs his attention, is best gleaned from his own words. "Whatever has been, is, or will be, could (not as some say) be otherwise. We, vain and insignificant creatures, full of our own importance, imagine, that we act from ourselves, that we can deliberate, choose, reject, command, obey, forbid, contrive, hasten, or hinder a thousand things—when, in fact, this is all delusion. We are but members of the machine, like the rest; and though we may please ourselves with thinking that we act an independent part, the real truth is, we have no voice, no power, no control, in what is going on; all would take its course just the same, whether for good or for ill, were we to give ourselves no concern whatever in the matter. Such, I believe, is a fair statement of the doctrine of philosophical necessity, or predestination, confined to this life." The reverend author, no doubt, may believe this to be a fair statement; but it is not so. Before going into the question, however, it is necessary to extend the quotation, in order that the scope and drift of the argument may be fully understood. The Discourse proceeds thus: "If we cast our eyes upon the world, we readily perceive, that the activity and energy of men is encreased by a persuasion, that they have it in their power to attain certain ends, and that they never think of attempting that which they know to be impossible, or beyond their reach, or not capable of being obtained or averted by any thing they can do. To be taking measures for procuring a fertile season, or for stopping the mouth of a volcano, would be certain proof of insanity. Men do indeed often engage in vain and chimerical undertakings, but it is under a belief of their practicability; as soon as they discover their error, they leave off. * * * * * * * * * * Of the two grand motives which actuate reasonable beings, hope and fear, the influence is always diminished, in proportion to the opinion men have of the unalterable conditions under which they are placed. * * * * * * * * The fact, it is presumed, will hardly be denied, that when men really believe, and the belief is present in their minds, that a decree has passed upon them, their own motives to action are weakened, if not wholly extinguished."*

The above sentences are probably sufficient to shew, that the argument here intended is the favourite point in the pamphlet of Mr Dawson, quoted in the preface. It is of old standing, and is neither more nor less than that celebrated cavil with which the Epicureans puzzled and twitted the Stoics, and which is known by the name of *Ignava Ratio*. It is plausible, and is so from its including more than one fallacy. The first fallacious supposition is that of the kind of necessity which the mind of the person subjected to this *principle of inaction*, must imagine to itself. The principle rests upon the mind assuming some insulated event or events, as being arbitrarily fixed and decreed; without the necessity, also, of the means which are

* This branch of the controversy is considered at length in vol. VIII. p. 172 of this Magazine, article "*Ignava Ratio*;" and I take the opportunity of correcting a sentence in the first page, in which, from an inadvertence, the term "fatalists" is applied to the followers of Epicurus, instead of the Stoics.

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to lead to the occurrence of such events, being adverted to. Now, this is notoriously at variance with the necessitarian hypothesis, which supposes, that causes are decreed as well as effects, and means as well as ends. And unless this arbitrary and partial sort of necessity be supposed, the accusation of *inaction* being consequent on a belief in necessity, includes in itself this glaring and direct absurdity. It supposes a Necessitarian to reason with himself thus: that *all* events being unalterable, and he being unable, by any action or exertion, either to ameliorate or deteriorate his condition and lot; *therefore*, he *will* ameliorate it by the enjoyment of ease, and the omission of labour:—a direct contradiction in terms; as it is saying, I cannot alter any thing, and therefore I shall alter something.

The motives, however, under which the Necessitarian acts, and rationally and unavoidably acts, are capable of being pointed out. Let a given event of importance, say *death*, be taken as an example. If this, the objector says, be absolutely fixed to take place at some certain period, and then only, why do you trouble yourself about an event which can neither be hastened nor retarded? in short, why do you eat or drink, or distrust fire or water, or shun personal danger, from a fear of its tendency to produce the catastrophe in question? The answer is shortly thus: Whether my death is to take place now, or at some distant time, is, I know, already fixed and determined; but, not knowing *how* it is determined, my death, as to time, is to me a contingent event; for aught I know, it may be now, or it may be then. It will be allowed, however, that I very naturally would prefer the latter decree to the former; and am glad of all evidence which goes to prove that the last supposed decree is, in fact, the real decree. Now, I know that means are necessary to an end; and when I see means and the power of using them afforded, I consider that as the best evidence of the end being intended. Therefore, I use every means in my power to retard the time of my death; using food, caution, &c. as means directly tending to, and intimating the probability of a desired end.

As an objection to the foregoing reasoning, it may be asked, perhaps, why, if this be the process which takes place in the mind of the necessitarian agent, it is not better known, and more frequently pointed out? Why,—because men easily analyse their mental processes; and because men in general follow up the means to an end, merely because they evidently seem to lead to it. They do not stop to inquire whether they are making a path, or following a path already made for them. This is the plain proximate cause of men's actions. They are taught, by perpetual experience, that means are necessary to an end; and, under this persuasion, they eagerly take every preparatory step; each step, as far as it strengthens the evidence of the certainty of the desired event, and brings the agent nearer that event, being more and more devoutly welcomed. Nor is it of any consequence, whether or not a man is told, that in tracing this chain, he is only fulfilling a prior decree. It is happiness he wants, not liberty. Suppose, by way of illustration, that a messenger knocks at a man's door, and informs him that government intends him a pension; and further, that he is to go immediately to some certain place, where he should receive the first payment, if he arrived in time; and that if he did not go, he should be hanged. Suppose further, that at every step of his progress, the delighted pensioner was reminded that he was only fulfilling a decree, would that alter his satisfaction? on the contrary, every step which proved to him the certainty of the whole series, would be eagerly taken, as bringing nearer, and ratifying, the certainty of the wished-for conclusion. To say, that a man, the events, good and bad, of whose future life, were decreed, and to whom the particulars of that decree were known, would be subjected to inaction, is to put an unnatural and useless case. If the decree were independent of the will of him concerning whom it was made, then the supposition does not apply; because philosophical necessity is laid down to be in the will itself. If the will be included in the decree, then there is no room for any supposeable alteration, either in conduct or disposition.

Against the Ignava Ratio the appeal to experience is decisive; and perhaps the hastiest assertion in Dr Coplestone's book is, that "the *universal* and *actual* tendency of such belief as

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the Necessitarian inculcates, is to relax our exertions, in proportion as that belief predominates." Let the name of *one* enlightened Necessitarian be quoted in corroboration. Dr Coplestone allows, that "fatalists are ready to quote instances of *illustrious men*, and even of *whole sects*, under the profession of fatalists, who lived exactly as other people do." Here is the testimony of thousands; and how does the reverend author get rid of these inconvenient quotations? he merely says, that "these *illustrious individuals* and their sects do not really believe what they profess," and "*affect to talk like philosophers*," while they "act as the vulgar!" Now, really, if the reverend doctor had proved his own side of the question with the certainty of mathematical demonstration, this would have made a very pretty syllogism. All who really believe necessity, relax in their exertions,—but these men did not relax; therefore, they did not really believe necessity. At present, it only reminds one of the physician in one of Voltaire's tales, who, when somebody recovered under treatment which was in opposition to his opinion, wrote a pamphlet to prove that he ought to have died. I am, &c.

T. D.

MARTIN, THE CARDER, A WEST-MEATHIAN TALE.

Mr Editor.—In the summer of eighteen hundred and sixteen, when a lawless feeling was very general throughout Ireland, the counties of Westmeath and Longford were particularly disturbed. Secret associations were formed, hostile at first, more to the landlords and gentry than to the government, though, in a little time, from factious spirits, it no doubt grew into an organized plan of rebellion. The members gave themselves the name of *carders*, from the instrument with which they inflicted punishment on their enemies, among which were numbered chiefly informers, and those who took or let land above what they considered the fair valuation. Harassed by the unavoidable distress of the country, and inflamed by spokesmen, who had travelled in England in search of harvest work, and had seen, and invidiously compared, the comforts of the English husbandman with their own privations, they attributed their ills to partial government and oppression. "Worse nor I am I can't be," was the reasoning by which they prepared themselves for what they called a *stir*. Besides, various prophecies and mysterious bodings floated about the country, that the reign of protestantism was to terminate in the year seventeen; and an interpretation of the Apocalypse, written by one Walmsey, entitled, Pastorini's Christian Church, was spread not only by oral accounts, but by the volume itself, through the country. All their purposes, however, were happily frustrated by the vigilance of the magistrates of the county, Lord C——, Captain D——, Captain C——, to whom the government and the country owe much. But I will not enter further into political discussion, it being merely my purpose to record a noble trait of Irish character, and a specimen of *Irish eloquence*, somewhat different from that vulgarly so called.

Martin was one of the chief of these desperadoes, and had signalized himself in taking vengeance on the marked men, and in levying far and near vast contributions of arms, money being a booty which the fraternity disdained to take. One of their attacks was on the house of a man named Timms, who, retreating up stairs, made a gallant defence in the garret, killed some of them, and wounded Martin. The wound, and the loss of blood in consequence, caused him to faint, unnoticed by Timms, as his companions retreated. When he came to his senses, still undiscovered, as the house was left altogether without light, he bethought himself of the best means of escaping, left alone as he was, though unperceived, in the room with his enemy; he concluded by making a rush at the window, and leaping through it, very probably not recollecting the height it was from the ground. His back was broken, it seems, by the fall, yet he contrived to roll himself over the garden, till he was taken by some of his friends, and conveyed to a place of secrecy, in one of the Islands of Lough Ree.

He was traced by his blood from the place where he fell to where he rolled, and every exertion was used to discover the lurking place of the wounded man. The search was vain for some time, till an account was brought to Cap-

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tain C——, a most active and praiseworthy magistrate of that county, of Martin's lying wounded in some of the islands of the lake. Early in the morning the Captain took the revenue boat, well-manned, and proceeded on his quest. While busied in searching one island, he perceived a boat putting off from the other, rowed by two women, and a head evidently bobbing in the stern, the wind being high, and the water rough. All hands were called to the pursuit; and though the boat was but a little a-head, the two lasses beat the revenue barge, with its eight oars, the whole breadth of the lake to the wood of St John's, where dropping Martin "on dry land, up to his neck in the water," as they themselves would have said, they made down the wind, away from the dreaded magistrate. The Captain in vain endeavoured to come up with them, not to put them in irons, as they supposed, but to help them from his whisky bottle for having so gallantly outstripped him. Poor Martin, nevertheless, was taken in the wood, where he had thrown himself into a furze bush, and in spite of the gathering of the country people, he was secured, and at length lodged safe in the jail of Mullingar.

He was tried, and condemned to die, but had frequent offers of pardon, if he would confess and name his associates. All solicitations of the kind were vain; he was resolute in betraying none. I was present at his execution; it took place near the fatal scene of his last attack. As he ascended the ladder, he turned round to address the assembled crowd, consisting of his old friends and accomplices. He eyed each with a look of recognition, and though pale and ghastly from his hurt and sickness, I shall never forget the impressiveness with which he uttered these last words,—"It is a bad business, boys, and drop it; but, boys, I die clane." *

Those who know what heroic sentiment is, I leave to form their own conclusion.

* By *clane* he meant true,—that he had betrayed nothing; the expression of "a clean heart," "a clean conscience," is very common with them.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH,

From an Old Friend with a New Face.

LETTER II.

On ANASTASIUS. *By ——Lord Byron.**

MY DEAR KIT,

I HAVE been struck with wonder at the compassionate review of the three new Cantos of Don Juan in your last Number. But though you may be pardoned in that instance, considering the great pains poor Byron has of late taken to write himself down, I cannot forgive you for the part you have hitherto affected to play towards the impostor Anastasius. In a word, Kit, to be familiar with you, as our ancient friendship fully authorizes me to be, I beg to know how it is that you have allowed the soft-headed world to believe so long that the aforesaid rascally Greek is a legitimate son of "the upholsterer." You know as well as I do, that the stuff and bam about dedicating, and not dedicating to Louisa, is a piece of quizzical humbug to cajole the gullibility of the reading public. How Byron must chuckle at the success of the device! I am, however, the more angry at the suppression of your wonted sagacity on this occasion, as the work, though full of a clever innate scoundrelism, is really not only too bad in many of its details, but calculated to profane many serious and sacred things. But what can be said for Hope, who having been so laughed at, for his skill in contriving receptacles for sitting parts, and disguises for certain utensils, has been beguiled to stand godfather to Byron's abandoned progeny? He knows that the Thomas Hope, who writes so dedicatorily to Louisa from Duchess Street, but whose name is not ventured on the title-page, is meant for him who possesses so many noseless statues and cracked pitchers of antiquity,—and that he has as little to say to the composition of Anastasius as the Whigs have to the hospitalities of the King's reception in Ireland. Why he should, therefore, assent to the cajolery of taking in the

* Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek; written at the close of the eighteenth century. 3 vols. London. Murray, 1820.

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public with this licentious story, is beyond my comprehension. Mr Hope is a very respectable and decorous gentleman,—he can write, with some endeavour, passably about chests of drawers, paper hangings, and cushions as soft as his own or any other brains, but that he has either the courage or the power to compile such a work as Anastasius, I utterly and entirely deny. None but a man who was conscious of previously possessing some influence on public opinion would have dared to send out such a book. Mr Hope has no such influence.

But, not to deal too largely in the expression of my general persuasion of the fact, I would call your attention to a few circumstances that, I conceive, you will allow, constitute strong proofs that Anastasius is the production of Byron.

In the first place, one of the great features of the work is an intimate knowledge of the localities of many of the scenes, and an easy applicable familiarity with the vernacular terms for all Greek and Ottoman things, grades, and offices. Who ever heard of Hope possessing any such knowledge? The localities, it is true, might be described from books of travels—some of them are—but those which are so borrowed can be easily discriminated from the allusions to places which the author actually visited. With respect to the vernacular terms, they too might be obtained from dictionaries; but where are such dictionaries to be found? They have no existence in any Pagan, Christian, or Mahomedan language. Is it not, then, probable that this minute kind of knowledge was acquired by the author himself? and it is known that Lord Byron, during his residence in Turkey, made considerable progress in the languages of the country. Besides, it is quite in his lordship's way to employ the original names of things in the scenes where he places his actions. No other author has adopted this fashion so much on principle; indeed few, from their own knowledge, were able to do it with true effect. Is it probable that such a man as Hope could so well assume one of the most decided peculiarities of so peculiar an author as Byron? He is not qualified—he has neither the minute knowledge, nor is it in his power, or that of any other man, through so long a story as Anastasius, to take upon himself such an undeniable criterion of identity. Short essays, characteristic of the blemishes and originalities of writers, have been often well executed; but such sports of fancy have ever been easily discovered from genuine productions—caricature is always obvious. But that any other than the original author should be able to treat at so much length, and with such circumstantiality, of such a variety of things, considering them as Byron alone would consider them, is a supposition too absurd to be seriously entertained. It would argue a resemblance in mind without parallel; or rather, an assumption of character, more extraordinary than that transfusion of nature, habits, and propensities, which is supposed to accompany a transfusion of the blood of one animal into the veins of another. I will as soon believe, that, by the operation of transfusion, a frog can be made to sing like Catalani, as that any nick-knacky gentleman, like Hope, could so inhale from Byron's works, the spirit of his bold, satirical, and libertine genius, as to be able to write a book, so like a book of his as the work in question. The conception of the story, and the general style of the narrative, is decidedly like Byron's conceptions and execution. The character, too, of Anastasius, is exactly of a piece with Lord Byron's; that is, with the one which pervades all his works, and so charitably considered as his own. The spirit of Anastasius is that of Don Juan. Would Lord Byron have made so obvious a copy from the work of any other artist? The whole story seems the chalk sketch of the poem; and Anastasius himself, in his riper years, is but another version of all the varieties of his Lordship's poetical progeny, from Childe Harold to Beppo. Is it likely that any other but the original author would imagine such a character? or rather, have so melted all Byron's characters into one? for Anastasius is a compilation of all those which, under different names, have been spoken of as different individuals, but which are, in reality, but different aspects of the same liberal, licentious, learned, brave, impassioned, and misanthropic being.

But, to leave generalities, I will now proceed to give you a few proofs from the work itself, in corroboration of the opinion which I have here expressed

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an opinion which has certainly not been formed on particular passages, but from the whole effect of the story, —and I appeal to the first chapter, in the first instance. To give quotations would be ridiculous; but I request you to read it again, and say, if any man who had ever enjoyed the solicitudes of the parental hearth, and the intimacies of fraternal affection, could have conceived such a contemptuous representation of home. That a man who, never since the second stage of boyhood, knew properly what home or kindred was, might so write and conceive, is, however, highly probable. Home is what mankind have always been accustomed to consider as the sanctuary of human happiness; and it was natural, that one who owes much of his celebrity to his resolute determination to see every thing connected with the social state, in a different point of view from the rest of the world, should try the shafts of his satire on that which, above all things, above even religion itself, has been held most sacred and dearest. It was natural, that a mind which suffers the sense of solitude in cities, and which contemplates the fickle ocean as the most invariable image of the unchangeable divinity, should delineate the *state of home* as one destitute of all regulated sympathy and habitual affection. That Mr Hope would ever have made such an attempt, cannot for a moment be supposed. He is a domestic animal, and has been linked into every description of the social ties from his childhood. It never would have entered into his head to degrade the cherished sentiments which are associated with the remembrance of a father's roof, and the light free-hearted intercourse of intermingled children. But the case is different with Byron; and it is less his fault than his misfortune, that he does not feel that reverence for the domestic reciprocities in which other men so much delight. In him it was a natural feeling; and, instead of inspiring any adverse sentiment, it ought to make us reflect with sorrow, that a mind so ductile to impressions of the good and fair in moral action, should have been so cast on the world, as to imbibe so much of misanthropy and spleen. If Hope, that "prosperous gentleman," is capable of writing such an account of a domestic circle, and while under feelings which he has adopted as homogeneous to his own, let him pray nine times a-day, that he may never be subjected to the temptations of adversity. For what in Byron is spleen, must, in one so enriched with the gifts of good fortune, be nothing less than the innate malice of some undeveloped traitor, to all that is social and kind in life.

The second chapter, contains, I conceive, the ground work of the description, where Don Juan is represented as a captive for sale; and this is a proof of the identity of the author.

The third chapter is full of the spirit and fire of the Giaour, and I would refer you to the following passages, as bearing the strongest traces of Byron's abrupt, satirical, and impassionate pencil; independent altogether of those minute and descriptive touches respecting the dress of the Albanians, which none but one who was familiar with them could have introduced, for they are not such things as travellers are at all in the practice of recording. Byron lived some time among the Albanians, he had two of them in his service, and in different parts of his declared works shews the most thorough knowledge of their customs and characteristics. Hope knows nothing about them personally.

"My great ambition had been to take a prisoner,—to possess a slave. I therefore left the disabled man, as secure, to his own meditations, and with my biggest voice called to his companion to surrender. Luckily he did not even look round at the stripling who addressed him; but presently leaping down a little eminence, disappeared in a thicket, where I thought it prudent to give up the hazardous chase.

"I now returned to the fellow whom I had left writhing on the ground, apparently at the last gasp; and when sufficiently near, lest there should still lurk about him some latent spark of life, which might only wait to spend itself in a last home thrust, swiftly sprung forward, and, for fear of foul play, put an extinguisher upon it, ere I ventured to take any other liberties with his person. This done, I deliberately proceeded to the work of spoliation. With a hand all trembling with joy, I first took the silver-mounted pistols, and glittering poniard, and costly yatagan; I next collected the massy knobs of the jacket, and clasps of the buskins, and still more valuable sequins lying perdue in the folds of the sash; and lastly, feeling my appetite for plunder increase in proportion as it was gratified, thought it such a pity to leave any part of so showy an attire a prey to

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corruption, that I undressed the dead man completely.

"When, however, the business which engaged all my attention was entirely achieved, and that human body, of which, in the eagerness for its spoil, I had only thus far noticed the separate limbs one by one, as I stripped them, all at once struck my sight in its full dimensions, as it lay naked before me;—when I contemplated that fine athletic frame, but a moment before full of life and vigor unto its fingers' ends, now rendered an insensible corpse by the random shot of a raw youth whom in close combat its little finger might have crushed, I could not help feeling, mixed with my exultation, a sort of shame, as if for a cowardly advantage obtained over a superior being; and, in order to make a kind of atonement to the shade of an Epirote—of a kinsman—I exclaimed with outstretched hands, 'Cursed be the paltry dust which turns the warrior's arm into a mere engine, and striking from afar an invisible blow, carries death no one knows whence to no one knows whom; levels the strong with the weak, the brave with the dastardly; and, enabling the feeblest hand to wield its fatal lightning, makes the conqueror slay without anger, and the conquered die without glory!'"

What follows this fine and animated passage is one of those freaks which Byron alone would have ventured to indulge. Voltaire is the only other writer that, after such impassioned eloquence, would have been so cruelly playfully as to add this—

"On the very point of departing after this sort of expiatory effusion, with my heavy but valuable trophy huddled on my back, the thought struck me that I might incur a suspicion of sporting plumes not my own, unless I brought my vouchers. With that view I began detaching from my Arnaoot's shaggy skull both the ears, as pledges for the remainder of the head, when I should be at leisure to fetch it; but considering how many gleaners stalked the harvest field, and that if I lost my own head, none other might be found to make me amends, I determined to take at once all I meant to keep. The work was a tough one, and the operator at best still a bungler, but I succeeded at last;—and now, in an ecstacy of delight, though almost afraid to look at my bundle, I returned to our party—for ever cured, by an almost instantaneous transition to temerity, of every sentiment of fear. Indeed such remained for some time the ferment of my spirits, that, while I carried my load on one arm, I kept brandishing my sword with the other, still eager to lay about me, and to cut down whomsoever I met."

The description of the approach to Constantinople from the Propontis could only have been made by one who had actually seen that magnificent view. Byron sailed up the Hellespont in an English frigate, and Anastasius is represented to have performed the voyage in a Turkish man-of-war.

The description which Anastasius gives of his employment at the arsenal of Constantinople, is clever and ingenious; but it wants those little incidents which actual experience would have given, while it shews that the author's eye was acquainted with the localities of the place. Hope might, therefore, have written the account of the employments, but he could not have so spoken of the localities.

An actual and familiar acquaintance with the situation and environs of the arsenal, such as no literature nor painting could give, was requisite to enable the author to speak of it as Anastasius speaks. In the same chapter the whole adventure with Theophania is full of the frolics of Byron's pen; and his dismissal by Maroyeni could have been written by no other. "In the twinkling of an eye the whole Fanar was informed of the secretary's disgrace;—only it was ascribed to my having, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made such proposals to Madame la Droguemane, as she could not possibly listen to ——, from her husband's clerk."

The adventure with the Jew is full of absurdity, but it is redeemed from contempt by the rich embroidery of imagination which is thrown over the grossest improbabilities. All Byron's stories are of this sort; they are either wild, wonderful, or absurd. His exuberant fancy alone makes them interesting and beautiful. The death of the Parsée is such, that none but himself could have fancied and so described.

"One evening, as we were returning from the Blacquemes, an old woman threw herself in our way, and taking hold of my master's garment, dragged him almost by main force after her into a mean-looking habitation just by, where lay on a couch, apparently at the last gasp, a man of foreign features. 'I have brought a physician,' said the female to the patient, 'who, perhaps, may relieve you.' 'Why will you', answered he faintly, 'still persist to feel idle hopes! I have lived an outcast: suffer me at least to die in peace;'

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disturb my last moments by vain illusions. My soul pants to rejoin the supreme Spirit; arrest not its flight: it would only be delaying my eternal bliss!'

"As the stranger spoke these words—which struck even Yacoob sufficiently to make him suspend his professional grimace—the last beams of the setting sun darted across the casement of the window upon his pale, yet swarthy features. Thus visited, he seemed for a moment to revive. 'I have always,' said he, 'considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. I have always paid it due worship, and firmly believed I could not breathe my last whilst its rays shone upon me. Carry me therefore out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destinies!'

"We all rushed forward to obey the mandate: but, the stairs being too narrow, the woman only opened the window, and placed the dying man before it, so as to enjoy the full view of the glorious orb, just in the act of dropping beneath the horizon. He remained a few moments in silent adoration; and mechanically we all joined him in fixing our eyes on the object of his worship. It set in all its splendour; and when its golden disk had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the Parsee. He too had sunk into everlasting rest."

In the sixth chapter, the account of the Bagnio is rich in all the peculiarities of Byron's impartial and misanthropic satire. The comparison with hell might have occurred to any other mind, even to Furniture Hope's, for a hell upon earth is a vulgar enough idea; but those specialties of morose reflection, which scowl throughout the picture, could only have presented themselves to one accustomed to contemplate the inward workings of guilt, and the physiognomy of passion, rendered sullen in its energies by defeat or disappointment. Mackari is evidently the Corsair. Hope certainly might have copied the portrait, but could he or any other have done so in a manner which in many points transcends the original, and that too in points which seem only such as the first author could have imagined and brought forward; and who but Byron could have embodied that sublime impersonation of the plague?

The story of Anagnosti is told quite as Byron would tell such a story, but in this he might have been imitated, and I should not lay on it much stress, were it not for one little touch at the conclusion, in which the ill-fated dancer expresses his presentiment of misfortune from his friends. There is a sort of evidence to which the mind becomes subject, that cannot be analysed by reason; and in all Byron's works you may see how profoundly he is liable to be affected by that kind of inexplicable evidence. He sees things happening together which have no connection with each other, but they come so often that at last he considers them as united, and the one an index to the other. This curious mysticism has certainly in principle a great affinity to superstition. It is analogous to the chambermaid's faith in the dregs of the tea-cup, and to the astrologer's credulity in the aspect of the stars; but being more general, it seems more poetical, though it is not more philosophical. In the little sketch of Anagnosti, it is employed with pathetic effect, and even made conducive to an impression, not far short of the sublimity associated with ideas of fate and destiny. The use which the author of Anastasius makes of it, is precisely such as Byron would have made; for the sentiment on which it is founded being familiar to his mind, it does not occur to him to use it as an agent of any particular consequence. It is only episodically introduced in the story. Had any other author got hold of the same idea with the same fullness of grasp, he would have employed it as the main spring, in all probability, of the tale. It is however a feeling of a peculiar mind; and until Hope can be shewn to possess a mind framed and constituted like Byron's, I shall never believe that he can feel like him, in this respect, even though he could write as richly, and describe as well.

The farther I proceed in the work, the evidences so thicken upon me, that I fear you cannot afford to give room and verge enough for half I have to say.—Whenever the author treats of any passion or feeling, the hand of Byron is visible; but where he attempts to imitate the freedom and nonchalance of Le Sage, *his* Gil Blas sinks into absurdity. The story of the English Button-maker is an instance. It is quite improbable that any man would have submitted to be so marked in the forehead, and yet make no effort to revenge an insult so indelible. It is in such endeavours to grapple with other characters, that the author of Anastasius shews he can write but

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of an individual, and that individual, the sort of person which the charitable conceive Lord Byron to be. But you will say, that in this instance, I try to prove too much, and that, had Byron been the author of Anastasius, the incident of a man branded for life with ineffaceable ignominy, was exactly such a character as would have drawn forth all the terrible powers of his genius in its fiercest and most implacable mood. True—Had *Byron* been describing the feelings of such a man—But he was there writing as Anastasius; and because he could not go out of his assumed character to express the feelings of the disgraced and dishonoured wretch, he gets rid of him by making him quit Constantinople; and I think you must acknowledge, that there was, in this evasion, an admirable instance of good taste.

The opening of the 11th chapter reminds me of the gaudy description in Childe Harold, of Sunday in London and Seville. Compare these, I request, and say if it is likely that two different authors would have thought so similarly on the same topic; for we cannot suppose that the author of such a work as Anastasius would have condescended to become so palpable a plagiarist from a poem so well known as Childe Harold. But if Byron and that person are one and the same, the thing is natural enough. He only repeats himself, under the modifying influences of the local circumstances of a different scene.

It is, however, needless to refer to particular instances; the reader at all acquainted with Byron's manner of thinking, must trace his mind in every page of Anastasius, even though the incidents and expressions bore little resemblance to those of his other works. But I cannot refrain from noticing one circumstance that I think curious. You remember, in his Letter concerning Bowles, the antagonist of Pope's poetical and moral reputation, that there is a description of a storm off Tenedos, or thereabouts, in the Archipelago. The coincidence is somewhat remarkable, that Anastasius should describe a storm in the same place;—and it would seem as if the author had placed himself on board one of the little barks that Byron describes in his letter as scudding before the gale. Could this coincidence be accidental? I pass over the account of the attempt to drown the Jew, and the subsequent robbery. It is a fiction, and, like all Byron's fictions, improbable; but so well sustained by the force of his wit and genius, that it acquires that air of impossible probability which constitutes one of the most powerful sources of the interest of his remarkable productions.

I have already told you, that those descriptions which the author has drawn from his own observations may be easily discovered from the more elaborate, which he has formed from books of travels; and the account of the ruins of Rhodes, is an instance of the latter. He has evidently never been there; no particular feature of the place is mentioned, but only vague moral reflections, a little too sentimental for the character of Anastasius, but very like those of Childe Harold at Athens. The whole, indeed, of the voyage to Egypt, and the subsequent descriptions of that country, of Palestine, and of Arabia, partake of this vague and general character. Here and there, it is true, a little picturesque incident is introduced; but it belongs not to the permanent features of the scenery, and is evidently employed to give animation to a narrative, which, without something of the sort, would be lumbering and lifeless.

The historical disquisitions concerning the Mamelukes, and the political and statistical disquisitions, I pass over altogether; they may be written by Byron himself, or they may be the tributary contributions of Hobhouse. I have not read them. To me they are as appalling as the Osmanlee's simile of the Nile was to Anastasius himself. You must, however, have been struck with the remarkable omission of the pyramids and ancient architecture of Egypt. Had the author ever been in that country, is it probable, that in placing his hero in familiar situations,—in the Castle of Cairo, for example,—he would have omitted to represent him under the influence of the feelings, which the superb views from the windows of the audience-chamber of the castle never fail to awaken? He does not even allude to it: while at Constantinople, he appears, as it were, at home; in Cairo, he seems to have no points of local reference, nothing which shews he has ever been there.

Where the author of Anastasius sticks to his own story, he is amu

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ting, lively, and sometimes more; but, where he mingles up his adventures with details from Mouradgea d'Ohsson's History of Turkey, he is as tiresome as the old Armenian himself. By the way, Kit, it argues very little for the lore of our reviewing tribes, that none of them have noticed how much of a free-booter Anastasius is, with respect to the work alluded to. Nobody filches so bravely from others as Byron,—few can so well afford to do so,—few have the courage to be so free.

The description of the Arabian wizzard is whimsical, but improbable; and the picture is altogether erroneous, in the circumstances of the back ground and still life. It is drawn from the caricatures of a European fortune-teller, and lacks the uncouth enthusiasm that is mingled with the pretensions of the true Arabian astrologer. The introduction of an astronomical globe into the arcanum of a fortune-teller in Djedda, is sufficient to prove how little the author, from his own knowledge, knew of the country. But, nevertheless, the hand of Byron is manifest in the vigour of the painting, and his genius is heard in the abracadabra ravings of the characters. I must refer you to the sixth chapter of the second volume for the former, while I beg your attention to what I consider one of the irrepressible biases of Byron's mind. He is speaking, it is true, here ironically; but it is curious that he should so speak: "In the opinion of Malek," says Anastasius, "every stone, beast, and plant, on the surface of the earth, presumed most unwarrantably to meddle with our destiny. Nothing, animated or inanimate, could be named, which exerted not over our being a mysterious influence. From every occurrence, however trivial, some omen might be extracted, if one only knew the way." This is said in joke; but elsewhere, the author, Lord Byron, propounds the same idea seriously. Is it probable that any other but himself would have done so?

But my paper leaves me, at present, no further room; perhaps, on some other occasion, I may resume the subject. Mean time, I remain, your

OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street, August 29, 1821.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

Chapter XI.

THE FISH MARKET.

Fine partens! Fine rock-partens!—There's a pair
I'll pass my word for.—Tak a chappin mair
O' thae gude mussels, too:—I thank ye leddy.
Quick flounders, mem! better ye ne'er made ready.
—Are ye for lobsters, sir?—See there's a beauty:
Gi'e me your bode?—there's ane I'm sure will suit ye.
—Young gentleman!—come here, my bonny man!
Want ye a maiden skate?—nae better can
Be boil'd.—A saxpence! go, ye're no that blate
To offer saxpence for a maiden skate!
The broo ot's worth to ony ane the siller:
I ken your leddy—sae just tak it till her.

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

Are you a thrifty housewife, madam?—Yes, sir, I flatter myself I attempt to be so.—Then go to the fish-market. Are you partial to the luxuries of the table, sir?—Visit the fish-market then by all means. Do you take pleasure in noticing the varieties of human character, and the display of human passions?—Go, buy, study, saunter, meditate in the fish-market of Edinburgh. There you will hear figures of speech, which never entered into the heads of a Demosthenes or a Cicero,—of a Burke or an Erskine, and find similies in daily use, which neither Shakespeare nor Milton ever dreamt of. Are you a painter, and do you love to see the different costumes of this world's inhabitants? Take your pencil or your crayons, and study, reside, in the fish-market. In fine, do you wish at little expence to acquire

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a knowledge of the world; to see the naked passions of the human heart displayed in their very grossness, let your steps often be directed to the market of fishes of the good town of Edinburgh. There you will meet the rich and the poor,—the old and the young,—the prudent and the spendthrift,—the shopkeeper and his journeyman,—the mistress and her servant, jostling one another and joining to form a motley crowd, which cannot be paralleled in any other place; while the fish cadies and the fisherwomen in the congregated noises of their diversified modes of speech, give a finer idea of the confusion of Babel than can be elsewhere acquired.

"Come awa, hinny, and see what ye re for the day;" said my good friend Nelly Speldins, as I passed the range of creels with shell-fish. "Here's twa rock-partens I can recommend;—ye'll no find their marrow in the market the day; just find the weight o' them."—"No partens to-day, Nelly," answered I.—"My bonny man," said another venerable friend, whose ruddy face has long been familiar to market-makers,—"My bonny man," said she, as she came running up to me with a handful of scallops, "did you ever see the like o' thae clams?"—"They seem very fine indeed, Christy, but I don't want any to-day." My coat at this moment was pulled from behind, and on looking round, Grizzel Thomson accosted me with "Mr Columbine! Mr Columbine! I've a hunder fine oysters picket out and laid by for you."—"What's the price to-day, Grizzy?" said I.—"Only four shillings the hunder, sir;—whare's your cadie?—hae you gotten a tankard to haud them?" My arm was now gently touched in another direction by Peggy Buckies, who said in a half whisper, "Mr Currantbush, ye're no to gang past me for oysters—ye tell'd me to keep pandores for you, and here's just ae hunder that I kept back frae Charlie Oman, wha aye gies me sixpence mair for them."

Every body has read the fable of the ass between two bundles of hay: and I found myself at this moment in a similar predicament. My suitors, seeing my irresolution, each was eager to have my fiat on the bargain. "The gentleman aye deals wi' me," said Peggy, who was by much the younger of the two.—"Ye lien jade, he spoke to me first," replied Grizzel.—"Look at thae again, Mr Currantbush," Peggy subsumed.—"Taste mine, Mr Columbine," retorted Mrs Grizzy, hastily opening a large oyster, and holding it in its native gravy up to my mouth; while this elegant appeal to my organs of taste rendered a reference of the same kind imperative on the part of Mrs Peggy. I was now pretty much in the same dilemma, in the decision of the comparative merits of an oyster, as Mr Paris of old, when besieged by the three goddesses who claimed the prize of beauty; and not to make an invidious distinction between my two friends, I took an oyster in each hand from the rivals, and, had my mouth been large enough, or the capacity of my throat allowed, I should have swallowed both at once to evince my impartiality. I dispatched both in an interval so short, however, that I am unable at this moment to say which had the priority in running the race into my stomach; and to end the conference I said, in my gravest manner, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Grizzel: You offered me your oysters first."—"That's God's truth, the cadie heard me," said Grizzel.—"But Mr Currantbush, ye gart me promise to keep ye gude anes," interrupted Mrs Peggy.—"Haud your tongue ye haverel, and let the gentleman speak," said Mrs Grizzel.—"Go you claver-ing auld fool," retorted Peggy, "I ken as weel how to serve a gentleman as you."

All this while I could not get in a word, and turned my head to the one side and to the other, as the calls on my attention were bandied about from side to side. But seeing little prospect of a speedy termination to the statement of the case, I again interposed. "You offered me your oysters first, Grizzel; count me out half a hundred."—"Half a hunder oysters!" said Grizzel, with a face in which astonishment was painted,—"half a hunder oysters! Na, I winna affront your leddy by sending hame half a hunder oysters to your house. I winna affront ye, Mr Columbine, whether ye pay me or no."—"Well, let it be a hundred then," said I.—"Yes, sir," said Grizzel, her face assuming its wonted placability—"Yes, sir; Cadie! Isbel!—Is nae blind Isbel your cadie, Mr Columbine?"—

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Peggy," said I, turning to the other nymph, who during the latter part of the transaction looked disappointment personified, "Peggy, I'll take a hundred from you likewise."—"You're very good, sir," answered Peggy; "ye'll no find mine's the warst bargain."—"But recollect this both of you," continued I, "I will give no more than three shillings the hundred; it is quite enough in all conscience."—"Three shillings!" cried Mrs Grizzel, putting her hands in the mass of petticoats in which her pockets were enveloped; "three shillings! —ye's no get my oysters for three shillings the day."—"Three shillings, and the oysters sae scarce!" ejaculated Mrs Peggy. "It may be enough for Grizzy Tamson's oysters, but ye's ne'er get mine for that price."—"Very well," said I, "I don't want them; I would rather not buy any;" and I turned to go away. "Hear me! come back, Mr Columbine," exclaimed Grizzel; "I'll tak your siller for handsel, but ye maun pit anither sixpence till't."—"Not one farthing more," replied I.—"Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun aye hae his will," said Grizzel, moralizing upon the occasion.—"As mine's in your tankard ye may tak mine's too," said Peggy, with a self-congratulatory smile; "but mind ye're awn me a shilling the morn."

Blind Isbel got the oysters, and up stairs we went to the principal part of the market. At the top of the stair I was recognized by Kate Lugworm, who came to me with a face of importance, and in a half whisper said, "I've gotten the *cats* the day for you, Mr Combsbrush; there's just sax o' them; and the gudeman fought twa hours this mornin' before he could get them out o' the nets.—Ye'll no grudge me a shillin the piece for them."—"A shilling a piece for *sea cats*, Katherine; that is a great deal too much. I have often bought them for twopence."—"Ah, but sir, ye ken they're no to be had every day, and they're very destructionfu' to the nets. I've gotten half a crown for them before now frae Mr Wilson and Mr Neill the Naturals o' the Vermin Society in the College for speciments. But come and see them, and I'm sure ye'll no grudge the siller." I went to the *stand* accordingly, and saw the ugly animals, which, however hideous in appearance, I beg to recommend to lovers of good eating. "See sic beauties," said Katherine; "a' loupin; every ane o' them will be three pund weight, and there's nae cats in the market the day but my ain. I'm sure after their heads are cuttit aff they'll mak a dish for a lord."—"As you have taken the trouble to offer them to me, Mrs Katherine," said I, "you know I am at a word, I shall give you two shillings for the half dozen."——

Our bargain was here interrupted by the arrival of a Frenchman, a little gentleman with "spectacles on nose," who, on surveying the fish on Katherine's table, exclaimed, "Vat ugly devil! are dese poissons—fishes, dat is, I mane, goot voman?"—"Poison, Sir!—Na, they're nae mair poison than ony fish in the market:—them that eats paddocks need na be fear'd for sea-cats, I think.—But that cod's head ye're looking at, (for the Frenchman had fixed his eyes very knowingly upon this article,) I'll gie you very cheap—ye'll get it for saxpence."—"Mon Dieu! a sixpence for dat head of cod; dat is trop cher, my goot voman, ver much too dear; but I vill for de head give twopence;—or if you give me dis tail along vid head, all in one bargain, den ver vell; I vill take for one penny more, dat is all."—"Weel, weel, tak them, an nae mair about it. Whare's your cadie, or hae you a clout?"—"Stop un little, my goot voman," said the Frenchman, spreading a dirty pocket handkerchief, which he drew from a ridicule in his hand; "stop un little time, my mistress, till I put de fish in dis ridicule;" and having finished stuffing the mutilated fragments of the cod-fish into the little basket, he paid his threepence and went away,—not, however, without turning back several times to look at the dog-fish, and muttering as he went along, "Vat ugly devil, dat poisson, ugly devil certainement."

"Now that man's awa, I'll tell you Mr Combsbrush, ye's get the cats for three shillings," said Katherine, "and I'll gie you half a dozen o' thae flukes to the bargain."—"No, no," replied I, "that won't do, Katherine; I won't give more than two shillings—not one farthing."—"Eh, I canna tak that, sir; but mak it saxpence mair, and they're yours—it'll aye be a dram to me."—"No, can't do it;" and I was proceeding along to another stall, as the only means of hastening the con-

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clusion of the bargain. Mrs Katherine allowed me to go so far, before calling me back, that I was more than half determined to return and take the fish at her own price, when her voice sounded like a bugle through the market, "Hy, sir!—Hy, Mr Combsbrush! ye're no gaun till leave me for a saxpence? Come here and tak the fish—we manna be ower hard.—Isbel, haud your basket."—I returned again to the stall, having, as I conceived, gained my point; and Katherine was in the act of putting the cats in the basket upon the woman's shoulder, when I thought I perceived that she had changed the fish I saw on her table for smaller ones. As this is a common trick in the market, I made no secret of my suspicions, and taxed her roundly for the imposition. "You are ower auld farrent, ma bonnie man, I see; ye'll scarcely let poor folk live now-a-days;" and upon my insisting for others, she produced out of a creel, where were some dozens of the same animals, the identical fish which she had exhibited on her table when I first accosted her.

Blind Isbel and I now proceeded to a stall opposite, where haddocks were the chief fish exposed to sale. A lady was at this time cheapening a few of them. "I'll gie you a dizzen o' nice anes for twa shillings, mem."—"Two shillings!" replied the lady; "I would give you a shilling for them, provided they were new caught, but they don't, I think, seem very fresh."—"Fresh, mem! they were ta'en out o' the sea this mornin'; ye surely dinna ken caller fish when ye see them. Look at that," said she, putting a slimy thumb in the opening of the gills, to shew their untarnished redness. The fish, notwithstanding the honest woman's asseverations, had certainly been kept a day or two, and were not just such haddocks as a connoisseur would have purchased. The lady looked doubtingly for a moment, and then having made up her mind, shook her head, and removed to another stall. My friend the fishwife, as she was retiring, began a soliloquy, in which, (like many of my friends in the theatre when speaking aside), she said, loud enough to be heard by the lady, "Stinkin' fish!—go, that's a gude ane. I wish ye may be as caller yoursel.—Stinkin' haddies!—lingle-tail'd jade, for a' your silks!—No fresh!—clap a kail-blade to your ain end, ma leddy!"—"You are in a monstrous passion to-day, Nelly," said I; "what's the matter?"—"Naething at a', sir, but for folk comin' to the market that dina ken fish when they see them. They had better be playing their pianos at hame. I like best to deal wi' gentlemen. Come, see what ye're for the day, and I'll mak ye right:—are ye for a rawn fluke, or a nice maiden skate?—See what a beauty, I'm sure this ane's just a medicine. If ye want it ye'll get it for a shilling; I'm sure ye canna ca' that dear."—"I'll give you sixpence for the skate," said I.—"Saxpence!—do ye think I steal them? Thae's no fish ye're buyin—thae's mens' lives! Saxpence for the haill skate,—the broo o't will do ye a crown's worth o' gude. But ye'll maybe be wantin something mair, sae just tak it. I havena drawn a saxpence the day yet. Will ye no tak that turbot?"

"If ye're for a turbot, come to me," said a laughing-faced woman at the next stall, "and ye'll get your pick o' sax." The choice of six turbots was not to be neglected, and I stept on a few paces. "Ay, ay, gang your wa's,—she likes gentlemen, and can sell ye something else if ye want it."—"Haud your ill-tongue, Tibby,—there's naebody fashin wi' you;—your tongue's nae scandal; a'body kens that," answered Jenny Flukemouth. "Truth's nae scandal," replied Tibby; "I was never catched at the back o' the houses as ye was, wi' Johnny Crabshell, anither woman's man; that's nae secret. Fy for shame, ye light-headed taupy; ca' me a liar for that if ye dare," said Tibby, challenging contradiction, and setting her arms akimbo, while her elbows and head were projected in defiance. "I'm no ca'in you ony thing that ye're no kent to be, ye randy woman that ye are. I never was carried hame in a cart frae the Fishwives' Causeway fu'; nor fell ower my ain creel at Jock's Lodge, as some ither folk hae done, mind that," said Jenny, cresting her head, and looking a triumph. And then addressing me, said, "See sic turbots, sir; I sell'd Bailie Mucklekite the neibor o' this ane, for half-a-guinea, no a quarter o' an hour ago." Tibby was pluck, however, and had determined not to give up the contest. Coming clo[illegible] her younger antagonist, in th[illegible]

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above described, and putting her very red weather-beaten face so close to Jenny's that their noses almost touched, she broke out like a torrent, "Did ye say I was fou, ye limmer?—will ye tell me that again to my face, and I'll rug the mutch aff your head, ye—ye—impudence that you are."—"What I have said I'll no unsay for you: gang and mind your ain stand, and no mak a noise here," said Jenny, with more command of temper. But Tibby, who seemed determined to provoke a quarrel, and whose fingers appeared only to want a reasonable excuse to fly at the head-dress of her antagonist, urged the dispute with increasing energy of speech. "De'il be in ma feet gin I stir a step till I mak ye eat back your words, ye liein' besom. Me fou!—whan was I seen fou, ye light-headed hizzie?—tell me that again if ye dare."—"Gang awa, woman, and no provoke me," said Jenny, pushing her gently aside by the shoulders; "let's sell our fish first, and flyte after." Tibby's wrath needed only this last attempt to raise it to its utmost pitch. "Ye'll offer to shoot me, ye little worth quean!—ye'll offer to lift your hand to ane that might be your mither!"—and she flew with open talons at the chequered handkerchief which, tied under the chin, forms the characteristic head-dress of the ladies of the Fish-market, and tore it off in an instant. Jenny, to recover her head appurtenances, instantly flew at the offender, and a struggle ensued, in which Jenny's strength seemed more than an over-match for Tibby's modes of defence. Tibby retreated backwards, keeping her hold, and Jenny followed with dishevelled hair, both struggling till Mrs Tibby reached the verge of a large tub full of dirty water, used in cleaning fish; and fishwomen no more than others being provided with eyes at their backs, she tumbled fairly into the tub, and Jenny above her.

The immense package of petticoats increasing her naturally not over-small shape, and the weight of her antagonist's person, pressed Tibby so closely into the tub, that she was as incapable of motion as if she had formed an integral part of it. Jenny now recovered her head-deckings, and having hastily adjusted them, came back to the sale of the turbot, amidst cries from her companions of "Weel done, Jenny!—weel done, my woman!—gie the ill-tongued jade a good sousing in her ain dirty water. Every body has their failings, and ye're nae waur than anither."—"That randy's put me a' throughither," said she to me, "and no to keep you langer waiting, ye sall get the choice of the turbots for eight shillings, sir."—"No, Jenny, I'll give no more than seven,—not a penny more will I give, and I must have a lobster to the bargain—I'll rather take my chance of going round the market."—"Hoot, you'll surely mak it eight. See to that lobster, look at the rawn, its worth half-a-crown itself—but I'm out o' breath wi' that outrageous woman," said Jenny.—"Only seven for the whole, Jenny, take or want."—"Weel, I'll just take your bode; but mind ye're awin me a shilling," said she, putting the turbot and lobster into Blind Isbel's basket. I now retreated from the scene of contest. Tibby, being relieved from her unpleasant situation with no small difficulty, by the assistance of two of her companions, was shaking her dripping vestments, and threatening vengeance. "I'll mind you, my woman, whan we get to Fisherraw; ye're no done wi' this yet; I'll learn ye till use a woman that might be your mither in sic a way as this."

Chapter XII.

Being the Chapter of Blunders.

Bulls in an Irishman are not a wonder;
But cautious Scotsmen seldom make a blunder.

Lord Byron.

I had now got oysters, a maiden skate (gentle readers, never buy other than a maiden skate), six dog-fish, a turbot, and a lobster, and was going along the market on my return home, taking a peep at the stalls as I passed, when whom should I meet but Mrs Columbus, followed by Cripple Donald the cadie, with a basket pretty well loaded. "Bless me, Mr Columbus, I did not think you were to have been at the market so early. I hope you have not bought any thing, for I have got all we shall want for dinner to-

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day."—"That's very unfortunate, my dear Mary," said I,—"very unlucky, and very stupid indeed. You know I told you that I was to go to the market myself?"—"True, you did, my dear Christopher," replied Mrs Columbus, "but then you said you should not be able to go before twelve; and I wished to surprise you by calling, as I went home, and telling you how active I have been. It is not eleven yet, my dear;"—and she looked provokingly in the right. "I had no notion you would be here to-day," continued I, not knowing what further to say in my own defence, and looking down to my shoes as if they could have furnished me with reasons in justification. "You have not got a turbot, my dear?" resumed Mrs Columbus. "Look at Isbel's basket," said I, biting my lip, and pointing to the unlucky animal, which I wished had been at this time roaming through the illimitable fields of ocean. "What a pity!" continued Mrs Columbus, in a melancholy tone; "but it can't be helped now, and it is not worth while putting one's self out of humour for a turbot. By the bye, I have bought a dozen of those ugly fish you like—sea-cats, as they call them; and have got some very fine oysters, and an excellent lobster."

This was monstrously tantalizing, indeed; and, on a comparison of baskets, I found, that for every article in that of Blind Isbel, there was a corresponding one in that of Cripple Donald. After a number of other little remarks on the merits of the cause, the tendency of which went to establish that both of us acted quite right, and that neither of us could possibly be wrong, a definitive treaty was entered into on the spot between Mrs Columbus and myself, that we should never while we lived—no, never—go to the Fish-market on the same day, unless together. Blind Isbel was dispatched home with her basket, and Donald was retained, to follow to the Green-market for a supply of some necessary vegetables. "Do you know the house, Isbel?" said I to the poor half-blind body, who seemed to require rather than to give assistance. "O yes, I kens it fu' weel. It's just the three door on the sout side o' the square.—I kens it fu' weel."—"The south side, Isbel! you stupid old woman—my house is on the north side," said I. "O, sure your honour's right, and I means norse fan I says sout."

On further inquiry, I found that I had paid for my turbot seven shillings, while my wife had bought one as good for four shillings and sixpence. This was a triumph to Mrs Columbus, which I had no means of lessening, but by saying that my turbot was by much the better fish; and that, though no larger, it was certainly much thicker. Mrs Columbus, rather unadvisedly, I think, sustained her opinion, by saying, if there was any material difference, her turbot appeared to be largest, all things considered. It is excessively unpleasant, as I have often experienced, for man to yield to his yoke-fellow, even though apparently in the wrong; and I concluded the conversation by raising my eye-brows, and replying in a manner, which signified that it was unpleasant to hear any more on the subject.—"My dear Mary, talk no more about it—every body don't see things with the same eyes—your turbot is a very good turbot for the money, and—and—I believe I have an engagement at half-past eleven."

I have often observed in my journeyings through the world, that when one blunder is committed, it is usually followed by another; and this occurs so regularly, that blunder follows blunder as effect follows cause. This day's mishap was continued to the next; and although we had our dinner—our turbot and lobster sauce—the sea-cats dressed in capital style, and surrounded by very alluring flounders; and although our party was so agreeable, that we had resolved to have another next day to eat our duplicate turbot, and devour our supernumerary cats and lobster; and for that purpose, had sent cards of invitation on short notice to a few friends, all of whom luckily were disengaged and promised to come:—Notwithstanding, I say, of all this, the second disappointment was worse than the first, as I shall endeavour to convince the reader, premising, however, that my "Plain Statement of Facts" does not imply the reverse of what is held out, when common authors give to the world books or pamphlets under this imposing title.

Blind Isbel, it seems, had actually

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mistaken south for north, in the delivery of her eatable wares; and, as my worthy friend, Mr Robert M'Scribe, the writer, on the opposite side of the square, keeps house with an unmarried sister, and was to have company on the same day as we, the fish were received by the sister, as having been sent by the brother; and the brother, who had not given himself the trouble to inquire further than in general terms if the fish were good, received an answer from the maiden lady, that "she never saw a better turbot come to the house." It was not till next day at breakfast, that the mistake was discovered by Miss M'Scribe saying, "That was an excellent turbot you sent home yesterday, Bob—what did you pay for it?"—"You want me to guess the price, do you?" said Mr Robert, "and are fishing for a compliment upon your marketing?"—"No, 'pon my word; but I really felt much obliged by your attention. I was just going out to market when it arrived, but Betty, knowing so little about pastry, I was glad to stay at home. By the bye, what sort of fishes were those you sent along with the turbot? Betty says they are sea-cats, and that they are never eaten. They are down stairs yet, as I do not know what to do with them, and can't even bear to look at the ugly creatures."

Mr Robert looked all this while as eagerly in his sister's face, as if he were reading a deed for the purpose of finding a flaw in it. After putting his hand over his forehead to assist his recollection,—to discover the joke, if it were one, or the truth, if there was faith in the statement,—he cleared his mouth of the piece of roll, the mastication of which had been interrupted, and proceeded thus:—"What! do you mean to say that you were not at the Fish-market, Kate? and that you did not buy the fish we had yesterday?"—"Seriously, it is true. I was not out the whole day," answered Miss M'Scribe. "That is very like an *alibi*—very odd, indeed. Some good friend must have sent them in a present, though that is not probable either. For myself, I assure you, that I was engaged till half-past four in taking a proof, and purging, in the legal way, half-a-dozen Highland drovers of malice and partial counsel, in the long-contested case of Quey *versus* M'Stott."

The conversation was at this moment interrupted by a servant opening the parlour door, and announcing the arrival of a fish-cadie,—no less a personage than Blind Isbel, who "wanted a word of Miss M'Scribe."—"Send her up here," said Mr Robert. "This is a material witness, and we shall take her deposition in presence, *viva voce*." Isbel now made her appearance. "O, mushtruss, tere was sad mistake committed, for I brought Mr Columpush raun fluke and labster to you yestreen in the forenoon. Mr Columpush is rampaging like a mad gentleman, pless him, as good is his reason, and swearing he'll get my badge taken aff me for selling his fish; and so if your leddyship will gie them back, I'll tak them over even now, for the gentleman is gaun to have a large dinner."

"O, the secret is out now," said Mr Robert. "My good woman, the fish are all eaten up, except the cats or dogs, or some such thing. I don't know if you can have even the bones. But go and tell Mr Columbus, with my compliments, that you brought the fish here by mistake; that we have dressed and eaten them by mistake; and paid the carriage from the market to you by mistake; all of which said mistakes I shall immediately clear up, and free you of every suspicion of *mala fides* in the transaction. Or, Kate, will you take your bonnet, go over with the poor woman, and explain the thing to Mrs Columbus, for if the man is in a passion, he may be unreasonable; and either pay the money, or send them a better turbot, &c. &c. &c. for their party. Assure them it was entirely accidental our eating their fish. There can be no great harm in getting a fresh turbot in place of one a day older, though I had rather the thing had not occurred."

"Well, good woman," said Miss Katharine, "go you away and tell Mrs Columbus, that I shall call over immediately, and put every thing to rights." Blind Isbel returned with this message: Miss M'Scribe called and gave a full, true, and particular account of the accident; and as it was evidently an unintentional mistake, there was nothing more to be said but to dispatch Isbel to the market for another turbot and lobster, as I did not feel inclined to go myself on such an errand. Isbel returned in about an hour, (having, I conjecture, carried home some person's fish in the mean-

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time,) with the appalling news of there being no turbot in the market—"Nae-thing at a' but stinking cod, and a few auld-keepit haddies." This was excessively unlucky, for I had asked my friends particularly to eat turbot, and I depended on it as the sheet-anchor of the purposed dinner. Mrs Columbus was excessively mortified on the occasion; for, in addition to this, a domestic calamity had occurred in the falling of the stock for the soup from its perch on the kitchen-grate, and extinguishing the fire, besides saturating our only roast of beef with coal-ashes and soot. It was now evident, that do as we could, there was to be no dinner for that day. I therefore, at two o'-clock, sat down and wrote notes to the few friends whom we had invited, stating that an unforeseen circumstance had occurred, which would deprive me of the pleasure of seeing them at my house.

Having, as I thought, now got rid of all my troubles, connected with this affair, I gave myself no farther disquiet; but at half-past four sat down to a beef-steak, and a cold fowl, the remains of yesterday's dinner. I had scarcely finished my meal, however, when the clock struck five, and almost at the same moment the door bell rung with violence. Starting from the table, and wiping my mouth, the possibility of my friends not having received my notes of anti-invitation first struck me. This was not the time for long deliberation; and I had dispatched the children to the nursery, exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with Mrs Columbus, and given the servant some necessary instructions, all in the short space of three minutes. Up stairs I then flew to the drawing-room, and throwing myself on a couch, took a newspaper, and assumed the appearance of one endeavouring to while away the time till dinner was ready. My friends were ushered in, devilish hungry, as they said, from having a long ride or walk, I forget which, and expressing a wish that the dinner would not be long in coming. After waiting fully half an hour, during which I had started fifty different subjects, such as the weather—the King—the Queen—the players—the clergy—poor-rates—and the national debt—any one of which was sufficient in ordinary circumstances to have filled up an afternoon; (why should I conceal the truth—a potfull of potatoes had to be got ready,) notice was given in common form, that "dinner was on the table." No information could be more agreeable; for when I offered a remark, or propounded a theme for conversation, the answer was, "Ay, we shall discuss that after discussing the dinner."—"We never talk of politics on an empty stomach."

Down stairs we went at last. But no smoking viands graced the board; a cold round of beef, and a cold cut of salmon from a neighbouring cook's shop; two cold fowls, ditto from ditto; six small goose-berry tarts, ditto, ditto; and the said potatoes and cauliflower, formed the *tout ensemble* of a dinner got up in half an hour after the family had already dined. My excuse for the want of turbot, which I saw was anxiously looked for, was, that the cook had spoiled it in dressing; that the carrier who should have brought my mutton from Dunfermline (they kill capital mutton at Dunfermline) had not arrived;—and for the want of hot dishes, that I never could bear warm meat in any thing like hot weather. My guests very good-naturedly sympathized with my misfortunes. We cursed all bad and careless cooks—gave stupid carriers to the devil in chorus; and in the intervals of mastication and speaking, washed down the cold victuals with my good Madeira. Though little George, my youngest boy, when he made his appearance after dinner, exclaimed, in the fulness of his little heart, "Papa's getting two dinners to-day, Betty says, is not that funny?" and several other allusions were made to what had actually happened; yet I did not perceive that my friends noticed the circumstance, at least I flattered myself they did not, and we spent altogether a very pleasant evening. I had not the courage at the time to tell my misfortunes at marketing, or the adventure of the turbot, as the true reason of the cold dinner; and should not now have revealed the secret, but that being in the country, I shall not have the honour of being laughed at for a month to come.

As I, Christopher Columbus, am almost the only modern writer (except, perhaps, my cousin North), who knows how to blend mirth and morality sweetly together, and as there

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are assuredly few living authors besides myself, who take the trouble

"To point a moral, and adorn a tale,"

I cannot conclude this chapter without "a few words," as my friend the Rev. Dr Dolittle weekly says, "by way of application." Gentle reader, it hath been remarked that a blunder is like a bog—the more you struggle you stick the faster,—and the observation is founded in truth. If it should happen you, in the jostlings and bustlings of life, to make a wrong step, pray do not flounce and flounder too violently, like a bemired cow, for in that case you will infallibly sink deeper into the mud. No; patiently look around you and survey the ground. Perhaps a stray passenger may lend a hand to set you on firm footing. Or, if this is not to be expected, (for the crowd, alas! are more apt to jest at than commiserate,) do take it in good humour, and laugh yourself at your absurd situation, if it be an innocent one. The worst is, a bespattered coat, and dirty shoes, which, when properly brushed and cleaned, sets all to rights, and the thing is forgotten, or only remembered to be the subject of merriment. But the stains of moral error are not so easily washed away; and, to avoid the bogs which lie on every side of the road of life, bedecked on their unsteady surface with wild flowers to attract your unwary steps, be careful to keep straight in the well-defined road to your final home, without turning to the right hand or to the left,—strong in your integrity, and trusting in the final reward of virtue.

DR SCOTT'S RETURN FROM PARIS!!!

From the memorable night of the nineteenth of July, much anxiety prevailed among the reading and eating part of the public. His Majesty's Odontist had disappeared. The jovial world pined at this occultation of the brightest luminary of the Magazine, as nature is saddened by the absence of the sun. Some thought a certain Duchess-dowager, fat, fair, and forty, had whisked him into her chariot, and borne him away to her boudoir. But how idle are all vulgar conjectures with respect to the movements of great men! Doctor Scott was travelling to Paris. He knows how wide his fame has spread, and like kings and other illustrious characters, to save trouble to the corporations of the different towns and cities through which his route lay, he preserved the strictest incognito. We alone were in the secret—and to us he has confided the important results of his visit. What a sensation shortly in the literary world!!—"Travels in France and England, by his Majesty's Odontist." But let us not anticipate. At present we have only to describe the gladdenings of his return.

On the sixth of the month, as we were sitting in the midst of our contributors in the Back-shop, assembled to determine the contents of the present Number, the joyful cry was heard, "Doctor Scott's come! the Doctor's cast up!" and the "fine fat-fadgel wight" himself soon made his appearance, his beaming countenance ascending the steps, like rosy Phœbus from the lap of Aurora. "Huzza," cried the traveller, flourishing his switch as he came forward, "I have been to Paris."—"To Paris, Doctor," was echoed by all present not in the secret; and immediately every one, like the priests and worshippers installing the Grand Lama of Thibet in his altar-throne, was more emulous than another to place the Odontist in the chair, which, with as much alacrity as our rheumatism would permit, we had evacuated the moment he made his appearance.

"Now for't, Doctor," was the universal cry; "what have ye seen? come tell us all. Begin at the beginning, when ye left London."

"It was fine weather," replied the doctor; "there was na a mot in the lift till we got ayont Canterbury. There I saw twa droll black clouds fleeing aboon a hill—corbie-like things—I didna like the looks o' them—the devil's yonder in the air, quo' I—and we soon fan' the truth o't. He flappit his wings, and brought on a perfect hurricane, when we were in the packet. The vessel heel'd o'er, till I thought she would hae coupit, and made a clean whamle o't. Lordsake, it was dreadful; and a poor bit German princey that we had on board, I thought would hae decanted his in-

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side. At every bock, he shot out his neck and open mouth, as if he would hae swallow't the sun out o' the firmament. Lordsake, what a creighling the creature made, raxing and hadding its sides. Its man was obliged to grip it by the tail, for fear it would hae loupen out the ship in its desperation. But a' was nothing to Paris. Lordsake, but yon is a whirligig-place; a' the folk are daft, and they mak every body see that gangs there. At our tabledot fifty-eight dined every day; twenty were Glasgow folk, a very extraordinar thing; we sang Great George is King, wi' hands cleekit after dinner. The French thought we were mad, but we were very civil to them, and after the King's health we drank auld Loui, and had Henry Quatre. But the cookery was damn'd bad—they don't know how to cook yonder—they have no gout—they boil the meat to tavers, and mak sauce o' the brue to other dishes—they have nothing savoury or solid—but for a' that they are desperate eaters—Lordsake what trash it is they eat; I have seen them sitting at their supper, with their yellow faces, like puddocks round a plate, crunching custocks.—There can be nae comfort in yon way o' living—They breakfast in public coffee-rooms, and spend a' the day as if they had nothing to do, and their nights in that hell-upon-yearth the Palace Royal—Lordsake yon is an awfu' place! I was just terrified to gie a keek in—for a' that, I tried to see every thing—But if ye take away the palaces and other public buildings, there's naething to be seen in Paris—a filthy town—ye might track a whip out o' ae window intil anither in the house forneut—But for a' that the French have some clever points of character—their silks are very extraordinar, and really very cheap—But I didna smuggle ony, because I had nae need.—But in their churches the villany of man was manifest; it wasna that ony body was there; the priests said their ridiculous paternosters in a manner to themselves; they had nae hearers, so the villany of man was clear in the sin of omission.—Heaven knows what will come o' them when they die—they ken naething o' the Lord, but a deal o' the deevil—and yet yon Peer la Shaize is a very beautiful place, adorned with flowers.—They have flowers in glass boxes on some head-stones for the ghosts at night to look at—it's, however, a pretty sight to see them.—But there are many other places besides yon burying ground very comfortable in Paris.—The coffee-room o' a' ithers that I thought the most sae, was ane at the Luxemburgh—and the vin ordinair is excellent, only fifteen pence the bottle—pleasure's very cheap, for which cause so many of our countrymen go yonder.—They repute that more than fifty thousand English souls are at this time in Paris.—But I'm sure I wonder what they see at the French—a whirligig set of deevils—nae stability in them—and Lordsake what a clatter the bodies hae—no end, nor method either, in their discourse—and nothing cordial and sincere about them—their friendship's but lip-deep like their cookery, it has nae fusion in't—a' shew. Ye canna cut and come again on their kindness—but the bodies hae a civil way with them for a' that, and it's no possible to be angry at their parley-voos.—I staid three weeks amang them, and hae nae reason to complain—but it's just a miracle to see how the creatures can gab and eat, ye would think they hadna got a wholesome meal o' meat a' their days before, and that their tongues were just loosened by a thaw; their words come running out o' their mouths like a burn at beltane: they hae no end.—Unless ye can speak French, ye ken nae mair what they hae been saying when they are done, than when they began."

"But, Doctor," said we, "how did you find public opinion? What state are the Bonapartists in? Chop-fallen, no doubt."

"Confoundit moudiwarts!—They durst na shew their snouts where I was. Thumourts, that would sook the blood o' auld honest Loui's cocks and hens.—But a's loyalty yonder noo. The jacobin trade's clean up and dished. They're a' broken—gane to pigs and whistles—like the Whigs amang oursels."

"That may be the case at present, Doctor, but when the King dies——"

"The King dee! Yon's a hale and gausy carle—meat-like and claith-like—aiblins now and then fashed wi' a bit gimbletting o' the gout in his muckle-tae—but what o' that! I hae't whiles mysel, and ne'er a prin the war o't. Na, na!—there's nae dead-ill about Loui. Lord-sake, Kit, what gars you think that fat folk are mair

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death-like than skinny deevils like yoursel. It may be in het summer weather, like the day, we're obliged to thole mair; but flesh is no an ill cleeding for the banes in winter. Dinna even ony o' your *momento more's* to the like o' Loui and me, Kit;—as lang as we baith can eat and drink as we hae done, a snuff o' tobacco for death. Na, na! Depend upon't, Kit, Loui will wag his staff at the auld loon, and gar him chatter his hungry rat-trap teeth, without a morsel, for many a day to come yet. As for a squabash when he does kick; wha's to make it? Lord-sake, man, but ye hae got in the Blues, Kit, sin' I hae been awa'. Come, cheer up my lad—any game frae the Thane this time? Whan's the haunch expectit? No cossnent work, ye ken, for me—no supper no song, Kit—that's my way o't.—Deevil's in the man, would he no hae fat folk to live?"

"Why, Doctor, we thought that the hospitality with which you were entertained in France and England, would serve for one season?"

"Hospi—what, in France?" cried the Odontist, looking at us as if his eyes were pistols. "Gruel and purge is a' that yon gabby creatures ken o' hospitality."

This ingenious observation naturally led us to think of the state of science in France, a topic which the Edinburgh Review has lately handled with so much ability.

"Science!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Gin clokleddies and bumbees, wi' prins in their tails, be science, atweel there's an abundance o' that at the Garden of Plants;—but the elephant yonder is really a prime beast, and has sic comical cunning een, I dinna wonder at philosophy making a pet o' the creature—just, Kit, as ye do o' me. But, two tailors,* as the French say,—bide till I get my Journal ready for the press—naething for the Magazine till then—so hae done wi' your pumping, and let's see what ye hae been doing in my absence—what sort o' deevilry hae ye got about the Coronation?" In saying which words, the Doctor took up the fifty-fourth number, and we resumed the business on which we had been in conclave before his arrival.

* Our worthy friend's mode of pronouncing *tout a' l'heure.*

Expostulation with Mr Barker.

Mr Editor,

It is some months since Mr Barker promised me a fit butt for the exercise of my wit, in the second part of his Aristarchus Anti-Bloomfieldianus, and as yet I have not heard of it. Is he afraid?—Forbid it all ye gods who preside over lexicographers!

I entreat him to come forward. I have nothing now to laugh at. John Gilpin the second—Waithman the equestrian draper, with his horse performing the amazing, the soul-appalling feats of springing up the dire ascent of the causeway, and then with desperate valour plunging down again, supplied me for a day: but that is past. His letter, in which, (not content with breaking the head of a soldier,) he utterly demolished the pate of our old friend Priscian, furnished mirthful emotion for another;—that day also is swallowed in the stream of time. What is a *petulanti splene cachinno* to do? Alderman Wood is in Germany.—Sir Robert Wilson is quiet.—I hear of no new tragedies. So in this dearth of sportive matter, would it not be kind in him of *Thes.* to give us something? Does he suspect that, like his namesake Anubis—*latratur* Anubis—he is overmatched in fight, and will go forth but to be beaten?—Let him be comforted. Well does he know that

"Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni,"

and, at all events, by coming forward, he will conduce to the great cause—the promotion of laughter—and to the worship of Momus, the most delightful of all the deities.

I am, Sir,
Yours sincerely,
A Constant Reader.

London, Sept. 3, 1821.

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Familiar Epistles to Christopher North,

From an old Friend with a new Face.

Letter III.

On the Personalities of the Whigs,—and the Outcry against Maga.

My dear Kit.

Before leaving England, I must have a few words with yourself. I do not understand why you submit thus tamely to the misrepresentations, not of foes, but of friends. That you should laugh at the outcry of those "poor, weak, and despised old" creatures the Whigs, and treat with contempt the savage whoop and howl of the Radicals, does not surprise me; but that you endure so patiently "that dreadful pother" about personalities, with which some of "those who should be ours" so effectually back the enemy, is, I confess, beyond my comprehension. It is full time that you should let these pluckless Tories know the truth; and that what their feeble and deluded senses have been taught to consider as personalities, are nothing more than the unavoidable effect of ridicule, cleverly and justly applied.

I wish also to set you and these faint-hearted gentry right in other respects. Those who call themselves the Tories, have but little merit in that universal exposure of Whig pretensions and practices, which has executed justice so completely on the party. As to the discomfiture of their literary expectants, you have fought the battle, especially in Edinburgh, where the reviewers have been driven from the field, and the Review itself sent a-begging among the drivellers of Cockaigne. But, with regard to the party in general, the merit of their degradation, after their own bankruptcy of character, is greatly due to Cobbet and the Radicals. It was his rotten eggs, and their brick-bats, which reduced them to the shivering and shattered plight that has rendered them now almost objects of compassion,—if compassion, or indeed any sentiment of pity, could possibly be felt towards a fraternity which exulted at every occurrence of national distress, in our greatest peril, and triumphed at the miseries which they themselves so largely contributed to inflict on individuals. Still, however, though they have been hissed and hooted from common-halls and hustings,—though they have been pelted out of Palace-Yard, coughed down in Parliament, cuffed and kicked, and sent yelping and yelling from every place of seditious exhortation,—there are particular personages among them that verily have not yet received their reward. I allude to those who first set the example of personal attacks, and who now so bitterly weep and wail, and go about wringing their hands, at finding their own weapons turned with such energy against themselves. I allude particularly to the early writers in the Edinburgh Review, and to the correspondents of the Morning Chronicle.—Of course I do not mean to say, that Messrs Jeffrey and Perry are themselves dealers in detraction; but were I in your shoes, knowing what I know,—how these pretty behaved gentlemen turn aside their heads, and spread out their hands in horror and aversion at the very sight of the Magazine, I would "tickle their catastrophes,"—I would lay any eight volumes of "the blue and yellow calamity" under contribution, and take any four or five files of the Chronicle for the last thirty years, and with page, and day and date, dare them to match from your pages the base and merciless ribaldry with which these virulent journals have assailed every political opponent who, either by office or title-page, could be pointed out as an object of derision.

But "two blacks will never make a white," say your pluckless friends, those pouncet boxes of the Court, who affect such delicate feelings of honour,—such a skinless sensibility to every thing personal; "and, therefore, Mr North, we dislike the freedom you have taken with private characters. It is very wrong, and very coarse,—we cannot approve of you in that respect." O dear!—who the devil cares whether such feeble and ineffectual fractions of intellect and spirit as they are, either approve or disapprove of your avenging career? Let them be thankful that they are allowed to follow in the wake of your course; and let them know, that merely on account of their moral insignificance, they are permitted so to do. It is necessary, and indeed unavoidable, that to all parties

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there should be attached a multitude of silly creatures. The Whigs have many such, and the Radicals out-number them a thousand fold; but neither the "Master Slenders" of the one, nor the "Bottoms" of the other, are in any degree so truly contemptible as a Tory of the Polonius kind, especially when he declaims about personalities. Why, the poor things themselves live by personalities,—there is not a neighbour's character or qualities unspared by their little malice. They cannot indeed sting like scorpions; but the fault is nature's that made them so harmless. They only defile what they can neither wound nor destroy. A Tory of this class, is indeed a being infinitely contemptible, even as a man. He is, or rather *it* is generally, about the age of three-score, with an endeavour to be youthy and elegant, an endeavour which its lean shanks and faultering joints partly assist. It has the smallest possible ideas on every subject of public opinion.—It shuns the adversaries of its party, as if they were hydras and chimeras.—It becomes nervous and irritable at the slightest indication of opposition to its sentiments with regard to matters of taste. In all its habits it is petty and puerile. Like Justice Shallow, it boasts of the imbecile pranks and brawls of its youth, and the revellers it would set in the stocks, or those who grow riotous with ale, instead of champaign and claret. Is it, Christopher, by such beings as this that you submit to be lectured? Up with your crutch, and knock him down. The fact is, that such creatures belong to no party; they have happened to attach themselves to yours, because they thought it the genteelest; for they have no conception of what is great or honourable, but only of what is genteel. Perhaps, however, your silence with respect to them, proceeds from your contempt for their influence and understandings? Be it so,—but then declare the fact. Do not allow it to be any longer imagined, that you are disposed to abate one jot of your wonted antipathy to pretension and insolence, on account of the cry which the Whigs make against your retaliation for their personalities. Above all, do not allow those feeble and shaking headed Tories to believe that you value their good or ill opinion one stiver. What indeed is the worth of their opinion at any time, but more especially in your case, when it is well known they are utterly ignorant of the true nature of the things at which they affect to be so disturbed? The nerveless creatures are afraid to look into your pages, which they strangely conceive spare neither the infirmities nor the appearance of age or sex, and of course what they say is as ridiculous as it is unfounded. Private personalities you have ever avoided; but to be accused of such paltry tattling, by those who practise nothing else, when you have so studiously confined yourself to public conduct and character, is perhaps one of the things to which, from the beginning, you considered yourself as necessarily exposed. But these poor souls are the deluded and unconscious tools of the Whigs, who know so well the effect of clamour and outcry; and who, from a sinister principle, never read any thing written against themselves, that they may be able, as it were, with a clear conscience, to declare with some shew of truth, but virtually in effect with falsehood, that the matter and manner of the attack is such, that it would be unworthy—honourable men—even to notice, far less to answer it.

Let me, however, not be misunderstood. I do not advise you to imitate the Whigs in abusing the talents and characters of your political adversaries; and, after you have provoked their resentment, to supplicate and implore the by-standers to assist you in defending yourself. Nor would I at all recommend that you should drag into notoriety any of those poor genteel retainers of your own party, merely because they have been shocked at the fists and attitudes which you have sometimes shewn to the rabble rout of your promiscuous assailants,—I only wish that, in the first place, you would shew from the Whig writers, the sort of personalities in which they have themselves dealt for the last thirty years; and, in the second place, that you should contrast with their libellous and systematic misrepresentations, the temperance of the retribution you have administered.

I only wish you to compare the quiet progress of your own garden chair,—the gentle turns that you take among your flowers, raising here the modest and drooping blossom, and pruning there, with a discreet and skilful hand, the overgrown briar, that chokes the growth of useful herbs, and, with its

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rank and noisome luxuriance, cumbers and exhausts the ground. In a word, to compare the progress of "The Magazine" with "The Review," where, as in a rattling and raging chariot, the whole genius of the Whigs, like a many-headed Hindoo idol, careered for a time so triumphantly. From afar the periodical coming forth of this literary Jauggernaut was hailed with amazement and worship. The infidel votaries of philosophy, and taste, and "science, falsely so called," rushed like fanatics, and sacrificed themselves beneath the wheels. But its oracles and its predictions, in every instance falsified, gradually begot suspicions of the pretensions of the priesthood, whose tricks and devices were discovered through the veil and vapour of the incense, which the shallow, the heartless, and the interested burned in adulation of the god. A demand arose for the vouchers of their miraculous pretensions. It could not be answered. A clamorous multitude beset the temple. The servitors trembled and secretly betook themselves, one by one, to other avocations. The high-priest attempted more than once to fly the sanctuary, but the golden chain was as often strengthened to bind him faster than ever to the altar. At last the brazen doors were burst open, the profane vulgar rushed in, and beheld, with open-mouthed astonishment, that the divinity to which they had offered up the sacrifices of their understandings, and implored the acceptance of their hearts and heads, was in reality but a senseless image set up for sinister purposes, adorned and augmented for a political end, by many who were perfectly well aware of the mean and insignificant materials of which it had been constructed.

At the publication of the "Chaldee MS." the cunning spirit of the Whigs saw that perhaps, by a dextrous management of the affections and prejudices of the very class whom they had so reviled and insulted, the tables might be turned against you. They knew that among the friends of the Magazine were many highly respectable characters, persons of great private worth, who possessed by their virtues an extensive influence in society, and who, without any literary predilections, and uninformed with respect to the free and sportive humour of the age, entertained that profound and due veneration for the language and imagery of the Bible, which the friends of religion ever wish to cherish. The language and imagery of the "Chaldee MS." furnished the Whigs with an opportunity to irritate the pious feelings of this respectable class; and accordingly, while they were obliged to acknowledge the ability displayed in the article, they insinuated that it was conceived in a spirit of derogatory profaneness. This was mighty well on the part of those who had been for years sneering, not merely at the forms of devotional expression, but at religion itself. The bait, however, took; and immediately a number of those who would otherwise perhaps never have thought at all upon the subject, were seized with a pious horror, at the idea of the language of Scripture being perverted. This was not all;—in the "Chaldee MS." several descriptive touches of personal defects and infirmities had unfortunately been introduced. These were perhaps in some cases necessary, to make out characters which had no features or qualities by which they could be otherwise distinguished. The offence was harmless, and the jocular spirit in which the whole article was written, ought to have protected it from the charge of malice or ill nature. But the Whigs availed themselves of those few playful strictures on appearance, and still more vehemently than they could venture to do on the parody of Scripture language (for they were conscious of the liberties they had themselves taken with religion) and they declaimed against them, as examples of an unheard of licentiousness, just as if the world had never seen the Whig caricatures of the bodily peculiarities of some of the greatest men of the age. Thus, in two things of themselves really insignificant, the structure of the language in which the story of the "Chaldee MS." was told, and the incidental allusion to two or three personal peculiarities—a foundation was laid with one class of the friends of good order, to condemn the tendency of the whole Magazine, and with another, to blame the course it had chosen as ungentlemanly. But, now when the feelings thus fomented have subsided, it must be allowed that the "Chaldee MS." contains nothing to offend any principle, or excite any sentiment at variance with good-humoured hilarity and banter. This at the time the

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Whigs perfectly well knew; but they saw in the Number which contained the "Chaldee MS." a mustering of strength against them, which in the fumes and intoxication of their own success, they never once apprehended had any existence. They felt that there was a spirit abroad, greater than the demon which they themselves served, and they were smitten with dismay, and trembled for the overthrow of his superiority. They trembled justly, for it has been accomplished.

Having succeeded in poisoning the minds of the pious with an idea of the profane character of a work, expressly set on foot to counteract their own infidel practices, and having also induced several meek gentlemanly minds to disapprove of those allusions to personal infirmities, which were in a great measure almost unavoidable, it was not difficult to increase the outcry against your personalities, and this was done as often as you ventured to question the learning or the abilities of the different public writers whom you were professionally required to notice. It was the privilege, forsooth, of the Edinburgh Review, the Morning Chronicle, and certain other publications after their kind, to treat with contumely the sentiments and the writings of the political opponents of their faction, but it was libel and slander when the same thing was done by others, and particularly so when it was done by you.

Not content with retaliating on the Whigs for their scandalous violation of the limits of fair literary criticism, you provoked another class of enemies. I do not mean the Radicals, who to a man are necessarily and naturally against you, but the obscene brood of Cockaigne; and yet what writers have ever been so personal as the Cockneys? How many of them are judicially convicted libellers? Look at all the varieties of their publications, from that paradise of dainty devices, the Examiner, down to Wooler's Gazette. When or where were ever such liberties taken with character?—and yet they too complain of your personalities. —Why do you permit this? Why do you not at once shew that your animadversions have been ever confined to those points in which individuals present themselves towards the public?

The rage, however, of the Whigs, the delusion into which they have betrayed better men, and the chattering spite of the Cockneys, have not been so detrimental to the fair and just character of your strictures, as the conduct of the timid Tories, who imagine that party controversies can be maintained without giving offence. They might as well expect the battles of war to be fought without wounds—A party controversy, such as you have embarked in, and in which they have always professed themselves to be auxiliaries, is a hostile conflict.—You are contending for an ascendancy over public opinion. The Whig writers have for a time pretended that they possessed it, and perhaps in some degree it may be said they did. Your object is to destroy their dominion, and to vindicate those venerable and constitutional principles, in politics, religion, and literature, which they have so strenuously endeavoured to subvert. But are you to be denied the use of ridicule and satire?—weapons which your adversaries have ever employed with great effect? The very idea is absurd, and in your situation impossible, for an important part of your duty consists in exposing pretensions; and can the mask be torn from the face of any species of hypocrisy without producing disagreeable feelings?—It is no less your duty to repress party arrogance, and mortify factious pride. Can this be done without disturbing the self-complacency of certain individuals remarkable for both, and who are your declared and most virulent enemies? Why, then, do you permit the cowardly malcontents of your own side still to rank themselves with you, although they are constantly in the habit of wondering that you should employ the means with which you have been invested by God and nature, for the overthrow of your own and of their adversaries? Perhaps, however, you think these fastidious friends too numerous to be posted individually, or that it would be bad taste to post any of them.—I shall not question the correctness of the opinion; but, describe the class,—let us know what they are,—give them a name,—paint their lineaments,—point them out to the scorn of all parties, till the very children in the streets are able to say, "There goes one of the pluckless Tories!—Look at the poor sneaking sordid creature, how it crawls

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in silk stockings, with its meagre tottering limbs, to solicit some place or pension from the very masters that it hesitates to support in the most necessary of all their great undertakings —the chastisement of invidious and personal foes." Till you do this, you have done but half your duty,—till you have convinced those who affect to be the friends of British principles, that it is an essential part of their own obligations, to deride the subverters of these principles, you have failed in some degree to fulfil one of the noblest objects of your original design.

Before concluding, I would also remind you of another heavy charge under which you allow your fame to suffer. You are accused of maliciously exposing names to the public, that were almost never heard of beyond the narrow bounds of their domestic circles, and of making free with private characters in the most offensive and impertinent manner. The accusation is undoubtedly entirely false; but it is made, and you ought to vindicate yourself. I am well aware, that you have touched with your crutch the elbows of a few borough demagogues, and that you have made some of the Radicals and Whiglets, both of Glasgow and Edinburgh, feel, that if they pursue the same course as their masters in the metropolis, they must expect to participate in their punishment. But are you to endure, that this is to be called dragging private persons before the public, to the great injury of their comfort in life? I should be glad, indeed, that you would tell me, if the fellow who gets up after dinner in a tavern, and shews the confusion of his head, and the badness of his grammar, to a numerous assemblage of equal worthies, is not quite as much a public man, as the solitary student, who meekly and diffidently publishes his little lucubrations; and is such a fellow to be allowed, with impunity, to vent his spleen and personalities unrebuked, merely because he has not actually, in his own handwriting, sent his crude and immethodical nonsense to the newspapers, which report the proceedings? It is very well for demagogues of this description to cry out at the switching you have occasionally given them, and it is natural that their associates, who have not yet spoken at these periodical orgies, should also endeavour to raise the town against you, in order to secure impunity for their own meditated exploits of the tongue. But is it for you to endure their scurrility, and give no explanation to the world of the motives and characters of those sort of private persons who affect to be so mightily aggrieved?

You are also charged with making free with persons truly, in the emphatical sense of the term, private; men who never trouble themselves either with literature, politics, or Whig dinners, but perform the duties of their profession and station with prudence, integrity, and care. Is not this a lie? and yet you allow it to circulate uncontradicted—Why do you not compel the slanderers to shew one single instance in which you have ever done so? You have certainly mentioned private individuals of the description alluded to, and spoken of their peculiarities; but, in every instance, with good humour, or in a style which implied praise, though expressed as banter; and this is a freedom that authors in every age have taken with their personal friends. Some of the happiest effusions of the greatest wits have been harmless familiarities with the characters of those whom they most esteemed; and are you, Kit, to be denied the privilege of cracking a joke with your cousins and cronies? I have heard, indeed, that all have not endured your humour so happily as "our fat friend," the Doctor; but I do believe, that in every case where offence has been taken, it will be found that the party who supposed himself offended, was in the first instance amused with your jibes; and that he never imagined any malice in your jocularity till he had been wrought upon by some disturbed spirit, infected with the Whig or Radical distemper. But I must make an end; and with the best wishes for the continuation of all that vigour, and that particular kind of "ill nature," which has given so much offence to the arrogant, the vain, and the petulant, I remain truly your

OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street,
12th September, 1821.

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THE LATE QUEEN.

The proceedings, since the death of her late Majesty, give the clue to the proceedings before. They are of the same spirit and pedigree—the riots, at her funeral, are feature for feature the counterparts of the parades and processions to Brandenburgh House. The simple difference is, that in the one instance the mob were in coaches, and in the other on foot. The whole was an affair of gambling faction, and the Queen was the best card in the pack. But the Firm must be sustained at all events, and when the capital trick was found out, minor expedients were adopted with true swindling effrontery. By those who find riot the one thing needful, the burial even of a tinker will not be thrown away. The "funeral baked meats that coldly furnished forth" the ceremonial of dead royalty—the same flourish of faction—the same blowing of discontent into the popular ear—the same banners and weepers of patriotic thievery and virtuous prostitution, of convicted smugglers, and expectant bankrupts, that dignified the obsequies of Queen Caroline, were mustered for the last honours to Honey and Francis. Names, henceforth enrolled for ever in the list of the patriotic, and destined, according to the authority of the Woods and Waithmans, to surprise posterity, in company with their own.

The statements relative to the Queen's funeral, have gone through all the public prints, till curiosity has been wearied. The spirit of that atrocious transaction has been fully disclosed by the prepared tumults, and the audacious triumph over the civil and military authorities; but its secrets may linger for developement till the trial of the rioters, and the arrival of Alderman Wood.

That the persons who organized the attack on the King's Guards will be brought to trial, as well as the actual ruffians whom they employed for riot and murder, is not to be doubted, without shaking our confidence in the manliness of Government. Law is a dream, if there is no punishment for the infamous and insolent outrages committed on that day, under the meek and unlifted eyes of Mr Sheriff Waithman.—A direct command of Government, declared null and void by a direct command of a secret committee;—a route marked out by competent authority, for the obvious purpose of public quiet, broken up and barricadoed in the face of day by a gang of rioters;—the Magistrate's order to move on this route retorted by a revolutionary cry of "The City or Death;" and this atrocious menace sustained;—the corpse dragged through the city in a savage triumph, more like the exultation of drunken cannibals, than the decorous conveyance of an honoured body to the grave;—the troops attacked and maimed almost to a man—if this goes for nothing, if the Attoney-General is suffered to slumber over this bill of indictment, preferred by the common voice of every honourable man in the nation, he will soon have no more bills to disturb his rest; or, if he has, it will be one grand and sweeping accusation against the whole frame of government, where he will have the populace on the Bench, and the Constitution in the Dock. It is notorious, that an assemblage was convened for the purpose of marshalling the Queen's funeral, in disregard of the orders issued by Government. It is notorious, that the measures adopted on the day of the funeral argued a guilty premeditation,—that by their nature they contemplated blood; that the cry of the rioters corresponded to this intent of blood, and that the design was urged to its atrocious completion by an attack on the King's troops. It is possible that the conspirators may keep their secret, and that the Attorney-General may not be enabled to lay his grasp on the felon who projected the barricadoes of the roads; that his finger may not be able to search out the pulse that warmed into the proposal of assassination; that he may be unequal to follow the prediction of Lady Hood's letters to the source of so much unexpected foresight in her Sybilline ladyship; or that he may be compelled to mere amazement at the sudden paralysis of Mr Sheriff Waithman, the tranquil spectator of the whole proceeding. But all this exceeds probability. The secrets of villainy are seldom secure; and we are inclined to think that a little ordinary vigilance will make the authors as palpable as the actors, and that the fate of Thistlewood is as little obsolete as his memory.

Alderman Wood is still to return.

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

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The tears he has shed, and the feasts he has eaten at Brunswick, will rise up in sacred remembrance, eclipsing all the horrors of Waithman's physiognomy; and he will blurt out the whole burthen of his knowledge in the very frown of the Sheriff. His ignominious repulsion by Dr Lushington has sunk in "*intima precordia*," and the resentments of folly are not the less bitter for being mingled with the gall of faction. In the arrangements for the funeral, the Alderman was undoubtedly treated with the utmost contempt. His plaintive protestations of the acts of endearment that had made him invaluable to the Queen,—his opening of her letters, formidable as a French and German correspondence must have been to his humble literature,—his vigour with the mob,—and his servility with his mistress, were all neglected by the stern Civilian. Like the old inspector of culprits below, his Rhadamanthus postponed the hearing to the punishment, and refused the Alderman's prayer, of travelling at the public expence, with the most careless and provoking indignity. But the hour of revenge may come,—the Alderman may have fearful means in his hands, for he has been the Queen's *Almoner!* It may yet be seen through what channels this concealed benevolence fertilized the land—whether its kindliest flow was not for political pauperism,—whether the pomps to Brandenburgh-House were not fed from its largess,—whether the bounty of the nation was not flung away on the gross purposes of popular delusion.

It is disgusting to be compelled to talk of such persons and things. Politics, mingled with the mention of obscure and worthless instruments, fatigue the pen. It is almost a dishonour to look in upon the miserable artifices of needy ambition. But the meanness of the agents is the last of reasons for their impunity in times like ours. It is the characteristic of our disturbed and unnatural day, to give virulence and power to a race of beings, which at another period, must have lived and perished in their holes. France lies before us for our instruction. Of what condition were her Petions, and Santerres; what was *Marat*, superior to the publisher of a twopenny gazette? or *Danton* to one of his miserable scribes? Yet those men broke down the stately monarchy of France. Personally they were powerless, and in other days would have lingered out their lives in obscure beggary, or expiated them on the scaffold. But the times were adverse to the well-being of the world. The honourable distinctions of men had passed away for the precedence in atrocity. It was not genius, or high-birth, or opulent fortune, that was wanted, but desperate means for desperate ends. In the sudden eclipse that darkened the land at noon-day, the form of the ruffian was disregarded, nothing was seen but his torch. Like the assault on the Temple of Jerusalem, when the walls were once broken down, the fiercest homicide threw his general behind him; and the madman who fired the sanctuary was the hero of the day.

The Magistrate to whom the conduct of the funeral was committed, has yet to answer for his compliance with the mob. His duty was plain and simple,—to follow the route prescribed by his superiors. He ought to have ordered the arrest of the first man who presumed to impede him. The insolence of office is familiar to a Bow-Street Magistrate; here nothing would have been required but its firmness. His conduct during the day, seems to have been a series of impotent attempts to resist the will, which he found himself capable of obeying in every instance. Common sense might have told him, that to make pitiful successive efforts at resistance, when he was not determined to go through with them, was only to expose the King's authority to the insults of repeated triumphs of the rabble. This Magistrate has yet to answer for his conduct, and no investigation that is not strict will be satisfactory.

The Inquest on Honey and Francis has been only a second act of the Queen's funeral. The public indignation at this inquest is of the strongest order; its tedious prolongation,—the singular spectacle of such a Jury determining on points of law, and delivering authoritative opinions from the profundity of their ignorance, and all this in the presence of an officer whose duty it is to conduct inquests in an orderly and decent manner. The details of the inquest are degrading in the extreme; the public accounts are

of vulgar insolence to counsel, and the officers of the Guards, who found themselves questioned and taunted by a conclave of personages, who would have bowed to the earth before them in any other place. Those transactions have their moral. When the reign of the rabble menaces us, it is well to see of what materials our future masters are made. The Revolutionary tribunal of Paris was made up of the refuse of society, and we know its wisdom and mercy. The crimes and the miseries, the tyranny of blood and the tyranny of power, that signalized a country within 24 miles of our own, and which wound up the catastrophe by throwing it twice under the feet of conquering armies, must not be lost upon us. If there are those who think that the danger is remote, because it does not start up before us in the magnitude and armour of rebellion, let them remember the apparition that suddenly stalked through the palaces of France, the unexpected might and gigantic desolation with which it smote the small and the great in the hour of national slumber and security. Have we no elements of ruin among us? is not popular violence louder, and loyalty more humiliated than in France? and if the thunder did burst upon her from a serene sky, shall we doubt and defy, when the air is heavy with the cloud?

THE KING'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

There are few subjects more gratifying at present to those who are attached to the King and constitution—that is, God be thanked, to the great body of the people of all ranks in the kingdom—than the result of the regal visit to the Sister Island. The manner in which the King came among the Irish, and the manner in which they received him, are alike gratifying. He landed among them unadorned by the splendour of royal parade—unattended by courtier, by magistrate, or soldier—unguarded, save by the loyal feelings of an ardent people; and from these feelings he obtained the homage which at other times is yielded to pageantry, or extorted from awe. Landing at a part of the harbour of Dublin where he was unexpected, none were prepared to meet him,—none were before him but the casual crowd which the dense population of Ireland exhibits in all its sea-ports; people of all ranks and conditions mingling in the idleness of a fine Sunday. His person had been recognized a short time before he landed,—and that short time was sufficient to pour in the neighbouring population of that shore, of the harbour, and of the adjoining hills, in thousands, to be present at the reception of the King. The men in authority were on the other side, and none were to be seen in the crowd at Howth. The King came to the Irish people,—and by the people, untaught in the formalities of official ceremony, and unrestrained by the presence of official persons, he was received with an enthusiastic burst of joy, coming not from the lip only, but swelling from the inmost recesses of the heart.

The personal reception of the King on the pier was uncourtly indeed, and such as Kings are seldom accustomed to meet; but, on that account, the more grateful to right feelings.—He was received as a friend by his friends, without servility, but with boundless affection. He was pressed without ceremony, but by men who would have made their bodies a rampart for his protection;—thousands of hands were thrust forward to embrace his in a rude grasp;—but these hands were all ready to have wielded the sword, or pointed the bayonet, in his cause. The procession to the Phœnix-Park was more like the march of a popular demagogue, at the zenith of mob-favour, than of a King on a visit to an ancient kingdom. Vast, however, was the difference between the feelings of a feverish populace, filled with the selfish and polluted sentiments of faction—breathing hatred and defiance to all that is honourable, all that is gentlemanly,—and of that multitude, which, under the impulse of the kindliest influences,—joyous and united—angry with no one—inspired with that buoyant enthusiasm which is one of the chief characteristics of the country,—escorted George the Fourth to the capital of Ireland. Their joy was expressed in a thousand actions*—some of them marked by that warm, but co-

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* One poor fellow, for instance, on seeing the King's carriage pass through the turnpike, on the road to Dublin, hastened to inquire whether the toll had been paid. On

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mic affection—which all who have been in Ireland must have observed among her lower orders, and which is ridiculous or pathetic to those who witness it according to their feelings—but some distinguished by a delicacy which would have done honour to the most chivalrous courtier.

Nor was the enthusiasm abated during his stay. Wherever he moved, he was similarly attended—wherever he visited, he was received with equal rapture. His most trivial sayings were remembered—the most ordinary civilities treasured up with gratitude. It was not confined to one party, one sect, or one district. All were on this subject united. Addresses flowed in from all quarters of the island, most loyal in feeling and expression, and everywhere carried with perfect unanimity. Even the newspapers, disunited as they by their very nature are, coalesced on this one topic—they were, indeed, compelled to do so.

Many on this side of the water were perfectly astonished at all this. They could not conceive the warm-hearted disposition of the Irish—they knew not the peculiar causes, which occasioned that disposition to be more fully developed than usual. The King came to a people who had never been accustomed to unite in a popular expression of satisfaction—the joy of one political party there being regarded with aversion by another—and now that they found a common cause in which both could join, without yielding their own views—that they found an opportunity on which they could meet in the amity which is longed for by all parties—they gave the fullest loose to their delighted feelings, and vied with one another only in shewing devotion to the Monarch, whose presence was the harbinger of mutual conciliation. And besides, royalty has always been popular in Ireland. Their early histories, to which those among them who are most proud of their nationality, turn with antiquarian gratulation, are filled with details of regal splendour and devotedness to the cause of kings; and the last struggle in which the majority of Irishmen fought in civil combat, was in favour of one who could claim scarce any merit but that

> A thousand years the royal throne
> Had been his father's and his own.

Republicanism never had a footing there. In the unhappy disturbances which marked the conclusion of the last century in Ireland, the Jacobin emissaries had succeeded somewhat in grafting their abominable opinions upon the discontented party, but they never were seated deeply even among those who rose in actual rebellion. They never liked the mummery of committees, local, general, particular, sectional,—of directories, visible or invisible, of primary assemblies, or fraternizing conventions, or the other bloody buffooneries, which at that time were generating in France. They cared not for the pigeon-holes of Abbe Sieyes or the jargon of his disciples,—indeed they did not understand them. The original leaders, it is true, thought that their followers would fight for the principles of republicanism; but, by woeful experience, they found they had misunderstood the feelings of those whom they had seduced to their ruin.

There are other reasons which conduced to the general good humour in Ireland, that will readily present themselves. Every body who knew any thing of the country, predicted it from the moment the King spoke of his intended visit. But on the writers for the Whig party, the enthusiasm of Ireland appears to have burst with terrifying astonishment. They to a man, from the scowling Scotsman, who bellowed forth his amazement with more than usual brutality of intonation, down to the pert prating

being answered in the negative, he paid the money himself, exclaiming, with much indignation, "Sure it would be a pretty thing to have the King under an obligation to the like of a turnpike-man." There are many similar stories, as may be seen from the Irish papers. A gigantic fellow rose upon the shoulders of a crowd in Dame-street, and bawled out with stentorian lungs, within a few feet of the King, "God bless your honest face! Here's half a million of us here ready to fight the radicals for you at the wind of the word!" A more delicate proof of attention was given by the immense crowd who followed him to the Phœnix Park. They checked at the gate, and refused to proceed, exclaiming that "they would not tread on the grass," until the King told them not to mind it.

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Cockney scribbler in the Examiner, were thunder-struck, and recovered from the first trance of stupid wonderment to rail against that country, which had been a regular commonplace of panegyric, as long as they thought it a standing pillar of disaffection. But their praise and blame just proves the same thing,—that they are completely ignorant of the real state of Ireland. In that country there are no Whigs; and the name of Radical is unknown. The feud there is between Protestant and Roman Catholic, and both unite in utter scorn of the Whig faction. The former party being at all times loyal, must of course despise that malignant faction;—the latter, though the furtherance of their political views requires that they should make use of the assistance of the opposition spouters, set no value upon them in any other point of view.—They well recollect, that it was a succession of Whig Parliaments and Ministers that imposed the rigorous penal laws, which were removed on the accession of a Monarch surrounded by Tory counsellors,—and they know that if at present the great body of the Tories is adverse to Emancipation, it is not from any dislike or hatred towards them, but from a dread that the church, which they love, should suffer in its interests,—and they are well aware, that the Whigs, having no such feeling, being indeed men who would not care a farthing whether Church and State were sacrificed or not, provided their own base ends were answered, clamour now for the repeal of laws, which are but a small remnant of the code enacted by their political ancestors, merely with the hungry hope of attaining place by so doing. The Whigs flattered themselves, however, that the attachment of the Roman Catholics was of a more tender and personal nature,—that they were prepared to go through thick and thin, with all the dirty work of the party,—that they were ready at all times to insult the King or annoy his Government, whenever it pleased their High Mightinesses of Whiggery to call on them for such purposes; but they are now undeceived. Indeed, the apathy of the Irish with respect to the Queen, in spite of all efforts to rouse them in the cause of her whom God sent among us as a national humiliation, and of course a source of triumph to the Whigs, might have startled them; but the reception of the King has given them final proof that they have no hold on Ireland. Hence come the Jeremiades about the servility of the Irish; and the Sardonic efforts to laugh at the manner in which they so warmly expressed their zeal. A great chapter is torn for ever from the Whig volume of grievances. It will not do any more to talk about the "unfortunate condition of that fine country," of the "natural feeling of aversion the Irish must have towards the English Government;" nor to describe Ireland "as a country that can be held only by the application of firelocks to the breasts of the inhabitants," nor to hint that it never can be happy or harmonious until

> The famine shall be fill'd, and blest the maw

of the ravening retainers of opposition. All that is gone by—all proved as fabulous as the wings and tails which were of old reckoned as characteristic marks of Irishmen. Indeed, if the King's visit did no other good to Ireland than to shew that she may be visited with security by those whom the ignorant in England are taught to believe she regards with aversion*—that the stories of the personal hatreds and antipathies of the two great parties to each other are mere falsehoods—that the people are not in that state of incivilization, as the readers and writers of such books as the Edinburgh Review (a work by the way containing, under the pretence of advocating what it calls the cause of Ireland, more false, insulting, and ignorant libels on the country than any other that could be named,) have pictured them to their

* The Marquis of Londonderry is commonly insulted by the Opposition with his measures while in the Irish cabinet. It is a never-failing topic of vituperation. But see how his conduct is appreciated on the spot. He was hailed with enthusiasm by the crowd on the street, and his speeches loudly cheered at a dinner party, consisting of people of all sects! Here is another fine Whig common-place demolished. We pity poor Sir J. Newport. Lord Sidmouth also, anti-catholic as he avowedly is, was treated with the highest respect and attention by all parties.

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imaginations,—it would be a fair subject of national gratification.

It is hardly worth while to advert more fully to the calumnies of the Whig and Radical press, (for it is very hard to distinguish one from the other) against Ireland. The cause is obvious. The loud testimonies of Irish loyalty have sufficed to change the Irish from a "*fine*" to an "*unmanly*" people: and the fermentation has been as rapid as Doctor Lushington's transition from mourning to mirth, from the coffin to the bridal chamber. But had we room, we should examine some of the tirades. They were abundantly amusing: Cobbet, for instance, with that intrepid disregard to fact, which distinguishes that bright and shining light of reform, *forged* a collection of ridiculous encomiums on the King full of blunders and bombast, and gave them gravely as extracts from Irish papers, and proofs of Irish dull servility. The Traveller was jocose (it is fact, reader—the Traveller *was* jocose) on the warm language of the Irish addresses, which its cold-blooded writers accused of folly in a Babylonish dialect, the stupidity of which was the most helpless thing imaginable. The reporters of the Times sent over columns of calumnious mendacity, almost equalling the egregious lying of that paper in the transactions connected with the Queen. The gentlemen of the press, indeed, did not behave in many instances as they ought. They assumed airs of vast consequence; and manifestly looked upon themselves as a very superior caste. Even the reporter of the New Times, one of the best conducted papers in the empire, wrote over to his employers that some of the people introduced to the king were not fit company for *him*,—for a three guinea a-week reporter to a newspaper! The thing of course is too absurd to require contradiction. And another gentleman of them, for forgetting his situation so much as to interfere at a public dinner, was shewn that the Hibernian way of noticing such conduct was to fling the offender out of the room, where, perhaps, he at his leisure regretted that he had forgotten what country he happened to be visiting.

It is infinitely of more consequence than the ebullitions of Whig anger, to consider what effect the Royal visit, and the conciliation it occasioned, will have upon the great question which agitates Ireland—Roman Catholic emancipation. We are of opinion, that it can operate with respect to it only in one way. The Protestant objection to the measure is founded not on any ill will to his brothers of the Roman Catholic Church; for in fact both parties mix in the most unrestrained intercourses of private friendship in Ireland, without any of that bitterness which we find sometimes so pathetically lamented by writers on this side of the water; but a conviction, grounded on past experience, that as long as the Roman Catholics retain the antipathy to the established church which they have always displayed when in power, it will be unsafe to trust them with offices which might be turned to the injury of that establishment. If at any time that spirit shall depart from the Roman Catholics, Protestant opposition to the measure would instantly cease. Such, we know, is the prevailing sentiment with respect to it in Ireland. For our part, we wish that all Ireland dwelt in unity, but that even the hem of the mantle of the church should not be touched but with veneration. Whenever the measure can be carried without danger, we wish it carried, and not a moment sooner; but we may hope that such a time will speedily arrive.

We repeat, that the Royal visit to Ireland has been gratifying to all good subjects, and we add, that the King could not act more wisely than to visit, at least annually, the various parts of his dominions. This ancient kingdom would receive him, if not with such loud-voiced joy as our enthusiastic neighbours, yet with proud demonstrations of that deep-seated affection for himself and his family which pervades the Scottish nation. His father was the first king since the expulsion of the Stuarts, who reigned over us as an undivided people; but George the Fourth is the first who came to the throne with a title acknowledged by every party in Scotland. To him is transferred the steady allegiance of the adherents of the house of Brunswick, and the warm and chivalrous devotion of the partizans of the exiled family. Wherever he goes he is sure of receiving proofs of attachment. If his personal appearance is sufficient to

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give the lie to the infamous caricatures vented against him, his personal manners are sufficient to refute the calumnious slanders of the vile and cowardly press which insults him. In all the accomplishments of head and heart, in all the sterling qualities that can constitute, and all the courtesies that can adorn a princely character, he is a gentleman in the highest sense of that honourable title. The Irish were captivated by him. No one had the honour of approaching him, who did not return proud that such a man was his King. Even the populace, to their honour be it spoken, appreciated his kindness. Such, we venture to say, would be the case everywhere. He would see that he was decidedly popular—he would see that the corrupt rabble of a wicked metropolis spoke not the voice of the people. From their situation in the capital, the unhallowed rout of prostitutes, pickpockets, felons, and perjurers, that swarm in the streets of London—to which, indeed, we might add the blockhead body of common-council men—have acquired a political weight, which ought to be no longer tolerated. The sense of the country should not be collected from the mob of a city, which contains a hundred thousand strumpets; and as many more of the other sex, just as much sunk in the habitual commission of crime. These are of themselves a formidable crowd; and they are the people who form the multitudes that hallooed for the Queen, or treated his Majesty with affronts. That they are sufficient to keep the real majority of the Londoners from expressing their opinions, by the terror of bludgeon or brick-bat, is bad enough, but that THE PEOPLE should be accused of sharing in the vulgar brutalities of this vile body, is not to be endured. Let the King appear among his subjects in all parts of the empire—let him, as it were, appeal to them who truly *are* the people, and he will find that so far from their making common cause with the polluted crowd of the base creatures of whom we have spoken—that they detest their proceedings, and, in spite of all the arts used by the great and little vulgar to corrupt them, they are sound to the very core. That they are in a word Britons of that stamp, who do not forget that the Sacred Volume, which still is worn in their hearts, teaches them to

"FEAR GOD AND HONOUR THE KING."

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WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Rev. T. H. Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, will be ready in the course of October next, in four large volumes, 8vo., each containing not less than 650 pages, closely but handsomely printed, with fifteen plates of maps and fac-similies, besides numerous other engravings inserted in the body of the work. The delay in the publication has been occasioned, partly by the accession of new matter, (amounting to considerably more than one-third) and partly by the author's desire that the supplementary volume (of which a limited number of copies only is printed,) may appear at the same time, for the accommodation of purchasers of the first edition. This supplementary volume will comprise the whole third volume of the new edition, besides all such other historical and critical matter, as can be detached to be useful, together with all the new plates and fac-similies. Vol. I. contains a full inquiry into the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; with refutations of the infidel objections lately urged against them. Vol. II. treats on Scripture criticism, and on the interpretation of the Scriptures, with select lists of the best books on every subject therein discussed. Vol. III. contains a summary of biblical antiquities, including so much of Greek and Roman antiquities as is necessary to elucidate the Sacred Writings, together with a geographical index of the principal places mentioned in them. Vol. IV. comprises historical and critical prefaces to each book of the Old and New Testaments, and three indexes—1. Bibliographical—2. Of matters—And 3. of the principal texts cited and illustrated.

Shortly will be published, The Village Minstrel, and other Poems. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, with a fine portrait.

The MS. of another Tragedy by Lord Byron, is said have arrived in London.

In the press, by Mr Percy Bysshe Shelley, a Poem in honour of the deceased poet Keats.

The Hall of Hellingsley, a tale in 2 vols. By Sir Egerton Brydges.

A new Poem, from the pen of Mr Barry Cornwall, will be published early in the next season.

Will be published in October, Dr Pearson's Lectures on the Practice of Physic, and on the Laws of the Animal Economy, also on Therapeutics with Materia Medica.

The Norwich and Norfolk Guide. By Mr Rochester, with a map.

The Triple Aim; or the Improvement of Leisure, Friendship, and Intellect, attempted in Epistolary Correspondence.

Lord Ronald, the Lay of a Border Minstrel, a Poem in eight cantos.

Dione, a Poem in eight cantos.

Expedience, a Satire, Book I.

Sibyl's Warning, a Romance. By Edward Ball.

In the press, a Historical Romance, in four volumes, called the Festival of Mora. By Mrs Sidney Stanhope, author of Montbrazel Abbey, &c.

A new edition of the Art of Preserving the Sight Unimpaired to extreme old age, and of re-establishing and strengthening it when it becomes weak; with observations on Spectacles. By an experienced Oculist.

Nearly ready for publication, in 4to, a Series of Coloured Engravings, from original Drawings taken on the spot, by James Wathen, Esq., illustrative of the Island of St Helena; with wood-cuts and a brief Historical Sketch of the Island.

A Dictionary of French Homonymes; or, a new Guide to the Peculiarities of the French Language. By Mr D. Boileau.

Mr Elmes's Lectures on Architecture, recently delivered at the Russell, Surrey, and Birmingham Institutions.

Speedily will be published, Bonterwek's History of the Literature of Spain and Portugal, translated from the German.

A third volume of Kirby and Spence's Entomology is in a state of great forwardness.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver, and on some of the affections usually called Bilious, comprising an impartial estimate of the merits of the Nitromuriatic Acid Bath. By George Darling, M.D.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, &c. By Sir R. K. Porter, Vol. II. which completes the work.

A Translation of Telemachus into Latin. By Mr French, late of the University of Edinburgh.

Travels in Palestine in 1816. By S. S. Buckingham, Esq. 4to. with engravings.

Preparing for publication, a Bibliographical Dictionary of English Literature, from the year 1700 to the end of the year 1820. By Mr T. H. Glover.

A new edition of Mr C. Johnson's Essay on the Uses of Salt in Agriculture and Horticulture.

Dr Forbes's Translation of Laennec on Diseases of the Chest will shortly appear.

Mr Henry Phillips, Author of the Pomarium Britannicum, has just issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, in two vols. 8vo., The History of Cultivated Vegetables; comprising their Botanical, Medicinal, Edible, and Chemical Qualities, their Natural History, and relation to Science, and Commerce.

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A Series of twelve Illustrations for Crabbe's Poems, and another Series of six for Moore's Lalla Rookh, will shortly be published.

Preparing for the press, the History and Antiquities of the Town and Parish of Enfield. By Mr Wm. Robinson.

Observations on Female Diseases, Part II. By C. M. Clarke, Esq.

In one volume royal quarto, with Engravings, The Fossils of the South Downs; or, Outlines of the Geology of the South Eastern Division of Sussex. By G. Mansell, F. L. S.

A Reply to Professor Lee of Cambridge, refuting his Remarks on the new Translation of the Bible. By J. Bellamy.

Preparing for publication, Mr Craig's Lectures on Drawing, Painting, and Engraving, delivered at the Royal and Russel Institutions.

Mr Frederick Nash is making a Drawing of the Ceremony of the Coronation in Westminster Abbey, which is to be immediately engraved in mezzotinto by Mr Charles Turner—size 12 inches by 14 inches.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

Essays on Practical Husbandry and Rural Economy. By Edward Burroughs. 2s. 6d.

ANTIQUITIES.

The Antiquities of Ionia, published by the Dilettanti Society. 2 vols. royal folio, £12, 12s.

Neale's Antiquities of Westminster Abbey. No. XI.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell. By the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq. 8vo. 2 vols. £1, 8s.

BOTANY.

An Illustration of the Genus Cinchona; comprising descriptions of all the officinal Peruvian Barks, including several new species. By A. B. Lambert, Esq. F. R. S. 4to. £1, 10s.

CLASSICS.

The Lyrics of Horace; being the first four Books of his Odes. Translated by Rev. F. Wrangham. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

COMMERCE.

The Commercial Guide and Continental Negociator; being an accurate Comparison of Weights, Measures, and Monies; also, a Topographical Description of every principal Port on the Continent, and a Treatise on Exchanges, &c. By James Shepard, with 3 maps. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Pope's Practical Abridgment of the Laws of Customs and Excise, corrected to Sept. 1, 1821. 8vo. £1, 15s.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A Treatise on the Newly Discovered White Vinegar, called Pyroligneous Acid, with detailed directions for its application to pickling, and every other domestic purpose.

DRAMA.

Faustus; from the German of Goethe, with portrait. 8vo. 6s.

A Squeeze to the Coronation, an operatic farce, in one act. By James Thompson. 2s.

EDUCATION.

Tales of the Academy. 2 vols. 18mo. 6s.

The French Speaker; or the Art of Speaking and Reading the French Language. By M. S. A. Simeon. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

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The Rabbit on the Wall. Engraved by John Burnet, from the celebrated picture by David Wilkie, R. A. £1, 1s. Proofs, £3, 3s.

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. from an original sketch by Mr Slater.

A Voyage round Great Britain, undertaken in the Summer of 1813, from the Land's End. By William Daniel, A. R. A. 28 coloured plates. vol. V. royal 4to. £7, 10s.

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Malay Annals; translated from the Malay language by the late Dr J. Leyden; with an introduction. By Sir T. S. Raffles, F. R. S. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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A Letter from a Grandfather to his Grandson, an articled clerk, pointing out the right course of his studies and conduct during his clerkship, in order to his successful establishment in his profession. By Jacob Phillips, barrister. 7s.

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Pleadings in Equity, illustrative of Lord Redesdale's Treatise on the Pleadings in

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Suits in the Court of Chancery by English bill. By J. W. Willis, Esq. Part II. and last. royal 8vo. 12s.

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A Treatise on Dyspepsia, or, Indigestion, with Observations on Hypochondriasis and Hysteria. By J. Woodforde, M. D. 8vo. 5s.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, systematically arranged and applied to British practice. By J. G. Smith, M. D. 8vo. 14s.

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TOPOGRAPHY.

The Picture of London for 1821; an entirely new edition, revised and improved throughout. 18mo. 6s. or with 100 maps and views, 9s. bound.

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EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Christian Instructor, No. CXXXIV. for September.

The Convict, a Poem. 4to. 1s. 6d.

The Edinburgh Review, No. LXX. 6s.

Denmark Delineated; or Sketches of the present state of that country, illustrated with portraits, views, and other engravings, by eminent Danish artists. Part I. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Edinburgh Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Conducted by David Brewster, L. L. D. &c. Vol. 15. Part I. 4to. £ 1, 1s.

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Reid's Leith Shipping Directory and Signal-Book. 2s. 6d.

Reid's Leith and London Smack Directory. 2s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*September* 11, 1821.

Sugar.—There has been a good deal of business lately done in sugars, but without any material alteration in price, except for the soft qualities which have sold at a decline in price. At Liverpool, a considerable quantity brought to market remained unsold. In refined goods there has been a considerable demand, both for home consumption and exportation, and the market has accordingly remained firm. The supplies for the year may now be considered to be at market, for what remains is certainly but trifling, and the appearances for the crop of the following year amongst the West India Islands, are very unfavourable. Exceeding dry weather was injuring the canes greatly.—The prices of Havannah sugars are considerably lower.

Cotton.—The market for cotton, for some days past, has been flat. Extensive public sales are advertised at Liverpool, which in all probability has rendered the sales by private contract very limited. The price of Boweds and New Orleans have remained firm, but Brazils has declined in price about a farthing per pound. A good deal of the latter has been brought to market. Sea Islands have sold at a lower rate, and other kinds have the appearance of declining in value.

Coffee.—The market for coffee remains extremely dull and languid. Sales can with difficulty be effected, even at a considerable decline. Finer qualities indeed being scarce, command former prices; but all others are greatly reduced in value. In London some appearances of advance and activity in the market lately appeared, but it was but of momentary duration. In short, the coffee market is very unpromising.

Corn.—Since the commencement of the harvest, there has been a considerable bustle and activity in the grain markets, and prices may be stated as having advanced considerably. The crop will certainly in many places be short, but we do not think there is much cause for alarm. The weather till this time, has been very favourable for the operations of reaping; and if it continues good for a short period longer, the harvest will be generally and well conducted. The grain is ripe, and ready for the sickle, and is much earlier than from the backwardness of the spring could have been expected.—The crops on the continent are abundant.

Rum, which had some appearance of advancing in price, has again sunk back.—*Brandy* remains firm at the prices quoted.—*Geneva* remains without any alteration.—*Whale-oil* is dull, and prices nominal.—In *Tallow* there has been some improvement in demand and price. *India Rice* is lower. The sales of *Tobacco* are limited; and though the stock of *Hides* in the importers' hands in the Liverpool market is almost exhausted, the market remains languid. The *Timber* market remains flat, and former prices can with difficulty be obtained.

The accounts by last mail from Jamaica, are very unfavourable.—The insurrections in South America render every market in that quarter insecure and uncertain; and the same may be said of all the most active markets in the Mediterranean, from the political convulsions there taking place.—The manufacturing interests in Great Britain continue in full employment, but whether to advantage or not, time only can determine.

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Course of Exchange, Sept. 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 16. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 13. Rotterdam, 12 : 17. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburgh, 38 : 2. Altona, 38 : 3. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Ditto 26. Bourdeaux, 26. Frankfort on the Maine, 158. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ : 3 *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 25 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 25 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 36¾. Barcelona, 35¼. Seville, 35¼. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27. Malta, 45. Naples, 39¾. Palermo, 116. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 59. Dublin, 9¼ per cent. Cork, 9 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 4s. 10d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

PRICES CURRENT, *September 8.*

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to 60	53 58	53 56	55 58
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 80	53 71	57 68	60 70
Fine and very fine, . .	80 80	— —	73 80	71 75
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	84 100
Powder ditto, . .	106 110	— —	— —	85 100
Single ditto, . .	100 104	— —	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	92 96	— —	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	88 92	— —	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	44 56	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	23 —	22 —	28 —	21 23
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100 106	102 110	98 109	96 128
Mid. good, and fine mid.	106 112	112 124	110 124	— —
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	90 108	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 135	— —	104 112	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135 140	— —	114 123	— —
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	105 108	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	7 8	7½ 7½	7½ 8	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 2d 2s 4d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 6d 2s 10d
Brandy, ...	4 3 4 6	— —	— —	3 0 3 6
Geneva, ...	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	1 3 —
Grain Whisky, . .	6 0 7 0	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45 55	— —	— —	£20 £60
Portugal Red, pipe.	30 46	— —	— —	30 34
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 32	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	65 65	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7 7	7 15 0 0	8 10 8 15	£7 10 8 5
Honduras, ...	8 —	— —	8 10 9 0	7 15 8 5
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	8 15 9 5	8 10 10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	6 10 7 0	6 6 6 10	6 10 7 10
Cuba, ...	9 11	8 5 8 10	7 15 8 8	8 10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	7s 6d 10s 6d	7 6 8 6	8 0 9 0	9 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6 1 8	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	3 0 3 4	— —	— —	— —
Christiansund (dut. paid.)	2 —	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 8	0 11 1 1	0 10 0 11
St Domingo, ditto, . .	— —	1 6 3 0	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20 21	— —	14 14 6	— —
Archangel, ...	16 17	— —	— —	15 6 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	8 6 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	48 —	48 49	47 —	— —
Home melted, ...	50 51	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44 —	— —	— —	£40 41
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	39 —	— —	— —	47 10 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	53 —	— —	— —	£51 52
Dutch, ...	50 90	— —	— —	42 47
Irish, ...	41 46	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75 80	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	— —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40 —	— —	— —	— —
Montreal, ditto, . .	38 40	38 40	38 —	43 —
Pot, . .	34 35	32 33	32 6 33 0	— —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	Uncertain.	25 —	— —	21 22
Cod.	— —	22 23	— —	— —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	6½ 7	6½ 7	0 5½ 0 8	0 6d 6½
Middling, ...	6 6½	5 5½	0 4½ 0 5	— —
Inferior, ...	5 5½	3½ 4	0 2½ 0 3	0 2½ 0 3½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 9½ 11½	0 9 0 11½	0 9½ 0 11
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 8 2 0	1 4 1 7	1 2½ 4 0
Good, . .	— —	1 6½ 1 8	1 1 1 3	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 1 1 3	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 0 1 2	0 10½ 1 1	0 11¾ 1 1½
West India, ...	— —	0 10 0 11	0 9 0 10½	— 1 2
Pernambuco, ...	— —	1 1 1 2	1 0 1 1	1 0½ 1 1½
Maranham, ...	— —	1 1 1	0 11 1 0½	— —

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Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d August, 1821.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	230½	232½ ¼	225	236½ 7
3 per cent. reduced,	75 ¼	76¼ ¼	76⅛ ⅜	76⅞ 7
3 per cent. consols,	74⅞ ⅝	75⅞ ⅜	75½ ¾	76½ ⅝
3½ per cent. consols,	85¼	86⅝	86¾	87⅛
4 per cent. consols,	94	95⅜	95½	99
5 per cent. navy ann.	108	109	108¾ ⅞	109
India stock,	——	231	——	234
—— bonds,	57 pr.	59 60 pr.	61 60 pr.	——
Exchequer bills,	5 pr.	4 6 5 pr.	6 4 pr.	4 6 pr.
Consols for acc.	74¾	76	75¾ 6	76¼
Long Annuities	19 5-16	19⅛	19½	19⅝
French 5 per cents.	86fr. 40c.	87fr. 90c.	88fr. 25c.	——
Amer. 3 per cent.	70	70	70	——

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended September 1st.

Wheat, 54s. 7d.—Rye, 26s. 7d.—Barley, 25s. 10d.—Oats, 20s. 0d.—Beans, 27s. 2d.—Pease, 32s. 0d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.

London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 3.

	s.		s.		s.		s.
Wheat, red, new	46	to	50	Hog pease .	27	to	28
Fine ditto . .	52	to	60	Maple . .	28	to	30
Superfine ditto	62	to	64	White . .	30	to	34
Ditto, old . .	—	to	—	Ditto, boilers.	35	to	36
White, new .	48	to	54	New ditto, . .	—	to	—
Fine ditto . .	55	to	62	SmallBeans, new	30	to	33
Superfine ditto	65	to	70	Harrow . . .	28	to	30
Ditto, old . .	—	to	—	Tick, new . .	25	to	28
Foreign, new .	—	to	—	Ditto, old . .	—	to	—
Rye	28	to	32	Foreign . . .	—	to	—
Fine ditto, . .	—	to	—	Feed oats . .	18	to	20
Barley . . .	24	to	26	Fine	20	to	22
Fine, new . .	26	to	27	Poland ditto .	20	to	23
Superfine . .	27	to	28	Fine	23	to	24
Malt	42	to	52	Potatoe ditto .	24	to	25
Fine	56	to	60	Fine	26	to	28

Seeds, &c.

	s.		s.	d.		s.		s.
Must. Brown,	7	to	12	6	Hempseed . .	—	to	—
—White . . .	5	to	8	0	Linseed, crush.	46	to	52
Tares, new, .	36	to	46	0	New, for Seed	—	to	—
Turnips, bsh.	22	to	28	0	Ryegrass, . .	18	to	26
—Red & green.	—	to	—	0	Clover, red cwt.	50	to	60
—Yellow, .	—	to	—	0	—White . .	66	to	100
Caraway, cwt.	56	to	65	0	Coriander . .	8	to	14
Canary, qr.	42	to	46	0	Trefoil	14	to	30

Rape Seed, per last, . £29 to £31.

Liverpool, Sept. 4.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					
Eng. Old	9	4 to	10	0	
Waterford	8	3 to	9	0	
Limerick .	8	3 to	9	0	
Drogheda	8	6 to	9	3	
Dublin .	8	0 to	8	8	
Scotch . .	9	0 to	9	6	
Irish Old .	—	to	—		
Bonded . .	4	0 to	5	0	
Barley, per 60 lbs.					
Eng. . . .	4	6 to	5	0	
Scotch . .	4	0 to	4	6	
Irish . . .	3	10 to	4	0	
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. pota.	3	5 to	3	6	
Irish do. .	3	4 to	3	5	
Scotch do.	3	4 to	3	5	
Rye, per qr.	30	0 to	32	0	
Malt per b.					
— Fine . .	9	3 to	9	6	
—Middl. .	8	6 to	9	0	
Beans, per qr.					
English .	34	0 to	37	0	
Irish . .	34	0 to	36	0	
Rapeseed, p. l.	£30 to 31				
Pease, grey	30	0 to	32	0	
—White .	40	0 to	46	0	
Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	41	0 to	45	0	
Irish . .	39	0 to	42	0	

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.					
Sweet, U.S.	—	0 to	—	0	
Do. in bond	24	0 to	26	—	
Sour do. .	35	0 to	36	0	
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.					
English .	28	0 to	31	0	
Scotch . .	26	0 to	30	0	
Irish . . .	25	0 to	29	0	
Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	0 to	1	1	

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.					
Belfast, new	79	0 to	80	0	
Newry . .	78	0 to	79	0	
Waterford .	72	0 to	73	0	
Cork, pic. 2d,	72	0 to	74	0	
3d dry	68	0 to	—	0	
Beef, p. tierce.					
— Mess	110	0 to	115	0	
— Middl.	65	0 to	75	0	
Pork, p. brl.					
— Mess .	56	0 to	60	0	
— Middl. .	54	0 to	55	0	
Bacon, p. cwt.					
Short mids.	30	0 to	32	0	
Sides . .	28	0 to	—	0	
Hams, dry,	50	0 to	55	0	
Green . .	30	0 to	32	0	
Lard, rd. p. c.	42	0 to	—	0	
Tongue, p. fir.	42	0 to	48	0	

EDINBURGH.—*September* 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....36s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 6d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.
2d,.....33s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 4d. 9-12ths. per boll.

Tuesday, September 11.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d.	to	0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d.	to	0s. 0d
Mutton	0s. 4d.	to	0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d.	to	0s. 0d
Veal	0s. 5d.	to	0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d.	to	0s. 0d
Pork	0s. 5d.	to	0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d.	to	0s. 0d
Lamb, per quarter .	1s. 0d.	to	2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d.	to	0s. 0d
Tallow, per stone .	7s. 0d.	to	9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 8d.	to	0s. 0d

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HADDINGTON.—*Sept.* 7.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....33s. 6d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 6d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d, ...16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.	1st, ... 17s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.
2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... 15s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.
3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... 12s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 11s. 2d. 2-12ths.

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of July and the 20th of August, 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Adcock, D. Melton Mowbray, druggist.
Arnold, G. Manchester, fustian manufacturer.
Atkinson, G. Bishop Wearmouth, dealer.
Atkinson, P. Rathbone Place, Oxford St. haberdasher.
Baggeley, R. & Co. Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford, china-manufacturers.
Banks, W. Clapham, York, woollen-draper.
Barthrop, W. sen. Lincoln, Woolstapler.
Boddy, W. Hillingdon, Middlesex, farmer.
Boyd, A. Commercial Road, master mariner.
Bulkman, J. & T. Milnthorp, Westmoreland, mercers, &c.
Burnett, H. Dodd's Place, Bethnal Green, oilman.
Clark, H. late of Buckden, Huntingdon, grocer, &c.
Clay, T. Worksop, grocer.
Cloutman, J. Shoreditch, carpenter.
Connor, C. F. Peckham, soap-maker.
Couchman, S. Canterbury, grocer.
Cox, T. Crediton, innkeeper.
Crackler, J. jun. Enfield Wash, farmer.
Danby, M. Lucas Street, Commercial Road, master mariner.
Davies, W. Runcorn, flour-dealer.
Drake, J. Lewisham, master mariner.
English, F. Birmingham, draper.
Flanders, J. Atherstone, bookseller.
Flindt, G. London Wall, merchant.
Garton, S. Wood Street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer.
Gilbert, J. Maidstone, rope-maker.
Goadby, T. Warwick, plumber.
Gartrix, S. & Co. Manchester, calico-printers.
Haggart, J. Limehouse Hole, victualler.
Hart, J. Edwardstone, Suffolk, maltster.
Heague. J. Chalford, Gloucester, linen-draper.
Hodson, F. M. Manchester, drysalter.
Horton, W. Yardley, Worcester, timber-merchant,
Hoyle, J. Beech Street, button-seller.
Huybens, C. W. Castle Street, Leicester Square, picture-dealer.
Jagger, J. East Stonehouse, Devon, stone-mason.
Keech, W. Axminster, grocer.
Kirk, W. Sutton, York, jobber.
Ladkin, W. Leir, Leicestershire, victualler.
Langstaff, W. Liverpool, merchant.
Lawrence, J. Pimlico, wine-merchant.
Lawrence, G. Stratford, Essex, silk-manufacturer.
Leasingham, T. Worcester, hosier.
Lee, J. Noble Street, jeweller.
Lynch, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Meredith, J. Manchester, paper-dealer.
Monk, A. F. Tollesbury, Essex, dealer in cattle.
Noble, J. Salford, brewer.
Nutman, J. late of West Drayton, Middlesex, vintner.
Pickles, J. Keighley, corn-dealer.
Pigot, W. Ratcliffe Highway, grocer.
Ponay, G. S. Little Yarmouth, brick-maker.
Porthouse, T. Wigton, Cumberland, dyer.
Redward, C. B. Portsea, scrivener.
Roberts, M. Manchester, grocer.
Roberts, J. Hull, blackbeer-brewer.
Room, J. sen. Bristol, merchant.
Sandback, J. Bird's Buildings, Islington, slater.
Scarrow, T. & J. Carlisle wine merchants.
Schmueck, A. St Mary Axe, merchant.
Shepherd, E. Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Squ. wine-merchant.
Smith, H. Blackburn, cotton-manufacturer.
Smith, J. St John's in Bedwardine, Worcester, hop-merchant.
Smith, H. W. Bird's Buildings, Islington, tea-dealer.
Snowdown, J. B. Lynn, linendraper.
Stabb, T. & Co. Torquay, Devon, & Prowse, J. S. Botolph Lane, merchants.
Staniforth, W. Little East Cheap, wine-merchant.
Stanton, J. Worcester, timber-merchant.
Treadway, T. Sloane Square, china-man.
Vice, J. Valentine Row, Blackfriars Road, Surrey, oilman.
Warwick, R. Warwick-Hall, Cumberland, banker.
Webster, J. Derby, tailor.
Wells, D. Friskney, Lincoln, merchant.
Welsh, W. Liverpool, drysalter.
West, J. R. Louth, coachmaker.
White, J. Tarporley, Chester, innkeeper.
Wildash. T. R. Aylesford, Kent, farmer.
Wilkes, T. Liverpool, bell-hanger.
Williams, R. Llangeful, Anglesea, draper.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 31st August, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Bell, James, merchant and carrier, Glasgow.
Bennet, George, merchant in Keith.
Bowie, Henry, and Sons, manufacturers, Paisley.
Bruce, John, ironmonger, Edinburgh.
Easton, Thomas, baker and flour-merchant, Richmond-street, Edinburgh.
Henderson, William, lately carrying on business as a flax-spinner at Mairsfield, near Dundee.
Lawrie and Co. hat-manufacturers, Portobello.
Macgillivray, Donald, drover and cattle-dealer, residing at Balnacarnish of Aberchalder, county of Inverness.
Macgregor, John, merchant and spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
Moffat, Robert, cattle-dealer and builder at Milton, near Glasgow.
Railton, Atkinson, commercial-agent and spirit-merchant, Candlemaker-row, Edinburgh.
Smellie, Robert, spirit-dealer, Calton, Glasgow.
Spence, Balfour, merchant, Lerwick.
Sprunt, John, merchant, Perth.
Thomson, Andrew, ship-owner, West Wemyss.
Turnbull, Michael, hosier at Appletree-Hall, near Hawick.
Williamson, Elizabeth, merchant and fish-curer at Letheron Wheel, county of Caithness.

DIVIDENDS.

Ferrier, Alexander, merchant, Kirkcaldy; a dividend 27th September.
Fraser, James, draper in Inverness; a dividend 14th September.
Perth Foundry Company; a dividend of 18s. per pound after 15th August.
Smith, Thomas, mason and builder in Glasgow; a dividend 19th September.
Sutherland, Thomas, merchant, Edinburgh; a dividend after 10th September.
Walker and Parkin, late coach-makers in Perth; a dividend 17th September.
Wilson, Anthony, merchant and ship-owner, Aberdeen; a dividend 25th September.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Aug. 1	M.49	29.582	M.64	SW.	Dull, with showers.
	A. 61	.626	A. 63		
2	M.45	.733	M.64	W.	Ditto.
	A. 58	.745	A. 61		
3	M.45½	.830	M.64	W.	Ditto.
	A. 59	.850	A. 64		
4	M.47	.803	M.65	Cble.	Dull, with showers.
	A. 46	.740	A. 63		
5	M.50	.654	M.65	W.	Rain, with thun. & light.
	A. 66	.621	A. 65		
6	M.49	.564	M.62	W.	Thund. mor. fair day.
	A. 56	.579	A. 65		
7	M.47	.610	M.63	W.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 58	.605	A. 60		
8	M.46	.184	M.63	SW.	Heavy showers.
	A. 57	28.993	A. 62		
9	M.44½	.998	M.59	W.	Dull & cold, with showers.
	A. 55	.850	A. 60		
10	M.44	.675	M.59	W.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 56	.915	A. 59		
11	M.45	29.175	M.59	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 57	.465	A. 66		
12	M.46	.650	M.63	W.	Warm, with sunshine.
	A. 58	.650	A. 62		
13	M.45½	.522	M.60	SW.	Morn. clear, day rain.
	A. 55	.610	A. 61		
14	M.49	.427	M.62	Cble.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 59	.580	A. 62		
15	M.48	.684	M.65	Cble.	Dull day, rain even.
	A. 59	.684	A. 64		
16	M.48	.561	A. 66	SW.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 64	.558	M.63		
Aug. 17	M.47½	29.705	M.62	SW.	Dull foren. rain aftern.
	A. 58	.541	A. 60		
18	M.45	.748	M.63	SW.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 58	.838	A. 60		
19	M.44½	.832	M.65	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 64	.820	A. 65		
20	M.45	.851	M.67	NE.	Very warm, sunshine.
	A. 58	.972	A. 65		
21	M.44	.999	M.66	NE.	Ditto.
	A. 57	.923	A. 65		
22	M.48	.985	M.63	NE.	Foggy foren. warm aftern.
	A. 60	.925	A. 65		
23	M.45½	.850	M.63	E.	Dull foren. warm aftern.
	A. 64	.742	A. 60		
24	M.50	.712	M.64	Cble.	Morn. light. warm day.
	A. 56	.764	A. 64		
25	M.51	.778	M.62	E.	Dull & cold, even. foggy.
	A. 54	.777	A. 61		
26	M.46	.892	M.59	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 54	.891	A. 58		
27	M.45	.999	M.59	E.	Foren. suns. aftern. dull.
	A. 51	.969	A. 51		
28	M.42	.884	M.56	E.	Dull, and very cold.
	A. 55	.871	A. 54		
29	M.43	.757	M.56	E.	Dull and cold.
	A. 55	.790	A. 56		
30	M.45	.602	M.61	E.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 60	.561	A. 58		
31	M.45½	.546	M.55	E.	Rain morn. fair aftern.
	A. 52	.630	A. 56		

Average of Rain, 1.471 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Col. Henry Darling, h. p. 8 Gar. Batn. to be Maj.-Gen. in the army, July 19, 1821
Maj. W. Riddall, 62 F. Lieut. Col. do. Oct. 13, 1814
Capt. Geo. Jack, 21 F. Maj. do. July 19, 1821
——E. P. Buckley, Gren. Gds. do. do.
——G. Peebles, h. p. R. Mar. do. do.
——R. M. Oakes, 1 Life Gds. do. do.

1 Life G. Maj. Cavendish. fm. Dr. Maj. & Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Lygon, 90 Foot, do. 12

4 Dr. J. L. Hampton, Cornet by purch. vice Newton, prom. June 28
Capt. Noreliffe, Maj. by purch. vice Walton, ret. Aug. 9

8 Cornet Ferguson, Lt. by purch. vice Barlow, 40 F. July 26.
J. T. Goldrisk, Cornet by purch. do.

9 Captain Campbell, Maj. by purch. vice Cavendish, 1 Life Gds. Aug. 9
Lieut. Bacon, Capt. do.

9 F. Cornet and Lieut. *Lord* Geo. Bentinck, Lieut. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet *Hon.* Geo. Finch, fm Roy. Mil. College, Cornet by purch. vice M'Duffie, prom. do.

11 Paym. Neville, fm. 19 Dr. Paym. vice Nolan, dead July 26

13 Col. Hawker, fm. h. p. 20 Dr. Lt. Col. Aug. 9

Gren. G. —— *Hon.* H. Townsend, Lt. Col. July 25
Lieut. Col. West, 1st Maj. with rank of Col. in the army do.
——— Hanbury, 2d do. do. do.
——— Jones, 3d do. do. do.
Coldst. G. Col. Woodford, Lt. Col. do.
—— *Sir* H. F. Bouverie, *K. C. B.* 1st Maj. do.
—— James M'Donell, 2d Maj. do.

3 F. G. Lt. Col. Rooke, Lt. Col. with rank of Col. in the army do.
——— Clitherow, 1st Maj. do. do.
——— Cochrane, 2d do. do.
Ensign & Lieut. Prendergast, Lieut. & Capt. by purch. vice Baird, ret. do.
F. Harford, Ensign & Lieut. by purch. do.

1 F. Lt. Col. Plenderleath, fm. h. p. 49 F. Lt. Col. Aug. 9

9 Col. Blackwell, fm. h. p. 62 F. Lt. Col. do.

14 Lt. Col. M'Laine, fm. h. p. 7 W. I. R. Lt. Col. do.

18 Col. *Sir* W. P. Carrol, fm. h. p. Port. Serv. Lt. Col. do.

29 Lt. Reid, Capt. by purch. vice Wade, ret. July 26
Ensign Wright, Lieut. do. do.
R. F. Waloud, Ensign, do. do.

35 Lt. Stapley, Capt. vice Johnson, dead do.
Ensign Wyatt, Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet G. Cairnie, fm. R. Mil. Col. Ensign. do.

38 Col. *Sir* Arch. Campbell, *K. C. B.* from h. p. Port. Serv. Lt. Col. Aug. 9
Lieut. Trimmer, fm. 91 F. Lieut. vice Cooke, h. p. 76 F. rec. diff. do.

41 Major Godwin, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Evans, ret. July 26
Capt. MacCoy, Maj. do. do.
Lieut. Borrowes, Capt. do. do.
Ensign Ashe, Lieut. do. do.

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H. C. Tathwell, Ensign by purch. July 26
Lt. Seymour, fm. 7 Dr. by purch. vice Cradock, ret. Aug. 9
45 Gent. Cadet W. Foley, fm. R. Mil. Col. Ensign, vice Montgomerie, dead July 26
48 Ensign M'Alister, Lieut. vice J. Campbell, dead do.
Gent. Cadet D. O'Brien, fm. R. Milit. Col. Ensign. do.
52 Lieut. Anderson, Capt. vice Shedden, dead do.
Serj. Maj. Sunderland, Adjt. with rank of Ensign, vice Monins, res. Adj. only do.
56 Brev. Maj. Gually, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Burdett, ret. do.
58 Lt. Col. John, fm. h. p. 18 F. Lt. Col. Aug. 9
61 Bt. Maj. Greene, Maj. vice Fane, Insp. Field Off. of Mil. in Ion. Isl. do.
64 Ensign Morritt, fm. 78 F. Ensign, vice Hohne July 12
Lt. Col. Battersby, fm. h. p. Glengary Fene. Lt. Col. do.
67 ——— Mackay, fm. h. p. 3 Ceyl. Reg. Lt. Col. do.
72 ——— Calvert, fm. h. p. Lt. Col. do.
75 ——— *Sir* John Campbell, fm. h. p. Port. Serv. Lt. Col. do.
78 S. Cooper, Ens. by purch. vice Morritt, 64 F. do.
84 Capt. M'Neil, fm. 1 Life Gds. Major by purch. vice Cockburn, ret. Aug. 9
89 Lt. Col Mallet, fm. h. p. 56 F. Lt. Col. do.
90 ——— *Sir* F. Stovin, *K. C. B.* from 92 F. Lt. Col. vice Maj. Gen. O'Loghlin, h. p. 27 F. do.
91 Lt. Farmer, fm. h. p. 76 F. Lieut. (pay diff.) vice Trimmer, 28 F. do.
92 Lt. Col. Neynoe, fm. h. p. 27 F. Lieut. Col. vice Stovin, 92 F. do.
1 W. L R. Lieut. Drummond, fm. 10 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Nickson, ret. do.
2 Ceyl. R. ——— Hunter, Capt. vice M'Bean, dead 10 Feb.
2d Lieut. Whitehead, 1st Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet A. Morehead, fm. R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. July 26

Staff.

Col. *Sir* S. F. Whittingham, Qua. Mast. Gen. in E. Indies, vice Maj. Gen. Nicholls July 23, 1821
Maj. Cooper, 22 F. Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. in Jamaica, (with rank of Lt. Col. in the army) vice Maj. Gen. Pye do.
—— Fane, fm. 61 F. Inspect. Field Off. of Mil. in Ionian Islands, with the rank of Lt. Col. in the army, vice Maj. Gen. Stuart do.
Bt. Lt. Col. *Hon.* G. L. Dawson, h. p. 69 F. Insp. Field Off. of Mil. in Nova Scotia do.
Maj. Raitt, h. p. 84 F. do. with rank of Lt. Col. in the army do.

Garrison.

Maj. Gen. *Sir* J. Lygon, *K. C. B.* Lieut. Gov. of Portsmouth, vice Lieut. Gen. *Sir* Geo. Cooke, *K. C. B.* July 23, 1821
Maj. Gen. *Sir* C. Halkett, *K. C. B.* Lieut. Gov. of Jersey, vice Lt. Gen. Gordon do.
Col. *Sir* J. Colborne, *K. C. B.* Lt. Gov. of Guernsey, vice Maj. Gen. Bayley do.

Unattached.

Maj. Synge, fm. 18 Dr. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Gen. Cowell, ret. Aug. 9, 1821

Medical Department.

Hosp. Assist. James, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Watson, res. July 21, 1821

Exchanges.

Maj. Gen. O'Loghlin, fm. 1 Life Gds. with Lieut. Col. Lygon, 90 F.
Col. Yates, fm. 49 F. with Lt. Col. Brereton, h. p. R. York Rs.
Lt. Col. Hon. Sir C. Gordon, fm. 81 F. with Maj Sutherland, 93 F.
Maj. Spedding, fm. 4 Dr. with Capt. Havelock, 52 F.
—— Long, fm. R. Staff Corps, with Bt. Lt. Col. *Sir* J. R. Colleton, h. p.
Lieut. Carroll, fm. 3 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Wilmot, 4 Dr.
——— Townshend, fm. 4 Dr. with Lieut. Parlby, 13 Dr.
——— Christie, fm. 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bridgeman, h. p. Gren. Gds.
——— A. Cameron, fm. 89 F. with Lieut. Ware, h. p. 3 W. I. R.
Cornet & Sub-Lt. Still, fm. 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. between full pay of Infant. and full pay of Life Gds. with Lt. Newburgh, h. p. 60 F.
Paym. Clarke, fm. 84 F. with Capt. Prendergast, h. p.
Assist. Surg. Gardiner, fm. 4 Dr. with Assist. Surg. Menzies, h. p. 21 Dr.
Sup. Assist. Surg. Sinclair, with Assist. Surg. Moust, h. p. 71 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Gen. Cowell, fm. Coldst. Gds.
Lt. Col. Evans, 41 F.
——— *Sir* C. W. Burdett, *Bt.* 56 F.
Maj. Walton, 4 Dr.
—— Cockburn, 84 F.
Capt. Baird, 3 F. Gds.
——— Wade, 29 F.
——— Cradock, 41 F.
——— Nickson, 1 W. L R.
Ensign Broderip, 64 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

Lieut. Caldwell, 21 F.

Superseded.

Paym -Master Ottley, 82 F.

Cashiered.

Hospital Assistant Andrew Gibson.

Deaths.

Gen. Martin, Roy. Art. Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, Aug. 5, 1821
—— R. Donkin, Bath, Mar. 6
Lt. Gen. O'Meara, Limerick, Aug. 7
——— Spens, July 23
Lt. Col. *Sir* H. F. Carr, *K. C. B.* 3 F. Gds. Ealing, Middlesex, Aug. 16
Maj. Shedden, 52 F. Hull, July 12
—— J. Cameron, late Scotch Brigade, Banff, Aug. 15
—— Dug. Campbell, h. p. 4 F. Ayr, July 3
Capt. Lutman, late 4 Vet. Bat. London, Jan. 29
——— Wood, h. p. 22 Dr. Birmingham, May 31
Lt. J. Campbell, 48 F. Sydney, New South Wales, Feb. 3.
—— Lachoe, 60 F.
—— Martin, Invalids, Mold, Flintshire, June 29
—— Coghlin, h. p. 36 F. London, do. 20
—— Sutherland, h. p. 47 F. (drowned,) Jan.
—— Kent, h. p. 60 F. Limerick, Aug. 6
—— Gowan, h. p. 22 F. Feb. 2
2d Lt. Homfray, R. Art. Zante, May 18
Ens. Taylor, 56 F.
—— Mills, h. p. 83 F. do. 20
—— Blair, h. p. Glengary Fenc. Perth, Upper Canada, do. 11
—— John Conolly, h. p. 60 F. at Montreal in Canada, Jan. 20
Qua. Mast. M'Phail, 75 F. Corfu, May 16
Surgeon Roche, h. p. Ireland, July 21
Assist. Surg. Robson, h. p. 1 Drag. (late of Rifle Brig.) Ireland, do.
——— Dease, h. p. 1 Gar. Bat. do. do.

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 20. The lady of G. H. Freeling, Esq. of the General Post Office, London, of a daughter.

27. At Castlecraig, the lady of the Honourable W. J. Napier, of a son.

Aug. 2. The lady of Mr William Mason, Nelson Street, of a daughter.

3. At Hutton Hall, the lady of Colonel C. Bruce, of a son.

4. At Edmonston, Mrs Mushet, of the Royal Mint, of a son.

7. At Stranraer, the lady of Captain John MacKerlie, R. N. of a son.

8. At Aberdour-house, Mrs Gordon, of a daughter.

— At 56, Queen's Street, Mrs Charles Nairne, of a son.

— At 11, Picardy Place, the lady of Mr Jones, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, of a son.

9. At Calais, the lady of Major-General Beatson, of a son.

— Mrs Baillingall, Newton, Auchtermuchty, of a son.

11. Mrs Tod, Borrowstounness, of a son.

12. In Castle Street, the lady of Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq. of a son.

13. In Brunswick Square, London, Mrs D. Maclean, of a son.

— At Roehampton, the Viscountess Duncannon, of a son.

15. Mrs Blackwell, York Place, of a daughter.

— At Hendersyde Park, the lady of Captain George Edward Watts, R. N. of a son.

17. At Lassington-house, the lady of Peter Rose, Esq. of a daughter.

18. At Walton Park, Mrs Major Campbell, of a daughter.

— At Duddingston, Mrs Hamilton Dundas, of a son.

— In Bristo Street, Mrs Kyles, of twin daughters, who, with the mother, are doing well.

20. At 47, Queen Street, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.

— In Upper Grosvenor Street, London, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Guy Campbell, Bart. of a daughter.

— Mrs Mitchell, of Garnethill, of a son.

— At Newton, Inverness-shire, the lady of Major L. Stewart, 24th regiment, of a son.

22. Mrs Payne, 21, Broughton Place, of a daughter.

24. In Hope Street, the Honourable Mrs Peter Ramsay, of a son.

— At Park-house, Mrs Gordon, of a daughter.

— At Clapham Road Place, the lady of Norman Macleod, Esq. of the Honourable Company's Service, Bengal, of a son.

26. Mrs Bridges, 41, Northumberland Street, of a son.

27. Mrs William Dunlop, Merchant Street, of a son.

28. In St Andrew's Square, the lady of Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. of Lindertis, of a son.

— At Longniddry House, Mrs Drysdale, of a son.

30. At Durie, Fifeshire, Mrs Christie, of a son.

31. At 41, North Hanover Street, Mrs Thomas Ewing, of a son.

Lately, Mrs John Semple, Greenridge, Lesmahagow, of a daughter, being the nineteenth child, all alive, nine sons and ten daughters.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 27. At Calcutta, George Ballard, Esq. of the agency-house of Messrs Alexanders and Co. to Jane Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late Captain Alexander Tod, R. N.

June 2. In Trinidad, Herbert Mackworth, Esq. Alguazil Mayor of that island, son of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart. to Jessy, daughter of James Anderson, Esq of Cupar Grange, South Neparima, F. R. C. S. Edinburgh.

July 27. At Dunnichen, the Earl of Kintore, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Francis Hawkins, Esq. senior Judge of Circuit and Appeal, at Bareilly, in the honourable the East India Company's service.

Aug. 2. At Edinburgh, Captain Spear, R. N. to Mrs Grace, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Patrick Grant of Cromdale, Strathspey.

4. At Milton, the seat of Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart. the Right Hon. the Viscount Kelburne, to Miss Hay Mackenzie, the youngest daughter of the late Edward Hay Mackenzie, of Newhall and Cromarty, Esq.

6. At Cornhill, near Perth, George Bell, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Ann, third daughter of Laur. Robertson, Esq. banker, Perth.

8. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. of Basildon Park, Bucks, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of Henry Villebois, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

— At Hampstead Church, Dr Lushington, the counsel of her late Majesty, to Miss Carr, daughter of Thos. W. Carr, Esq. Solicitor to the Excise.

— At 24, Greenside Place, Mr David Thom, Stockbridge, to Alison, the youngest daughter of Mr Kirkwood, sen. engraver, Edinburgh.

9. At Mary-la-bonne Church, London, William Stuart, Esq. M. P. eldest son of the Lord Primate of Ireland, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of Admiral Sir C. Pole, Bart.

— At Mellerstain, Evan Baillie, Esq. jun. of Dochfour, to Miss Charlotte Augusta Baillie Hamilton, second daughter of the late Rev. Archdeacon Charles Baillie Hamilton, and the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Baillie Hamilton.

10. At London, Lieutenant-Colonel Charlewood, of the Grenadier Guards, to Agnes Margaretta, Lady Campbell, widow of Lieut.-General Sir James Campbell, Bart. of Inveraiel, Argyllshire.

13. At Canaan Grove, Captain Archibald Fullarton, late of the 58th regiment of foot, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr John Robertson.

— At West Bank, Lanarkshire, Samuel Lindsay, Esq. of the High School, Edinburgh, to Susan, fifth daughter of the late Mr Alexander Lockhart, of West Bank.

14. At Rothmaise, Aberdeenshire, C. Bannerman, Esq. of Kirkhill, to Anne, third daughter of the late Charles Bannerman, Esq.

15. At Niddrie, the Rev. David Wauchope, second son of the late John Wauchope of Edmonstone, Esq. to Anne, fourth daughter of Andrew Wauchope of Niddry Marischal, Esq.

16. At St Margaret's, the seat of the Earl of Cassilis, in Middlesex, Captain Baird, of the 3d regiment of guards, eldest son of Robert Baird, Esq. of Newbyth, and nephew of General Sir David Baird, Bart. to Lady Anne Kennedy, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cassilis.

— At Edinburgh, James Auchinleck Cheyne, Esq. of Oxendean, W. S. to Margaret Blair, second daughter of Andrew M'Kean, Esq. York Place.

— At Montpelier, Forfarshire, Alexander Robertson, Esq. writer to the signet, to Miss Katharine Alison, daughter of John Alison, Esq. of Wellbank.

— At Tunbridge, the Baron Stanislaus Chaudoir, of the empire of Russia, to Lucy, third daughter of Sir Alexander Crichton, M.D. F.R.S. first physician to the Emperor and Dowager Empress of Russia.

17. At Selkirk, Mr James Ballantyne, Whitehope, to Miss Anne, second daughter of Andrew Henderson of Midgehope.

20. William Arrot, Esq. of Manchester, to Isabella Joanna, daughter of the Rev. Dr Gardiner, Edinburgh.

— James Stanislaus Bell, Esq. sugar-refiner in Glasgow, to Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of William Roberton, Esq. Friars, near Kelso.

— At Dundee, William H. Kerr, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh, to Anne, daughter of Mr Thomas Ivory, Dundee.

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20. At St Ann's Church, Soho, London, P. J. Macdonald, Esq. apothecary to his Majesty's forces, to Eliza, the youngest daughter of William Overton, Esq. of Mile End.

21. At Brown Square, Arthur Robertson, Esq. distiller, Ormiston, to Mary, the only daughter of James M'Robin, Esq. solicitor.

23. At Glasgow, James Peddie, jun. Esq. W. S. to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Dr Dick, Glasgow.

27. At Conway, North Wales, Sir David Erskine, of Cambo, Bart. grandson of the Earl of Kellie, to Jane Silence, only daughter of the late Hugh Williams, Esq. of Conway.

— At Seton-house, Dr John Fletcher, of Park Street, Edinburgh, to Miss Agnes Seton, second daughter of James Seton, Esq.

— At Irvine, Robert Rankine, jun. Esq. writer, Irvine, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Dunlop, merchant there.

28. At Leith, Mr John Hill, merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Wm. Loudon, farmer, Kersehall, near Kirkliston.

30. At Portobello, James Lamont, Esq. to Helen Currie, daughter of Alexander Lang, Esq. Gayfield Square, Edinburgh.

Lately, At Dysart, Mr Robert M'Dougal Familton, surgeon, Kirkcaldy, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Lieutenant James Black, R.N.

— In the parish church of Plympton St Mary's, Richard Lapthorne, to Mary Ford. This is the fifth time the bride has been married in the same church, and her four last husbands were buried in the same church-yard.

DEATHS.

Jan. 5. At Madras, Miss B. Hunter, daughter of the late Mr James Hunter, merchant, Edinburgh.

17. At Trichinopoly, William Campbell Scot, Esq. of the honourable East India Company's service, second son of the late William Scot, Esq. of Trinity Mains.

Feb. 19. At Huacho, in Peru, the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Cochrane.

June 14. Mr George Hadaway, of the island of St Vincent's, second son of the late Patrick Hadaway, Esq.

July 4. At Baltimore, America, Mr James Neilson, son of the late Mr Gilbert Neilson, merchant, Edinburgh.

12. After a painful illness, Mr Fergus Hawthorn, for upwards of 50 years parochial schoolmaster of Colmonell.

21. Aged 80, Mr Alexander Thom, manufacturer. He was not only the first who introduced the art of spinning flax, by machinery, into Scotland, (having acquired the knowledge of it from the original patentees at Darlington), but erected the first Scotch spinning-mill on the water of Bervie.

24. At Rutherglen, Lieut.-General John Spens, of Stonelaw.

25. Suddenly, at Hawthorn Brae, West Duddingston, Mrs Anne Reid, wife of Mr James Scott, merchant in Leith.

— At Cheltenham, the Countess Dowager of Jersey.

26. At Edinburgh, Andrew Macwhinnie, Esq.

28. At Edinburgh, Mrs Craik of Arbigland.

— At 83, Candlemaker Row, Mr George Sanderson, tobacconist.

29. At Dalkeith, Alexander, youngest son of Mr Alexander Wilson, merchant there.

— At Berwick-upon-Tweed, Mrs Ogle of Gainslaw, widow of Robert Ogle, Esq. of Eglingham, aged 62.

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Grindlay, relict of Mr William Burnside of Flask.

— In Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London, Eleonora Sarah, only child of H. Brougham, Esq. of Brougham, M. P.

31. At her house, in Union Place, Mrs Sarah Hamer, relict of Captain Ibbetson Hamer, of the royal invalids.

31. The Rev. Andrew Lawrence, brother of Sir Thos. Lawrence, President to the Royal Academy, Chaplain to the Royal Hospital at Hasler, and Vicar of Long Parish, Hants.

Aug. 1. At his house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, the Right Hon. Lord Suffield. His Lordship dying without issue, is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, the Honourable Edward Harbord.

— At the Boarding-house, Kensington, Mrs Inchbald, the celebrated novelist and dramatist. Mrs Inchbald married in 1775; in the following year she was on the Manchester stage, where she divided the public attention with Mrs Siddons, who was performing there at the same time. Her age was about 65. She had composed Memoirs of her Life, with anecdotes of her contemporaries; but these have since been destroyed, in compliance with her own positive commands.

— At her mother's house, Edinburgh, Miss Jane Shirreff, daughter of the late Mr John Shirreff, Captainhead, East Lothian.

2. At Castletown-house, county of Kildare, aged 77, Lady Louisa Conolly, sister of the late Duke of Richmond, and relict of the late Right Hon. Thomas Conolly.

3. At Edinburgh, Matthew Sandilands, Esq. of Couston, writer to the signet.

4. Ann Eliza, youngest daughter of Major W. H. Rainey, aged two years and eight months.

— At 24, London Street, Agnes Primrose, wife of Mr Peter Macdowall, accountant.

— At her house, Hanover Street, Mrs Janet Christie, widow of the late John Weir, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At her house, Castle Street, Mrs Helen Nicolson, relict of Mr John Moses, spirit-merchant in Edinburgh, aged 71.

— At Glenogle, near Lochearn-head, Mr Samuel Lindsay, aged 82.

At Gilmerton, Miss Jean Helen Waldie, aged 15, only daughter of Lieutenant Waldie, late 18th hussars.

— At his residence, Leeds Castle, in the county of Kent, General Philip Martin, in his 80th year.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr William Manson, accountant.

— At Edinburgh, Hugh Bethune, Esq. of Queensalie, late merchant in London.

— At Petersham, the Hon. Clementina Elphinstone, daughter of John, the eleventh Lord Elphinstone.

— At Newliston-house, Mrs Hog of Newliston.

— At Laurencekirk, Mr Charles Stiven, snuff-box maker, aged 68. Mr Stiven was joiner to the late Sir James Nicolson of Glenbervie, for several years prior to the year 1780, when he made the first box, and presented it to Mr William Bailie of Montrose, at that time factor on the estate of Glenbervie. He continued in his original avocation of joiner, occasionally making boxes, till the year 1790, when the late Lord Gardenstone, the founder of the village of Laurencekirk, brought him to that place, and introduced him to public notice. The high degree of eminence which Mr Stiven had attained by the manufacture of these boxes, of which he was the inventor, is well known to those who contemplate with interest the progress of persevering ingenuity. Frequent imitations have been attempted of these boxes, but though some of them have been exceedingly well executed, yet they have always fallen far short of the neatness of polish, and excellent accuracy of execution by which the boxes manufactured by Mr Stiven were so eminently distinguished.

7. At Brandenburgh-house, Hammersmith, at 25 minutes past ten in the evening, her Majesty the Queen, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth. Her Majesty was second daughter, and fifth child of Chas. Wm. Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, by her Royal Highness Augusta, eldest sister to his late most gracious Majesty, George III.;—was born 17th May, 1768, and on 5th April, 1795, married to his present Majesty, George IV. by whom she had one daughter, the late Princess Charlotte, of Saxe Coburg. Her Majesty's age was 55 years, two months, and 21 days.

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7. At Craiglockhart, Mr Alexander Scot, farmer there.

At Edinburgh, Mr Lewis Mackenzie, porter-dealer, Niddry Street.

8. At her house, in Lower Grosvenor Street, London, after a short but severe illness, aged 41, the Hon. Mrs Ryder, the lady of the Right Hon. Richard Ryder, brother to the Earl of Harrowby.

— At Leith, Jane, youngest daughter of Robert Ogilvy, Esq. of that place.

— At Dunblane, Mrs Elizabeth Lindsay, wife of Alexander Ewing, Esq. late of Balloch, Dumbartonshire.

At Edinburgh, John M'Dougall, Esq. of Ardinsple.

— In Thames Street, Limerick, Lieutenant-General Daniel O'Meara.

9. At her house in Dover Street, London, the Dowager Countess of Mexborough.

10. At his seat, Ashley park, Surrey, and of Clea Hall, in Cumberland, Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart. aged 49. He is succeeded in his title and estates, by his eldest son Henry, aged 13 years.

— At her house, at Hampton-court, the Hon. Dorothy Charlotte Montague, relict of the Hon. John Geo. Montague, eldest son of John, fifth Earl of Sandwich.

— At Cupar Fife, Christian, the third daughter of the late D. M'Pherson, Esq. of Cuill, Lochfinehead, Argyllshire, and grand-daughter of the late William Campbell, Esq. of Glenfalloch.

11. At his house, 21, Castle Street, Mr Richard Stevens, land-drainer.

12. At Edinburgh, aged three years, Robert, the youngest son of Mr Alex. Dallas, W. S.

— At Edinburgh, aged 19, Robert, third son of William Dumbreck, St Andrew's Square.

13. At Frankfield, near Lasswade, after a long and painful illness, Mrs Warner, of the island of St Vincent's, wife of C. J. Warner, Esq. also of that island.

14. At Bonaw, Mrs Captain Kelly, in the 33d year of her age.

— At Grosvenor Square, London, after a long illness, the Dowager Countess of Ely.

15. At George's Place, Leith Walk, aged 25, Mr George Thomson, bookseller in Edinburgh.

— At Leith, Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr Mark Sanderson, shipmaster there.

— Margaret Moth Collins, spouse of Mr E. Prentice, Edinburgh.

— At her father's house, George's Square, Miss Jane Hamilton Anderson.

16. Mr Benjamin Hall Cooper, merchant, Drummond Street.

— At Banff, Major John Cameron, of his Majesty's late Scots brigade.

17. In Queen Street, Cheapside, London, Wm. J. Waldie, Esq. the youngest son of George Waldie, Esq. of Henderside Park, Roxburghshire.

19. At his brother's house, of Whitehall, Roxburghshire, Thomas Milne, Esq. Dryhope.

20. At Paisley, James Weir, 17 months old, known by the name of the "Wonderful Gigantic Child." When 13 months old, and he continued to increase ever since, he weighed five stones; his girth round the neck was 14 inches, the breast 31 inches, the belly 39 inches, the thigh 20½ inches, and round the arm 11½ inches. He was born in the parish of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark.

21. At Falkirk, John Taylor, Esq. surgeon.

22. At Gayfield Square, Miss Jane Brodie.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Miller, billiard-room keeper.

24. At Edinburgh, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Wharton, Esq. and of Lady Sophia Wharton.

25. Mr Bartolozzi, (son of the celebrated engraver), himself in great estimation in the same line as his father, aged 64.

26. At Barrowmuirhead, near Edinburgh, Anne Fraser, wife of Major A. Rose.

27. At Viewfield-house, near Dunbar, Mrs Burnet, spouse of Mr Burnet of Viewfield-house; and on the 13th, at the same place, Miss Henrietta Lawson, her sister.

— At Leith, James Pillans, second son of Mr W. Mowbray, merchant there.

28. In Portland Place, London, Anne, the wife of Sir James Graham, Bart. M.P. for Carlisle.

29. At her house, Warriston Crescent, Mrs Ann Margaret M'Konochie, widow of the late Alexander M'Konochie, Esq. one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs in Scotland.

— Suddenly, Miss Cumming, Dovehill. She was returning from King Street, Glasgow, where she was suddenly taken ill, and sat down on the pavement in the Gallowgate. Some people carried her into a surgeon's shop, where she immediately expired.

31. At Dumbreck, near Glasgow, Miss Sophia Woddrop, daughter of the late John Woddrop, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

Lately, at Southampton, Sir Henry William Carr, K.C.B. Lieutenant-Colonel 3d regiment of guards.

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BLACKWOOD'S
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SIR ANDREW WYLIE

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LVI. OCTOBER, 1821. Vol. X.

LETTER FROM MR COLERIDGE.

Dear Sir,—In the third letter (in the little parcel,) which I have headed with your name, you will find my reasons for wishing these five letters, and a sixth, which will follow in my next, on the plan and code of a Magazine, which should unite the *utile* and *dulce*, to appear in the first instance. My next will consist of very different articles, apparently; namely, the First Book of my True History from Fairy Land, or the World Without, and the World Within. 2. The commencement of the Annals and Philosophy of Superstition; for the completion of which I am waiting only for a very curious folio, in Mr ••••••••••••'s possession. 3. The Life of Holty, a German poet, of true genius, who died in early manhood; with specimens of his poems, translated, or freely imitated in English verse. It would have been more in the mode to have addressed myself to the Editor, but I could not give up this one opportunity of assuring you that I am, my dear Sir,

With every friendly wish, your obliged,

Mr Blackwood. S. T. Coleridge.

SELECTION FROM MR COLERIDGE'S LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE WITH FRIENDS, AND MEN OF LETTERS.

No. I.

Letter I. *From a Professional Friend.*

My Dear and Honoured Sir,

I was much struck with your Excerpta from Porta, Eckartshausen, and others, as to the effect of the ceremonial drinks and unguents, on the (female) practitioners of the black arts, whose witchcraft you believe to have consisted in the unhappy craft of bewitching themselves. I at least know of no reason, why to these *toxications*, (especially when taken through the skin, and to the cataleptic state induced by them,) we should not attribute the poor wretches' own belief of their guilt. I can conceive, indeed, of no other mode of accounting—I do not say of their suspicious last dying avowals at the stake; but—for their private and voluntary confessions on their death-beds, which made a convert of your old favourite, Sir T. Brown. Perhaps my professional pursuits, and medical studies, may have predisposed me to be interested; but my mind has been in an eddy ever since I left you. The connections of the subject, with classical and with druidical superstitions, pointed out by you—the *Circeia pocu-*

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la—the herbal spells of the Haxæ, or Druidesses—the somniloquism of the prophetesses, under the coercion of the Scandinavian enchanters—the dependence of the Greek oracles on mineral waters, and stupifying vapours from the earth, as stated by Plutarch, and more than once alluded to by Euripides—the vast spread of the same, or similar usages, from Greenland even to the southernmost point of America;—you sent me home with enough to think of!—But, more than all, I was struck and interested with your concluding remark, that these, and most other superstitions, were, in your belief, but the CADAVER ET PUTRIMENTA OF A DEFUNCT NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Why not rather the imperfect rudiments? I asked. You promised me your reasons, and a fuller explanation. But let me speak out my whole wish; and call on you to redeem the pledges you gave, so long back as October 1809, that you would devote a series of papers to the subject of Dreams, Visions, Presentations, Ghosts, Witchcraft, Cures by sympathy, in which you would select and explain the most interesting and best attested facts that have come to your knowledge from books or personal testimony.

You can scarcely conceive how deep an interest I attach to this request; nor how many, beside myself, in the circle of my own acquaintance have the same feeling. Indeed, my dear Sir! when I reflect, that there is scarcely a chapter of history in which superstition of some kind or other does not form or supply a portion of its contents, I look forward, with unquiet anticipation, to the power of explaining the more frequent and best attested narrations, at least without the necessity of having recourse to the supposition of downright tricks and lying, on one side, or to the devil and his imps on the other. * * * *

Your obliged Pupil,
and affectionate Friend,
J. L——.

P.S.—Dr L. of the Museum, is quite of your opinion, that little or nothing of importance to the philosophic naturalist can result from Comparative Anatomy on Cuvier's plan; and that its best trophies will be but lifeless skeletons, till it is studied in combination with a Comparative Physiology. But you ought yourself to vindicate the priority of your claim. But I fear, dear C., that *Sic Vos, non Vobis*, was made for your motto throughout life.

LETTER II.

In Answer to the above.

WELL, my dear pupil and fellow-student! I am willing to make the attempt. If the majority of my readers had but the same personal knowledge of me as you have, I should sit down to the work with good cheer. But this is out of the question. Let me, however, suppose you for the moment, as an *average* reader—address you as such, and attribute to you feelings and language in character.—Do not mistake me, my dear L——. Not even for a moment, nor under the pretext of *mons a non movendo*, would I contemplate in connection with your name "id genus lectorum, qui meliores obtrectare malint quam imitari: et quorum *similitudinem* desperent, eorundem affectent *simultatem*—scilicet uti qui suo nomine obscuri sunt, meo innotescant."* The readers I have in view, are of that class who with a sincere, though not very strong desire, of acquiring knowledge, have taken it for granted that all knowledge of any value respecting the mind, is either to be found in three or four books, the eldest not a hundred years old, or may be conveniently taught without any other terms or previous explanations than these works have already rendered familiar among men of education.

Well, friendly reader! as the problem of things little less (it seems to you,) than impossible, yet strongly and numerously attested by evidence which it seems impossible to discredit, has interested you, I am willing to at-

* The passage, which cannot fail to remind you of H—— and his set, is from Apuleius's Lib. Floridorum—the two books of which, by the bye, seem to have been transcribed from his common place-book of *Good Things*, happy phrases, &c. that he had not had an opportunity of bringing *in* in his set writings.

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tempt the solution. But then it must be under certain *conditions*. I must be able to *hope*, I must have sufficient grounds for hoping, that I shall be understood, or rather that I shall be allowed to make myself understood. And as I am gifted with no magnetic power of throwing my reader into the state of *clear-seeing* (clairvoyance) or luminous vision; as I have not the secret of enabling him to read with the pit of his stomach, or with his finger-ends, nor of calling into act "the cuticular faculty," dormant at the tip of his nose; but must rely on WORDS—I cannot form the hope rationally, unless the reader will have patience enough to master the sense in which I use them.

But why employ words that need explanation? And might I not ask in *my* turn, would you, gentle reader! put the same question to Sir Edward Smith, or any other member of the Linnean Society, to whom you had applied for instruction in Botany? And yet he would require of you that you should attend to a score of technical terms, and make yourself master of the sense of each, in order to your understanding the distinctive characters of a grass, a mushroom, and a lichen! Now the psychologist, or speculative philosopher, will be content with you, if you will impose on yourself the trouble of understanding and remembering one of the number, in order to understand your own nature. But I will meet your question direct. You ask me, why I *use words that need explanation?* Because (I reply) on this subject there are no others! Because the darkness and the main difficulties that attend it, are owing to the vagueness and ambiguity of the words in common use; and which preclude all explanation for him who has resolved that none is required. Because there is already a falsity in the very phrases, "words in *common* use;" "the language of *common* sense." Words of most *frequent* use they may be, *common* they are not; but the language of the market, and as such, expressing *degrees* only, and therefore incompetent to the purpose wherever it becomes necessary to designate the *kind* independent of all degree. The philosopher may, and often does, employ the same words as in the market; but does this supersede the necessity of a previous explanation? As I referred you before to the botanist, so now to the chemist. Light, heat, charcoal, are every man's words. But *fixed* or *invisible* light? The *frozen* heat? Charcoal in its simplest form as *diamond*, or as black-lead? Will a stranger to chemistry be worse off, would the chemist's language be less likely to be understood by his using different words for distinct meanings, as carbon, caloric, and the like?

But the case is still stronger. The chemist is compelled to make words, in order to prevent or remove some error connected with the common word; and this too an error, the continuance of which was incompatible with the first principles and elementary truths of the science he is to teach. You must submit to regard yourself ignorant even of the words, air and water; and will find, that they are not chemically intelligible without the terms, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, or others equivalent. Now it is even so with the knowledge, which you would have *me* to communicate. There are certain prejudices of the common, *i. e.* of the *average* sense of men, the exposure of which is the first step, the indispensable preliminary, of all rational psychology: and these cannot be exposed but by selecting and adhering to some one word, in which we may be able to trace the growth and modifications of the opinion or belief conveyed in this, or similar words, not by any revolution or positive *change* of the original sense, but by the transfer of this sense and the difference in the application.

Where there is but one word for two or more diverse or disparate meanings in a language, (or though there should be several, yet if perfect synonimes, they count but for one word,) the language is so far defective. And this is a defect of frequent occurrence in all languages, prior to the cultivation of science, logic and philology, especially of the two latter: and among a free, lively, and ingenious people, such as the Greeks were, sophistry and the influence of sophists are the inevitable result. To check this evil by striking at its root in the ambiguity of words, Plato wrote the greater part of his published works, which do not so much contain his own system of philosophy, as the negative conditions of reasoning aright on *any* system. And yet more obviously is it

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the case with the Metaphysics, Analytics, &c. of Aristotle, which have been well described by Lambert as a dictionary of general terms, the process throughout being, first, to discover and establish definite meanings, and then to appropriate to each a several word. The sciences will take care, each of it's own nomenclature; but the interests of the language at large fall under the special guardianship of logic and rational psychology. Where these have fallen into neglect or disrepute, from exclusive pursuit of wealth, excess of the commercial spirit, or whatever other cause disposes men in general to attach an exclusive value to immediate and palpable utility, the dictionary may swell, but the language will decline. Few are the books published within the last fifty years, that would not supply their quota of proofs, that so it is with our own mother English. The bricks and stones are in abundance, but the cement none or naught. That which is indeed the *common* language exists every where as the menstruum, and no where as the whole—See *Biographia Literaria*—while the language complimented with this name, is, as I have already said, in fact the language of the market: Every science, every trade, has it's technical nomenclature; every folly has it's *fancy-words*; every vice it's own slang—and is the science of humanity to be the one exception? Is philosophy to work without tools? to have no straw wherewith to make the bricks for her mansion-house but what she may pick up on the high road, or steal, with all it's impurities and sophistications, from the litter of the cattle market?

For the present, however, my demands on your patience are very limited.—If as the price of much *entertainment* to follow, and I trust of something besides of less *transitory* interest, you will fairly attend to the history of *two* scholastic terms, OBJECT and SUBJECT, with their derivatives; you shall have my promise that I will not on any future occasion ask you to be attentive, without trying not to be myself dull. That it may cost you no more trouble than necessary, I have brought it under the eye in numbered paragraphs, with *scholia* or commentary to such as seemed to require it.

Your's most affectionately,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

On the Philosophic import of the Words, OBJECT *and* SUBJECT.

§ 1.

Existence is a simple intuition, underived and indecomponible. It is no *idea*, no particular form, much less any determination or modification of the possible: it is nothing that can be educed from the logical conception of a thing, as its predicate: it is no *property* of a thing, but its reality itself; or, as the Latin would more conveniently express it—Nulla *rei* proprietas est, sed ipsa ejus *realitas*.

SCHOLIUM.

Herein lies the sophism in Des Cartes' celebrated demonstration of the existence of the Supreme Being from the idea. In the idea of God are contained *all* attributes that belong to the perfection of a being; but existence is such: therefore, God's existence is contained in the idea of God. To this it is a sufficient answer, that existence is not an attribute. It might be shewn too, from the barrenness of the demonstration, by identifying the deduction with the premise, *i. e.* for reducing the minor or term *included* to a mere repetition of the major or term *including*. For in fact the syllogism ought to stand thus: the *idea* of God comprises the *idea* of all attributes that belong to perfection; but the *idea* of existence is such: therefore the idea or his existence is included in the idea of God.—Now, existence is no idea, but a *fact*: or, though we had an *idea* of existence, still the proof of its correspondence to a *reality* would be wanting, *i. e.* the very point would be wanting which it was the purpose of the demonstration to supply. Still the *idea* of the fact is not the fact itself. Besides, the term, idea, is here improperly substituted for the mere *supposition* of a *logical* subject, necessarily presumed in order to the conceivableness (*cogitabilitas*) of *any* qualities,

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properties, or attributes. But this is a mere ens logicum, (vel etiam *grammaticum*,) the result of the thinker's own unity of consciousness, and no less contained in the conception of a plant or of a chimæra, than in the idea of the Supreme Being. If Des Cartes could have proved, that his idea of a Supreme Being is universal and necessary, and that the conviction of a reality perfectly coincident with the idea is equally universal and inevitable; and that these were in truth but one and the same act or intuition, unique, and without analogy, though, from the inadequateness of our minds, from the mechanism of thought, and the structure of language, we are compelled to express it dividually, as consisting of two correlative terms—this would have been something. But then it must be entitled a *statement*, not a demonstration—the necessity of which it would supersede. And something like this may perhaps be found true, where the reasoning powers are developed and duly exerted; but would, I fear, do little towards settling the dispute between the religious Theist and the speculative Atheist or Pantheist, whether this be *all*, or whether it is even *what* we mean, and are bound to mean, by the word God. The old controversy would be started, what *are* the possible perfections of an Infinite Being—in other words, what the legitimate sense is of the term, infinite, as applied to Deity, and what is or is not compatible with that sense.

§ 2.

I think, and while thinking, I am conscious of certain workings or movements, as acts or activities of my being, and feel myself as the power in which they originate. I feel myself *working*; and the sense or feeling of this *activity* constitutes the sense and feeling of EXISTENCE, *i. e.* of my actual being.

SCHOLIUM.

Movements, motions, taken metaphorically, without relation to space or place. Κινησις μη κατα τοπον; ἡ ωστε κινησις, of Aristotle.

§ 3.

In these workings, however, I distinguish a difference. In some I feel myself as the cause and proper agent, and the movements themselves as the work of my own power. In others, I feel these movements as my own activity; but not as my own acts. The first we call the active or positive state of our existence; the second, the passive or negative state. The active power, nevertheless, is felt in both equally. But in the first I feel it as the *cause* acting, in the second, as the *condition*, without which I could not be acted on.

SCHOLIUM.

It is a truth of highest importance, that *agere et pati* are not different kinds, but the same kind in different relations. And this not only in consequence of an immediate re-action, but the act of *receiving* is no less truly an *act*, than the act of influencing. Thus, the lungs act in being stimulated by the air, as truly as in the act of breathing, to which they were stimulated. The Greek verbal termination, ω, happily illustrates this. Ποιω, πραττω, πασχω, in philosophical grammar, are all three verbs active; but the first is the active-*transitive*, in which the agency passes forth out of the agent into another. Τι ποιεις; what are you doing? The second is the active-*intransitive*. Τι πραττεις; *how* do you do? or how *are* you? The third is the active-*passive*, or more appropriately the active-*patient*, the verb *recipient* or *receptive*, τι πασχεις; what ails you? Or, to take another idiom of our language, that most livelily expresses the co-presence of an agent, an agency distinct and alien from our own, What is the *matter with* you? It would carry us too far to explain the nature of verbs *passive*, as so called in technical grammar. Suffice, that this class *originated* in the same causes, as led men to make the division of substances into living and dead—a division *psychologically* necessary, but of doubtful philosophical validity.

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§ 4.

With the workings and movements, which I refer to myself and my own agency, there alternate—say rather, I find myself alternately conscious of forms (= Impressions, images, or better or less figurative and hypothetical, *presences*, presentations,) and of states or modes, which not feeling as the work or effect of my own power I refer to a power *other* than me, *i. e.* (in the language derived from my sense of sight) without me. And this is the feeling, I have, of the existence of outward things.

SCHOLIUM.

In this superinduction of the sense of *outness* on the feeling of the *actual* arises our notion of the *real* and reality. But as I cannot but reflect, that as the other is to me, so I must be to the other, the terms real and actual, soon become confounded and interchangeable, or only discriminated in the gold scales of metaphysics.

§ 5.

Since both then, the feeling of my own existence and the feeling of the existence of things without, are but this sense of an acting and working—it is clear that to exist is the same as to act or work; (Quantum operor, tantum sum,) that whatever exists, works, (= is *in action; actually* is; is *in deed*,) that not to work, as agent or patient, is not to exist; and lastly, that patience (= vis patiendi,) and the re-action that is its co-instantaneous consequent, is the same activity in opposite and alternating relations.

§ 6.

That which is *inferred* in those acts and workings, the feeling of which is one with the feeling of our own existence, or inferred *from* those which we refer to an agency distinct from our own, but in *both* instances is *inferred*, is the SUBJECT, *i. e.* that which does not appear, but *lies under* (quod *jacet subter*) the appearance.

§ 7.

But in the first instance, that namely which is inferred *in* its effects, and of course therefore *self*-inferred, the subject is a MIND, *i. e.* that which *knows* itself, and may be *inferred* by others; but which cannot appear.

§ 8.

That, in or from which the subject is inferred, is the OBJECT, id quod *jacet ob* oculos, that which lies before us, that which lies strait opposite.

SCHOLIUM.

The terms used in psychology, logic, &c. even those of most frequent occurrence in common life, are, for the most part, of Latin derivation; and not only so, but the original words, such as quantity, quality, subject, object, &c. &c. formed in the schools of philosophy for scholastic use, and in correspondence to Greek technical terms of the same meaning. Etymology, therefore, is little else than indispensable to an insight into the true force, and, as it were, freshness of the words in question, especially of those that have passed from the schools into the market-place, from the medals and tokens (συμβολα) of the philosophers' guild or company into the current coin of the land. But the difference between a man, who understands them according to their first use, and seeks to restore the original impress and superscription, and the man who gives and takes them in *small change*, unweighed, and tried only by the *sound*, may be illustrated by imagining the different points of view in which the same *cowry* would appear to a scienti-

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fic conchologist, and to a chaffering negro. This use of etymology may be exemplified in the present case. The immediate *object* of the mind is always and exclusively the *workings* or *makings* above stated and distinguished into two kinds, § 2, 3, and 4. Where the object consists of the first kind, in which the subject infers its own existence, and which it refers to its own agency, and identifies with itself, (feels and contemplates as one with itself, and as itself,) and yet without confounding the inherent distinction between subject and object, the subject witnesses to itself that it is a *mind*, i. e. a subject-object, or subject that becomes an object to itself.

But where the workings or makings of the second sort are the object, from objects of this sort we always infer the existence of a subject, as in the former case. But we infer it *from* them, rather than *in* them; or to express the point yet more clearly, we infer two subjects. *In* the object, we infer our own existence and *subjectivity*; *from* them the existence of a subject, not our own, and to this we refer the object, as to its proper cause and agent. Again, we always infer a correspondent *subject*; but not always a *mind*. Whether we consider this other subject as another mind, is determined by the more or less analogy of the objects or makings of the second class to those of the first, and not seldom depends on the varying degrees of our attention and previous knowledge.

Add to these differences the modifying influence of the senses, the sense of sight more particularly, in consequence of which this subject *other than* we, is presented as a subject *out of* us. With the sensuous vividness connected with, and which in part *constitutes*, this outness or outwardness, contrast the exceeding obscurity and dimness in the conception of a subject not a mind; and reflect too, that, to objects of the *first* kind, we cannot attribute actual or separative outwardness; while, in cases of the *second* kind, we are, after a shorter or longer time, compelled by the law of association to transfer this outness from the *inferred* subject to the *present* object. Lastly, reflect that, in the former instance, the object is identified with the subject, both positively by the act of the subject, and negatively by insusceptibility of outness in the object; and that in the latter the very contrary takes place; namely, instead of the object being identified with the subject, the subject is taken up and confounded in the object. In the ordinary and unreflecting states, therefore, of men's minds, it could not be otherwise, but that, in the one instance, the object must be lost, and indistinguishable in the subject; and that, in the other, the subject is lost and forgotten in the object, to which a necessary illusion had already transferred that outness, which, in its origin, and in right of reason, belongs exclusively to the subject, *i. e.* the agent *ab extra* inferred from the object. For *outness* is but the feeling of *otherness* (alterity), rendered intuitive, or alterity visually represented. Hence, and also because we find this outness and the objects, to which, though they are, in fact, workings in our own being, we transfer it, independent of our will, and apparently common to other minds, we learn to connect therewith the feeling and sense of *reality*; and the objective becomes synonimous first with *external*, then with *real*, and at length it was employed to express universal and permanent validity, free from the accidents and particular constitution of *individual* intellects; nay, when taken in its highest and absolute sense, as free from the inherent limits, partial perspective, and refracting media of the human mind *in specie*, (*idola tribûs* of Lord Bacon,) as distinguished from mind *in toto genere*. In direct antithesis to these several senses of the term, objective, the subjective has been used as synonimous with, first, inward; second, unreal; and third, that the cause and seat of which are to be referred to the special or individual peculiarity of the percipients, mind, organs, or relative position. Of course, the meaning of the word in any one sentence cannot be *definitely* ascertained but by aid of the context, and will vary with the immediate purposes, and previous views and persuasions of the writer. Thus, the egoist, or ultra-idealist, affirms all objects to be subjective; the disciple of Malbranche, or of Berkeley, that the objective subsists wholly and solely in the universal subject—God. A lady, otherwise of sound mind, was so affected by the reported death of her absent husband, that every night

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the same hour she saw a figure at the foot of her bed, which she identified with him, and minutely described to the bystanders, during the continuance of the vision. The husband returned, and previous to the meeting, was advised to appear for the first time at the foot of the bed, at the precise instant that the spirit used to appear, and in the dress described, in the hope that the original might scare away the counterfeit; or, to speak more seriously, in the expectation that the impression on her senses from without would meet half-way, as it were, and repel, or take the place of, the image from the brain. He followed the advice; but the moment he took his position, the lady shrieked out, "My God! there are *two!* and" —The story is an old one, and you may end it, happily or tragically, Tate's King Lear or Shakespeare's, according to your taste. I have brought it as a good instance of the force of the two words. You and I would hold the one for a *subjective* phenomenon, the other only for *objective*, and perhaps illustrate the fact, as I have already done elsewhere, by the case of two appearances seen in juxta-position, the one by transmitted, and the other by reflected, light. A believer, according to the old style, whose almanack of faith has the one trifling fault of being for the year of our Lord one thousand *four*, instead of one thousand *eight* hundred and twenty, would stickle for the *objectivity* of both.*

Andrew Baxter, again, would take a different road from either. He would agree with us in calling the apparition *subjective*, and the figure of the husband *objective*, so far as the *ubi* of the latter, and its position *extra cerebrum*, or in outward spaces, was in question. But he would differ from us in *not* identifying the agent or proper cause of the former—*i. e.* the apparition—with the subject beholding. The shape beheld he would grant to be *a making* in the beholder's own brain; but the *facient*, he would contend, was a several and *other* subject, an intrusive supernumerary or *squatter* in the same tenement and work-shop, and working with the same tools (ἐργαν,) as the *subject*, their rightful owner and original occupant. And verily, I could say something in favour of this theory, if only I might put my own interpretation on it—having been hugely pleased with the notion of that father of oddities, and oddest of the fathers, old TERTULLIAN, who considers these *soggetti cattivi*, (that take possession of other folk's kitchens, pantries, sculleries, and water-closets, causing a sad *to-do* at *head-quarters*,) as creatures of the same order with the Tæniæ, Lumbrici, and Ascarides—*i. e.* the Round, Tape, and Thread-worms. Dæmones hæc sua corpora dilatant et contrahunt ut volunt, sicut *Lumbrici* et *alia quædam*

* Nay, and relate the circumstance for the very purpose of proving the reality or objective truth of ghosts. For the lady saw *both!* But if this were any proof at all, it would at best be a superfluous proof, and superseded by the bed-posts, &c. For if she saw the real posts at the same time with the ghost, that stood betwixt them, or rather if she continued to see the ghost, spite of the sight of these, how should she *not* see the *real* husband? What was to make the difference between the two solids, or intercept the rays from the husband's dressing-gown, while it allowed free passage to those from the bed-curtain? And yet I first heard this story from one, who, though professedly an unbeliever in this branch of *ancient Pneumatics*, (which stood, however, a nitch higher, I suspect, in his good opinion, than Monboddo's *ancient Metaphysics*,) adduced it as a *something on the other side!*—A puzzling fact! and challenged me to answer it. And this, too, was a man no less respectable for talents, education, and active sound sense, than for birth, fortune, and official rank. So strangely are the healthiest judgments suspended by any out-of the way combinations, connected with obscure feelings and inferences, when they happen to have occurred within the narrator's own knowledge!—The pith of this argument in support of *ghost*-objects, stands thus: B=D: C=D: *ergo*, B=C. The D, in this instance, being the equal *visibility* of the figure, and of its *real* duplicate, a logic that would entitle the logician to dine off a neck of mutton in a looking-glass, and to set his little ones in downright earnest to hunt *the rabbits* on the wall by candle-light. Things, that fall under the same definition, belong to the same class; and visible, yet not tangible, is the generic character of reflections, shadows, and ghosts; and apparitions, their common, and most certainly their proper, Christian name.

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insecta. Be this as it may, the difference between this last class of speculators and the common run of ghost-fanciers, will scarcely enable us to exhibit any essential change in the meaning of the terms. Both must be described as asserting the *objective* nature of the appearance, and in both the term contains the sense of real as opposed to imaginary, and of *out*ness no less than of *other*ness, the difference in the former being only, that, in the vulgar belief, the object is outward in relation to the whole circle, in Baxter's to the centre only. The one places the ghost without, the other within, the line of circumference.

I have only to add, that these different shades of meaning form no valid objection to the revival and re-adoption of these correlative terms in physiology* and mental analytics, as expressing the two poles of all consciousness, in their most general form and highest abstraction. For by the law of association, the same metaphorical changes, or shiftings and ingraftings of the primary sense, must inevitably take place in all terms of greatest comprehensiveness and simplicity. Instead of subject and object, put thought and thing. You will find these liable to the same inconveniences, with the additional one of having no adjectives or adverbs, as substitutes for objective, subjective, objectively, subjectively. It is sufficient that no heterogeneous senses are confounded under the same term, as was the case prior to Bishop Bramhall's controversy with Hobbes, who had availed himself of the (at that time, and in the common usage,) equivalent words, *compel* and oblige, to confound the *thought* of moral obligation with that of compulsion and physical necessity. For the rest, the remedy must be provided by a dictionary, constructed on the one only philosophical principle, which, regarding words as living growths, offsets, and organs of the human soul, seeks to trace each historically, through all the periods of its natural growth, and accidental modifications—a work worthy of a Royal and Imperial confederacy, and which would indeed *hallow* the Alliance! A work which, executed for any one language, would yet be a benefaction to the world, and to the nation itself a source of immediate honour and of ultimate *weal*, beyond the power of victories to bestow, or the mines of Mexico to purchase. The realization of this scheme lies in the far distance; but in the mean time, it cannot but beseem every individual competent to its furtherance, to contribute a small portion of the materials for the future temple—from a polished column to a hewn stone, or a plank for the scaffolding; and as they come in, to erect with them sheds for the workmen, and temporary structures for present use. The preceding analysis I would have you regard as my *first* contribution; and the first, because I have been long convinced that the want of it is a serious impediment—I will not say, to that self-*knowledge* which it concerns all men to attain, but—to that self-*understanding*, or *insight*, which it is all men's interest that *some* men should acquire; that "the heaven-descended, Γνῶθι σεαυτον," (Juv. Sat.) should exist not only as *a wisdom*, but as *a science*. But every science will have its rules of art, and with these its technical terms; and in this best of sciences, its elder nomenclature has fallen into disuse, and no other been put in its place. To bring these back into light, as so many delving-tools dug up from the rubbish of long-deserted mines, and at the same time to exemplify their use and handling, I have drawn your attention to the three questions:—What is the primary and proper sense of the words Subject and Object, in the technical language of philosophy? In what does *Objectivity* actually exist?—From what is all apparent or assumed Objectivity derived or transferred?

It is not the age, you have told me, to bring hard words into fashion. Are

* "Physiology," according to present usage, treats of the laws, organs, functions, &c. of life; "Physics" not so. Now, quere: The etymological import of the two words being the same, is the difference in their application accidental and arbitrary, or a hidden irony at the assumption on which the division is grounded? Φυσις ανευ ζωης, ανευ λογου, or Δογος περι Φυσεως μη ζωσης εστι λογος αλογος.

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we to account for this *tender-mouthedness*, on the ground assigned by your favourite, Persius: (Sat. iii. 113.)

"Tentemus fauces: tenero latet ulcus in ore
Patre, quod haud deceat crustosis radere verbis?"

But is the age so averse to hard words? Eidouranion; Phantasmagoria; Kaleidoscope; Marmoro-kainomenon (*for cleaning mantle-pieces*); Protoxides; Deutoxides; Tritoxyds; and Dr Thomson's Latin-greek-english Peroxides; not to mention the splashing shoals, that

"——— confound the language of the nation
With long-tail'd words in *ocity* and *ation*,"

(as our great living master of sweet and perfect English, Hookham Frere, has it,) would seem to argue the very contrary. In the train of these, methinks, object and subject, with the derivatives, look tame, and claim a place in the last, or, at most, in the humbler seats of the second species, in the *far-noised* classification—the long-tailed pigs, and the short-tailed pigs, and the pigs without a tail. *Aye, but not on such dry topics!*—I submit. You have touched the vulnerable heel—"Iis, quibus siccum lumen abest," they must needs be *dry*. We have Lord Bacon's word for it. A topic that requires stedfast intuitions, clear conceptions, and ideas, as the source and substance of both, and that will admit of no substitute for these, in images, fictions, or factitious facts, must be *dry* as the broad-awake of sight and day-light, and desperately barren of all *that* interest which a busy yet sensual age requires and finds in the "uda somnia," and moist moonshine of an epicurean philosophy. For you, however, and for those who, like you, are not so satisfied with the present doctrines, but that you would fain try "another and an elder lore," (and such there are, I know, and that the number is on the increase,) I hazard this assurance,—That let what will come of the terms, yet without the *truths* conveyed in these terms, there can be no self-knowledge; and without THIS, no knowledge of any kind. For the fragmentary recollections and recognitions of empiricism,* usurping the name of experience, can amount to opinion only, and that alone is knowledge which is at once real and systematic—or, in one word, *organic*. Let monk and pietist pervert the precept into sickly, brooding, and morbid introversions of consciousness—you have learnt, that, even under the wisest regulations, THINKING can go but *half* way toward this knowledge. To know the *whole* truth, we must likewise ACT: and he alone acts, who *makes*—and this can no man do, estranged from Nature. Learn to know thyself in Nature, that thou mayest understand Nature in thyself.

But I forget myself. My pledge and purpose was to help you over the threshold into the outer court; and here I stand, spelling the dim characters inwoven in the veil of Isis, in the recesses of the temple.

I must conclude, therefore, if only to begin again without too abrupt a *drop*, lest I should remind you of Mr ——— in his Survey of Middlesex, who having digressed, for some half a score of pages, into the heights of cosmogony, the old planet between Jupiter and Mars, that *went off*, and split into the four new ones, besides the smaller rubbish for stone showers, the formation of the galaxy, and the other worldworlds, on the same *principles*, and by similar accidents, superseding the *hypothesis* of a Creator, and demonstrating the superfluity of *church* tithes and country parsons, takes up the stitch again with—*But to return to the subject of dung*. God bless you and your

Affectionate Friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

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* Let y express the *conditions* under which E, (that is, a series of forms, facts, circumstances, &c. presented to the senses of an individual,) will become Experience—and we might, not unaptly, define the two words thus: $E+y=$Experience; $E-y=$Empiricism.

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Letter III.

To Mr Blackwood.

Dear Sir,—Here have I been sitting, this whole long-lagging, *muggy*, mizly morning, struggling without success against the insuperable disgust I feel to the task of explaining the abrupt chasm at the outset of our correspondence, and disposed to let your verdict take its course, rather than suffer over again by detailing the causes of the stoppage; though sure by so doing to acquit *my will* of all share in the result. Instead of myself, and of you, my dear sir, in relation to myself, I have been thinking, first, of the Edinburgh Magazine; then of magazines generally and comparatively;—then of a magazine in the abstract;—and lastly, of the immense importance and yet strange neglect of that prime dictate of prudence and common sense—Distinct Means to distinct Ends.—But here I must put in one proviso, not in any relation though to the aphorism itself, which is of universal validity, but relatively to my intended application of it. I must assume—I mean, that the individuals disposed to grant me free access and fair audience for my remarks, have *a conscience*—such a portion at least, as being eked out with superstition and sense of character, will suffice to prevent them from seeking to realize the *ultimate* end, (i. e the maxim of profit) by base or disreputable means. This, therefore, may be left out of the present argument, an extensive sale being the common object of all publishers, of whatever kind the publications may be, morally considered. Nor do the means appropriate to this end differ. Be the work good or evil in its tendency, in both cases alike there is one question to be predetermined, viz. what class or classes of the reading world the work is intended for? I made the proviso, however, because I would not mislead any man even for an honest cause, and my experience will not allow me to promise an equal immediate circulation from a work addressed to the higher interests and blameless predilections of men, as from one constructed on the plan of flattering the envy and vanity of sciolism, and gratifying the cravings of vulgar curiosity. Such may be, and in some instances, I doubt not, has been, the result. But I dare not answer for it beforehand, even though both works should be equally well suited to their several purposes, which will not be thought a probable case, when it is considered, how much less talent, and of how much commoner a kind, is required in the latter.

On the other hand, however, I am persuaded that a sufficient success, and less liable to draw-backs from competition, would not fail to attend a work on the former plan, if the scheme and execution of the contents were as appropriate to the object, which the purchasers must be supposed to have in view, as the means adopted for its outward attraction and its general circulation were to the interest of its proprietors.

During a long literary life, I have been no inattentive observer of periodical publications; and I can remember no failure, in any work deserving success, that might not have been anticipated from some error or deficiency in the means, either in regard to the mode of circulating the work, (as for instance, by the vain attempt to unite the characters of author, editor, and publisher,) or to the typographical appearance; or else from its want of suitableness to the class of readers, on whom, it should have been foreseen, the remunerating sale must principally depend. It would be misanthropy to suppose that the seekers after truth, information, and innocent amusement, are not sufficiently numerous to support a work, in which these attractions are prominent, without the dishonest aid of personality, literary faction, or treacherous invasions of the sacred recesses of private life, without slanders, which both reason and duty command us to *disbelieve* as well as abhor; for what but falsehood, or that half truth, which is falsehood in its most malignant form, can or ought to be expected from a self-convicted traitor and ingrate?

If these remarks are well founded, we may narrow the problem to the few following terms,—it being understood,

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that the work now in question, is a monthly publication, not devoted to any *one* branch of knowledge or literature, but a magazine of whatever may be supposed to interest readers in general, not excluding the discoveries, or even the speculations of science, that are generally intelligible and interesting, so that the portion devoted to any one subject or department, shall be kept proportionate to the number of readers for whom it may be supposed to have a *particular* interest. Here, however, we must not forget, that however few the actual dilettanti, or men of the fancy may be, yet, as long as the articles remain generally intelligible, (in *pugilism*, for instance,) Variety and Novelty communicate an attraction that interests all. Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum. If to this we add the exclusion of theological controversy, which is endless, I shall have pretty accurately described the present EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, as to its characteristic plan and purposes; which may, I think, be comprised in three terms, as a Philosophical, Philological, and *Æsthetic Miscellany. The word miscellany, however, must be taken as involving a predicate in itself, in addition to the three preceding epithets, comprehending, namely, all the ephemeral births of intellectual life, which add to the gaiety and variety of the work, without interfering with its express and regular objects.

Having thus a sufficiently definite notion of what your Magazine is, and is intended to be, I proposed to myself, as a problem, to find out, *in detail*, what the *means* would be to the most perfect attainment of this end. In other words, what the *scheme*, and of what nature, and in what order and proportion, the *contents* should be of a monthly publication; in order for it to verify the title of a Philosophical, Philological, and Æsthetic Miscellany and Magazine. The result of my lucubrations I hope to forward in my next, under the title of "The Ideal of a Magazine;" and to mark those departments, in the filling up of which, I flatter myself with the prospect of being a fellow labourer. But since I

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* I wish I could find a more familiar word than æsthetic, for works of taste and criticism. It is, however, in all respects better, and of more reputable origin, than belletristic. To be sure, there is *tasty*; but that has been long ago emasculated for all unworthy uses by milliners, tailors, and the androgynous correlatives of both, formerly called *its*, and now yclept dandies. As our language, therefore, contains no other *useable* adjective, to express that coincidence of form, feeling, and intellect, that something, which, confirming the inner and the outward senses, becomes a new sense in itself, to be tried by laws of its own, and acknowledging the laws of the understanding so far only as not to contradict them; that faculty which, when possessed in a high degree, the Greeks termed φιλοκαλια, but when spoken of generally, or in kind only, το αισθητικον; and for which even our substantive, Taste, is a—not inappropriate—but very inadequate metaphor; there is reason to hope, that the term *æsthetic*, will be brought into common use as soon as distinct thoughts and definite expressions shall once more become the requisite accomplishment of a gentleman. So it was in the energetic days, and in the starry court of our *English*-hearted Eliza; when trade, the nurse of freedom, was the enlivening counterpoise of agriculture, not its alien and usurping spirit; when commerce had all the enterprize, and more than the romance of war; when the precise yet pregnant terminology of the schools gave bone and muscle to the diction of poetry and eloquence, and received from them in return passion and harmony; but, above all, when from the self-evident truth, that what *in kind* constitutes the superiority of man to animal, the same *in degree* must constitute the superiority of men to each other, the practical inference was drawn, that every proof of these distinctive faculties being in a *tense* and *active* state, that even the sparks and crackling of mental electricity, in the sportive approaches and collisions of ordinary intercourse, (such as we have in the wit-combats of Benedict and Beatrice, of Mercutio, and in the dialogues assigned to courtiers and gentlemen, by all the dramatic writers of that reign,) are stronger indications of natural superiority, and, therefore, more becoming signs and accompaniments of *artificial* rank, than apathy, studied mediocrity, and the ostentation of wealth. When I think of the vigour and felicity of style characteristic of the age, from Edward VI. to the restoration of Charles, and observable in the letters and family memoirs of noble families—take, for instance, the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, written by his widow—I cannot suppress the wish—O that the *habits* of those days could return, even though they should bring pedantry and Euphuism in their train!

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began this scrawl, a friend reminded me of a letter I wrote him many years ago, on the improvement of the mind, by the habit of commencing our inquiries with the attempt to construct the most absolute or perfect form of the object desiderated, leaving its practicability, in the first instance, undetermined. An essay, in short, *de emendatione intellectûs per ideas*—the beneficial influence of which, on his mind, he spoke of with warmth. The main contents of the letter, the effect of which, my friend appreciated so highly, were derived from conversation with a great man, now no more. And as I have reason to regard that conversation as an epoch in the history of my own mind, I feel myself encouraged to hope that its publication may not prove useless to some of your numerous readers, to whom Nature has given the stream, and nothing is wanting but to be led into the right channel. There is one other motive to which I must plead conscious, not only in the following, but in all of these, my *preliminary* contributions; viz. That by the reader's agreement with the principles, and sympathy with the general feelings, which they are meant to impress, the interest of my future contributions, and still more, their permanent effect, will be heightened; and most so in those, in which, as narrative and imaginative compositions, there is the least shew of reflection, on my part, and the least necessity for it,—though I flatter myself not the least opportunity on the part of my readers.

It will be better too, if I mistake not, both for your purposes and mine, to have it said hereafter, that he dragged slow and stiff-knee'd up the first hill, but sprang forward as soon as the road was full before him, and *got in* fresh; than that he set off in grand style—broke up midway, and came in broken-winded. *Finis coronat opus.*

Your's, &c.

S. T. Coleridge.

Letter IV.

To a Junior Soph, at Cambridge.

Often, my dear young friend! often, and bitterly, do I regret the stupid prejudice that made me neglect my mathematical studies, at Jesus. There is something to me enigmatically attractive and imaginative in the generation of curves, and in the whole geometry of motion. I seldom look at a fine prospect or mountain landscape, or even at a grand picture, without abstracting the lines with a feeling similar to that with which I should contemplate the graven or painted walls of some temple or palace in Mid Africa,—doubtful whether it were mere Arabesque, or undecyphered characters of an unknown tongue, framed when the language of men was nearer to that of nature—a language of symbols and correspondences. I am, therefore, far more disposed to envy, than join in the laugh against your fellow-collegiate, for amusing himself in the geometrical construction of leaves and flowers.

Since the receipt of your last, I never take a turn round the garden without thinking of his billow-lines and shell-lines, under the well-sounding names of Cumäids and Conchöids; they have as much life and poetry for me, as their elder sisters, the Naids, Nereids, and Hama-dryads. I pray you, present my best respects to him, and tell him, that he brought to my recollection the glorious passage in Plotinus, "Should any one interrogate Nature *how* she works? if graciously she vouchsafe to answer, she will say, It behoves thee to understand me (*or better, and more literally*, to go along with me) in silence, even as I am silent, and work without words;"—but you have a Plotinus, and may construe it for yourself.—(Ennead 3. l. 8. c. 3.) attending particularly to the comparison of the process pursued by Nature, with that of the geometrician. And now for your questions respecting the moral influence of W.'s minor poems. Of course, this will be greatly modified by the character of the recipient. But that in the majority of instances it has been most salutary, I cannot for a moment doubt. But it is another question, whether verse is the best way of disciplining the mind to that spiritual alchemy, which communicates a sterling value to real or apparent trifles, by using them as moral diagrams, as your friend uses the oak and fig-leaves as geometrical ones. To have formed the habit of looking at every thing, not for what it is relative to the purposes and associations of men in general, but for the truths which it suited to represent—to contemplate objects as *words*

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and pregnant symbols—the advantages of this, my dear D., are so many, and so important, so eminently calculated to excite and evolve the power of sound and connected reasoning, of distinct and clear conception, and of genial feeling, that there are few of W.'s finest passages—and who, of living poets, can lay claim to half the number? —that I repeat so often, as that homely quatrain,

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring;
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.

You did not know my revered friend and patron; or rather, you do know the man, and mourn his loss, from the character I have * lately given of him.—The following supposed dialogue actually took place, in a conversation with him; and as in part, an illustration of what I have already said, and in part as text and introduction to much I would wish to say, I entreat you to read it with patience, spite of the triviality of the subject, and mock-heroic of the title.

SUBSTANCE OF A DIALOGUE, WITH A COMMENTARY ON THE SAME.

A. I never found yet, an ink-stand that I was satisfied with.

B. What would you have an ink-stand to be? What qualities and properties would you wish to have combined in an ink-stand? Reflect! Consult your past experience; taking care, however, not to desire things demonstrably, or self-evidently incompatible with each other; and the union of these *desiderata* will be *your ideal* of an ink-stand. A friend, perhaps, suggests some additional excellence that might rationally be desired, till at length the catalogue may be considered as complete, when neither yourself, nor others, can think of any *desideratum* not anticipated or precluded by some one or more of the points already enumerated; and the conception of all these, as realized in one and the same artéfact, may be fairly entitled, the

IDEAL *of an Ink-stand.*

That the pen should be allowed, without requiring any effort or interruptive act of attention from the writer, to dip sufficiently low, and yet be prevented, without injuring its nib, from dipping too low, or taking up too much ink: That the ink-stand should be of such materials as not to decompose the ink, or occasion a deposition or discolouration of its specific ingredients, as, from what cause I know not, is the fault of the black Wedgewood-ware ink-stands; that it should be so constructed, that on being overturned, the ink cannot escape; and so protected, or made of such stuff, that in case of a blow or a fall from any common height, the ink-stand itself will not be broken;—that from both these qualities, and from its shape, it may be safely and commodiously travelled with, and packed up with books, linen, or whatever else is likely to form the contents of the portmanteau, or travelling trunk;—that it should stand steadily and commodiously, and be of as pleasing a shape and appearance as is compatible with its more important uses;—and, lastly, though of minor regard, and non-essential, that it be capable of including other implements or requisites, always, or occasionally connected with the art of writing, as pen-knife, wafers, &c. without any addition to the size and weight, otherwise desirable, and without detriment to its more important and *proper* advantages.

Now, (continued B.) that we have an adequate notion of what is to be wished, let us try what is to be done! And my friend actually succeeded in constructing an ink-stand, in which, during the twelve years that have elapsed since this conversation, alas! I might almost say, since his death, I have never been able, though I have put my wits on the stretch, to detect any thing wanting that an ink-stand could be rationally desired to possess; or even to imagine any addition, detraction, or change, for use or appearance, that I could desire, without involving a contradiction.

HERE! (methinks I hear the reader

* In the 8th Number of the Friend, as first circulated by the post. I dare assert, that it is worthy of preservation, and will send a transcript in my next.

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exclaim) Here's a meditation on a broom-stick with a vengeance! Now, in the first place, I am, and I do not care who knows it, no enemy to meditations on broom-sticks; and though Boyle had been the real author of the article so waggishly passed off for his on poor Lady Berkley; and though that good man had written it in grave good earnest, I am not certain that he would not have been employing his time as creditably to himself, and as profitably for a large class of readers, as the witty dean was while composing the Draper's Letters, though the muses forbid that I should say the same of Mary Cooke's Petition, Hamilton's Bawn, or even the rhyming correspondence with Dr Sheridan. In hazarding this confession, however, I beg leave to put in a *provided always*, that the said Meditation on Broom-stick, or *aliud quidlibet ejusdem farinæ*, shall be as truly a meditation as the broom-stick is verily a broom-stick—and that the name be not a misnomer of vanity, or fraudulently labelled on a mere compound of brain-dribble and printer's ink. For meditation, I presume, is that act of the mind, by which it seeks *within* either the *law* of the phenomena, which it had *contemplated* without, (*meditatio scientifica*,) or semblances, symbols, and analogies, correspondsive to the same, (*meditatio ethica*.) At all events, therefore, it implies *thinking*, and tends to make the reader *think*; and whatever does this, does what in the present over-excited state of society is most wanted, though perhaps least desired. Between the *thinking* of a Harvey or Quarles, and the thinking of a Bacon or a Fenelon, many are the degrees of difference, and many the differences in degree of depth and originality; but not such as to fill up the chasm *in genere* between thinking and no-thinking, or to render the discrimination difficult for a man of ordinary understanding, not under the same * contagion of vanity as the writer. Besides, there are shallows for the full-grown, that are the maximum of safe depth for the younglings. There are truths, quite *common-place* to you and me, that for the unconstructed many would be new and full of wonder, as the common day-light to the Lapland child at the re-ascension of its second summer. Thanks and honour in the highest to those stars of the first magnitude that shoot their beams downward, and while in their proper form they stir and invirtuate the sphere next below them, and natures pre-assimilated to their influence, yet call forth likewise, each after its own *norm* or model, whatever is best in whatever is susceptible to each, even in the lowest. But, excepting these, I confess that I seldom look at Harvey's Meditations or Quarle's Emblems, † without feeling that I would rather be the author of those books—of the innocent pleasure, the purifying emotions, and genial awakenings of the *humanity* through the whole man, which those books have given to thousands and tens of thousands—than shine the brightest in the constellation of fame among the heroes and Dii minores of literature. But I have a better excuse, and if not a better, yet a less general motive, for this solemn trifling, as it will seem, and one that will, I trust, rescue my ideal of an ink-stand from being doomed to the same slut's corner with the *de tribus Capellis*, or *de umbra asini*, by virtue of the process which it exemplifies; though I should not quarrel with the allotment, if its risible merits allowed it to keep company with the ideal immortalized by Rabelais in his disquisition inquisitory *De Rebus optime abstergentibus*.

Dared I mention the name of *my Idealizer*, a name dear to science, and

* "Verily, to ask, what meaneth this? is no Herculean labour. And the reader languishes under the same vain-glory as his author, and hath laid his head on the other knee of Omphale, if he can mistake the thin vocables of incogitance for the consubstantial words which thought begetteth and goeth forth in."—*Sir T. Brown, MSS.*

† A full collection, a Bibliotheca Specialis, of the books of emblems and symbols, of all sects and parties, moral, theological, or political, including those in the Centennaries and Jubilee volumes published by the Jesuit and other religious orders, is a desideratum in our library literature that would well employ the talents of our ingenious masters in wood-engraving, etching, and lithography, under the superintendance of a Dibdin, and not unworthy of royal and noble patronage, or the attention of a Longman and his compeers. Singly or jointly undertaken, it would do honour to these princely merchants in the service of the muses. What stores might not a Southey contribute notes or interspersed prefaces? I could dream away an hour on the subject.

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consecrated by discoveries of far-extending utility, it would at least give a *biographical* interest to this trifling anecdote, and perhaps entitle me to claim for it a yet higher, as a trait *in minimis*, characteristic of a class of powerful and most beneficent intellects. For to the same process of thought we owe whatever instruments of power have been bestowed on mankind by science and genius; and only such deserve the name of inventions or discoveries. But even in those, which chance may seem to claim, "*quæ homini obvenisse* videantur potius quam homo *venire in* ea"—which come to us rather than we to them—this process will *most* often be found as the indispensable *antecedent* of the discovery—as the condition, without which the suggesting accident would have whispered to deaf ears, unnoticed; or, like the faces in the fire, or the landscapes made by damp on a white-washed wall, noticed for their oddity alone. To the birth of the tree a prepared soil is as necessary as the falling seed. A Daniel was present; or the fatal characters in the banquet-hall of Belshazzar might have struck more terror, but would have been of no more import than the trail of a luminous worm. In the far greater number, indeed, of these asserted boons of chance, it is the accident that should be called the *condition*—and often not so much, but merely the *occasion*—while the proper cause of the invention is to be sought for in the coexisting state and previous habit of the observer's mind. I cannot bring myself to account for *respiration* from the stimulus of the *air*, without ascribing to the specific stimulability of the lungs a yet more important part in the joint product. To how many myriads of individuals had not the rise and fall of the lid in a boiling kettle been familiar, an appearance daily and hourly in sight? But it was reserved for a mind that understood what was to be wished and knew what was wanted in order to its fulfilment—for an *armed* eye, which meditation had made contemplative, an eye armed from within, with an instrument of higher powers than glasses can give, with the logic of method, the only true *Organum Flevristicum* which possesses the former and better half of knowledge in itself as the science of wise questioning,* and the other half in reversion,—it was reserved for the Marquis of Worcester to see and have given into his hands, from the alternation of expansion and vacuity, a power mightier than that of Vulcan and all his Cyclops; a power that found its practical limit only where nature could supply no limit strong enough to confine it. For the genial spirit, that *saw* what it had been *seeking*, and saw *because* it sought, was it reserved in the dancing lid of a kettle or coffee-urn, to behold the future *steam-engine*, the Talus, with whom the Britomart of science is now gone forth to subdue and *humanize* the planet! When the bodily organ, steadying itself on some chance thing, imitates, as it were, the fixture of "the inward eye" on its ideal shapings, then it is that Nature not seldom reveals her close affinity with mind, with that more than man which is one and the same in all men, and from which

> "the soul receives
> Reason: and reason is her *being*!"
> *Par. Lost.*

Then it is, that Nature, like an individual spirit or fellow soul, seems to think and hold commune with us. If, in the present contempt of all mental analysis not contained in Locke, Hartley, or Condillac, it were safe to borrow from "scholastic lore" a technical term or two, for which I have not yet found any substitute equally convenient and serviceable, I should say, that at such moments Nature, as another *subject* veiled behind the visible *object* without us, solicits the intelligible object hid, and yet struggling beneath the subject within us, and like a helping Lucina, brings it forth for us into distinct consciousness and common light. Who has not tried to get hold of some half-remembered name, mislaid as it were in the memory, and yet felt to be there? And who has not experienced, how at length it seems *given* to us, as if some other unperceived had been employed

* "Prudens questio dimidium scientiæ," says our Verulam, the second founder of the science, and the first who *on principle* applied it to the *ideas* in nature, as his great compeer Plato had before done to the *laws* in the mind.

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in the same search? And what are the objects last spoken of, which are *in* the subject, (*i. e.* the individual mind) yet not *subjective*, but of universal validity, no *accidents* of a particular mind resulting from its individual structure, no, nor even of the *human* mind, as a particular class or rank of intelligences, but of imperishable subsistence; and though not *things*, (*i. e.* shapes in outward space,) yet equally independent of the beholder, and more than equally real—what, I say, are those but the *names* of nature? the *nomina quasi νοματα*, opposed by the wisest of the Greek schools to phenomena, as the intelligible correspondents or correlatives in the mind to the invisible supporters of the appearances in the world of the senses, the upholding powers that cannot be seen, but the presence and actual being of which must be supposed—nay, *will be* supposed, in defiance of every attempt to the contrary by a crude materialism, so alien from humanity, that there does not exist a language on earth, in which it could be conveyed without a contradiction between the sense, and the words employed to express it!

Is this a mere random flight in etymology, hunting a bubble, and bringing back the film? I cannot think so contemptuously of the attempt to fix and restore the true import of *any* word; but, in this instance, I should regard it as neither unprofitable, nor devoid of rational interest, were it only that the knowledge and reception of the import here given, as the etymon, or *genuine* sense of the word, would save Christianity from the reproach of containing a doctrine so repugnant to the best feelings of humanity, as is inculcated in the following passage, among a hundred others to the same purpose, in earlier and in more recent works, sent forth by professed Christians. "Most of the men, who are now alive, or that have been living for many ages, are Jews, Heathens, or Mahometans, strangers and enemies to Christ, in whose *name* alone we can be saved. This consideration is extremely sad, when we remember how great an evil it is, that *so many millions of sons and daughters are born to enter into the possession of devils to eternal ages.*"—Taylor's Holy Dying, p. 28. Even Sir T. Brown, while his heart is evidently wrestling with the dogma grounded on the trivial interpretation of the word, nevertheless receives it in this sense, and expresses most gloomy apprehensions "of the ends of those honest worthies and philosophers," who died before the birth of our Saviour: "It is hard," says he, "to place those souls in hell, whose worthy lives did teach us virtue on earth. How strange to them will sound the history of Adam, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of!" Yet he concludes by condemning the insolence of reason in daring to doubt or controvert the verity of the doctrine, or "to question the justice of the proceeding," *which verity*, he fears, the woeful lot of "*these great examples of virtue must confirm.*"

But here I must break off.

Your's most affectionately,

S. T. Coleridge.

Letter V.

To the Same.

My dear D.—The philosophic poet, whom I quoted in my last, may here and there have stretched his prerogative in a war of offence on the general associations of his contemporaries. Here and there, though less than the least of what the Buffoons of parody, and the Zanies of anonymous criticism, would have us believe, he may be thought to betray a preference of mean or trivial instances for grand morals, a capricious predilection for incidents that contrast with the depth and novelty of the truths they are to exemplify. But still to the principle, to the habit of tracing the presence of the high in the humble, the mysterious Dii Cabiri, in the form of the dwarf Miner, with hammer and spade, and week-day apron, we must attribute Wordsworth's *peculiar* power, his *leavening* influence on the opinions, feelings, and pursuits of his admirers,—most on the young of most promise and highest acquirements; and that, while others are read with delight, his works are a *religion*. A case still more in point occurs to me, and for the truth of which I dare pledge myself. The art of printing alone seems to hav-

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been privileged with a Minerval birth, to have risen in its zenith; but next to this, perhaps, the rapid and almost instantaneous advancement of pottery from the state in which Mr Wedgewood found the art, to its demonstrably highest practicable perfection, is the most striking fact in the history of modern improvements achieved by individual genius. In his early manhood, an obstinate and harassing complaint confined him to his room for more than two years; and to this apparent calamity Mr Wedgewood was wont to attribute his after unprecedented success. For a while, as was natural, the sense of thus losing the prime and vigour of his life and faculties, preyed on his mind incessantly—aggravated, no doubt, by the thought of what he should have been doing this hour and this, had he not been thus severely visited. Then, what he should like to take in hand; and lastly, what it was desirable to do, and how far it might be done, till generalizing more and more, the mind began to feed on the thoughts, which, at their first evolution, (in their *larva* state, may I say?) had preyed on the mind. We imagine the presence of what we desire in the very act of regretting its absence, nay, *in order* to regret it the more livelily; but while, with a strange wilfulness, we are thus engendering grief on grief, nature makes use of the product to cheat us into comfort and exertion. The positive shapings, though but of the fancy, will sooner or later displace the mere knowledge of the negative. All activity is in itself pleasure; and according to the nature, powers, and previous habits of the sufferer, the activity of the fancy will call the other faculties of the soul into action. The self-contemplative power becomes meditative, and the mind begins to play the geometrician with its own thoughts—abstracting from them the accidental and individual, till a new and unfailing source of employment, the best and surest nepentha of solitary pain, is opened out in the habit of seeking the principle and ultimate aim in the most imperfect productions of art, in the least attractive products of nature; of beholding the possible in the real; of detecting the essential form in the intentional; above all, in the collation and constructive imagining of the outward shapes and material forces that shall best express the essential form, in its coincidence with the idea, or realize most adequately that power, which is one with its correspondent knowledge, as the revealing body with its indwelling soul.

Another motive will present itself, and one that comes nearer home, and is of more general application, if we reflect on the habit here recommended, as a source of support and consolation in circumstances under which we might otherwise sink back on ourselves, and for want of colloquy with our thoughts, with the objects and presentations of the *inner sense*, lie listening to the fretful *ticking* of our sensations. A resource of costless value has that man, who has brought himself to a habit of measuring the objects around him by their intended or possible ends, and the proportion in which this end is realized in each. It is the neglect of thus educating the senses, of thus disciplining, and, in the proper and primitive sense of the word, *informing* the fancy, that distinguishes at first sight the ruder states of society. Every mechanic tool, the commonest and most indispensible implements of agriculture, might remind one of the school-boy's second stage in metrical composition, in which his exercise is to contain *sense*, but he is allowed to eke out the scanning by the interposition, here and there, of an equal quantity of nonsense. And even in the existing height of national civilization, how many individuals may there not be found, for whose senses the non-essential so preponderates, that though they may have lived the greater part of their lives in the country, yet, with some exceptions for the products of their own flower and kitchen garden, all the names in the Index to Withering's Botany, are superseded for them by the one name, a *weed!* "*It is only a weed!*" And if this indifference stopt here, and this particular ignorance were regarded as the *disease*, it would be sickly to complain of it. But it is as a *symptom* that it excites regret—it is that, except only the pot-herbs of lucre, and the barren double-flowers of vanity, their own noblest faculties both of thought and action, are but weeds—in which, should sickness or misfortune wreck them on the desart island of their own mind, they would either not think of seeking, or be ignorant how to find, nourishment or medicine. As it is good to be provided

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with work for rainy days, Winter industry is the best cheerer of winter gloom, and fire-side contrivances for summer use, bring summer sunshine and a genial inner warmth, which the friendly hearth-blaze may conspire with, but cannot bestow or compensate.

A splenetic friend of mine, who was fond of *outraging* a truth by some whimsical hyperbole, in his way of expressing it, gravely gave it out as his opinion, that beauty and genius were but diseases of the consumptive and scrofulous order. He would not carry it further; but yet, he must say, that he *had* observed that very *good* people, persons of unusual virtue and benevolence, were in general afflicted with weak or restless nerves! After yielding him the expected laugh for the oddity of the remark, I reminded him, that if his position meant any thing, the converse must be true, and we ought to have Helens, Medicæan Venuses, Shakespeares, Raphaels, Howards, Clarksons, and Wilberforces by thousands; and the assemblies and pump-rooms at Bath, Harrowgate, and Cheltenham, rival the *conversazioni* in the Elysian Fields. Since then, however, I have often recurred to the portion of truth, that lay at the bottom of my friend's conceit. It cannot be denied, that ill health, in a degree below direct pain, yet distressfully affecting the sensations, and depressing the animal spirits, and thus leaving the nervous system too sensitive to pass into the ordinary state of feeling, and forcing us to live in alternating *positives*, is* a hot-bed for whatever germs, and tendencies, whether in head or heart, have been planted there independently.

Surely, there is nothing fanciful in considering this as a providential provision, and as one of the countless proofs, that we are most benignly, as well as wonderfully, constructed! The cutting and irritating grain of sand, which by accident or incaution has got within the shell, incites the living inmate to secrete from its own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance. And is it not, or may it not be, even so, with the irregularities and unevennesses of health and fortune in our own case? We, too, may turn diseases into pearls. The means and materials are within ourselves; and the process is easily understood. By a law common to all animal life, we are incapable of attending for any continuance to an object, the parts of which are indistinguishable from each other, or to a series, where the successive links are only numerically different. Nay, the more broken and irritating, (as, for instance, the *fractious* noise of the dashing of a lake on its border, compared with the swell of the sea on a calm evening,) the more quickly does it exhaust our power of noticing it. The tooth-ache, where the suffering is not extreme, often finds its speediest cure in the silent pillow; and gradually destroys our attention to itself by preventing us from attending to any thing else. From the same cause, many a lonely patient listens to his moans, till he forgets the pain that occasioned them. The attention attenuates, as its sphere contracts. But this it does even to a point, where the person's own state of feeling, or any particular set of bodily sensations, are the direct object. The slender thread winding in narrower and narrower circles round its source and centre, ends at length in a chrysalis, a dormitory within which the spinner undresses himself in his sleep, soon to come forth *quite a new creature*.

So it is in the slighter cases of suffering, where suspension is extinction,

* Perhaps it confirms while it limits this theory, that it is chiefly verified in men whose genius and pursuits are eminently *subjective*, where the mind is intensely watchful of its own acts and shapings, thinks, while it feels, in order to understand, and then to *generalize* that feeling; above all, where all the powers of the mind are called into action, simultaneously, and yet severally, while in men of equal, and perhaps deservedly equal celebrity, whose pursuits are objective and universal, demanding the energies of attention and abstraction, as in mechanics, mathematics, and all departments of physics and physiology, the very contrary would seem to be exemplified. Shakespeare died at 53, and probably of a decline; and in one of his sonnets he speaks of himself as grey and prematurely old; and Milton, who suffered from infancy those intense head-aches which ended in blindness, insinuates that he was free from pain, or the anticipation of pain. On the other hand, the Newtons and Leibnitzes have, in general, been not only long-lived, but men of robust health.

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or followed by long intervals of ease. But where the unsubdued causes are ever on the watch to renew the pain, that thus forces our attention in upon ourselves, the same barrenness and monotony of the object that in minor grievances lulled the mind into oblivion, now goads it into action by the restlessness and natural impatience of vacancy. We cannot perhaps divert the attention; our feelings will still form the main subject of our thoughts. But something is already gained, if, instead of attending to our sensations, we begin to *think* of them. But in order to this, we must reflect on these thoughts—or the same *sameness* will soon sink them down into mere feeling. And in order to sustain the act of reflection on our thoughts, we are obliged more and more to compare and generalize them, a process that to a certain extent implies, and in a still greater degree excites and introduces the act and power of abstracting the thoughts and images from their original cause, and of reflecting on them with less and less reference to the individual suffering that had been their first subject. The vis medicatrix of Nature is at work for us in all our faculties and habits, the associate, reproductive, comparative, and combinatory.

That this source of consolation and support may be equally in your power as in mine, but that you may never have occasion to *feel* equally grateful for it, as I have, and do in body and estate, is the fervent wish of your affectionate

S. T. Coleridge.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

* * * * * * * * *

I had been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery; and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends, taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day towards the evening, the crisis took place.—I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering,—a rushing sound was in my ears,—I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light, and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could not.—For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me,—and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed.—I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow—and the voice of the nurse say, "He is dead."—I cannot describe what I felt at these words.—I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near; and sobbing, and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found, the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse, with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days, a number of friends called to see me.—I heard them, in low accents, speak of what I was; and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day, some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured—I was lifted and laid in—My friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face.

When all who had any peculiar interest in me, had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire; and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present—one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left begin to whistle as he turned the screw-nails; but he checked himself, and completed the work in silence.

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I was then left alone,—every one shunned the room.—I knew, however, that I was not yet buried; and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope;—but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse.—There was a crowd of people around; some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move—I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out—I felt myself carried on shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion—A pause ensued—I heard the cords of the coffin moved—I felt it swing as dependent by them—It was lowered, and rested on the bottom of the grave—The cords were dropped upon the lid—I heard them fall.—Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immoveable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin—Then there was another pause—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time; and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low and undersound in the earth over me, and I fancied that the worms and the reptiles of death were coming—that the mole and the rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold; and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment, perhaps perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was then thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment after I found myself on a carriage; and, by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I discovered that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents, and children, and friends. One of the men sung snatches and scraps of obscene songs, as the cart rattled over the pavement of the streets.

When it halted, I was lifted out, and I soon perceived, by the closeness of the air, and the change of temperature, that I was carried into a room; and, being rudely stripped of my shroud, was placed naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servant who admitted them, I learnt that I was that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut, I saw nothing; but in a short time I heard, by the bustle in the room, that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table, and examined me minutely. They were pleased to find that so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in.

Previous to beginning the dissection, he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiment—and an apparatus was arranged for that purpose. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves: they rung and jangled like the strings of a harp. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw was the doctor who had attended me. But still I was as dead: I could, however, discover among the students the faces of many with whom I was familiar; and when my eyes were opened, I heard my name pronounced by several of the students, with an accent of awe and compassion, and a wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife, and pierced

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me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful crackling, as it were, throughout my whole frame—a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.

* * * * * * * *

HANS BEUDIX.

THERE once was an Emperor (so says my story,)
Not so fond of his ease, as he was of his glory:
Dwelt near him an Abbot, who, (rightly enough,
To *my* fancy,) deem'd glory but flatulent stuff.

The first was a warrior, nursed in the field,
And had oft, for a pillow, made use of his shield;—
On black bread and water contented to dine,
'Twas seldom he tasted a drop of good wine.

Such a life had ill suited the man of the gown;—
For he always reposed on the softest of down;
Like the full moon his face, as became his vocation,
Which betray'd but few symptoms of mortification!

Why, or wherefore, I know not, but leave you to judge,
The Emperor ow'd our good Abbot a grudge;
So, returning one day from his usual ride,
Reclined in his arbour the priest he espied:—

And, checking his barb, in his fullest career,
He accosted the servant of Christ with a sneer,—
"Holy father, how fare ye? Those quellers of sin,
Long fasts, I perceive, do not make a man thin!

"Since your life must be dull, and your pastimes are few,
You will thank me for finding you something to do.—
Your worship's vast learning we, all of us, know;
Nay, 'tis rumour'd, Sir Priest, you can hear the grass grow.

"That such talents should rust, were a pity, indeed!
So, I give you three exquisite riddles to read:
To each of my questions, (as surely you can, sir,)
At the end of three months, you will find the true answer.

"With my crown on my head, in my costliest robe,
When I sit on my throne, with my sceptre and globe,
Resolve me, most learned of prelates on earth,
How much, to a farthing, thy emperor's worth?

"The problem I next to your wisdom propound,
Is, how long it would take one to ride the world round?
To a minute compute it, without more or less;
For this is a trifle you'll easily guess!

"And then I expect you to tell me my thought,
When next to my presence, Lord Abbot, you're brought;
And, whatever it be, it must prove a delusion,—
Some error in judgment, or optic illusion!

"Now, unless you shall answer these questions, I ween,
Your lordship the last of your abbey has seen:
And I'll have you paraded all over the land,
On the back of an ass, with his tail in your hand!"—

Off gallop'd the autocrat, laughing outright,
And left the good man in a sorrowful plight;—
Alarm'd and confounded, his anguish was such,
That no thief on his trial e'er trembled as much!

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In vain he appeal'd to both Weimar and Gotha,
But they could not assist him a single iota;
And, though he had fee'd all the faculties round him,
The faculties left him as wise as they found him.

Now, Time, the Impostor, was at his old tricks,
Turning hours into days, and then days into weeks;
Then weeks into months,—till the term was at hand,
Assign'd by the Despot's capricious command!

With musing, and fretting, ground down to the bone,
He wander'd about in the fields, all alone;
And, in one of these rambles, when most at a loss,
On his shepherd, Hans Beudix, he happen'd to cross.—

"Lord Abbot," cried Hans, "I guess all is not right!
Why so clouded that brow, which, till late, was so bright?
To your faithful Hans Beudix vouchsafe to impart
The trouble, that inwardly preys on your heart!"—

"Alas, my good Beudix, the Emperor's Grace
Has made thy poor master's a pitiful case!
He has given me three pestilent cob-nuts to crack,
Would puzzle Old Nick, with his Dam at his back!

"For the first,—when array'd in his costliest robe,
On his throne, with his crown, and his sceptre, and globe,
Must I, the most luckless of Prelates on earth,
Compute, to a farthing, his Highness's worth!

"The problem he, secondly, deign'd to propound,
Is, how long it would take him to ride the world round?
And this, to a minute, without more or less;—
He said, 'twas a trifle, quite easy to guess!

"And, last, he expects me to tell him his thought,
When next to his Highness's presence I'm brought;
And, whatever it be, it must prove a delusion,—
Some error in judgment, or optic illusion!

"And, unless I these precious conundrums explain,
He swears, I shall ne'er see my Abbey again:—
And, he'll have me paraded all over the land,
On the back of an ass, with his tail in my hand!"—

"What, no more?" quoth Hans Beudix,—"Then, write me an ape,
If I don't get your Reverence out of this scrape.
Just lend me your mantle, your crozier, and mitre,
And you'll find that old Beudix may still bite the biter!

"It is true,—in book-learning I'm not very far gone,
Not a whit do I know of your heathenish jargon;—
But old mother Nature has given me that,
Which the greatest of scholars can't always come at!"—

My Lord Abbot's countenance rose, as he spoke,
And to Beudix he handed his mitre and cloak;
Who, arm'd with the crozier, repair'd to the Court,
Assuming his master's right reverend port.—

The Emperor, clad in his costliest robe,
On his throne, with his crown, and his sceptre, and globe,
Thus address'd him,—"Thou wisest of Prelates on earth,
Resolve, to a farthing, how much I am worth!"

"For thirty rix-dollars the Saviour was sold,
And, with all your gay trappings of purple and gold,
Twenty-nine is your price:—you'll not take it amiss,
If I judge that your value must fall short of his!"—

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"So, so!" thought his Highness; "the priest has me there!
I own, my Lord Abbot, the answer is fair.—
Did greatness e'er swallow so bitter a pill?
But, like it or not, I must swallow it still!

"And, now for a question your learning shall probe:—
How long would it take me to ride round the globe?
To a minute compute it, without more or less;
You'll easily solve it, my lord, as I guess!"—

"If your Highness will please just to get on your horse,
With the rise of the sun, and pursue the sun's course,
Keeping always beside him, a million to one,
But in two dozen hours the whole business is done!"—

"Are you there, my old fox, with your *ifs* and your *ans*?
But I need not remind you, they're not *pots and pans*,
Else tinkers would starve, (as I learnt from my nurse;)
Still the answer shall pass, for it might have been worse.

"And now for the *poser*—mind what you're about;
For the donkey's at hand, and shall straight be led out.
What think I, that's false?—Tell me that, if you can;
Here you shall not come off with an *if* or an *an*."—

"If I read not your thought, you may fry me for bacon;—
In which thought, my dread liege, you are shrewdly mistaken!
You think me the Abbot—but I, as you'll find,
With all due submission, am—Beudix, his hind!"—

"What the d—l! Art thou not the Abbot of Lintz?
By my troth, thou hast fairly outwitted thy prince!
'Tis the cowl makes the monk, as I've heard people say;
So I dub thee Lord Abbot from this very day.

"For the former incumbent, an indolent sot!
On Dapple's bare withers, please God, he shall trot;
For his office, Hans Beudix is fitter by half;
And here I invest thee with ring and with staff."—

"Under favour, great sir, I can handle a crook,
But, alas! I'm no very great hand at my book;
I ne'er went to school, and no Latin have I—
Not so much as you'd write on the wing of a fly!"—

"Is it so, my good fellow? Then, more is the pity;
So, bethink thee of some other thing that may fit ye.
Thy wit hath well pleased me; and it shall go hard,
If Hans's sagacity miss its reward."—

"If such the conditions, the boon that I ask
Will prove to your highness no difficult task:
To your favour again, on my knees I implore,
That your highness will please my good lord to restore."—

The sovereign replied,—"As I hope in God's grace,
The heart of Hans Beudix is in its right place.
Thy master, for me, shall his mitre enjoy,
And long may he wear it.—So, tell him, old boy."

R. T.

*** The above is nearly a translation of a Ballad of Bürger's.

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METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS EXTRAORDINARY.

CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land!
Coleridge's Fancy in Nubibus.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,

I AM a little crazy. My friends speak of the circumstance with concern; but I cannot say that it causes me any annoyance, except it be from the suspicion with which they receive my evidence. They are very apt to look incredulous, and say to one another, "Ay, ay, very well, 'tis his wild way of talking, but no such thing ever happened." Now, surely the having a supernumerary cranny in the skull, (for it must be confessed I am decidedly crack-brained), ought not to interfere with a man's being believed, when he plainly tells you about things which he saw with eyes that have no flaw, and ears of which the apertures are all as they should be. It was only last Wednesday se'ennight that the incident befel me, which will form the subject of this letter. I told it to Doctor Scammony, who is kind enough to feel my pulse at times, and he said it was "hallucinatio mentis,"—my intimate friend, Sam Pottinger, interrupted me with, "my dear fellow, this is all fudge,"—and my cousin, Lucy Manning, advised me, that I "had better not talk about it again, as it was mere rhodomontade"—and, when I had found a more rational listener in old Alice Tugwell, who has nursed me when ill, even she at the end squalled out, "Lard love thy swivity head, thee'st been dreaming broad awake." Judge you, Mr Christopher, and hold the scales of equity even, between me and my detractors, Dr Scammony, Sam Pottinger, Miss Lucy Manning, and Dame Alice Tugwell, aforesaid. My pursuits consist in reading new poetry, and noticing the weather. For instruction about the latter, I have read what is said of Mr Howard's Nomenclature of Clouds, as expounded by Dr T. L. Forster, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. Since which, I never lift up my eyes without taking especial care to refer the passing clouds to one of the seven genera they have established. Now, it happened that about a fortnight ago I went to my bookseller's, Mr Title-page, whose counter I found groaning with the incumbrance of modern publications, and he told me, that so many new poems were perpetually forthcoming, that he thought the old ones of living authors must soon be used as waste paper. I certainly chewed the cud upon this speech a good deal; in a little room which I have at the end of my garden, and which overlooks a wildish sort of common. They tell me I fell asleep there, or indulged my imagination awake, whenever I have spoken of what I am going to relate. But to both of these solutions I say no. With these eyes, then, did I see the shopman of my bookseller trundle a wheelbarrow full of books upon the common, where there was a pot boiling, slung between three sticks, and which I thought had belonged to a party of gypsies. His master followed, with more drab-coated volumes under his arm, and I could see that, one by one, he popt the works of living versifiers into the cauldron, out of which, after a little simmering, they issued in the shape of vapour, and successively overspread the heaven with clouds, which, knowing Mr Howard's theory, I was luckily able to systematize. Perhaps you will be able to draw some wiser inferences from what I saw than I can,—only believe in the pot and the wheelbarrow; surely a leaky scull is able to recognize the famous utensil of Mr Accum, and the coach of Mr Punch. I thought, however, that whenever thunder grumbled, or rain fell from these clouds so distilled from paper, that there was something bad in taste or morals in the poems which made the broth, whence the steam issued.

Tom Moore's progeny were first immersed. His songs *whirled* (a coin of his friend King Leigh the First's mintage) into *cirri* or *curl-clouds*, and pretty little fantastic *chignons* and lovelocks they became. Lalla Rookh was metamorphosed into a *cirrocubulus*, or *sonder-cloud*, rather heavy in the main, patchy, spotty, and disjointed, made up of separate parts, some of which

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were exquisitely good in themselves, but not coalescing into a pleasing and proper unity.

The abundant offspring of the laureat, as well as that of Sir Walter, mounted up and took the shape of *cumuli*, or *stacken-clouds*, those marble-like masses which shine like temples or cities in the intense blue of a summer noon. —Southey's were somewhat heavily grouped in places, but they sailed along nobly. The solidity of Sir Walter's was relieved by the outline running into freakish shapes, like those Gothic ornaments, which, separately viewed, disfigure, but, in connection with the whole, contribute to the delightful effect of our venerable cathedrals.

Crabbe's works tumbled up into the same sort, and a good homely batch of stacken-cloud they made. It flirted down indeed a few drops in my eyes, as it were by way of a sly joke; but this was so trifling that it neither injured the nap of my coat, nor detracted much from the merit of the author, though it *was* an indication that his taste is not unquestionable. His cloud looked as if much useful household rain-water might upon occasion be collected from it, both for cookery and for washing.

Lord Byron's were next shot into the boiler, and they emerged in the form of *cumulo-stratus*, or *twain-cloud*. A fine wild picturesque appearance of troubled atmosphere was the result of the decoction of Childe Harold, and his other misanthropical personages. The bosom of the cloud, which seemed by its working to be suffering intestine commotion, was of a lurid purple, and a flash or two of lightning issued from it, deepening, by its momentary radiance, the gloom through which it struggled. The English Bards, the Poems on Domestic Circumstances, and Don Juan, took rather a more airy shape, but as the wind moved the lighter part of them, the nucleus was seen to be fraught with "sulphureous and thought-executing fires, vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts."

Leigh Hunt's Rimini, Bacchus and Ariadne, and others, most of them "inosculating," (as Dr Forster hath it,) slid upwards, and the pretty Nepheliads were dispatched to their own quarters, and the whole became instantly *cirrostratus* or *wane-cloud*, which sort, as Mr Howard avers, "is characterized by shallowness." Can any thing be more apt? Moreover, "it is in this cloud that those peculiar refractions of the sun's light called haloes, mocksuns, &c. usually appear;" and certainly this etherial quintessence of Mr L. H.'s publications in rhyme was extremely fertile of these gaudy delusions, the consequence, I suppose, of the bewildering paltry claptraps of Cockney applause, with which his distiches are tricked out. It is not to be denied that portions of his cloud were beautiful, but the whole was treacherous and threatening; and indeed the lower extremities deliquesced into regular *nimbus*, or *rain-cloud*, and a pitiless drenching I got from incautious exposure to it—his own "washerwomen" could not have saturated my garments with wet more thoroughly, than the effects of his bad taste did, while I was trying to ascertain, by nubilous analogy, the degree of his poetical merit.

The barrow next supplied the works of Campbell and Rogers. They were soon subtilized into *cirrocumulus*, or *sonder-cloud*. The Pleasures of Hope took a station to the windward quarter, and there imbibing a golden light from "the fiery-tressed sun," came sailing nearer to us, with much promise of increasing attractiveness. The Pleasures of Memory went to leeward at first, and passing from us, though it never actually got out of sight, kept gaining in tenderness of hue, for what it lost in distinctness of contour and feature.

Montgomery's, Milman's, Croly's, Maturin's, and Shelley's productions, rose into *cumulostrati*, or *twain-clouds*, which are described as being top-heavy, and apt to degenerate into *nimbi*, or positively rainy clouds. Of course, the component parts, originating from such different authors, varied much. Where Montgomery's had a share in producing some of the mass, there was great beauty—a floating delicacy in some of the wreaths of vapour which was quite exquisite—not that his division had altogether an escape from extreme and frothy tenuity. Milman's part of the cloud was rather overbeetling and stiff in figure, but a magnificent apparition notwithstanding; and I made no doubt that his and Croly's would devolve at last into something nearer to the nature of *cumulus*, which is the true fine-weather harbinger and exponent. There was a blue brimstone miasma

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about Maturin's which foreboded thunder which did growl a little, and the distillation from some of his muddy metaphors dropped in not very transpicuous streams. The stormy rack raised from Shelley's was evidently of dangerous import, while the body of the cloud in that direction was plainly a garner of hail and thunder—it was not long before a forked flash of lightning pierced it, dazzling our eyes, and followed by a surly peal; and I was instantly well peppered with hail-stones, but thought it well that I got nothing worse from such a brewage of tempest. Barry Cornwall's Sketches had not body enough to consolidate into *cumulus*, but they made a very fine kind of *cirrocumulus*, with some locks of the *cirrus* fancifully wafted among the spaces between the denser parts, and all were refracting on their sunny sides colours of the least obstrusive brilliancy. Hogg's broke into clouds of the same genus, and indeed presented a sky such as the shepherd himself must by moonlight have often gazed at with tranquil pleasure, and have been struck with its resemblance to his own charge, then either quietly grazing, or lying at rest on the green heather,—hardly less lovely objects than "the snowy flock of Cynthia's fold" studding the blue arch of night over his head;—whether Hogg may have pursued the parallel between the respective overseers of the two flocks, I cannot tell; but if he did, he may possibly have thought himself able to compete in brilliance with the moon at her brightest.

Of the Lyrical Ballads, after they had been nightly stewed down, some crept along in a *stratus*, or *fall-cloud*, and some "rose like an exhalation" into a delightful *cirrostratus*, or *wane-cloud*, which, however, emitted a soft shower, (a proof belike of something wrong amid graces beyond the reach of art to snatch.) Yet this ill luck was redeemed by the beauty of the rainbow which was tenderly bodied forth in the cloud as it passed away. Wordsworth's heart would have "leapt up" at beholding the sight. Iris, in the times of the Greeks, never shot down from the empyreum in a more delicately-tinted curve, and we may well envy that damsel for having such a meteor for her pathway,—the raised platform at the coronation, although Miss Fellows and her nymphs strewed it with flowers of the choicest, was not half so elegant a road. As for the Excursion, it became a fine *cumulus*—high-shouldered, mayhap, and too portly in the paunch, but nevertheless truly dignified; and it wore the sunlight well, "sailing with supreme dominion in the azure depth of air."

Next came some poems, comparatively few in number, and not large in bulk; and yet they played such pranks in the air, that they were as "noticeable" for their vagaries, as their author for his "large grey eyes."—They were Coleridge's. The Ancient Mariner and Cristabel were transmogrified into something between *cirrostratus* and *cirrocumulus*,—wildest and most ominous where the gas extracted from the Mariner was whirling in grotesque volumes, and reflecting as many colours as a "witch's oils," which, as Mr Coleridge informs us, "burn green, and red, and white." It would, certes, puzzle the acutest adept in terminology, or rather orismology, (as the purists speak;—see Kirby and Spence's Letters on Entomology,) to describe what shape the cloud was of, which was formed by Cristabel;—it looked in front a little like the head of a mastiff bitch, and ended, (if end it could be called,) with something like a child "singing and dancing to itself." Although these clouds vexed the eyesight, and threatened an explosion of something very fearful and mysterious, it was impossible to keep one's eyes from looking at them. One poem, however, called Genevieve, sublimed into a faultless shape and hue of loveliness, "as glorious to our sight, being o'er our heads, as is a winged messenger of heaven."

Wilson's "Plagues and Palms," rose aloft in a semblance hard to be classified,—the Isle of Palms had something of the changeable look of *cirrostratus*,—but the City of the Plague, though not altogether removed from that genus, was trenching closely upon the solid and steady appearance of the *cumulus*, "with fleecy folds voluminous."

There was a long horizonal *stratus*, or fall-cloud, condensed from the works of various writers. Among the authors who contributed to this low-lying sheet of mist, were the following. Lloyd, though he made an effort to mount; but metaphysics kept him down;—Bowles, who not only at-

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tempted, but succeeded in sending up some pretty light floculent *cirri* from some of his sonnets and local descriptions: his odes, however, gravitated most ponderously;—Sotheby, whose originals could not manage to extricate themselves from the level of the *stratus*; but his admirable translation of the Georgics, and of Oberon, were buoyed into a purer atmosphere;—Hodgson was in the same scrape; his Lady Jane Gray, his Friends, &c. were converted into prone hazy vapour; while his translation did better for him, as his Juvenal rose with some degree of alacrity;—Sir James Bland Burgess, whose Richard Cœur de Lion had really, at this late date, hardly any right to come and suffocate us in a muggy fog; we cannot indeed complain, upon the same footing, of his Dragon Knight, for since it is only a year or two old, it had the true undoubted privilege of trying its fate in the pot, even though it issued in vapour of so thick a consistence, that there was infinite danger of its giving catarrh and sore throat to his majesty's faithful lieges,—the *stratus* was deadly heavy about this region of it;—Herbert, whose Scandinavian Helga and Hedin betrayed no inclination to soar; and poor Pia Della Pietra still remained in a vapour-bath; but whether it were *mal'aria* or not, I did not venture into it to try. Some others followed, whose names I could not discover; but the last I distinguished was that of William Thomas Fitzgerald, whose verses indeed seemed mostly to be contained in newspapers and periodicals. They were soused into the pot,—anniversary-addresses, songs of victory, congratulatory odes, and most lacrymose monodies—and came out, forming a perfect drizzle, and making one's neckcloth feel like a dishclout.

Those who think I have been dreaming, will expect now to be told that some unexpected jog awoke me, or that the pot burst with a bounce, and that I found it to be all illusion. No such thing—the conclusion was on this wise. The barrow being empty, Mr Titlepage's shopman got between the handles, and soberly wheeled it off the ground. Mr Titlepage himself made me a bow, and retired. Next morning I found that the pot had been removed, but the ground remained blackened and scorched where the fire had been kindled, and it does so to this hour. I have more admiration than ever for Mr Howard's classification of the clouds into seven genera; and as the old works of most of our existing poets are now "resolved into air—thin air," I am happy in the expectation that they will set to work again, and supply us with a fresh stock. It will be satisfactory to know that you believe in what I have told you; (for what signifies it my being a trifle or so crazy, when I only relate to you plain matters of fact which actually happened to me?) but if you range yourself with the disbelievers, I shall not fret; only you must then expect no more communications from

Yours as you use me,

SIMON SHATTERBRAIN.

THE FLOATING BEACON.

ONE dark and stormy night, we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence, that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured, for more than an hour, to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves, when their tops happened to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously, that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging, lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders, and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quantities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him,

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or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight our main-sail was split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her, except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay. "How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?" cried he, staggering forwards. "This is not fit weather to go a-fishing. Come back—back with you all!"—"No, no," returned one of the crew, "we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Bear a hand there, or we'll leave you behind."—"Captain, you are drunk," said another; "you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey us now."—"Silence! mutinous villain," answered the captain. "What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze—Up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye."

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset, if we did not immediately row away; but, anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain, who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length, one of the crew leapt on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and a madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with severe punishment, if they did not come on board, and return to their duty. His manner was so violent, that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up, and slowly subsided again, without breaking. At intervals, our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained, for a few moments, trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulph, so deep and awful, that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides, were on the point of over-arching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea, my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors, I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard, and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and shewed, by their motion, that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him, but, next moment, the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvass disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea about a quarter of a mile

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from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was now on her beam ends, and that the noise, to which we listened, was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals, a shrill and agonized voice uttered some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were, and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated near the spot where the sloop lay, and, in a few moments, she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other, without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain, appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light a-head. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but, at the moment, the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth. "That," cried one of the crew, "must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it, we'll be safe enough yet." This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baleing out the water that sometimes rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and, at the same time, a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within the reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat, brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation, for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them, or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance, but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light, and looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp, which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time, they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling toge-

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ther, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words, but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required, by means of ropes and pullies. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however, I gladly retired to the birth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning, one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still ran very high, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norwegian coast, lying at eleven miles distance, could be dimly seen. I looked in vain for some remains of the sloop or boat. Not a bird enlivened the heaving expanse of waters, and I turned shuddering from the dreary scene, and asked Morvalden, the youngest of the men, when he thought I had any chance of getting ashore. "Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited once a-month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us supply of provisions and other necessaries. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so, as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain, in a state of inactive suspense, till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathize with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free them from the expence of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon, they employed themselves in trimming the lamps, and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare to express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in every thing.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the ver-

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She was rather good-looking, but so reserved and forbidding in her manners, that she formed no desirable acquisition to our party, already so heartless and unsociable in its character.

When night approached, after the lapse of a wearisome and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. I watched the lantern, as it swung from side to side, and flashed upon different portions of the sea alternately, and sometimes fancied I saw men struggling among the billows that tumbled around, and at other times imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean. Though within sight of the shore, our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thousand miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away, and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the skylight, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—"There's a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of any thing—and the woman is as bad as him."—I asked what proof he had of all this. —"Oh, I know it," returned he; "that wretch Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife's affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself from their infernal machinations."—"Why do you not leave the beacon," inquired I, "and abandon your companion and guilty wife?" —"Ah, that is impossible," answered Morvalden; "if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea, and the moanings of the wind, to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile?—a hopeless despairing exile. But it won't last long," cried he catching hold of my arm; "they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard."

"Your lonely situation, and inactive life, dispose you to give way to these chimeras," said I; "you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren't so bad as you suppose." —"This is not a lonely situation," replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. "Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at

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midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were, nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them, or to explain to others what they meant."

"Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination," said I; "there is no reality in the things you have told me."—"Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it," returned Morvalden. "I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us, might start up, and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night, shortly after I began to take charge of this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship a-ground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and shewed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children, writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall ever have courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished, in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would to God I had no memory! I sometimes think I am getting mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me, while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence, till the period of his watch expired. I then went below, and took refuge in my birth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas, and dark forebodings, expressed by Morvalden, weighed heavily upon my mind, without my knowing why; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused. Morvalden then went down to the cabin, where his companion was, and requested to know why his orders were not obeyed. "Because I hate trouble," replied Angerstoff.—"I am master here," said Morvalden, "and have been entrusted with the direction of every thing. Do not attempt to trifle with me."—"Trifle with you!" exclaimed Angerstoff, looking contemptuously. "No, no; I am no trifler; and I advise you to walk up stairs again, lest I prove this to your cost."—"Why, husband," cried Marietta, "I believe there are no bounds to your laziness. You make this young man toil from morning to night, and take advantage of his good-nature in the most shameful manner."—"Peace, infamous woman!" said Morvalden; "I know very well why you stand up in his defence; but I'll put a stop to the intimacy that exists between you. Go to your room instantly! You are my wife, and shall obey me."—"Is this usage to be borne?" exclaimed Marietta. "Will no one step forward to protect me from his violence?"—"Insolent fellow!" cried Angerstoff, "don't presume to insult my mistress."—"Mistress!" repeated Morvalden. "This to my face!" and struck him a severe blow. Angerstoff sprung forward, with the intention of returning it, but

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between them, and prevented him. Marietta then began to shed tears, and applauded the generosity her paramour had evinced in sparing her husband, who immediately went upon deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work that had engaged his attention previous to the quarrel.

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for a reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight; and as I did not wish to have any communication with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock, Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his birth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my birth, and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand. "Do you hear that?" cried I.—"Hear what?" returned she; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."—"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.—"No—Yes, I mean," said Marietta. "Why do you ask that? He went upstairs."—"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."—"How can that be?" answered Marietta; "Angerstoff is asleep."—"Asleep! Didn't you say he went up stairs?"—"I don't know," returned she; "I am hardly awake yet—Let us listen a moment."

Every thing was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah! that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!"—A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs, and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly, to no purpose. "Some one is killed," cried I. "The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty."—"I know nothing of that," returned Marietta. "We can't be of any use now.—Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is.—My God!—A drop of blood has fallen through the sky-light.—What faces are you looking down upon us?—But this lamp is going out.—We must be going through the water at a terrible rate.—How it rushes past us!—I am getting dizzy.—Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices——"

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, "Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him!—He will be drowned." His hands and dress were marked with blood, and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion. "You are a murderer!" exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.—"How do you know that?" said he, staggering back; "I'm sure you never saw—" "Hush, hush," cried Marietta to him; "are you mad?—Speak again!—What frightens you?—Why don't you run and help Morvalden?"—"Has any thing happened to him?" inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.—"You told us he had fallen overboard," returned Marietta. "Must my husband perish?"—"Give me some water to wash my hands," said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Mor-

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valden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel, and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over, and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky, appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Every thing was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation, and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly, and said something, but I could only distinguish the words "murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death."—I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea, thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration, convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff, speaking in his sleep, filled my ears at intervals—"Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won't burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Damnation!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn't go down soon they'll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!"—Marietta now rushed from her room, with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his birth, and lay down in it.

Next morning, when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of

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the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupified with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air, but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?—"Why, that you are one," replied I, after a pause.—"Beware what you say," returned he fiercely,—"you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard."—"Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?" inquired I.—He grew pale, and then cried, "You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!"—"I saw it," said I—"I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said"—"Ha, ha, ha—devils!—curses!"—exclaimed Angerstoff—"Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don't be afraid, for you'll find me a good fellow in the end." He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour, the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted, and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me. The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried, "Does the wretch mean to make his escape? For Godsake, prevent the possibility of that!"—"Yes, yes," returned Angerstoff; "he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care, lest I do to him what I did to—" "To Morvalden, I suppose you mean," said I.—"Well, well, speak it out," replied he ferociously; "there is no one here to listen to your damnable falsehoods, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—" "Come," interrupted Marietta, "don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—If he wants to give you the slip, he must leap overboard."

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed; but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life, would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass, at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and, more than once, seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered, in a state of fearful circumspection, from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me, my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when night came on, I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled; I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first, I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but

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I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my birth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed, in the course of which I did not start up, and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprung from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin.—I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said, "What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest.—Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it." I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he shewed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and, for a time, forgot that my situation had any thing painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my birth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to any thing else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprung from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying, "It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened." Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the sky-light, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me, brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried, "Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so." I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but, being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment, Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming, "What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand." They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.—"Well, quite well," replied the former; "but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person."—"Strange enough," said the first speaker, laughing. "Is he ill and in good health at the same time? he had as well be overboard as in that condition."—"Overboard!" repeated Angerstoff, "what!—how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me.—Are there any news stirring ashore?"—"Why," said the stranger, "the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened th-

ing. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect, from the wounds on his body, that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board, who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye.—Why you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell."—"No, no, no," returned Angerstoff; "I never hear of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid."—"So you don't want any fish today?" cried the stranger. "Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by and bye." I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said, "Do you believe what that man has told you?"—"Yes, by the eternal hell!" cried he vehemently; "I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough."—"My God!" exclaimed she, "what is to become of us?—How dreadful! We are chained here, and cannot escape."—"Escape what?" interrupted Angerstoff; "girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue."—"Oh," returned Marietta, "I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there." They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed, "God help us! they are coming now!" Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side, and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time, he started, and cried, "I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!"—He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence, that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much, that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming, "She will capsize! shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!" In the midst of this, I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which was still several miles distant, I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel, and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved, was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupified with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck, and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open, had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger, that thickened around us, neither elicited from them any expres-

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sions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause of it, for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard a-ground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs, the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around, I neither saw any thing distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute, till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta. "No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here, and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it, the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

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LETTER FROM ALEXANDER SIDNEY TROTT, ESQ.

Northumberland Court, Strand, London.

In the devil's name, Christopher, what did you mean by printing that rig-marole of mine? You've nearly ruined me, man. The prosers at the Academies have regularly expelled me, and the Eccentrics themselves look suspicious, but have gone no farther as yet than the threat of a huge dose of salt and water. Nevertheless, I'll on —— there's no resisting the parenthesis of "(we hope to hear frequently)," especially when accompanied with the hams and other appendages you were so good as to send. Your ham is a true inspirer, a solid sort of Castalian, a whet for the muse as well as the appetite: I always stow in some ballast of the kind previous to setting sail into a new sheet. Some folks are all for a vegetable diet, especially embryo poets, and minor novelists, who swear, one and all, that Byron lived on cauliflowers while he was writing the Corsair. This I'm inclined to doubt, although there is much of the sentimentality of cabbage about his Lordship; and many of his lines smell strongly of sour crout. But every one to his liking,

"Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus."

Being duly inspired in my favourite way, I shall commence, mon cher Christophe,* by lauding your shrewdness in snapping at me for a correspondent. For we Metropolitans, especially my noble fraternity of the Templars, were growing very indignant at having no place in your consideration. And with reason were we jealous, to see you cram-full of the localities of Blarney, while ours, the first city in the world, was either passed over in total silence, or, what was more insulting, confounded with a set of Cockney drivellers, who really have not the courage to live within our smoke. I assure you, we were proceeding to form very invidious comparisons between Isaac Bickerstaff and you;—we called to mind the classical fun of Will Honeycomb and the Templar; and we looked at thy pages, blank to us, not even deigning to mention our stage-lights, our debutants, and all the glorious company of lions. We had resolved on vengeance, but the debate was, whether we should take it in the shape of silent contempt, the feasibility of which was much doubted, or whether we should coalesce with the Cockneys, and literally write you down, when lo! my epistle appeared, and a worthy Templar of *great weight*, got up in full synod, and declared his resolution of "sticking by Blackwood, since there were some hopes of sharing its pages with the Hirish mauraders"——*sic te servavit Apollar*.

I recommend you, my good Kit, to be cautious in your connection with those said Hirish. We are here very angry with them for having the impudence to entice our King from us, and then shake his hands off almost when he landed. For myself, I don't join in these prejudices. I am greatly amused with the happiness of the Dublinians; they shew great spirit, and are resolved not to be out-done in any thing. You must know they pride themselves upon having the longest and strongest names in the world, and are so jealous of Prince Esterhazy's quantum of syllables, that they've docked him down to plain Mister Hazy.

I shudder to think of the consumption of whisky-punch that will or has inevitably taken place in that spungy-stomached city. But I shudder still more to think of the hornet's nest of bulls, jokes, and puns, with which we shall be inundated. All parties have made up their quarrels, that they may be at leisure to manufacture good things. Mr Ogreman and Sir Edward Stanley, have been buttoning each other's breeches, and tying each other's stockings with sky-blue garters in token of amity,—though I can't see for the life o' me, what sky-blue ribbons have to do with amity. We intend laughing a whole year on the strength of this visit; but all in good part, for our neighbours are the best-humoured honest blundering set of fellows in the

* Pray, were you god-father to the unfortunate King of Hayti?

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world. But your inhabitants of small islands are so apt to be taken at a non-plus.

His Grace of Gloucester visited the good people of Guernsey one day, and put them in such a fuss, that they have not recovered from it to this hour. First, the militia were to be called together, in order to receive him; the bell-man went about the fields for the purpose, and hurried the labourers home, to put on their scarlet coats and white breeches. They were almost in time; his Grace met them in a muck, running like devils to line the quay and street. He was good enough to compliment them on their rosy looks, and rosy they had reason to be, being nearly broken-winded from haste. The honours of reception being over, the next business was the ball; "Who is he to dance with?" was a serious subject of consideration. However, they left that to time, and waited on his Highness's Equerry, Colonel Higgins, to demand the proper dress for gentlemen, consonant to etiquette. The Colonel replied, plain dress would be sufficient, but at any rate to wear small-clothes, shoes, and buckles. Now the bite was, the deuce a buckle was to be had in the whole island;—this was indeed distress. To conclude, they drew up a petition to his Serene Highness, that he would be contented with simple shoe-strings; and, as it is recorded in newspaper phraseology, the Duke graciously complied with the feelings of the good people of Guernsey. For all their wanting shoe-buckles, they are a very pleasant social set, and great readers of Blackwood,—Sir James Sumries himself being your professed patron.

But to return to the Royal visit to Ireland, the number of congratulatory odes are inconceivable. My friend Banim (erst Bannon) has had one in leash here this some time, ready to let slip at his Majesty the moment he touched land. Have you seen this gentleman's "Damon and Pythias," which the Cockneys have so befouled? Mr Hazlitt pretends to praise it, and quotes, with extravagant commendation, two of the very worst lines in it,

"The blessings, and the bounties of the gods
Be with you, over you, and all about you."

Did you ever hear such an Irishism, except "Arrah, Paddy, my jewel, how is every bit o' you?" What arrant malevolence, or utter stupidity there must have been in the Cockney critic's quoting this as the sample of a young poet's powers; for there are really some beautiful passages in the tragedy.

But let me not name other poets or poetry while I have before me the great *chef d'œuvre* of the age. I know, Mr North, how much you will sympathize with the Whigs, and congratulate them on the appearance of "The Glorious Revolution, an Historical Tragedy, by the Baron, *alias*, the Reverend Francis Lee; Warren, London." I had some thoughts of inditing a learned review thereon; but, alas! am not well enough acquainted with political economy, for a poetical critic. Since the appearance of the article on Chandos Leigh, in the Edinburgh, which talks so much of the "raw material," and "manufactured stuff" of poesy, I've given up the trade of criticising young poets, till I can become a little more familiar with the terms of Adam Smith. Nevertheless, we must have some talk with this learned Theban.* The play opens in the House of Commons, and "Mr Coke (Whig M. P. for Derby)" gets up and speaks:

"These Tory plots will be the nation's ruin;
Laws are dispensed with. All the wholesome tests
Of true allegiance to qualify for office;
And needful acts of Britain's constitution
Just at caprice; new systems have destroy'd
Baron Middleton a Tory member, Secret'ry of State."

Do you understand this? But thus it is set down, and punctuated. My business, however, is not with the sublimities of the tragedy, but the notes, of which anon. At present take part of the prologue as a sample: *Ex pede Herculem.*

"Mid Turks our constitution's seen:
Things of 16
And 88; detail'd 18
Hundred 19.
Call'd from Fox, Rapin, Smollett, Hume;
King James, it seems;
And his Lord Keeper, Guildford's loom,
Not his own dreams.

* The same author has translated the Theban Pindar.

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With Aristotle's Unities,
Action, time, place;
Nearly:—your unanimities
Give us most grace.
He writes—His story's very true,—
And only claim'd
That you would kindly hear it through,
Before its damn'd.
Gallery!—Pitt!—Box! To this agree.
The man to please:
I'll tell the man.—(You will I see!)
This man in Greece."

I believe you've heard enough of "this man in grease." There is a note, however, which bears strongly on the point at issue between Mr Hogg and the Edinburgh Reviewer, who prides himself so much on a knowledge of etiquette. It is as follows, from page 53 of the Tragedy:—

"The monument dedicated to the three last (*postremis*) of the Royal Stuart Family, which Canova Marquis d'Ischia shewed the author, while that great sculptor was executing it in his *studio* at Rome, to be placed in St Peter's Cathedral, at the expence of the Prince Regent, now his Britannic Majesty King George the Fourth; bears the following inscription:

"Jacobo III.
Jacobo II. Magnæ Brit. Regis filio.
Karolo-Edwardo,
Et Henrico, Decano Patrum Cardinalium
Jacobo III. filiis.
Regiæ Stirpis Stuardiæ Postremis
Anno MDCCCXIX."

Now, if *Jacobo tertio* be the etiquette for George the Fourth, to express on a public monument, what has the Reviewer to say for his cavils on Mr Hogg? Besides, did not Louis the Fourteenth recognize and allow the title of King of *France* and England to Charles and James, his pensioners and prisoners?

But this is not the only passage in which Baron Lee glances at the great Northern Review. In page 61 he relates,

"22d of January, Mr Jeffrey, looking out of a window, at a Wapping porter-house, in a seaman's cap, for a collier, by which he might escape, was discovered by a clerk of Chancery, and taken before the Lord Mayor, (Mr Thorpe,) who committed him to the Tower, where he since died."

Can this be true? I had some suspicions of the kind before, from seeing the decay of that once dashing work. But really that such a big man should depart, and be talked of no more than Buonaparte, is wonderful. Pray let me know in your next, is he absolutely dead; or is Mr Lee's report but a fabrication? That noble and reverend author proceeds in the same note to abuse Lord Eldon, and talks most luminously of "Angelica Catalani,"—"Golden Fleece,"—and "Pluto's Cheek." But I am mystified with talking of him, and shall lay down the pen till after dinner.

Till toddy-time,
Adieu.

If the bell rings true, Christopher, it behoves you to bestir yourself.—They're reprinting the New Monthly in Kamtschatka; and the two Londons have united their forces, and, as Colman says, become

"Two single Gentlemen roll'd into one."

Mr Joyce Gold has sold the proprietorship of his Magazine, and contributes to prop its falling namesake.—And let me tell you, Mr Gold's contributors are not to be sneezed at.—Deacon is a cleverish fellow; and, to prove it to you, I'll give you a song of his from Gold's London, No. XV. put into the mouth of one of his present coadjutors.

"Oh! I'm the gallant lecturer, as all of you do know,
Who with pen and paper, word and deed, make such a raree-show;
I write and write, from spleen and spite, and when my wit is vain,
I change the language of the joke, and write it down again,
With my flocci, nauci, nihili, pili, &c.

"My head, like petty bankers, (I speak it not in fun;)
Can sign a check for small accounts, but cannot stand a run.
'Tis ever open, day and night, for customers to come,—
But, like the Bank whose firm is gone, there's nobody at home.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

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"When first my youthful intellects were running all to waste,
Some dæmon whisper'd, (hang him for't,) "*******, have a taste!"
So I got a taste for politics, and to secure the pelf,
As I knew the world loved prodigies, I wrote upon myself.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"But, alas! the reading public have neither sense nor taste,
For they let my youthful intellect, like poppies, run to waste;
And though I wrote by day and night, (forgive me while I weep,)
And never slept a wink myself,—my readers fell asleep.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"Then I march'd up to my publisher in Paternoster-Row,
As Goldsmith says, 'remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;'
And slow, indeed, my volume sold,—more slow, alas! than sure,
And hinted, if I wrote for cash, I always should be poor.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"In a rage, then, from the public I demanded restitution,
And humbugg'd them most nobly at the Surrey Institution;
I talk'd of poems, tales, and plays, for one delicious season,
But my lectures, like the Cockney Odes, had neither rhyme nor reason.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"My next book turn'd on politics, so constant and so true,
But was gather'd to its fathers by the Quarterly Review.
Old Gifford roar'd in thunder, like a lion in his lair,
And placed me in his pillory, egad! and fixed me there.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"Then loud the laugh against me turn'd, and 'deeper, deeper still,'
While the stupid savage grinn'd at such an instance of his skill;
He shew'd me as a specimen, in terms of low abuse,
A kind of winged animal—a genus of the goose.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"But I lash'd him for his impudence and gross vituperation,
And call'd him (was I right, my friend?) 'a torment to the nation;'
And the public took my work so well, they came to me for more,
And like the pit at Drury-Lane, they bawl'd aloud, 'Encore!'
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"Then curse, for aye, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews,
One fill'd my head with flattery, the other with abuse,—
One call'd me an ingenious hack, the other answer'd 'Nay;'
And to my sorrow be it said, the 'Nays' have got the day.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"But now, with Mr ******** leave, I'll end my comic song,
And like young Rapid in the play, I'll 'damme, push along.'
So here's a toast for all to drink, 'twill cheer the festive scene,
And give a zest to merriment, 'tis— ******** Magazine.
With my flocci, nauci, &c.

"It reminds me of that image which no modern can surpass,
For its skull is made of lead, and its face is made of brass;
And its head, like a fine Alderman of blessed name, is 'Wood,'
And its sense, by Syntax privilege, is sometimes *understood*.
With my flocci, nauci," &c.

To be sure, these Cockneys are incorrigible fellows; they owe the little life they have left to the incredibility of their impudence. As no one read

them, no one can believe them guilty of the crying sins of impudence imputed to them. Seven-eighths of the reading public, I'm confident, do not credit Leigh Hunt of the Examiner's having the effrontery to preface a pamphlet of his with 'dear Byron'—but that's nothing. In his sketch of Byron, signed with his own ☞, in a late number of his paper, he speaks thus of his lordship:—

"For the drama, whatever good passages such a writer will always put forth, we hold that he has *no more qualifications than we have.*" *

What a *we* for his Cockannic Majesty. He proceeds to state the cause of his friend Byron's affectation of reserve and seclusion: he speaks from *personal knowledge*, that it is all owing to his lordship's being such a ninny-hammer and a nonentity, that he could not help being swayed and lorded over by any one, whom he admitted to an intimacy with him. This is a Cockney's idea of Childe Harold.

Now, the fact is, Leigh is most horribly annoyed at not being either praised or abused in Don Juan; as the Queen's will says of Alderman Wood, it knows so such person extant. We must allow this to be very mortifying to a great man; but then how mean thus to half-beg, half-provoke mention. I hope, however, his Satannic Majesty will not stoop to know his Cockannic brother, nor extend his vituperative laurel, with which he has crowned the first names of the age, to one, who may, perhaps, merit the name of friend from him, but who, without a pretence, has the impudence to aspire to the superior honour of being his foe. "I'm tired." Mr North, believe me, your faithful gossip,

ALEXANDER SYDNEY TROTT.

August 25.

* We purpose taking notice some day next week of the only dramatic sketch Leigh ever published. 'Tis in his Indicator; and such nonsense, Good Heavens!

MR SNAPFLINT'S VISIT TO THE MINISTER OF GLENLONELY-TROUT, DURING THE SHOOTING SEASON.

HAVING agreed with my friend, Mr Snapflint, to accompany him in a walk up into the moors, through which he meant to shoot, in going to visit the minister of Glenlonely-trout, we rose early enough to breakfast at eight o'clock. In the country I neither shoot nor do any thing else but only walk, eat, breathe, and lead a contemplative life. Therefore, while my friend Mr Snapflint was engaged below, in getting out his dog from the barn, and preparing his gun, I looked out from the window to judge of the weather. The wind was sweeping over an undulating field of corn, and bearing, across it, the broken shadows of a few light clouds; but these were no more than a transient interruption of the sunshine. Mrs Snapflint, who was in the room, observing this, said, we should have a pleasant walk, and began to fill out the tea. Our breakfast consisted of eggs, beef-ham, and toasted bread, for they were not near enough any town to get rolls.

When our breakfast was over, we went to take the road, accompanied by Flora, a one-eyed pointer, who, on some occasion, had suffered from small-shot, but still made good use of her remaining eye. When walking, I dislike conversation, and rather wish to be permitted to fall into a lethargy of mind, submitting entirely to the influences of nature and of the atmosphere. Therefore, little conversation passed between us; and we soon got off the public road, into the moors, following here and there the track of carts.

The aspect of moorland grounds pleases the mind in a certain way, by not presenting particular objects to draw the attention or disturb the mind's equilibrium. One ascent of heather stretches away behind another; and the atmosphere shifts and changes its clouds impartially over them all. The wind of marshy moors has a kind of rankness which subdues the mind to the spirit of the place. The soil breathes forth its sad sentiments, and we feel them through our nostrils. The water, also, in any little brook, shews by its brownness, that it was forced to receive the flavour of the moss. This flavour has no charms for me, for it speaks of some of the dampest, and saddest of nature's stuff; a

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flavour, however, which many a one likes in peat-reek whiskey. Moors cherish and retain a peculiar atmosphere of their own, which is never altogether dispersed and conquered by the power of the sun.

The inhabitants of such places seem to like best whatever is well seasoned with their own air; and they look upon strangers, without pleasure at the novelty of the sight, but rather view them as intruders, breaking in upon the common tenor of their thoughts. We saw a little girl sitting on a hillock tending cattle, and wrapping round herself a piece of old blanket to defend her from the wind and rain.

Mr Snapflint made many a long circuit with his dog, while I continued walking forward towards such points as he, from time to time, directed me. We saw that there was a shower coming on, and we turned our course to a cottage that was within sight. I was glad at the thought of going in there awhile; for, on elevated grounds the perpetual sounding of the blast in one's ears overpowers the senses. On going down into a small hollow where the house stood, I felt as if an immense orchestra had suddenly stopped, so great was the change to comparative silence and tranquillity.

We knocked at the door of the house, but it was fastened, and there seemed to be no person within. In the meantime, down came the plump of rain, ringing upon an unscraped porridge-pot, that stood against the wall, and lashing heartily, with might and main, upon a large dunghill, till the water came leaping from off it in every direction. We therefore went into a byre which was open, and found there a single cow, ruminating over some cut grass.

Being by this time a good deal fatigued, I sat down on a wheel-barrow, very well pleased, for the breath of cows fills with wholesome odour the place where they are; and, Lord Justice-Clerk Macqueen, in a law-plea concerning a byre which was complained of as a nuisance in a country town, said on the bench, to the other judges, "Od, I like the smell of cow-dung very weel mysel." This remark shewed the sagacity of his lordship's nostrils, which acknowledged due respect for an animal that has been the object of idolatry among so many different nations; and, if he had died on the banks of the Ganges, he would, according to Voltaire's notion, without any reluctance, have died with a cow's tail in his hand; but not with an intention to mock at religion, by mimicking the forms of superstition; for Macqueen was no infidel.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, the rain had diminished, and a little child came peeping to the door, saying, "Eh, des a man." Presently a woman, with a weather-beaten countenance, looked in, and said, "Weel, freends, what are ye about here?" We told her that we had come there only for shelter, and she asked us into the house. After some hints from us about eating, she produced from a black pot that hung over the fire, some trouts that had been frying in the bottom of it. These, with some hot potatoes, served to allay our hunger in the meantime; and though she rejected our offered money good naturedly with a violent bounce, we put it into the hands of the little child. Mr Snapflint did not leave any of the game at the house, for the money was better to them, and he meant to make another use of his moorfowl. We therefore returned to our walk.

Ascending still farther up the heights, we separated for a while, Mr Snapflint shaping his course round the borders of a wet place, and I pursuing my way along the side of a hill, and sometimes taking a rest on large grey pieces of rock, that shot up through the soil. I saw the sportsman at a distance occasionally sending forth from his gun puffs of smoke, which hung in the air for a moment and then disappeared.

When we had walked a while, Mr Snapflint beckoned to me to come to the point of an eminence, from whence he shewed me the minister's house, about a mile off. I saw that his game-bag was not empty. We agreed that he should desist from using his gun any more, and proceed straight on, for it was now near dinner-time. The country before us sloped down towards a more cultivated region, in which was situated the manse of Glenlonely-trout, beside a small valley.

We soon reached the road that led to the house. It was a path overhung with plum-trees, which had dropped, here and there, some of their purple-

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coloured fruit among the grass. On approaching to the house, we saw Mr Gilmourton himself, going in at his barn-door, carrying a sheaf of barley under each arm, for he was getting in a small crop from a neighbouring field, and some other of his people followed bearing as many sheaves as they could, each in the manner that he found easiest for his sinews. Mr Gilmourton, though in an old suit of clothes, was dressed clerically to a certain extent, that is to say, he was in a black coat, a black waistcoat, and black breeches, but from these there was a harsh transition to white worsted stockings. He was not long in depositing his sheaves, and coming to meet us, shewing that he was glad to see either strangers or friends.

His wife and he lived on their glebe in great ease, for they had no children. As Mr Gilmourton was deficient in talents for the pulpit, and rather dilatory in making up his sermons, he rejoiced when any young clergyman came to visit him on a Saturday, and staid to preach next day. And he told us there was one, at that time, up stairs with his wife. "On Wednesday last," said Mr Gilmourton, "she entered her sixtieth year, and she is as stout and hale as ever; and I'm not at all ailing myself. Its a lang while, Mr Snapflint, since I hae gotten fou; but I hae seen the day——" Here his wife cried out from an upper window, "Toot, ye hae seen the day, and ye hae seen the day—Wouldna it be better, instead of standing clavering there, to bring up the twa gentlemen to get something after their walk? How are you, Mr Snapflint? You're welcome here. A sight o' you is gude for sair een." Accordingly, having been led up to the parlour, we found Mrs Gilmourton sitting on one side of the fire-place, and on the other the clergyman, a serious youth, with a large greasy round face, by name Mr Glebersmouth. He was examining some pieces of petrified moss, which he took from the chimney-piece; but he did not seem likely to take a bite of them, for his lips had a buttery softness that was evidently waiting for dinner-time.

In the meantime, we got some currant wine, as being the fittest thing for the forenoon. Looking round the minister's dwelling, I found it was a snug and comfortable place, though the ornaments were few. A stuffed black-cock and a snipe stood on a side table; and a wasp's byke was hung at one of the windows. There were also some curious pease, a potatoe of a wonderful shape, and an uncommonly long stalk of corn. Over the fire-place, Mr Gilmourton had fixed a print, representing a sederunt of the fifteen Lords of Session, in their places, on the bench, all portraits. This was an object of great interest to him, who lived far from Edinburgh, and who, at the same time, wished to know what was going on in the courts of law, and every change that occurred there. When he heard of the death of any of the Lords, he was very curious to ascertain who should come into his place; and, to assist his memory, he generally marked off the portrait of the deceased judge with a stroke of a lead pencil.

He then mentioned a butcher, one of the inhabitants of a neighbouring town, who had been unfortunate, and who had gone to Edinburgh to get a general discharge of his debts, after surrendering all his property. "It was as well for me," said Mr Gilmourton, "that he did not buy the twelve rows of potatoes which he bid for at my roup last harvest." Mr Glebersmouth asked, "What would you have got for them?"—"De'il a stiver!" replied Mr Gilmourton, sweeping his hand along a table.—"De'il a stiver!" repeated Mrs Gilmourton; "What's the man saying? We shouldna hear that frae you." She was always cutting her husband short, not from ill nature, but from a desire to keep him right in his sayings; and this last observation of her's raised a loud laugh from the jocular Mr Snapflint and me, at the minister's expence.

As our hostess began to question Mr Snapflint minutely about his wife and children, I took that opportunity of walking out alone, to observe the situation of the place. I went down into Glenlonely-trout, which was a small valley, with some natural wood in it; but the rivulet in the middle was often shewn quite uncovered. The sun shone straight through its pellucid waters upon the gravelly bottom, so that, if any trouts had been stirring, they might have been seen at a considerable distance. The rocks here and there sent forth clumps of hazel; the bramble also spreading out its thorny

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arms, with their black and shining fruit, was intermingled with the long broom, whose dry pods were heard cracking and opening of their own accord, under the heat. The humming of insects pervaded the air, and wherever the soil was without verdure, it appeared baked and yellow. But where there was grass, the wild bee was seen clambering heavily upon some solitary head of small white clover. It is in places like these that the local inspiration of Scottish poetry seems to work, and mother Earth there assails and importunes the heart for some acknowledgment of natural affection. I would not willingly long submit to such influences; but, while one must yield a little to them on the spot, I thought of the poet Burns, as a person educated entirely under the spell. The spirit of such places took him up, and animated him; and this, mingled with the passion of love, filled him with poetical feeling. For awhile he was entranced with kissings among the scented birches; but, at last, the whole ended in bad whisky. Such, I thought, are the ways of the world. And then returning along the same path by which I had descended, I saw, at a distance, a person beckoning to me, and found it was a summons to come in to dinner.

On reaching the door, another huge, red-haired servant lass appeared, panting with haste; for she had been seeking me over the fields in an opposite direction. And when I came again into the parlour, Mr Gilmourton said, "You are lucky to have arrived in gude time." Dinner was soon placed on the table, and we drew round. Mrs Gilmourton said, "Wheesht! Maister Glebersmouth is gunta gie us a grace." The young clergyman immediately shut his eyes, and twisting open his mouth, said grace. We then sat down to dinner, which was soup, and a leg of roasted mutton, with a boiled fowl and ham; and afterwards a brace of muir-fowl was brought in; and Mrs Gilmourton said, "Here is what Mr Snapflint handed into our pantry." On which Mr Snapflint observed, "We have had an excellent dinner already, and you should have kept the birds till another day for yourselves, or other visitors."—"Na, troth, no we," replied Mrs Gilmourton, "what's in our wame is no in our testament, and we'll soon be getting mair." While this conversation was passing, the servant-maid, who has been already mentioned, was struggling with a bottle of porter between her knees, and Mr Gilmourton, seeing that the cork resisted all her strength, desired her to give it to Mr Glebersmouth, and let him try to draw it. He accordingly did so, and succeeded; but the bottle had been placed near the fire, and when it was opened, went off like a cannon. There being no vessel ready on the table, Mr Glebersmouth rose to give it to the servant-maid, and drove her, covered with suds and froth, from the room. Only a small quantity was left for us to drink; and, as Mr Gilmourton liked allusions to the law, I could not help saying, this was like a *Cessio Bonorum*, after prodigality, and that we, like the creditors, must be contented with what remained unspent.

Mr Gilmourton then called for a dram, which, he said, he liked always to see after dinner. Three kinds were produced, gin, brandy, and Highland whisky, besides a smoother liqueur, which had been composed by Mrs Gilmourton for her female visitors. There being no ladies present, she wished me to taste the sweet dram. "Na, na," said Mr Gilmourton, "gie him the gin."—"Toot, gie him a fiddlestick," replied Mrs Gilmourton; "mind your ain end o' the table, and let him judge for himsel."

After dinner, Mr Snapflint asked, what was the reason that the Laird of * * * * * * was cutting down the fir planting that used to shelter his parks? Mr Gilmourton answered, that the laird had many pecuniary claimants to satisfy, and that he was glad, in the first place, to resort to any expedient for paying off some persons, who were threatening him with personal diligence.—"Ay, trowth," said Mrs Gilmourton, "he maun scart first whar he finds the bitin' yuckiest, as they say."

After some more conversation, this outspoken old lady rose, and left us to our punch; and the evening passed pleasantly, till we saw from the window that the sun was approaching towards the horizon, and the longer shadows falling from the mountains. The minister insisted, that before our departure we should take tea, which was to be prepared immediately. Till then, he said, Mr Glebersmouth and I might go down and take a turn in

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his garden, which was not far from the house.

We went, and found it a fine, tranquil, and sheltered place, well stocked with cauliflowers, pease, and artichokes. And not far from these rose a pigeon-house, from whence sweet cooings sometimes mingled with a dashing among some trees below, from the same brook that ran through Glenlonely-trout. At another place roses, ranunculuses, and other flowers grew, beside a small hot-house, which the minister kept for his own amusement. The air here was so pleasant to breathe, that I took a turn or two along the gravel walk, and thought of the "*dum manet blanda voluptas*" of Lucretius. But Mr Glebersmouth reminded me that it was time to go in, and, as he and I were standing with our faces turned towards an old wall, we saw the servant-maid, already mentioned, come leaping over a three-bar gate, to announce that the tea was ready. We returned to the house. Mr Snapflint was already drinking his tea, and soon went to get on the accoutrements he had brought with him.

Afterwards, when we had taken leave of Mrs Gilmourton and the young clergyman, Mr Gilmourton came out with us, and offered to me an old grey-haired poney; for he said it would be best to ride home after the forenoon's fatigue; but I answered, that it was no exertion at all to walk back, as we meant to go in the nearest direction. Therefore, shaking hands with the old minister, we returned to the road, and got home under a beautiful harvest sky, filled with stars.

MRS OGLE OF BALBOGLE.

* * * * * "I have met with her several times," said Mr Jamphler, "and I cannot make myself acquainted with her. I am told she possesses much admirable humour, and is able to deceive, by her personations, even her most intimate friends. But somehow we never get more acquainted than at first; I should like, above all things, to see a specimen of her performances. I think, however, that her natural manner is so peculiar, that she could not disguise herself from me."

His friend regretted the dryness between him and the young lady, and the disappointment he had himself suffered; for he had expected much amusement from the keen encounter of two such wits.

One day, when the greater number of the same party were invited to dine with Mr Jamphler, and while, after coming from the Parliament-house, he was dressing for dinner, two ladies were announced, desiring to see him on some very urgent business. They were shewn into the library, and he presently joined them.

The eldest of the two was a large matronly "kintra-like wife," with tortoise-shell spectacles, dressed in a style considerably more ancient than the fashion. She rustled in stiff drab-coloured lutestring; wore a hard muslin apron, covered with large tamboured flowers. On her hands, she had white linen gloves, and on her head, a huge black silk bonnet, gausy and full, and shaped something like the tuft of a tappit hen. Her companion had the air of a simple girl, bashful and blushing, but with a certain significant expression in her eyes, that said, as it were, "I could if I would."

"Ye'll no ken me, Mr Jamphler, I'se warrant," said the matron; "but siblins ye maun hae heard o' me. I'm Mrs Ogle o' Balbogle, and I hae come intil Edinburgh, and anes errant, to take the benefit o' your counsel; for ye maun ken, Mr Jamphler, that I hae heard ye're a wonderful clever bodie baith at book lair, and a' other parts and particularities o' knowledge. In trouth, if a' tales be true, Mr Jamphler, they say the like o' you hasna been seen in our day, nor in our fathers' afore us, and that ye can gie an advice in a manner past the compass o' man's power. In short, Mr Jamphler, it's just a curiosity to hear what's said o' your ability in the law; and I thought I would never be properly righted, unless I could get the help o' your hand. For mine's a kittle case, Mr Jamphler, and it's no a man o' a sma' capacity that can tak it up; howsomever, I would fain hope it's no past your comprehension, Mr Jamphler. Na, Mr Jamphler, ye mauna fash at me, for ye ken it's a business

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o' great straits and difficulties. I am, as I was saying, Mrs Ogle o' Balbogle, the relic o' auld Balbogle.—O he was an excellent character, and if he had been to the fore, I wouldna hae needed to trouble you, Mr Jamphler, wi' ony complaint. But he's win awa' out o' this sinful world, and I'm a poor lanely widow; howsomever, Mr Jamphler, they tell me there's no the like o' you for making the widow's heart glad."

Mr Jamphler was by this time become rather impatient—the dinner-hour was drawing near—and momentarily expecting his guests, he said, "Madam, I am at this time particularly engaged, and it would be as well for you to see your agent."

"My augent!" exclaimed Mrs Ogle of Balbogle. "Ye're my augent—I'll hae nae ither but you—I hae come here for nae ither purpose than to confer wi' you anent my affair——"

"Well, but what is it—what is it?" interrupted the counsellor, a little quickly.

"Mr Jamphler, sit down—sit your ways down beside me," cried Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, "and hear my case. Ye needna be feart, Mr Jamphler, o' ony faith frae me. I wadna meddle wi' the like o' you—and that's my own dochter, she's come wi' me for insight. Look up, Meg—'am sure ye hae nae need to haud down your head like a tawpy. Mr Jamphler, she's no an ill-far't lassie ye see, and she'll hae something mair than rosy cheeks for her tocher—and, Mr Jamphler, she's come o' gentle blood—we're nane o' your muslin manufacturers; na, na, Mr Jamphler. I'm the Laird of Barwullupton's only dochter mysel, and my father left me a bit land—I'm sure I needna ca't a bit, for it's a braw blaud—But to make a lang tale short, I had on the burn side—ye'll aiblins, Mr Jamphler, ken the Crokit burn?"

"I think, madam," said Mr Jamphler, "it would be as well to have your case stated in a memorial."

"Memorial, Mr Jamphler! Na, na, Mr Jamphler—nae memorials for me. Ye're to be my memorial and testimony, and a' that I require."

"I beg, then, madam, that you will call some other time, for at present I am very particularly engaged," interrupted the counsellor, levying the utmost forbearance on his natural urbanity.

"Mr Jamphler, ye maun thole wi' me, for what I want your ability in is a matter o' desperation."

"Upon my word, madam, it is impossible for me to attend to you any longer at this time," exclaimed Mr Jamphler.

"Noo, Mr Jamphler, really that's no like you; for Thomas Ellwand, the tailor in the Canongate, whar I stay—he taks in a' the books ye put out, and brags ye're o' a capacity to rule a kingdom—what will he say, when he hears ye wouldna spare half an hour frae your tea to pleasure a helpless widow; for I see by my watch it's near five o'clock, and so I suppose ye're hyte for your drap o' het water. O, Mr Jamphler, I hope ye hae more concern for the like o' me, and that ye'll no falsify your repute for discernment in the judgment of Thomas Ellwand—he says, that nobody can draw a strae afore your nose unkent. Aiblins, Mr Jamphler, ye're acquaint wi' Thomas—he's a desperate auld farrant creature—he wasna pleased with the government here, so he took an o'ersea jaunt to America, and married a wife—a very worthy woman. It would do you gude, Mr Jamphler, to see how content they live."

"Madam," said Mr Jamphler, "pray what is the business on which you want to consult me?"

"Business! Mr Jamphler, it's a calamity—it's a calamity, Mr Jamphler!" exclaimed Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, spreading the hands of astonishment. "But I forget mysel, now I see what for ye had been so impatient—I forgot to gie you a fee; there it is, Mr Jamphler, a gowden guinea—full weight."

"But what are the circumstances?"

"Circumstances! Mr Jamphler.—I'm no in straightend circumstances; for, as I was telling you, Mr Jamphler, I'm the relic o' auld Balbogle—Lang will it be, Mr Jamphler, before I get sic anither gudeman—but it was the Lord's will to tak him to himsel, wi' a fit o' the gout, three year past on the night o' Mononday come eight days. Eh! Mr Jamphler, but his was a pleasant end—weel it will be for you and me, Mr Jamphler, if we can slip awa' into the arms of our Maker like him. He was sarely croint, Mr Jamphler, before he died, and his death was a gentle dispensation, for he had lang been a her

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handfu'—but at last he gaed out o' this life like the snuff o' a candle. Howsomever, Mr Jamphler, being, as I was saying, left a widow—it's a sair thing, Mr Jamphler, to be a widow—I had a' to do, and my father having left me, among other things, o' my bairns' part of gear—for the Barwullupton gaed, as ye ken, to my auld brother the laird, that married Miss Jenny Ochiltree o' the Mains; a very creditable connection, Mr Jamphler, and a genteel woman—she can play on the spinnet, Mr Jamphler. But no to flash you wi' our family divisions—among other things, there was on my hit grund a kill and a mill, situate on the Crokit burn, and I lent the kill to a neighbour to dry some aits—And, Mr Jamphler, O what a sight it was to me—the kill took low, and the mill likewise took wi't, and baith gied just as ye would say a crakle, and nothing was left but the bare wa's and the steading. Noo, Mr Jamphler, wha's to answer for the damage? Howsumever, Mr Jamphler, as I can see that it's no an aff-hand case, I'll bid you gude day, and ye'll consider o't again the morn, when I'll come to you afore the Lords in the Parliament-House."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr Jamphler, while Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, rising and going towards the window, cried, "O! Mr Jamphler, the coach that brought us here—I would na come but in a coach to Mr Jamphler—But, it's gone—O! Mr Jamphler, as I'm a wee o' a lamiter wi' the rheumatiche, will ye hae the kindness just to rin out for a coach to me? I'll be very muckle obliged to you, Mr Jamphler; it's but a step yender to whar the coaches are biding on out-look."

Mr Jamphler rung the bell, and ordered his servant to fetch instantly a coach.

"But, Mr Jamphler," resumed Mrs Ogle of Balbogle; "I hae another favour to ask, ye maun ken I'm sometimes tormented wi' that devilry they call the tooth-ache; are ye acquaint wi' any doctor that can do me good?"—Mr Jamphler immediately mentioned our friend and correspondent, the Odontist.—"Eh!" said Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, "the famous Doctor Scott! But whar does he bide, Mr Jamphler?" The urbane counsellor mentioned his address. "Ah! but, Mr Jamphler, ye maun write it down—for I hae but a slack memory." Mr Jamphler did so immediately; but the lady, on looking at the paper, said, "Na, na, Mr Jamphler, that wiana do—I canna read Greek—ye maun pit it in braid Scotch—I'm nane of your novel ladies, but Mrs Ogle o' Balbogle." Mr Jamphler was in consequence obliged to write the address more legibly, and the coach coming to the door, the lady and her daughter withdrew. Mr Jamphler then joined the company in the drawing-room, and soon after the young lady, in *propria personæ*, with the Odontist's address in her hand, was announced as Mrs Ogle of Balbogle.

AN EXPOSTULATORY LETTER TO C. NORTH, ESQ.

Concerning certain Parts of his past Conduct.

Mr North,—I wonder how it is that you can allow any of your contributors to defend you from the silly outcries against Maga; and I wonder more, how any person should be so absurd as to suppose such a defence necessary. Defend what? The work, the *opus magnum*, which, after having "put down all the rascally Whig population," has proceeded, in its strength, to introduce a new mode of thinking, and of writing, on philosophy, politics, and polite letters. Perish the thought, that one pen should be drawn to defend that which is impregnable—which, rejoicing in its own might, laughs at the applause of friends, and the threats of enemies. The person who could suppose such a thing, must have had his mind blinded by the brightness of its pages; and he who would attempt to wipe off any of its fancied faults, reminds me of one who holds up a farthing candle to aid the blaze of the noon-day sun, because some misty spots may have appeared upon it. Really some of your contributors must have been greatly dazzled—they must have been seeing objects double—before they could think that any of the dirty aspersions of your enemies required a serious an-

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swer. No! I cannot but conceive of you as a conqueror going forth in your might, and whatever enemy you meet, you straightway array yourself, and do him battle with his own weapons:—The pert infidel Reviewer you overthrow with his boasted satire; the Anti-English Reformer you overwhelm with honest argument; and the immoral Cockneys you silence with the frown of your virtuous scorn. Is not this the fairest of all warfare? Most certainly it is, and "there is an end of the matter."

This is the reasoning, Christopher, that I would use upon the occasion. And I would go farther than this; I would contend, that, before you appeared upon the field, there was nothing like honest fighting to be found; and that, with the other improvements for which the world is indebted to you, is also to be ranked this, of having settled the mode by which certain pests of society, who, from some offensive quality, reckoned themselves safe from punishment, were to be assailed without hurting the honour of the assailant. Did not the Edinburgh Review consider itself secure in the domination which it had obtained over the opinions of the people, and over the fate of aspirants for literary distinction, until you dared to break through the magic circle that surrounded it, and held up its principles in their true pollution to the world? Did not the Scotsman reckon himself protected by his vulgarity, and by the coarseness of his abuse, until you ventured to expose the darkness of the cave in which the reptile had hid himself, and to shew the total ignorance and malignity by which the creature was directed? Did not the whole host of prating demagogues, who harangue from hustings at seditious assemblies, who scribble in radical newspapers, and who deliver their opinions after the toasts at party dinners, consider themselves safe in their own insignificance, until you taught them, that no sentiment, hostile to our constitution in church or state, could be broached, unnoticed, or unrebuked, while you were the defender of both. These things, Mr Christopher, were not done in a corner; and even your own modesty cannot conceal them. A pretty story, indeed, to begin to defend that, which all the world (worth speaking of) has long ago confessed was the means of introducing the most auspicious era in the history of our land. The only excuse I can find for such conduct is, that, all these people being now put to rest, you have nothing left you to do, but to allow your contributors to tell in what way it has been done.

With this impression, even I myself could, for a moment, dilate upon the subject. How stupendous the idea to look back to the time of your commencement, and to mark the havoc which you have caused in the world! Then, the Whig faction possessed their original strength and insolence, combined with the bitterness of a recent defeat. Then, the organ of their sentiments, and the cause of much of the dissatisfaction that was abroad in the land, was scattering the pestilence of its principles on every side. Then, the herd of disappointed patriots, who had hoped to prosper amidst the ruin of the country, were allowed, without restraint, to shed the venom of their malice upon every one that supported the constituted authorities of the kingdom. Then, sedition and infidelity were going arm in arm, shaking the allegiance of the peer, and destroying the faith of the peasant. Then, was there no defence in the hands of government, and of the well-disposed, but the slow operation of laws, which the quibble of a lawyer might evade, or the political bias of a jury render useless. Then—but why need I go farther—then, in one word, there were publications in the possession of the friends of disorder, which sent forth, every week and every day their calumnies against the most respectable individuals, and the most venerable institutions in the country; while there were few or none to say that these things were base in themselves, and full of danger to the community.

In these circumstances it was that you, Christopher, appeared like a warrior armed for the combat, prepared to stand or to fall in the defence of the constitution. Hitherto the enemy had been allowed to waste himself in the mere admiration of his own daring, and none had ventured to take up the glove which, in the confidence of his own might, he had thrown down. Nay, his tyranny, from being so long endured, had seemed to have been visited with a kind of prescriptive right upon the nation; for though many had

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winced, none had dared to oppose it. And if at an hour like this, when the firmest trembled, and the strongest were afraid, you were found to stand up to punish the aggressors, is this the time of day when such things require to be defended?

And are benefits like these to be cast lightly aside, because some dapper gentleman has reckoned himself insulted in the fray, or some old lady in male attire has been shocked at the rough *North* blast of your satire? Were such persons to suppose that you, in embarking in a cause so great, were to consult their little sensibilities, and mould your conduct according to their puling taste? The nature of the duty which you undertook, apart from every other consideration, rendered such a course impossible; and I know, that in some of the severest chastisements that you have given, you have pitied the sufferer while you applied the rod.

All this looks like defence; but as such I by no means intend it. I began with remonstrance; and though I have wandered somewhat, I shall speedily return.

Why should you, Mr North, allow your contributors to fret themselves with the outcries of your enemies, when you know well that the last means of defence that instinct offers to those in distress, is to call out in bitterness of spirit? This, believe me, Christopher, is all the noise that ever was or ever will be made; for it is all humbug to say that these are loyal people who are finding fault, or are offended. There may indeed be a few unhappy persons, that usurp to themselves such a name, who vacillate between two parties, and are afraid to connect themselves with either—who, from constitutional indecision, know not into which lap to cast their lot. There may be a few of such, who hesitate to join interests with your's. And more than this, there may be some who have hung their fame upon some lumbering periodical, that wishes to stand fair with government, and at the same time have a sneaking eye to the mob;—some who have felt their popularity eclipsed by the brightness of your pages; and it is quite proper for these to complain. The feeling is so natural, that it would be manifest cruelty to repress it, especially as it looks so very pretty in one author to call out against the *immoderate* conduct of another. But because all this takes place, must it be said that the Tories make an outcry against Maga? No, Mr North; that man is unworthy of the name, who is not prepared to go every length in defence of that glorious constitution under which he was born; who is not ready to sacrifice all that is nearest and dearest to him, before he allows one corner of it to be rubbed away, or one mark of impurity to be left to soil it. With such a man, no half-measures are to be adopted. If an enemy appear against our constitution in church or state, that enemy is to be silenced, though every chicken-hearted associate should tremble, and every wavering adherent cross himself, and prepare for his departure. The Whigs may, and must call out against such things; to do so, has become, of late, a part of their nature—of their constitution, from the remembrance of what they themselves have suffered; but let it never be said, that there is one true Tory that can thus be found to flinch in the hour of danger. If there are such, write them down as Whigs, or worse, as interested persons; for the man who truly respects his king and his country, will also honour the instrument that protected these in the hour of their greatest peril. Yes, I remember well, when danger was abroad in the land, with what wonder many looked to you, Mr Christopher, standing alone and unaided, in this part of the country at least, opposing your single arm, to prevent the spread of infidelity and of anarchy. And if others now appear upon your side, has it not been since the extremity of the contest has gone past? Has it not been to share the spoil when the foe is overcome?

Believe me to be your's always,

A True Tory.

Angus, 1st October, 1821.

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CHAUCER AND DON JUAN.

There are some books which, however excellent, a man may make up his account to read but once in his life. And even that *once*, more for the sake of bringing a general idea of their spirit to the contemplation of literature, than for any actual pleasure their beauties may afford. Among this class may be reckoned Chaucer; the perception of whose peculiar excellence depends so much on understanding the spirit, as well as the idiom of the age in which he lived, that a re-perusal, after any intervening length of time, can give but little pleasure, if it be not accompanied with an inconvenient portion of trouble.

Notwithstanding all the research and acuteness spent upon the writings of Chaucer, little facility of acquaintance with him has been afforded to the general reader. Tyrwhitt's edition, besides being expensive, is more an object to the philologist than to the general scholar; and, after all, contains but a small portion of the poet's works. Speght and Urry are not to be relied on. Warton is judicious and learned, but a digressive and vexatious guide. Godwin's idea was an excellent one;—that of giving a picture of the age, with the poet for its prominent figure. But it turned out a most unwieldy and unsatisfactory brace of quartos, contemptible in criticism—absurd and visionary in its inferences from facts—and altogether unworthy of the genius of the biographer.* The restless gloom of the philosophic idealist overcasts the page, which might have been the light and elegant memorial of the poet. And instead of dissertation and inquiry concerning these most frightful of all chapter-heads—*the feudal system*, and *the middle ages*—we might have been presented with a narrative suitable to the gay and mercurial temper of its subject.

Considering all this, we really are surprised to find ourselves turning over the pages of Chaucer; but somehow or other, we recollected having found in his verses that mixed quality of humour and feeling, which has of late become so popular. We have been dunned on all sides by the names of Byron and Juan; and when the blues had traced higher, by those of Pulci and Tassoni, as if banter and fun in rhyme, were any thing wonderful or new.

Disgusted by the charlatan exhibition of Byron in Don Juan—his tossing up his feelings to public view, and catching them as they fell, writhing on the prongs of ridicule—we treated the production in a tone which enhanced its merit a great deal too much. It is admired, and so will any book that sets one half the world laughing at the other. But to the merit of originating the serio-comic style, or even of introducing it first to English literature, the noble author has no claim. We possessed it long before the age of either his lordship or Pulci. We have it in our own old English poet Chaucer, and

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* As a specimen of the mode of inference adopted in these volumes, we may mention the proof of Chaucer's father having been a merchant; which, of course, necessitates an inquiry into the lives and habits of the mercantile people of that age. First, Chaucer was born in London, by his own confession. Hence,

"It renders it extremely probable that London was the abode of his tender years, and the scene of his first education. So much is not unlikely to be implied in his giving it the appellation of the place in which he was 'forth growen.' Lastly, as he is in this passage assigning a reason why, many years after, (in his 56th year,) he interested himself in the welfare, and took a part in the dissensions of the metropolis, *it may, with some plausibility, be inferred*, that his father was a merchant; and that he was himself, by the circumstances of his birth, entitled to the privileges of a citizen."—*Vol. I. p. 4.*

Again, the following quotation from the conclusion of the Assemblé of Foules,

> "I woke, and other bokes took me to,
> To rede upon, and yet I rede always."

gives rise to the following grandiloquent remarks:

"This couplet deserved to be quoted as an evidence of the poet's habits. We have here Chaucer's own testimony, that he was a man of incessant reading, and literary curiosity; and that even at thirty years of age, and amidst the allurements of a triumphant and ostentatious court, *one of the first and most insatiable passions* of his mind—the love of books."—*Vol. I. p. 445.*

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in perfection. He knew and practised fully the secret of his lordship's wit, which amounts simply to this: when he is at a loss for a rhyme, be he ever so serious, to go into the comic for it, rather than remould the line. The Canterbury Tales abound in specimens, as of the Frere.

"Curteis he was, and lowly of servise,
Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous;
He was the best begger in all his hous."

And in the fine and spirited description of the Temple of Mars, so much admired by Warton and other critics, he could not resist being carried away by his love of the ludicrous:—

"Ther saw I first the derke imagining
Of felonie, and all the compassing;
The cruel ire, red as any glede,
The pikepurse, and eke the pale drede,
The smiler, with the knife under the cloke,
The sleper, brenning with the blacke smoke,
The treson of the mordring in the bedde,
The open warre, with woundes all bebledde,
The sleer of himself yet saw I there,
His herte-blood hath bathed all his hair,
The naile ydriven in the shode anyght,
The colde-deth, with mouth gaping upright,
Yet saw I brent the shippe's hoppesterres,
The hunt ystrangled with the wilde beres,
The sow freting, the child right in the cradle,
The coke yscalled for all his long ladel."

Some of these sudden quirks and changes terribly afflict the grave spirit of Mr Godwin, who laments most piteously that the poet should use such an expression as the following to the delicate Creseide,

"But whether that she children had or none,
I rede it nat, therefore I let it gone."

Through all his works, indeed, this melodramatic feeling prevails, but especially in the Troilus and Creseide, a Poem, which, in its good and its bad qualities, very much resembles Don Juan, besides being nearly in the same stanza. Of its resemblance with respect to the quality we speak of, take the following random specimens:

"This Diomed, as bokes us declare,
Was in his nedes prest and corageous,
With stern voice, and mighty limmes square,
Hardy and testife, strong and chevalrous,
Of dedes, like his father Tydeus.
And some men sain he was of tonge large;
And heire he was of Calydon and Arge."

"She sobre was, simple, and wise withall,
The best inorished, eke, that might be;
And godely of hire speche in generall,
Charitable, estately, lusty, and fre,
Ne never more ne lacked hire pite,
Tendrehearted and sliding of corage;
But truely I can nat tell hire age."

The reputation of Chaucer has suffered much from having his Canterbury Tales put forward, lauded, and edited singly, to the prejudice of his other works. They may be allowed to be the wittiest body of poetry in our language—unrivalled in comic description, observation, and life, but they are greatly deficient in sentiment and feeling. In spite of the array of critics against us, from Warton to Godwin, we will maintain that the love-quarrels of Palamon and Arcite are childish and frigid in the extreme—its pathetic "well-a-waies" more ludicrous than affecting—and the tale itself the very antidote to any thing like sympathy. The far-famed Griseldis, with the exception of a few passages, we cannot help thinking a most pointless and unnatural story; and we rejoice, in the very teeth of Warton's lamentation, that Canace and her magic ring were cut off in the flower of their commencement. The poet wrote them, it is said, in "his green old age," and we could have conjectured as much. We in vain seek in them for the natural and warm feelings which abound in his earlier works, particularly in the Troilus and Creseide, while we have in their place nothing but pedantry confirmed—cold paraphrases from Boethius and Seneca, and bombastic descriptions from Statius and Ovid. In the Knightes Tale, he describes his personages as a dwarf would a giant, or as a cringing herald would his feudal lord,—at a distance, and in due humility—stiff in dialogue, and frigid in soliloquy. In his Troilus, on the contrary, the poet is at his ease, and enters into the depth and minuteness of feeling, as if he was at liberty to choose his heroes from among his fellow mortals, and treat them as such. Troilus's first sight of Creseide, "in habite blacke," going to the temple,

"N'as never sene thing to be praised so derre,
Nor under cloude blacke so bright a sterre."

And his first entertaining the passion for her is highly characteristic, and quite in the easy penetrating style of the Italian octave rhymers:—

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"Within the temple wente him forth, playing,
This Troilus, with every wight about;
On this lady, and now on that loking,
Whereso she were of toune or of without,
And upon case befell, that through a rout
His eye yperced, and so depe it went
Til on Creseide it smote, and there it stent;

"And sodainly, for wonder, wext astoned,
And gan her bet* beholde, in thrifty wise;
'O mercy, God!' thought he, 'where hast thou woned,†
Thou arte so faire and godely to devise?'
Therwith his heart began to sprede and rise,
And soft he sighed, lest men might him hear,
And caught ayen his former playing chear.

"She n'as not with the leste of her stature;
But all her limmes so well answering
Werin to womanhode, that creature
Was never lesse mannishe in seeming;
And eke the pure wise of hire mening
She shewed well, that men might in her guess
Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

"Tho' Troilus right wonder well withal,
Gan for to like hire mening and hire chere,—
Which somedele deignous was, for she let fall
Her loke alite aside, in such manere
Ascaunces 'What! may I nat stonden here?'
And after that, her loking gan she light,
That never thought him sene so good a sight.

"And of hir loke, in him there gan to quicken
So grete desire, and suche affectioun,—
That in his hertes bottom, gan to sticken
Of her his fire and depe impressioun.
And though he erst had pored up and down,
Then was he glad his hornes in to shrinke;
Unnethes wist he, how to looke or winke.

"Lo! he that lete him selven so conning,
And scorned hem that loves paines drien,
Was full unware that love had his dwelling
Within the subtil streames of her eyen," &c.

The description of the change which the "tender passion" wrought upon his character, is exceedingly beautiful and just:

"But Troilus lay then no longer doun,
But gat anon upon his stede baie,
And in the felde he played the lioun,
Wo was that Greke that with him met that daie.
And in the toune his manner, thenceforth aye
So godely was, and gat him so in grace,
That eche him loved that loked in his face.

"For he becamen the most frendly wight,
The gentilest, and eke the most fre,
The trustyest, and one the moste knight,
That in his time was, or elles might be:
Ded were his japes and his crueltie;
Ded, his high perte, and all his manner straunge,
And eche of him gan, for a vertue, chaunge."

Mr Godwin's mention of the Troilus is the most unaccountable criticism we ever read. It accuses the poem, that "It is naked of whatever should most awaken the imagination, *astound the fancy*, or hurry away the soul. It has the stately march of a Dutch burgomaster, as he appears in a procession, or a French poet as he shews himself in his works. It reminds one, too, forcibly of a tragedy of Racine."

This is certainly a most curious compliment. Spenser has compared Chaucer with himself, and Dryden has compared him with Ovid; but, of all poets, Racine, perhaps, was the last we should think of seeing compared with Chaucer. For a serious and affecting poem, which the Troilus eminently is, it seems to us written in the most light and airy style; and so far from "having the stately march of a Dutch burgomaster," its chief fault seems to be that of ever "slipping down to prose." There is not in our language verse more easy and free, nor at the same time more acute and spirited, than the conversations between Pandore and Troilus—they are quite in the dialogic style of Beppo. And for truth and pathos, we know of no passages in the noble author we have alluded to, that can surpass the following extracts:—it is where Troilus goes over the haunts of his lost mistress:

"Fro thennesforth, he rideth up and doune,
And every thing came him to remembraunce,
As he rode forth by places of the toune,
In whiche he whiloin had all his pleasaunce;
'Lo! yonder, saw I mine own lady daunce;
And in that temple with her eyen clere
Me captive caught first, my right lady dere:

'And yonder have I herde full lustily
My derehert Creseide langh; and yonder play
Saw I her once, eke full blissfully;
And yonder once, to me gan she saie,
'Now gode swete! loveth me well, I praie:'
And yonde, so godely gan she me beholde,
That to the deth mine hert is to her holde.

* Better. † Dwelt.

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'And at the corner in the yonder house
Herde I mine alderleuest lady dere
So womanly, with voice melodious
Singen so well, so godely and so clere,
That in my soul, yet methinks I hear
The blissful sound: and in that yonder place
My lady first me took into her grace.'
Then thought he thus, 'O blissful Lorde Cupide!
When I the processe have in memorie,
How thou me hast weried on every side,
Men might a book make of it, like a storie,' &c.

"And, after this, he to the gates went,
Ther as Creseide out rode, a full gode pass;
And up and down then made he many a wente,
And to himself ful oft he said, 'Alas!
Fro henner rode my bliss and my solas;
As woulde blissful God, now for his joie,
I might her sene ayen come to Troie!

"'And to the yonder hill I gan hir guide;
Alas! and there I took of her my leave;
And yonde, I saw hire to her father ride,
For sorow of whiche mine herte shal to cleave,
And hither home I came when it was eve,
And here I dwel outcast from alle joie,
And shall, till I may sene her efter in Troie!'"

We regret never having been able to obtain a sight of the Scottish Continuation of the Troilus, by Henrysoun. All we do know of it—the incident of the faithless Creseide, afflicted by leprosy and want, asking alms of her former lover, is beautifully imagined.

It would be an endless affair to discuss the controversy concerning the origin of this tale. Godwin, we think, has sufficiently disproved Tyrwhitt's supposed discovery of its having been borrowed from the Philostrato of Boccaccio. All the commentators seem to lay too much stress on the poet's own declaration of its being taken from Lolius. It was a common custom with the old romancers to give an air of verisimilitude to their legend, by referring to the authority of some classic name, real or pretended. The grave excuses made by the poet in his Canterbury Tales, that his fictitious personages so said, and consequently that he must so relate, might have shewn to the critics the true value of his declaration about Lolius or Lollius, who, if there ever was such a person, must have been some such paraphraser as Dictys or Dares, from whom the poet gathered merely the names and local knowledge necessary for his story.

THE CHANGE.

But yesterday, and we were one;
Heart seemed to heart so firm united;
And now, ere scarce a day be gone,
The dream is fled, the prospect blighted!

I have not learn'd the grovelling art,
What truth would fain reveal to smother;
And ah! I have too proud a heart
To share thy bosom with another!

And little did I think, to see
A dream so soft to grief awaken;
Or that my love should be, by thee,
So fast forgot, so soon forsaken.

The April cloud is seen,—is flown,—
With every passing wind it wavers:
No firmer tie man trusts upon,
When link'd to bliss—by woman's favours.

Δ

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THE BATTLE OF ROSLIN.

Dulce est fore patria mori.

HARK!—'twas the trumpet rung!—
Commingling armies shout;
And, glancing far these woods among,
The wreathing standards float!
The voice of triumph, and of wail,
Of victor, and of vanquish'd, join'd,
Is wafted on the vernal gale;
And Echo hath combined
Her mimic tones, to breathe the tale
To every passing wind.

For Saxon foes invade
A proud, but kingless, realm;
Oppression draws her crimson'd blade
To ruin, and o'erwhelm:—
'Tis Confray, on destruction bent,
From Freedom's roll to blot a land,
By England's haughty Edward sent:
But never on her mountain-strand
Shall Caledonia sit content,
Content with fetter'd hand.

Not while one patriot breathes,
While every verdant vale,
And mountain-side bequeathes
Some old heroic tale:
The Wallace and The Bruce have thrown
A trail of glory far behind,
The heart, to youth and valour known,
With giant strength to bind;
While even the peasant, toiling lone,
Recalls their deeds to mind!

The Cumin lets not home
To tell a bloodless tale;
And forth, in arms, with Frazer roam
The flower of Teviotdale;
In Roslin's wild and wooded glen,
The voice of war the shepherd hears;
And, in the groves of Hawthornden,
Are thrice ten thousand spears,
Bright as the cheek of Nature, when
May morning smiles through tears.

Three camps divided raise
Their snowy tops on high;
The breeze unfurling flag displays
Its Lions to the sky.
The tongue of Mirth is jocund there;
Blithe carols hail the matin light;
Though lurking Death, and gloomy Care,
Are watching, in despite,
Bright eyes that now are glancing fair,
Too soon to close in night!

Baffled, and backward borne,
Is England's foremost war:—
The Saxon battle-god, forlorn,
Remounts his dragon-car:—

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A third time warlike cheers are raised
  Beneath the noon's unclouded sun:
Upon the patriot band it blazed,
  Saw thrice their laurels won,
And hung o'er Roslin's vale amazed,
  As erst o'er Ajalon!

Blue Esk, with murmuring stream,
  Romantic, journies by
Between its rocky banks, which seem
  To woo the summer sky,
With beechen groves, and oaken boughs,
  And bloomy wild shrubs, fresh and fair;
While oft the pendent willow throws
  Its locks of silver hair
Athwart the waters, which disclose
  Its image pictured there.

Three triumphs in a day!
  Three hosts subdued by one!
Three armies scatter'd like the spray
  Beneath one summer sun.—
Who, pausing 'mid this solitude,
  Of rocky streams, and leafy trees,—
Who, gazing o'er this quiet wood,
  Would ever dream of these?
Or have a thought that aught intrude,
  Save birds, and humming bees?

Roslin, thy castle grey
  Survives the wrecks of Time;
And proudly towers thy dark Abbaye,
  With pinnacles sublime:—
But, when thy battlements shall sink,
  And, like a vision, leave the scene,
Here,—here, when daylight's glories shrink,
  On sculptured base shall lean
The patriot of the land, to think
  Of glories that have been!

Δ

THE SILENT GRAVE.

A Sonnet.

'Twas when mid forests dark the night winds raged,
  Tossing their branches with an awful voice;
  When clouds lower'd heavy, and the dull drear noise
Of torrents wild, and fierce, and unassuaged,
Fell on the listening ear, that forth I stray'd
  Most thoughtful, and in solitary guise,
  (For deep truths flash on contemplation's eyes,)
To where the churchyard gloom'd in rayless shade:—
Impressive was the loneliness—in sooth,
  My thoughts through pathless labyrinths did run;—
  I sate, in darkness, on the grave of one
Whom I had dearly loved in early youth,
  And there I mused, till from the turf mine eye
  Did shape him out—even like reality!

Till from the turf he rose before mine eye,
Girdled with clouds—even like reality!

Δ

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THE NATIVE MELODY.

Stanzas, supposed to be repeated by an Exile.

Once more, oh! turn, and touch the lyre,
And wake that wild impassion'd strain;
I feel the delirating fire
Flash from my heart through every vein!—
Yes! every swell, and every word,
Strikes on a sympathetic chord,
And conjures up, with viewless wand,
My early days, my native land!

'Tis sweet, unutterably sweet,
Upon a far and foreign strand,
The play-mate of our youth to meet,
Fondly to press once more his hand;
His face to see, his voice to hear—
Though always loved, now doubly dear,
And talk, with heart-felt ecstasy,
Upon the hours of years gone by!

Beloved country! when I lose
Remembrance of thy carrols wild,
Or hold companionship with those
By whom thy glory is reviled;
Then be my despicable lot
Unloved—renownless—and forgot—
To live, to die, to pass away
And mix with earth's neglected clay!

Oh! many a time, with many a tear
These native accents, breathing joy,
When Winter's hearth was blazing clear,
I sate, and listed, when a boy;
And not amid the circle round,
Cold heart, or tearless eye was found:—
Ah! ne'er from inspiration fell
Tones hymn'd so sweet, or loved so well!

And can they be less welcome now,
Afar from all that blessed me, when
The heart was glad, unconscious how?—
No! dear they are to me as then:
More soft beyond wild Ocean's roar:
More sweet upon a foreign shore:
And more melodious far when sung
Amid the tones of foreign tongue!

Δ

MOSCOW.

Written after the Invasion of Russia by the French.

The day-star was retiring in the south
Behind a ridge of clouds, as twilight fell
Upon the banks of Moskwa. Silence reign'd
Throughout the desolate city; save, by fits,
As rose the crackling flames, or sunk the roofs,
The ponderous roofs of buildings undermined;
Or when the stayless element found its way
To nether domes encaved, the magazines
Of nitrous grain explosive, corn, and wine;
Or when the prison'd watch-dog madly howl'd,
As near and nearer raged the swelling flame,
Gnawing its chain in savage agony,
Amid the torments of a lingering death.

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Laden with darkness, now, the wings of night
Descending brooded; not a star above
The near horizon's dusky verge appear'd;
Wrapt in a shroud of blackness palpable,
Earth had its fires sufficient. Bright with flame,
Long streets consuming spread their glowing lines,
Tinting the mantled heavens with white intense;
Next, dull and lurid crimson; darkness last.—
Gazing upon the spectacle, there stood
Thousands, and tens of thousands. Female shrieks
And ruffian imprecations mingled there:
Between the luminous ruins and the eye,
The dusky groupes that clothed the narrow lanes,
Distinct, though distant, hurrying to and fro,
Struck on Imagination's wilder'd eye,
Like habitants of subterranean realms.—
The startled steed glanced backward, as the flame
Smote on his eye-ball, ominous. Mothers stood,
Begirt with weeping daughters, at the doors
Of home, that yielded sanctuary no more;
And, with dishevelled tresses, kneeling, pray'd
For clemency,—a disregarded boon!
And blew the winds of heaven, and flames and smoke
Waved to and fro; and roofs and rafters sank,
And sparks were in the air, and blood on earth,
All that debases or degrades mankind,
Yea! blood and cruelty, and guilt and woe,
Rapine and desolation, fear and death!!

Moscow! resplendent city of the North!
Thou wert too fair a sight for mortal eye,
The diadem of landscapes beautiful!—
What rapturous feelings struck the pilgrim's mind,
When, after traversing ignoble plains,
And tracks of rude and savage wilderness,
Tiptoe upon adjacent heights, he saw
The far extended grandeur of thy march,—
Thy glittering palaces; thy thousand spires;
Thy massy domes, and balls of flaming gold;
Nor lovely less thy winding terraces,
O'erhung with jasmine, flowering in the sun;
Thy obelisks, as Parian marble pure;
And roofs of azure, o'er whose slanting sides
The sculptured steeples stretch'd their taper lengths,
Piercing the dark-blue beauty of the sky,
And holding there a thousand crosses bright;
Like giants towering o'er the sons of men!

Moscow! resplendent city of the North!
Moscow! thy hearths are tenantless, thy shrines
Ransack'd by rude and sacrilegious hands,
Thy glittering glory vanish'd like a dream!—
Woe to thy sons and daughters! woe to thee!—
Against thee man and element combin'd,
Man, and the element of fire! thy sons,
Thy resolute sons, have laid thee in the dust,
And strew'd thy reeking ashes to the winds!—
They sought in thee a goal for their distress.
They found in thee a sepulchre. Thou wert
An offering on the shrine of Liberty,
A sacrifice for Europe—for the world!
Eternal glory circle thee; thou art
A lesson to the realms of human kind.

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LETTER FROM DAVID HUME, ESQUIRE.

SIR, 47, *George-Street, 1st October*, 1821.

IN your Magazine for February, 1818, (p. 495,) a correspondent of yours, who subscribes D. I., has contradicted, "*as utterly destitute of foundation*," an anecdote related in Hardy's Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, respecting the generosity of David Hume, the historian, to Dr Blacklock, the blind poet, in communicating to him the benefit of an office held by him (Mr Hume) under the University of Edinburgh.

It is true, Lord Charlemont is inaccurate in some of the particulars. The office in question was that of Librarian to the *Faculty of Advocates;* and Mr Hume neither did, nor could transfer the office itself to Dr Blacklock, but the salary only, which was L.40 a-year. Lord Charlemont had also been misinformed in regard to the rapid, and somewhat romantic way, in which the favour is related as having been conferred by Mr Hume. But the substance of the story—that Mr Hume *did* receive this salary to the use of Dr Blacklock, and not to his own, I know for certain to be true; for I had often heard it mentioned by Mr Hume's intimate friends, Dr Blair, John Home, and Adam Smith. Though sure of the fact, I did not, however, wish publicly to contradict your correspondent's statement, in reliance on my own recollection purely, though quite distinct, of what those excellent persons had related to me. But t'other day, in the course of looking into some letters of Mr Hume's, I hit upon evidence of the fact, in Mr Hume's own hand, in a letter to Adam Smith, dated, Edinburgh, 17th December, 1754.

Mr Hume, it appears, had a controversy at that time with the curators of the Advocates' Library, respecting certain books which he had bought for the library, and which the curators had ordered to be expunged from the catalogue, and removed from the shelves, as licentious, and unworthy of a place in the library of so grave and so learned a body. It also appears, that Mr Hume had considered himself as not very handsomely treated by the curators on that occasion; and that he had entertained a purpose of applying to the Faculty of Advocates for redress. He found, however, that he was not to expect the support of the Dean of Faculty, and some other leading members of that body. "I saw it then," says he, in this letter to Adam Smith, "impossible to succeed, and accordingly retracted my application: but being equally unwilling to lose the use of the books, and to bear an indignity, I retain the office, *but have given Blacklock, our blind poet, a bond of annuity for the salary*. I have now put it out of the power of those gentlemen to offer me any indignity, while my motives for remaining in the office are so apparent. I should be glad that you approve of my conduct. I own that I am satisfied with myself."

In Mr Hume's account of his own life, he says, "In 1752, the Faculty of Advocates chose me their librarian, *an office from which I received little or no emolument*, but which gave me the command of a large library." He had wished to conceal, under these general expressions, the liberal way in which he disposed of the emoluments of the office. Allow me to add, that, in 1754, Mr Hume was by no means in affluent circumstances; for he had then recently published the *first* volume only of his history; and he held no appointment, public or private, but this of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates.

I am persuaded, Sir, that you will have satisfaction in correcting your correspondent's unintentional mis-statement. It does not, indeed, relate to a matter of much importance; but the anecdote serves to illustrate Mr Hume's temper and dispositions; and, in that view, it may be not entirely without interest. Besides, the public attention has already been called to the incident, both in Lord Charlemont's Memoirs, and in your Magazine; and it will, therefore, be as well that the circumstances should be stated correctly.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient
And most faithful servant,
DAVID HUME.

The Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

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THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

Chapter XIII.

The King's Birth-Day.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Vox Populi.

The King's Birth-Day in Edinburgh was one of unusual festivity. Every school had *the play* on this momentous day; and long before the 4th of June, the mimic cannon were put in order, ammunition laid in, and store of squibs, crackers, sky-rockets, Roman candles, and fire-wheels, were prepared for the joyous demonstration of boyish loyalty. For weeks before, the only talk among the boys was of powder and powder-horns; and the chief occupation preparing match-paper, and arranging the details of the *bonfire*, and the dress of *Johnny Wilkes*, which personage has had the honour of being hung and burnt in effigy once a-year in Edinburgh, ever since I remember. Boughs of trees and flowers were also provided on the preceding day, in spite of the annual proclamation of the magistrates, and the care of the proprietors of shrubberies in the vicinity; and birch and laurel were in particular demand to *busk* the wall, at the bottom of which was the delightful fire.

The King's Birth-days to which I allude, it is necessary to mention, were those which were celebrated previous to the city of Edinburgh having, or requiring to have, a regular police. Since the period of that establishment, the officers of which make little or no distinction between merriment and mischief, *bonfires* are not allowed, and the firing of squibs and cannon is prohibited; joy and gladness are reduced to mere sentiment; and, however hopeless the experiment, it is attempted, by these worthy protectors of the public peace, *to pit auld heads on young shoulders*, in spite of nature, and to make youthful limbs move with the tottering regularity of fourscore. That this has hitherto never fully succeeded, I am not sorry; and when taking a walk in a modern King's Birth-day morning, I do regret the paucity of the fires, and their stinted ornaments—and in the evening to meet so many idle apprentices, whom this sys-
has driven from the cheerful fire,
he enlivening noise of cannon,
to celebrate the royal birth in the undisturbed retirement of a *public-house*, the termination of which celebration often ends in a commitment to the Police-Office—Bridewell—the loss of character—and confirmed depravity.

Those who were fathers twenty-five years ago, will recollect the joy which beamed in the eyes of the boys relieved from the tasks of the school for the momentous day, and the delighted preparations that were made to celebrate this happy anniversary; the demand for money to replenish the powder-horn; the array of cannon; and the anxious request to be awakened "exactly at one o'clock." When the day was within a few hours, their little eyes sparkled with gladness at the idea of pleasure to come, and it seemed an age till the moment arrived when it was necessary to light the fire, and usher in the day with the mimic thunder of their little artillery.—"Mamma! will Betty give us a backet of coals?"—"Jenny, mind waken me first!"—"Papa, I winna set aff the crackers till you are up;" and a thousand demands and expressions of a similar nature, made even the old participate in what gave so much pleasure to the young. I myself recollect of making the fruitless request to be allowed to sit up; have gone to bed for three hours to toss and tumble in feverish anxiety, till the dawn of day shewed it was time to light the fire, and decorate my cap with laurels; and I have known others go to bed at an earlier hour, not to deprive nature of her accustomed rest, with the ineffectual wish to shorten the intervening period in the forgetfulness of sleep. But to the excited imagination, nothing short of enjoyment can bring again the calm of ordinary and every-day life; and the night preceding the King's Birth-day was generally a sleepless one to most of the schoolboys of Edinburgh. Days of my boyhood!—I look back to your enjoyments with complacency, and almost with regret!

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The time that has intervened has not yet obliterated the remembrance of early pleasures; and I recur to the recollections of the past with the gratitude of one who enjoys with relish the beauty of the flowerets which Beneficence has strewed along the path of life.

Among the higher rank of boys, bonfires, and the firing of cannon, squibs and crackers, formed the morning's amusement; and rockets and fire-wheels were exhibited at night; while, among their inferiors in point of wealth, the funds to procure powder were chiefly solicited from the passers-by. "Eh, mind the banefire!—Mind Johnny Wilkes!" was echoed from the mouths of a dozen importunate urchins, with cap in hand, on the approach of any person near the hallowed fire; and I have oftentimes been fairly obliged to give a penny, though predetermined not to give any thing, to get rid of the obstinate suitors, who would follow one the length of a street,—Johnny Wilkes at the same time, in grotesque habiliments, stuffed with straw, and with hat in hand, looking down from his station on the wall above the fire, so beseechingly, that, in nine cases out of ten, one felt that it was necessary to keep up the spirit of nationality, which still continues to revenge itself upon the author of the North Briton.*

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* John Wilkes, whom his violent opposition to the ministry of the Earl of Bute, and his illiberal attacks upon the country of the premier, in a paper called the "North Briton," have "damn'd to everlasting fame" in Scotland, was, for the libels of which this paper was the vehicle, dismissed from his command of the Buckinghamshire Militia, committed to the Tower, and No. 45 of this obnoxious publication, containing severe remarks upon the King's speech, was ordered by both Houses of Parliament to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, at the Royal Exchange in London, on the 3d of December 1763. Previous to this, Mr Wilkes being in Paris in August of the same year, was recognized by Captain Forbes, an officer in the French service, from his having seen a likeness of Wilkes in a print by Hogarth, when Captain Forbes, after getting his acknowledgment that he was the person he supposed, challenged him, as the author of the reflections upon his country. Mr Wilkes, however, after a number of evasions, contrived to escape fighting, by putting himself under the protection of the police.

It is curious, at this distance of time, to read the attacks upon the Scottish people which gave rise to the burning in effigy of their author, which has continued to the present day; and I quote two paragraphs from the Scots Magazine of June 1763, to shew that Mr Wilkes at different times entertained very opposite opinions of Scotland and its inhabitants. The first is an extract of a letter to a friend in England, dated in 1758, which runs thus: "I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of spending great part of this summer in Scotland. I love the people for their hospitality and friendship, as much as I admire them for their strong manly sense, erudition, and excellent taste. I never was happier than when in Scotland last; and I shall never be so deficient in gratitude, not to have the greatest respect for the people and country."

The second is from the North Briton, No. 50, June 1763: "When we speak of national prejudices, we never confine our ideas to place, or have any further objects in our view than people. Hence, though in the whole circuit of creation, no country, so desperately wild, or inconceivably miserable as Scotland, can be discovered, yet I will suppose, what never was supposed before, that it contains every thing the Mahometan paradise can produce, and that, in the language of Mr Pope,

'Descending gods could find Elysium there.'

For which reason my arguments shall have no relation to the wretched spot itself; the propriety of my prejudice being sufficiently supported in the slightest consideration of the inhabitants."—"If any man can shew me a Scot who was not always the most insolent being in office, or the most scandalously cringing of reptiles out of place, I shall readily retract my assertions, and set him down the *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*"

Black swans, I am happy to remark, are discovered to be quite common, (where indeed one should have naturally looked for them) at Botany Bay, in New Holland, and the thousands of Englishmen who annually visit our romantic country can attest, that, even in the wildest Highland glens, something better can be found for their roast-beef stomachs, than sheep's-heads, haggises, and oat-meal cakes. I do not doubt, notwithstanding, that there may yet exist some Cockneys, who think our country more barbarous than their own; and from the tirades of Wilkes, and the poetry of Churchill, draw their conclusions regarding Scottish worth and genius:

"How can the rogues pretend to sense?
Their pound is only twenty pence."

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But let the little fellows fire away with their cannon, and *set off trains and pixies* as much as they please, while we, gentle reader, take a walk along the streets, and see what is going on among the elder children. All the horses, on this happy day, were decorated with bunches of flowers, or branches of trees; and the poor animals seemed to pace the ground more lightly, and with an air of satisfaction, which lightened their load. Most of the tradesmen also displayed their loyalty by sprigs in their hats. At an early hour in the morning, the equestrian statue of King Charles II. in the Parliament Close, (almost the only statue we then had,) was fancifully decorated with flowers, and the railing which surrounds it interwoven with *birks* and laurels. The Parliament House likewise partook in the general jollity, and forgot for a season legal wrangling, in the arches of evergreens, and flowery emblems of kingly dignity, and national distinction, which now decorated its ample hall. The guns of the Castle were fired at twelve, and at the same hour, there was a parade of all the troops in the vicinity, and the volunteers, when they were embodied, who, after firing a *feu-de-joie*, were marched through the principal streets. The Battery at Newhaven, and the War-ships in the Roads, fired a salute at one o'clock, and all the ships in the harbour were decorated with colours. Little or no work was done among the tradesmen; for in Scotland, shows are so rare, that a very slender apology for keeping a holiday is necessary. The Town-Guard also, (a small body of veterans, which does not now exist,) in their new uniforms, were placed at the door of the Parliament-House, the decorations of which, and the display of the tables and refection, were opened to the view of all who desired it, during the forenoon.

The *Blue-gowns*, a set of privileged beggars, of whom Edie Ochiltree is the type, assembled on this day at the Canongate Church, for the purpose of receiving from his Majesty's almoner their annual gratuity in money, and a new gown. A sermon was also delivered on the occasion, and a dinner was provided.

The Parliament-House was the place to which the magistrates invited the most respectable citizens, the nobility gentry, and the officers of the army and navy, to celebrate the day by drinking his Majesty's health. The area of the fine hall called the Outer-House, was laid out with tables, on which were displayed a profusion of sweetmeats, decorated, at intervals, with exotic plants in pots, from the Botanic Garden. The Lord Provost presided, a band of music attended, and the worthy *town-rots* (soldiers of the City-Guard) attended outside the door, and at every toast fired a volley, which was re-echoed by the hurrahs of the crowd in the Square. This manner of celebrating the King's Birth-day, by pouring out libations to his health, was discontinued during the lamented illness of his late Majesty, and has not since been revived. Though I like to see old customs kept up, yet this one in particular, from the almost indiscriminate admission of all classes to the entertainment, and other circumstances, I feel no regret in consigning to desuetude:

"For to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance."

The Parliament Square, at this time, congregated the chief part of the idle apprentices and boys, who amused themselves without in vulgar merriment, while their superiors were amusing themselves with wine and *sweeties* within the house. In the Square, at this period, stood a box, which covered the opening of a water-pipe, to be used in cases of fire; and, on the top of this box, it was the strange pleasure of the crowd in those days to *burgher* every decently-dressed person of whom they could lay hold. This *burghering*, or admitting to the freedom of the Square, consisted in placing the individual on his bottom on the top of the box, which rose like the ridge of a house, and then lifting him up by the arms and legs, and bringing him down three times, with more or less severity, as the caprice of the exhibitors, or the unwillingness of the party suggested. In general, it went off with good humour; but in some cases, where the person resisted the rude attack, and was carried to the machine by force, serious accidents happened, and the boxes of this description throughout the city were very properly removed.

The company in the Parliament House met at six; generally separated

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by eight o'clock; and their departure was the signal for the mob which occupied the Parliament Square to move to the High Street, where, and on the Bridges, they continued to throw squibs, and crackers, fire off pistols, &c. till eleven or twelve o'clock.

One of the chief amusements of the vulgar assemblage, at this time, was the throwing of dead cats, fish heads, and every sort of garbage that could be procured, at one another, or among the crowd. Every well-dressed person was sure to have some of those dirty zoological specimens levelled at him as he passed through the multitude; and I myself, when serving the office of high constable, well recollect, after having been greeted with a slimy cod's head, and turning round to see who had destroyed my hat and coat by its administration, felt my neck embraced by the claws of a half-dead grey cat, which was following its friend the cod's head in its aërial excursion. Every projecting stair and *close-head* was filled by females of the lower ranks, who posted themselves in these situations *to see the fun;* and to those receptacles of feminine delicacy were the squibs oftenest directed, for the purpose of producing a rush and a squall, or singeing a few *mutches*, not to mention more serious accidents which sometimes occurred. The ringing of all the bells in all the steeples increased the noisy demonstrations of loyalty in the streets almost to stunning, while the constables of those days (constables were then gentlemen) walked among the crowd to preserve the peace from being broken by any very flagrant disturbance, till the hour of ten or eleven called the crowd to their beds, and the said constables to a supper, partly furnished from the city funds.

I do not know how it has happened, but till the French Revolution, and the appearance of the *friends of the people* in Edinburgh, this noisy celebration of regal birth generally went off in good humour, without farther harm to the lieges than a dirty coat or singed whiskers. But the seeds sown by the worthies who thus styled themselves, have since rendered the King's Birth-day, and every other assemblage of the idle, a scene of turbulence and mischief. If the Town Guard were then a little roughly handled, it was all in vulgar humour and rude merriment; and though these singularly useful animals were pelted with mud and garbage, it never changed the imperturbable expression of their weather-beaten countenances. A good-natured threat, or a friendly admonition, was all their revenge. The seizure of a Lochaber axe would scarcely have produced more than a "tam her shoul." Then *Jamie Laing*, worth a whole host of modern policemen, held the few vagabonds we possessed in awe; and the Council Chamber, as then conducted, preserved the unmanageably-disposed from becoming more unmanageable.—Now the contrast is most striking. One cannot walk at night without his pocket-handkerchief pinned to his pocket, and his watch hung in chains round his neck; and should things go on much farther at this rate, one will require to go hand-cuffed to preserve their coat, and have their shoes padlocked to their legs to ensure them against being run away with.

The use of gunpowder in crackers has now given way to the contrivances of modern chemistry. I almost leaped over a table lately, at the detonation occasioned by pulling a fold of paper, including fulminating powder, from the hand of my youngest boy, and broke a china jug in alarm at a cracker or bomb, which went off on being thrown forcibly on the ground. I do hope that the discoveries of science may stop before going much farther; as in a short time, in place of a dinner of three courses, and a comfortable *crack* over a bottle of wine for an afternoon, we may soon be taught to supply the stomach with beef gas in a second, and get hearty over a single inspiration of concentrated claret.*

* The ancient mode of celebrating a sovereign's birth-day in Edinburgh, seems to have differed but little from that of modern times.—"Edinburgh, May 29, 1665, being his Majesty's birth-day and restauration-day, was most solemnly kept by people of all ranks in this city. My Lord Commissioner, in his state, accompanied with his life guard on horseback, and Sir Andrew Ramsay, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Bailies and Council in their robes, accompanied with all the trained-bands and arms, went to church and heard the Bishop of Edinburgh upon a text as fit, as well applied for the work of the day. Thereafter, thirty-five aged men, in blew gowns, each having got thirty-five

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CHAPTER XIV.

Christopher Columbus mistaken for a Highwayman.

"I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man.—All would not do.—A plague on all cowards!"

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

THE late Sir Joseph Banks, according to a book of poems set forth by a person named Peter Pindar, was once seized in a ditch where he was herborizing, on suspicion of his being a murderer, concealing himself from the fangs of justice. That Sir Joseph was not singular in the accident which befel him, and that the best of men are subject to be misrepresented in their persons and callings, the following relation of what happened to myself will afford a melancholy proof.

Angling at some distance from the city one fine day, the hours of which flew so swiftly by, that I really thought honest old Time had been more than usually quick in his paces, I was caught at dusk, hungry and tired, by the side of the Water of Leith, a good distance beyond the village of Colinton. Unscrewing my rod, I left the trouts to their own meditations, and hastened to my friend Mr Alexander Southdown's, at Woodhall; where a good fire, and good cheer, assisted the passing of an hour or two more, ere I thought of returning home. At last the hour of nine struck in Mr Alexander's eight-day clock, and I started up. Good Alexander, indeed, would have had me to stay all night; but as I had an engagement for next morning, which could not be conveniently put off, I resolved to adventure forth, in spite of the dangers of robbery, and the terror of apparitions. The night was pitchy dark when I sallied forth, and the removal of the candle at parting, tended to make it appear to me still more so. The geography of the farmyard being but partially sketched in my remembrance, I had not gone beyond a few yards, before I got above mid-leg in a *cundy** which divided the *midden*† from the cow-houses or byres. An angler does not mind wet feet; and at one bound I cleared the receptacle of fluid manure, and made a lodgment upon the shelving edge of the hillock of stable-cleanings.

Pursuing my course round the base of the fermenting knoll for an outlet, my progress was stopt by what my shins told me were the *trams*‡ of a cart or carts, and I was forced to return, groping my way with the fishing-rod extended before me. Arriving again at the margin of the cundy, and feeling no particular desire to have my legs wet over again, I coursed along its side, and finding nothing to interrupt my progress, I went fearlessly on for a few steps, till I heard, or fancied I heard, the plashing of water under my feet. In a second more, O reader, I was up to the knees in that necessary receptacle of water, called a *dubs-dub*.|| This was bad enough, but I consoled myself with the reflection that it might have been much worse—a mill-pond; and as I was not quite certain of my being amphibious, I retreated as fast as possible in the opposite direction.

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shillings in a purse, came up from the Abbey to the great church, praying all along for his Majesty. Sermon being ended, his Grace entertained all the nobles and gentlemen with a magnificent feast, and open table. After dinner, the Lord Provost and Council went to the Cross of Edinburgh, where was planted a green arbour, loaded with oranges and lemons, wine liberally running for divers hours at eight several conduits, to the great solace of the indigent commons there. Having drank all the royal healths, which were seconded by the great guns from the Castle, sound of trumpets and drums, vollies from the trained bands, and joyful acclamations from the people, they plentifully entertained the multitude. After which, my Lord Commissioner, Provost and Bailies, went up to the Castle, where they were entertained with all sorts of wine and sweetmeats; and returning, the Lord Provost countenancing all the neighbours of the city that had put up bonfires, by appearing at their fires, being in great numbers; which jovialness continued with ringing of bells, and shooting of great guns, till twelve o'clock at night."—Arnot's *History of Edinburgh, as quoted from Intelligencer of June*, 1665.

* Consult Dr Jamieson's Dictionary. † Ditto. ‡ Ditto. || Ditto.

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I had now every wish to call out for assistance; and but for affording a joke at my expence to Mr Southdown and his servants, I should certainly have done so. Resolved to persevere, however, I again, after stamping the water out of my shoes as well as I could, proceeded to feel my way as before, till I came to what seemed a little railing or paling; from the inside of which proceeded something like the tones of a human voice. Thinking this to be one of the cottar-houses which surrounded the farm-steading, and that the paling enclosed a little flower-plot before the door, I ventured to knock with my rod for admittance—bending forward my body over the railing, to catch the first sound or sight of the inmates. But I had not stood half a minute in this situation, ere I felt a blow on my body from behind, which pitched me fairly over the enclosure, and laid me unceremoniously on a bed of dirty straw, occupied by half a dozen pigs. Reader, I was tumbled by an invisible power into Mr Southdown's hog-stye.

The gentle animals, whether disturbed in their sweet slumbers, or interrupted in their dreams by apparitions of the butcher's knife and scalding tub, by my unexpected intrusion, set up a cry in chorus, which, I must do them the justice to say, seemed "more in sorrow than in anger." The noise soon brought some of my own species to my assistance, and I had not recovered my feet after my unlooked for somerset, ere I heard a voice bawl out, "De'il's in't, if that's no somebody stealing the pigs. Kirsty, bring a light and cry for Tam. They'll no get them sae easy as they got my dukes."—A candle immediately appeared in the hand of a middle-aged country damsel, who started out from a door on my right; and Geordy Mowdiewart the ploughman, who was the person who spoke, seized a *grape*, (dung-fork,) and came up to my entrenchment, calling out as loud as he could bellow, "Tam! Mr Southdown! here's a thief stealing the pigs!"

All this was transacted so quickly, that I had scarcely time to recover my legs, and none assuredly to make any explanation; and Geordy, raising his dung-fork to give a blow, came down with it in the direction in which I was, crying, "Tak that, ye scoundrel, for a mark." Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and nobody would willingly be killed at night by a clown with a dung-fork. With a presence of mind for which our family has been long famous, or with an instinct which leads man to value his own life more than that of a quadruped, I snatched up one of my little fellow companions in both hands, and held him in the direction of the blow, which fell of course on his unoffending head. A squeak and a groan testified, as plainly as an unlearned pig could testify, that he bade adieu for ever to all sublunary objects. Geordy fortunately did not repeat the blow; for Kirsty had followed him at a distance with the candle, and with that humanity which characterizes, and which, I trust, will ever characterize the fair sex in our unrivalled country, cried out when she saw the uplifted weapon ready for a second stroke, "Lordsake, Geordy, man, dinna strike; it's maybe for want that the poor man's stealin'—it's maybe out o' perfect needcessity."

Tam now made his appearance bareheaded, and without his stockings; Mr Southdown himself hastened to the spot; half-a-dozen lights peeped from the doors of the different cottages; and a yelping of dogs shewed that it was no light matter to attempt the theft of a pig from the farm-yard at Woodhall. I was recognized by my *creel* and fishing-rod; Geordy stood gaping at the blood on my face and hands, unwitting if he had committed the crime of murder or manslaughter; but a smile which he detected on my countenance, amidst the soil of the stye which disfigured my physiognomy, and the dead pig, which I still held in my hand, soon let him understand that banishment or hanging would not follow his present adventure. I was forthwith taken to the house to explain the mystery of my situation, and the poor pig, whose recovery seemed hopeless, was ordered to have its throat cut, "that the blood mightna spoil the flesh."

In spite of the premature death of the pig, my kind host could not help laughing at my stupid blundering, nor could I myself finish my narrative with any thing like decent composure. The only circumstance which I could not account for, was my being so suddenly whisked over the paling of the stye by an incontrollable force, which luckily, however, was applied to a part of the body where the bones were well protected, and I only felt the sensation of a slight contusion. It seemed in

my mind to be more like the force of a balista, a catapulta, or battering ram, or like a right-handed hit judiciously planted by my friend Mr Cribb, than any other species of mechanical force with which I was acquainted. Mr Southdown, however, after some cogitation, declared he had found it out; and rubbing his hands in ecstasy at the discovery, shouted out, "De'il's in't if it can be ony thing else than the tup pet the callants had learned to box," that was the operator in this behind-hand manner of applying physical strength.

Geordy now began to apologize for the part he had taken in the scene, and hoped "I wasna hurt, for he would rather have broken his leg than dune me the slightest injury, had he known wha I was; but, 'deed, sir, if ye kent how we're troubled wi' tinklers, and thae kind o' folk, and how Kirsty lost twa dukes no a week ago, forbye the chickens that were ta'en awa' by the *tod*, it's eneugh to pit a body in a passion, and hard for poor folk to lose their substance by landloupers, vermin, and vagabonds."—"Ye're ay ower rash wi' your hands, Geordy," said Mrs Christian; "ye're ay ower rash; for it's no a year yet till Hallowe'en sin' ye killed our ain dog, striking at a foumart the puir beast was worrying."

By the assistance of my worthy and hospitable friend, I now changed my apparel, which, with blood, dirt, and water of various descriptions, too tedious to be here enumerated, was totally unfitting for present wear; substituting for my own pantaloons, the corduroy breeches of a man twice my size,—sliding myself into a coat which might have contained the body of a bullie,—and drawing on a pair of blue worsted stockings, which ascended to near my watch-chain. I have no doubt that I made a most grotesque figure; and as I felt some difficulty in managing my new appointments, my worthy friend insisted that I should take his poney, "which kent every stane o' the road, though it war the mark hour o' midnight. Ye hae naething to do," said he, "but to leave the beast at Reid's, in the Candlemaker-Row, and I'll send a callant in for't in the morning." This offer was too much to my taste to be refused. I had rather ride than walk at any time. So the poney was saddled; my fishing-basket, or *trout-creel*, as Geordy called it, was slung over my shoulder; and with my rod in my right hand, and the bridle in my left, I was lighted past the cundy, the midden, and the pig-stye, and set fairly on the road to Edinburgh.

I jogged on at a quiet trot, till, coming down a lane near Colinton, and riding near the side of the road, which was at that place overhung by trees, I received a smart blow on the chops with a stick, which seemed to have come from some person on the other side of the dike. As it is the duty of every man to resist all attempts at injury of his person or spoliation of his goods, I raised my fishing-rod, unfortunately my only weapon, and struck with my utmost strength in the direction from whence I conceived the blow to proceed. My rod broke in two with the violence of the stroke, leaving part of it in my hand; and being now without other weapon of offence or defence, I hope it is no imputation on my courage to say, that I hurried forward to avoid farther mischief.

I had not much passed the village of Colinton, when I overtook a man, apparently a farmer, on horseback before me. As he seemed to be going the same road, I thought I could not do better than join company for mutual protection, and with that view pushed the poney alongside the horse of the stranger. As soon as I came within hearing, I saluted him by saying, "Dark night, friend!" He made no reply, but turned his horse to the other side of the road. I followed, or rather the poney followed, for the sake of society likewise I presume. "Will you allow me to bear you company, friend?" again I said. "Mind your ain concerns and I'll mind mine," said he, setting off at a quick trot. Unwilling to be repulsed by a shew of incivility, I put spurs to the poney, explaining to the stranger, that if he were going to Edinburgh, I should be glad of his company, for the road was, in my opinion, not very safe. "Ye's hae nae company frae me," said he, riding still faster;—"I dinna like sic associates, an if it be God's will ye's no hae my bluid to answer for this night," continued he, putting his horse to its utmost speed. My poney, whether from sympathy or fun, required but little inducement to go at the same pace, and on we splattered as we had been riding for a saddle at a yeomanry race,—the man's breathing

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and occasional ejaculations evidently shewing that he conceived he was flying for his life.

We went on at this rate for about a mile, I calling out occasionally, "Stop, my good friend, till I speak to you:—what are you afraid of?" The honest yeoman, however, declined to slacken his pace; and at the going off of a bye road, turned up his horse and disappeared. After this I rode quietly on till I arrived at the Inn in the Candlemaker-Row, where the poney was to be left, and having given him in charge to the hostler, I walked home.

On ringing my own door bell, (it was not much after eleven o'clock,) the servant having come to the door with a candle, no sooner perceived me attempting to enter, than she slapped the door in my face, and shut the bolt, exclaiming, "Na, nae farther if you please; there's ower mony o' your kind gaun about; gae about your business.—If ye're wantin the master, he's no in."—"Betty," said I, "that is very rude, open the door—it's me."—"You!—and wha may you be when ye're at hame?" replied Betty.—"I ken it's you fu' weel; but nae tricks upon travellers; there's ower mony swindlers in the town, and we hae naething for you here:"—and she retreated to her domicile in the kitchen. It was excessively hard to be shut out of one's own house, after such a series of uncomfortable adventures; and I made another furious attempt upon the bell. Nobody answered. I rung again—a third—a fourth time, before Betty returned. "Ye had better gang quietly about your business, man!—there's naebody wants you here. If you dinna, I'll gang up the stair, and cry for the police."—"You stupid devil, you won't shut me out of my own house, will you?—Open instantly."—"Od if that's no like Mr Columbus's voice after a'," said Betty; "and if it be him, what will he think o' me for steeking him out at this time o' night?"—I was then admitted, after a cautious examination of my face and person, by the help of the candle, in my grotesque habiliments; Mrs Columbus, as was perhaps natural, recognised me with less difficulty; and after some little sustenance offered and received, I soon forgot the disasters of the evening in the quiet of sleep.

The murdered pig (Mr Southdown can do handsome things) came in a present next morning,—and for the first time in my life I dined upon an animal that I had assisted to kill. The story itself was almost forgotten amid the bustle of business and the care of more important matters, till it was again revived the following week by a paragraph in the newspapers, the accuracy of which will be best appreciated by those who have read the preceding narrative. The paragraph to which I allude was as follows:

"On Tuesday evening last, as a farmer was returning from Currie, he was attacked by a highwayman near the village of Colinton, who snapped a pistol at him, and demanded his money. The farmer, who was a stout athletic man, knocked the pistol out of the robber's hand by a stroke of his whip, and would inevitably have secured him had he not set off (for he was well mounted) at full speed in the direction of Edinburgh. The farmer pursued him till near the town, but lost sight of him about Merchiston."

I beg to remark, before concluding, in honour of my own humanity, that to ascertain if I had committed manslaughter by the blow which broke my fishing-rod, I visited the spot in the course of next day; and to my joy found no traces which could lead me to think that I had inadvertently embrued my hands in the blood of a fellow creature. The other half of my fishing-rod I found in the inside of the dike, the turf coping of which bore evident marks of the violence of the blow; and I made the further discovery, that the invisible arm which had struck me on the face, was the projecting and leafless branch of a tree which overhung the road.

Reader, thine own good sense will leave thee at no loss for a moral reflection, connected with the subject of the present chapter. This world is a great theatre, in which one has occasionally to play parts as distant from their real character, as that of Sir Joseph Banks from a murderer, or as Christopher Columbus from a highwayman. Judge charitably—decide cautiously—act with moderation: And should you ever, in your intercourse with the world, happen to hear any thing to the prejudice of those whom you esteem or love,—recollect that in most human affairs, and regarding most human actions, "*There are aye twa ways o' telling a story.*"

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LETTER FROM THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

Author of Anastasius.

SIR,

As an article in the last Number of your Magazine, entitled, "On Anastasius —— by Lord Byron," contains some assertions which, though probably only meant by the writer as facetiousness, might be mistaken by some simple reader for fact, I beg to state, that in the course of long and various travels, I resided nearly a twelvemonth at Constantinople; visited the arsenal and bagnio frequently; witnessed the festival of St George; saw Rhodes; was in Egypt, in Syria, and in every other place which I have attempted to describe minutely; collected my eastern vocabulary (notwithstanding the gentleman at Gordon's Hotel may be ignorant of the circumstance,) on the spot, and whilst writing my work; had at one time an Albanian in my service, as well as the celebrated poet for whom, by a high literary compliment, I have been mistaken; adopted a fictitious hero, in order to embody my observations on the East in a form less trite than that of a journal; avoided all antiquarian descriptions studiously, as inconsistent with the character assumed; for the same reason, omitted my own name in the title-page; had finished my novel, (or whatever else you may be pleased to call it,) as to the matter, long before Lord Byron's admirable productions appeared; and need scarcely add, though I do so explicitly, that I am the sole author of Anastasius,——

And your very humble servant,

THOMAS HOPE.

Duchess Street,
Oct. 9, 1821.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH,

From an Old Friend with a New Face.

LETTER IV.

On the Personalities of the Augustan Age of English Literature.

MY DEAR KIT,

I SYMPATHISE with the indignation you feel against "those *pluckless* Tories," who having smarted so long themselves under the Whig cat-o'-nine tails, viz. PERSONALITIES, had at last mustered courage to attack their adversaries, but, failing in the science, and wanting bottom, have cried peccavi. Courage, my old friend—stick to your own principles, and still wield your crutch undismayed. The new outcry against personalities, ought only to make you the more explicit in manifesting your determination to adhere to the rule you have adopted, namely, to use against your adversaries the weapons which they have themselves used; and I therefore again take leave to reiterate what I urged in my last, namely, that you should shew the Whigs, from their own oracles and organs, that they have far exceeded, both in spite and venom, the utmost malice of your bitterest resentment, and, in many instances, without one allaying drop of your generous good humour; and also to remind the credulous public, whom the Whigs are so sedulously again trying to gull, that what is now called personality is a very ancient, perhaps an inveterate quality of all criticism. I do not mean, however, that you should write a regular history of personalities, but only in a cursory way convince some of your faint-hearted readers, that the heinous sin of personality, which the Whigs, worthy souls! are so piously trying to rail out of fashion, was quite as gross in former days as in our own.

Old Dennis, the Jeffrey of Queen Anne's time, says of Pope, in his "Reflections, Critical and Satirical, on a Rhapsody called an Essay on Criticism, printed by Bernard Lintot," "One would swear that this youngster (the Poet,) had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner upon account of impotence, and who being p——d by the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably." This is pretty plain and free criticism. Match it if you can

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even from the writings of the Whigs of our own time. Cobbett himself has nothing so rich and perfect. But this, it will be said, is only metaphorical, and applicable to "The Essay on Criticism." The author is spared, indeed! Then read on, "He is a little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good nature, humanity and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and acquaintances commend them." But did Pope prosecute Dennis for this? No—he had more sense—he did as you would have done in his age and situation; he wrote the Dunciad. Pope was also elsewhere described as a creature that is "at once a beast and a man; a Whig and a Tory, a writer of Guardians and Examiners; a jesuitical professor of truth; a base and foul pretender to candour." Theobald, in Mist's Journal for 22d June, 1728, declared that "he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast." In Galliveriana, he is desired to cut his throat or hang himself. So much for the critics of the Augustan age of English literature. But let us now look at Pope's retaliation—for his satire, like your own, was retaliation, with this difference however, that as the provocation was personal, the revenge was personal. Yours was party, and your retaliation is also party, and of course the more innocent of the two, for you have attacked only public principles, offensively put forth, and public conduct, nefarious in its practices, or ludicrous by its folly. I will begin with the Dunciad.

There has been some doubt among the commentators as to who was the hero of the poem, and therefore let us pass him over. But what is to be said of the personality in the description of Bedlam?

"Close to those walls, where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think *Munroe* would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great *Cibber's* brazen brainless brothers stand."*

Or still more of these verses,

"Know *Eusden* thirsts no more, for sack or praise,
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched *Withers*, *Ward*, and *Golden* rest,
And high-born *Howard*, more majestic sire,
With fools of quality complete the quire.
Thou, *Cibber!* thou, his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound, ye viols! be the cat-call dumb.

Here is both personality and parody; but was Pope prosecuted by Eusden for calling him a drunkard, or reviled like your excellent Chaldean for the allusion to the 24th psalm? And pray when did you send forth any thing like the account of Curl's mishap?

"Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which *Curl's Corinna* chanced that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before her neighbour's shop.)
Here fortuned Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard, Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth, the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fallen in the plash his wickedness had laid.

I shall neither advert to the coarseness of this passage, nor offend the delicate organs of some of your friends, by quoting what follows about Curl's being

"Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd by magic juices for the course.
Vigorous he rises, from the effluvia strong,
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along."

I have not looked into the Dunciad since we were chums together at Dame Norton's, and I had no remembrance of its obscenity and grossness. Surely Byron must have been quizzing "the Smalls" when he eulogized the moral taste of Pope;—and I would here ask, has *he* himself ever been considered as a libeller, for his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers?"—But, for the present, our business is with Twickenham.

* The two celebrated statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness, were by Cibber's father.

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"Fearless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below;
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue."

I do not mean to defend the allusions in these verses to the punishments which some of the parties mentioned suffered, for all such things are in bad taste, but merely to remind your thin-skinned friends, that when you have happened, once or twice, in some momentary fit of spleen, to sneer at the legal misfortunes of some of the Cockney libellers, you have had the classical authority of Pope for your example. But what is the foregoing to the following?

"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams, if thou get free,
Another *Durfey*, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return."

But I am disgusted with the ribaldry of the Dunciad, a work, both on account of its absurdity and malicious spirit, long since justly consigned to contempt and neglect. I will therefore throw it aside, and dip a little into Dryden. In which of all your piquant pages, can you shew me any thing half so keenly personal, as fifty extracts which may be made from his Absalom and Achitophel? Take, for example, the character of Lord Shaftesbury.

"A name to all succeeding ages cursed;
For close designs and crooked councils fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bonds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour bless'd,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest,
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease.
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing—a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy;
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state."

Again, look at the famous sketch of the Duke of Buckingham.

"A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, poet, statesman and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

* * * * *

Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

And what's this to many others? And when did you ever say any thing comparable against Mayor or Alderman to Dryden's Shimei? But is Dryden, for that character of Slingsby Bethel, considered to have exceeded the ancient charter of the satirists?

But to leave the Absalom and Achitophel, (every verse of which is a drop of the genuine aquafortis of personality,) what have even the Whigs of our own time, gross as they have been, ever written to match Dryden's character of the Duke of Marlborough in Tarquin and Tullia.

"Of these, a captain of the guard was worst,
Whose memory, to this day, stands aye accurst;
This rogue, advanced to military trust,
By his own whoredom and his sister's lust,
Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes."

This, I think, is a tolerable specimen of the licensed licentiousness of the press of former days; but what shall we say to the account of King William and his Consort Mary.

"The states thought fit
That Tarquin on the vacant throne should sit;
Voted him regent in their senate house;
And with an empty name endowed his spouse,
The elder Tullia; who, some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's corpse a rumbling wain.
But she, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
To crush her father and her king alive;
And, in remembrance of his hasten'd fall,
Resolved to institute a weekly ball.
The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted on rapine, and enjoy'd her sin;

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With luxury she did weak reason force,
Debauch'd good nature, and cramm'd down remorse;
Yet, when she drank cold tea in liberal sips,
The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups.

But brutal Tarquin never did relent,—
Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,
And blest with natural delight in ill."

Enough.—I do not call your attention to these extracts as examples to practise personality, but to support my opinion, that personal as controversy has become, it has still participated in the general refinement of manners; and that few things now actually prosecuted, are, in reality, so bad as many things that were formerly tolerated.—But, in the days of King William and Queen Anne, the circulation of satire and libel was comparatively very circumscribed, and the taste of the age in such things was much grosser than that of the present. Besides, the reciprocities of social intercourse were more strictly confined to particular classes and families; so that the abuse of satire was then, in fact, less mischievous. But now, when commerce has broken down the fences of the privileged classes, and mingled all orders and professions into one general multitude, the peace of society is much more endangered by the additional chance of conflicting interests and individuals coming into contact with each other. And it is upon this consideration that I would justify, were I in your place, the necessity of restraining the licentiousness of the press, and not upon the paltry pretext of its having become more libellous and blasphemous than of old, which it has not, as the extracts I have quoted abundantly testify.

But I am wandering from the object of this letter, which was certainly not to point out the defects of the law, or to justify the prevalence of personalities, but simply to apprise those worthy silly personages who complain of your quizzical allusions to the public follies of public characters, that the personalities of the present day are as oil and honey, compared with the vinegar and salt of Pope and Dryden's time; and that nothing can be more demonstrative of their own puerile and pitiful judgments than to speak of the elegant satire of the one and the spirited sarcasms of the other, when almost the very least of their touches would set the whole Parliament House aghast.

So much, my old friend, for the present; at some other time, when I have more leisure, I will perhaps resume the subject, and give it a more direct application; that is, make it tell upon certain individuals whom I have in my eye. I shall not, however, mention them by name—they have made themselves sufficiently notorious—but only quote a few things, of which every one will at once admit the justice, and rejoice in the application.

In my last, I exhorted you to entertain your readers with two or three tit bits from the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Morning Chronicle*—the two great vehicles of Whig pretension and intolerance. But in this you have been partly anticipated by a clever article in "THE JOHN BULL;" and I now earnestly beg you to subjoin it to this letter, in order that your readers may see how false in fact, and fraudulent in motive, are those cries about your personalities, which the discomfitted creatures are making at every corner, as if they had not long ago incurred the contempt of all honourable minds, by the libertine license which they have taken with private characters. Meantime, I remain, my dear Kit,

Your

OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Cliff-House, Ramsgate,
October 2, 1821.

We adopt the suggestion of our correspondent, and the more readily, as we may thereby be the means of preserving what might be lost in the columns even of such a newspaper as JOHN BULL. The following is the very able and striking article alluded to:—

"When the *Chronicle* says, 'WE HAVE HEARD OF NO WHIG who has made the press a vehicle for inroads into the bosom of families, and that the Whigs are strangers to this *rancour* and *meanness*—that they loathe the *idea of detraction*, and more especially when *female reputation* is the subject of it,'—it is from a supposition that we shall be unwilling to quote their filth that they presume to make such bare-faced assertions—but quote we must. We have to apologise to the noble and illustrious personages libelled by them, for doing so; the necessity will plead our excuse—it is our duty, and it must be done.

"At the 50th page of the *Fudge Family in Paris*, we find this stanza:—

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'H—t—d, who, though no sot himself,
Delights in all such lib'ral arts,
Drinks largely to the house of GUELPH,
And superintends the *Corni* parts.'

At page 103 of the same book we find—

'Why then, my Lord, in *Heaven's name*,
PITCH IN, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—gl—y's beauteous dame;
If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't.'

"But, may say the *Chronicle*, this is an anonymous work, and we disclaim it.

"Whether anonymous or not, every body knows who wrote these libels, and we shall, therefore, look at them with a careful eye. We have, in the *Two-penny Post-bag*, page 22, the most indecent allusions to the conduct of a *married* lady of *high rank*, and at page 58 we see these lines—

'Last night a concert vastly gay,
Given by *Lady C-stl-r—gh*;
My Lord loves music, and we know,
Has *two strings always to his bow*.
In choosing songs, the R—G—T named,
Had '*I a heart for falsehood framed!*'
While *gentle H—rtf—d* begg'd and pray'd,
'*Young I am, and sore afraid.*'

"The postscript to the second letter of the same book is, from the beginning to the end, a filthy *libel* upon female reputation; and the third letter, giving a supposed account of a *private dinner* in a *private* family, beginning with these words,—

'We miss'd you last night at the *hoary old sinner's*,
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners,'

seems to us to be carrying war into domestic circles as resolutely as Thistlewood himself would have done it.

"An *Anacreontic*, republished at page 55, is pretty much in the same taste. The conclusion of the free translation of Horace's Ode, at page 68, excels it in grossness and brutal scurrility, while the '*rancour*' and '*meanness*' which the Whigs disclaim so vehemently, burst upon one in every page of a work devoted to scandal of the most shameful nature, and an unremitting attack upon the Regent of the country, from whose hands the writer had received every mark of kindness and consideration.

"And all this is avowedly done by a Whig; but, says the *Chronicle*, *we* never saw them. Softly and fairly, my gentle *Chronicle*—do you remember this couplet—this vile, infamous couplet?—

'The P——e just in bed, or about to depart for't,
His legs full of gout, and his arms full of ——!'

"There is *no detraction* here—no detraction in ridiculing the first subject in the land, whose shoes the Whigs have licked, and would lick again if they were suffered to do so; but, above all, there is a tender regard for *female reputation*, and a holy reverence for the sanctity of private families, in these lines, which is quite exemplary.

"Why, says the *Chronicle*, to be sure, it is rather bad—and rather licentious—and rather scandalous—but we—we Whigs *loath such personalities*.

"Gentle reader, turn to page 149 of the same book, and you will find these lines, preceding the couplet in question:—

'The following pieces have already appeared in MY FRIEND MR PERRY'S PAPER, and are here, 'by desire of several persons of distinction,' reprinted.——T. B.

"Every body knows (as we said before) that they are by Tom Moore; but whether they are, or are not, we here see printed and published that they are by *some man* who calls Mr Perry HIS FRIEND. And, after having put forth such *friendly* communications to the world, to hear the *Chronicle* talk of *the delicacy* of the Whigs, and their *careful abstinence* from *personality*, PARTICULARLY when *female character* is concerned, is about the best joke that once *pert* paper has hit upon in latter days.

"But lest the *Chronicle* should suppose that we wish to particularise the extracts from the two works we have above quoted, as being *peculiarly* striking proofs of its *delicacy*, *mildness*, and *moderation*, we will bring before our readers some more specimens of its style and manner, which are equally gratifying, as examples of the pure literature of the Whigs, who shudder at *rancour* and *meanness*, and are so careful of female character, and so tender towards *disarmed enemies!!!*

"In the first place, we would observe, that when the Whig-radicals speak of the late Queen, they talk of a *systematic attack*, a *continued attack*, and an *incessant attack*, having been made upon her. The attacks upon ONE noble lady, which were made by the *Chronicle*, in the year 1812, were, as we may shew, *more systematic*, *certainly incessant*, and assuredly of *longer continuance*, than any made by the constitutional press upon the Queen; and when it is recollected that that noble lady is a lady of superior mind, qualities, and accomplishments—living honourably and happily with her husband—we think the few *bijoux* we shall collect as testimonials of the *Chronicle's consistency* and *consideration*, will bear away the palm for rancour, meanness, falsehood, and scurrility, from any Paper ever published.

"The *Chronicle* of the 12th of March, 1812, contains a poem too long and too disgusting to be copied. It is full of the most indecent and filthy invective. We

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quote from it one or two couplets, to shew the *elegance* of Whig wit :—

'Oh! to my love my rage, my thirst, impart,
And leave, oh, wolf, *my belly*, for my heart!'

"Again,—

'Where avarice brings forth frauds as *thick as* LICE,
With pleasing semblance thou canst cloak a vice.'

"These we notice as specimens of *style;* a little farther on, speaking of the *lady* we have alluded to, he says,

'Who not for Love's most childish sports too old;
Whom not one couch or scarce one coach can hold;
Hail! ever laughing, living, lovely, large,
Thy fame shall be my muse's CONSTANT CHARGE.'

"Thereby holding out a threat, and expressing a determination of *incessantly, systematically*, and *continually* lampooning a LADY!

"In the *Chronicle* of March 27, 1812, a letter and poetry upon the subject of weighing *women*, too long and too filthy to be quoted at length, contains some choice specimens. We extract the four last lines, as *indicative of Whig respect for females.*

'Accordingly, scarce had her *most noble* r—mp
Been placed in the balance, than down it came plump;
And the R—g—t exclaim'd, when he view'd them together;
Poh! weigh'd against —— Britannia's a feather.'

"Our readers will observe, that the cowardly caution of leaving blanks, and inserting initials, does not in the slightest degree diminish the *rancour* of these attacks, although it adds considerably to their *meanness.*

"In the *Chronicle* of March 25, is another attack upon the same lady, equally brutal and unprincipled.

"On the 23d of March, 1812, we have a striking proof of Whig abstinence from making 'inroads into the bosoms of private families'—let us read it.

"'We *seldom* think it within the pale of newspaper license to notice what passes in the drawing-room of *select society*, BUT an incident occurred at the concert of the Countess of D. in Grosvenor-square, last week, so *comical* and *diverting* as to be worthy of record.'

"He then goes on to tell a tittle-tattle story about a lady, and her age, and *personal qualifications*, the point of which is now lost, and the thing not worth repeating; but it is evident, that though the *Chronicle seldom* thinks it right to *invade domestic privacy*, yet when there is any thing *sufficiently ludicrous to deserve recording*, he pockets his scruples—particularly when a WOMAN *is to be ridiculed.*

"In the *Chronicle* of Feb. 6, 1812, a story is told of Lord and Lady Castlereagh, by far too indelicate for us to copy—but as the thing is imaginary, and the most *disgusting vulgarism*, with a *filthy allusion*, is put into the mouth of one of the loveliest and most exemplary of women, it is necessary to mention it as another proof of the sweet consideration of Whig libellers for the most *tender feelings* a delicate female is supposed to possess.

"But if females are thus treated by the Whig paper, let us see how carefully they abstain from the attacks upon *disarmed enemies.* Mr Perceval was *murdered in the Lobby of the House of Commons* BY AN ASSASSIN. We pass over an epitaph published in the *Chronicle*, (and re-published in the *Twopenny Post Bag*, full of *political* invectives against him,) and come to the following paragraph, which we read in that paper of June 2, 1812, a few days after his MURDER!

"'The *Post* has published a volume of verses upon the death of Mr Perceval; the said rhymes are all of one character.

'Full of sighs,
Social ties!!!
Tears that flow,
Children's woe,
Drooping head,
And Statesman DEAD!!!
And streaming tear,
Lie buried here.'

"These verses put us in mind of some which we once saw written on spring, beginning as follows:—

'How beautiful the country does appear
At this time of the year.'

We think, as illustrative of *respect for the dead*, and *disarmed enemies*, we need say but little on this article.

"That the death of an able Tory, even by the hand of an assassin, should delight the Whigs, we can easily fancy, and their joy at the prospect of place, opened to them by his fall, is natural to men who have never had one single thought of any thing except '*loaves and fishes;*'—but that a London paper—A WHIG PAPER, a DELICATE paper, an *honourable* paper, a CHRISTIAN paper, should have made doggrel verses out of the sorrowing tears of *eleven orphan children*, and ridicule the sudden dissolution by MURDER of the *social ties* of such a husband and such a father as Mr Perceval, does seem so incredibly horrid, that if the fact did not stand re-

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corded in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle* itself, we could not have believed it.

"How dare the *Morning Chronicle*, then, use the language it does, when speaking on the subject of *scurrility* and *personality*—is it drivelling?—is it doting?—or is it downright mad?"

JOHN BULL, No. XLII. Sept. 30.

Honest JOHN returns to the charge in his next Paper, from which we have only room for a short extract:—

"Mr Waithman appears to have borrowed a little of the oblivious unction which the *Chronicle* has been using for some weeks past, when it talks big about personality and scurrility. The orderly and decent manner in which it takes the gentle set down we gave it last Sunday softens our hearts and feelings towards it prodigiously.

"Our defence (for they attacked) is and was *unanswerable*—it is conviction out of their own mouths; but lest they should imagine that we are silent for want of materials to go on with, we shall continue to *mention* articles which may be adduced in support of our vindication, to quote which we have no room.

"We beg, in the first place, to call the attention of our readers to a 'Character from the Persian,' in the *Chronicle* of July 16, 1812; and a poem in that paper of Sept. 8, of the same year. On the score of *beastly* indelicacy, we beg to refer to an article in the paper of Oct. 12, in the same year, with a *Latin* quotation; and for a striking mark of the *durability* and *steadiness* of its principles and attachments, as well as its great caution against personalities, we insert four lines, published upon the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan—the wit—the patron—the favourite, and the friend.—Poor Sheridan had ventured to be moderate in the year 1812, and we have this:—

'No, no, his fire he still retains,
Whate'er you may suppose!
Its lustre has but left his brains,
And settled in *his nose*.'

"Let us contrast these with some infamous lines which appeared in the *Chronicle* of June, 1816, on the death of the same person, and we shall find a striking proof of political *consistency*, and of *loyalty* to the King (whom the *Chronicle* now affects invidiously to praise) into the bargain.

"In short, let any impartial person compare the productions, in verse or prose, of the Whig-radicals for the last eight or ten years, with any thing ever published, and the palm must unhesitatingly be yielded to them, not only for their excellence in sedition, blasphemy, attacks on females, personal invective, and the violation of domestic privacy, but for the invention and first adoption of the mode of warfare which characterizes their works.

JOHN BULL, No. XLIII. Oct. 7.

Our worthy friend, Dr Stoddart, too, in his excellent Paper, takes up the subject with great spirit, and large as our extracts have already been from JOHN BULL, we cannot help quoting the following from THE NEW TIMES of October 8.

"The *Chronicle* affects great indignation that 'the *raillery* which has occasionally appeared in his columns,' should be confounded with 'the *infamous detraction* and the *merciless inroads* into private life,' which are to be found in *John Bull!* So that imputing to men (and women too) the most gross and flagitious crimes is mere raillery, so long as it appears only in the *Chronicle*; but when charges not a tenth part so virulent are found in another paper, oh! then they become detraction—then they are infamous—merciless, &c. &c. Now, we have no other wish than to hold the scales perfectly equal between these two journalists; but the matter in dispute is a plain simple fact; and it is to be easily and conclusively settled, in the mode pointed out by the writer whom we quoted, on Thursday last, from *Blackwood's Magazine*. 'Take,' says he, 'any four or five files of the *Chronicle*, for the last thirty years, and with *page*, and *day*, and *date*, dare them to match from your pages the base and merciless ribaldry, with which that virulent Journal has assailed every political opponent.' This is exactly what *John Bull* has done. He only yesterday sennight detailed (with page, and day, and date,) a long string of quotations from the *Chronicle*, and the *Chronicle's* correspondents. What does the *Chronicle* say in answer to this? Does it deny any one of the quotations to be accurate? Does it prove any one of them to be mere raillery? Does it prove that more infamous detraction, more merciless inroads on private life, nay, more vile and libellous attacks on *female* character, are to be found in *John Bull* or elsewhere? No. Not a syllable of all this. It only blusters about its 'consistent course during a long political life,' and is pleased to say that our 'public life' has been marked with inconsistencies—a circumstance of which we certainly were not aware, and which we humbly conceive can have nothing at all to do with a comparison between the *Chronicle* and *John Bull*."

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JACOBUS CORCAGIENSIS CHRISTOPHORO SEPTENTRIONALI, S.D.

QUUM in Magazinâ vestrâ pro mense Augusti, (charissime) Dowdeni cujusdam civis mei, satisque mihi noti versus legerem, quosdam ex iis pseudo-prophetico spiritu inspiratos (ut probavit eventus) statim sensi. Ne posteros igitur ea res fallat, sequentem *veram* adventûs Regis historiam ad te mittere decrevi. Poeta enim noster prophetavit dicens, Regem ad Dunlearium appulsurum esse, quod ne credant futura secula, obsecro ut sequentibus versibus locum in Magazinâ tuâ haud deneges.

Datum Corcagiæ, hâc die Octobris 10*mâ*, 1821.

ADVENTUS IN HIBERNIAM REGIS VERA ATQUE PERFECTA HISTORIA.

1.
TOLLE lætas, Musa fides,
Tange plectro citharam,
Sed nil pange, quod non vides,
Si mentiris, taceam.
Quidnam opus est fallendi,
Quum triumphi sint dicendi
Peregrinis vix credendi
Propter rerum gloriam?

2.
En! adventus tanti regis
Poscit lyræ studium,
(Hæc qui, bone, scripta legis,)
Opus verè arduum;
Duces, viros generosos,
Et processus speciosos,
Magni regis gratiosos,
Me narrare habitus!

3.
Sed nil unquam fit timore;
Terror rem debilitat;
Stultam credo moram fore,
Ergo versus properat.
Parvus vicus est Dunleary
In quo omnes convenêre
Magni (pulchrum quid videre)
Din Georgius floreat?

4.
Venit omnis magistratus
Pacem uti cogerent;
Regis fuit mox legatus:
Posteà convenerant
Urbis Duces et Prætores,
Plus credendo pinguiores
Senes, fæminæ, sartores,
Modos ut ediscerent.

5.
Populorum congregârat
Plus ter centum millibus
Regem tantùm adamârat
Plebes cum nobilibus!
Ut viderent regem partum
Georgium bonum, Georgium quartum,
Horret omne turbis fartum
Iter, omnis aditus!

6.
Fatum autem (heu) nescitis
Ingens turba civium!
Cur non intimè sentitis
Quid impendet horridum?
Ille Rex quem expectatis,
Cujus avidi, densi statis,
Membris sole incommodatis,
Fugit (heu!) Dunlearium!

7.
Portus est quem vocant Hotho
Hunc appulsu appetet;
Sic crudelis nevit Clotho,
Sic Stewartus statuet.
Nomine sed altiore
Nosce te donatam fore
Villa! gratiâ meliore
Redux rex afficiet!

8.
Naves, jam, urgente velo,
Summo volant æquore,
Utrùm mari, sive cælo,
Posses vix dignoscere.
Jamque propiùs adire,
Cordaque altiùs sentire
Expectantiam venire
Jam cæpêre validè.

9.
Sed hic frustrâ (heu!) convenit
Ingens turba Populi;
Frustrâ glaucam* (heu) invenit
Turba vestem (fatui)!
Fertur raptim undâ classis,
(Quantùm aliis curæ passis)
Ubi pacem pandit lassis
Hothi portus oppidi!

10.
Quantum homo quem fefellit
Loci spes lucrifici,
Quantum ludens quem depellit
Vir fortuna statui,
Tantum tota plebs mœrebat,
Tantum sexus pulcher flebat,
Charum regem quum videbat
Sic ereptum visui!

* Glaucâ veste induebantur prope omnes adventum Regis expectantes.

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11.
Hothi circiter bis centum
Hiberni constiterant,
Quorum fuit cor contentum,
Procul si prospicerent
Regem mari venientem
Et Dunlearium petentem;
Rem putârunt congruentem
Majestati—aberant.

12.
Ad se verò navigantem
Quum Monarcham viserint,
Propiùsque appropinquantem
Classem ritè noverint;
Aerem plausibus implere,
Regem laudibus urgere,
Ripas tremere fecère,
(Quantum reges poterint!)

13.
Tandem Euri flatu et igne,
(Ignis enim egerat)
Stetit navis quæ insigne
Regis boni tulerat;—
Appulit;—nec mora—ferunt
Ligna supra quæ straverunt
Sericam—deposuerunt—
TERRAM REX TETIGERAT!

14.
Vocem si haberem Mori,
Sive Scotti celebris,
(Aut ejusmodi scriptori
Ulli, essem similis,)
Plausus papyro tonarent,
Gemmæ amoris lucem darent,
Quæ per sæcula durarent
Gratiis partæ regiis!!

15.
Horum verò nihil gaudens
Ore, mente, ingenio,
Tempus neque teram audens
Modo fari splendido;—
Sed quis debeat silere
Quanto gaudio venêre
Circa Georgium sincerè
Summo omnes studio!

16.
Dextram dexteris jungebat
Mente verè regiâ,
Etiam infimis tendebat
Manum; (quanta gratia!)
Regem verò ut imitarent,
Ut latrones *manum darent*
Bursis, discunt—infremarunt
Mores sic palatia!

17.
Curram lætus inde ascendit
Gratias agens omnibus;
Masticam auriga tendit;—
Citis volant passibus
Equi—Citi mox sequuntur
Omnes quibus equi emuntur,
Vel mercede conducuntur,
Cætus verè splendidus!

18.
Viâ plurimi occurrunt,
(Amor urget regius)
Læti erga Regem currunt,
Sufficit vix halitus—
Quum ad portam verò ventum,
Campum regium dividentem,
Comitatus reverentem
Fecit moram, dubius—

19.
Timidis tunc Georgius inquit:
"Heus! amici, pergite."
Portam populus relinquit
Statque coram Principe—
E curriculo descendit,
Manus rursùm ad eos tendit,
Osque placidum ostendit,
Gratâ hæc siens facie:

20.
"Chara mihi gens Hiberna!
Gaudium mentem agitat;
Cordis semper mei interna
Patria vestra flagitat.—
Senex—juvenis—amavi;
Ideo nunc vos visitavi—
Mox—saluti quam optavi
Animus 'whisko' ebibat!"

21.
Dixit,—inque domum lætus
Ambulat nobiliter,—
Admiransque totus cætus
Plausibus prosequitur.—
Hic triumphus, hic adventus,
Hic gratissimus concentus
Verè scriptus est.—contentus
Pennam pono.—Dicitur.

JACOBUS DAPIFERUS.
Corcagiensis.

Postscriptum.—Noli quæso dicere, Christophore, hæc, nimis sera occasioni de qua scripta sunt, ad manus venisse—Nunquam nimis serum est errorem corrigere. Præterea, ejusmodi hæc res est, quæ nunquam sera videatur, ob splendorem, nobilitatem, atque beneficentiam. Spero ut his haud locum ges.

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THE FIRST MURDER; OR, THE REJECTION OF THE OFFERING.

A Sacred Drama.

We are almost afraid to touch this dreadful performance. We approach it with diffidence, and awe, and apprehension. We feel our inability to do justice to the work, and tremble at the audacious spirit in which the subject has been conceived; while the boldness, we might be justified to say, the blasphemous intrepidity, of the execution, strikes us with amazement and fear.

The subject is the greatest that could be chosen—THE FIRST MURDER;—and the dramatic characters are the sublimest that religion and poetry have hallowed to the piety and affections of mankind. They consist not only of Adam and his family, but also of the brightest members of the hierarchy of heaven, and the darkest demons in the abysses of perdition. The holiest enthusiasm is contrasted with the fiercest rage; and the kindliest feelings opposed to the cruellest workings of hatred and envy. But human nature is represented as having not yet lost all its original brightness, and as still retaining something of the odours and fragrance of paradise. The immediate communion with the angels is not entirely interrupted; but a tremendous intercourse seems to have commenced with outcast spirits, and glimpses are here and there opened into vistas of sin and horror, which the mysterious author unfolds for a moment; and then with a shuddering and hurried hand, as if appalled at his own daring, closes and quits as things too terrible for contemplation.

According to the view he has taken of the subject, some controversy, it would appear, had arisen between Cain and Abel, as to which of them should succeed their father in the service of the altar, and the daily sacrifice,—Cain insisting, as the first-born, to inherit the priestly spremacy as his birth-right,—Abel contending that the appointment or ordination belonged to his father, and to which he and all his brethren were alike eligible. Eve, in this first polemical contest, had taken the part of Cain; Adam, that of Abel, but there is less of religious interest, than of maternal anxiety in the partiality of our grand ancestress; for it would seem that from his birth Cain had been a wayward and untractable child, subject to violent passions, and a continual object of care and sorrow. Eve in consequence, actuated by a fond and affectionate solicitude, had endeavoured to appease and subdue his vindictive dispositions. Abel, on the contrary, was distinguished by his mild and modest demeanour, and his meekness and piety were the delight and solace of his father, whose reflections, embittered by the recollection of his own eternal forfeiture, were ever painfully awakened by the woeful evidences of the effects of his sin, in the malevolence of Cain, and the debates and quarrels which the fierce and turbulent character of "the first-born heir of misery" was constantly producing. To allay the controversy which agitated his family, Adam had proposed a solemn appeal to Heaven, and for this purpose instructed his sons to raise two altars; on the one Cain was directed to offer the firstling of his flock, and on the other Abel the first sheaf of his harvest: the acceptance of the offering was to determine which should inherit the sacerdotal office.

The drama opens with the guardian angels of Cain and Abel conversing together on the top of a mountain before the dawn of day. From their colloquy we learn the existence of the disputes in the family of Adam, who, with his children, are then represented as assembled on the plain below to abide the issue of the sacrifice. We also learn that to each of the human race a celestial guardian has been appointed since the fall; but that, for purposes which even the seraphim cannot comprehend, fiends and demons stronger than the guardians of men, are still permitted to be abroad, and that the angel of Cain, in the course of the night, while watching over his charge as he lay asleep, had been troubled with a strange sense of danger at the sight of one of these tremendous adversaries hovering in the mid-air, and seemingly intent to set him at defiance.

"Thrice he moved past me,
Towering magnificent:—His form was as

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Darkness with horror sullenly wrapt up.
The first time, murky as the thunder-cloud
He floated by, looking askance and stern:—
Then he return'd with more determined tread,
And scowl'd his hatred. Troubled with strange awe,
I shunn'd the red beam of his burning eye,—
The ominous third time that he rush'd along,
He lower'd towards me in triumphant scorn
And pride of evil mastery."

While they are thus speaking, the morning begins to brighten in the east, and the effect of the increasing light is described, in which the shadows of earthly things are compared, to the dark spirits that are constantly in malignant attendance on the children of men. The calm and contemplative reflections which the first effects of the light had awakened, are however abruptly interrupted by the angel of Cain discovering the same dreadful being approaching in the dim of twilight to the place where the ancestors of mankind are assembled to celebrate their religious rites. But although several striking descriptions are introduced into the dialogues between the spiritual beings, yet it is not till we are brought to take a part with the creatures of our own nature, that the author puts forth his strength. There is, however, something impressive in the compassion with which the angels speak of the ineffectual prayers and offerings of man. It is wonderful indeed that we should have been encouraged to hope, that the supplications of a creature so ignorant, weak, and vain, could affect the eternal purposes of Almighty Wisdom!

The second scene opens with the following hymn by Adam:—

"O Thou, who, through the infinite abyss
Of darkness void, like yon ascending orb
Leaving his nightly chamber, rose serene,—
As thy creative influence spread around
Millions of angels—stars of that first morn
Then sparkled into being, but their light
In thy effulgent coming soon was lost
Amidst thy glory, Universal Sun!
O, who shall sing of thy benignant power,
When from thy thrones of everlasting night
Thou didst look down upon the shoreless ocean
Of the all-heaving elements, and bade
Creation, that lay slumbering at thy feet,
Awake and open all her eyes of light,
To celebrate thy goodness. At thy word,
Yon ruling sun, the pale attendant moon,
And their bright kindred orbs, out of the deep
Like birds from off the waters, circling rose,
And thy bright morning stars, the witnesses,
Shouted with joy to see their flight begin."

Adam is rudely disturbed in his adoration by Cain, who reminds him that the customary daily worship was to be suspended until the controversy between himself and Abel had been decided. "The father," as he is emphatically called, justly indignant, rebukes Cain, and angrily tells him that he mistakes the forms for the essence of religion. But in a moment the fit of anger passes, and full of remorse and grief for the woes he has entailed on the world, prophetically deplores the miseries that must ensue when priests, actuated by the sordid motives of ambition and self-aggrandizement, shall forget the solemn essentialities of their office—

"When the proud man, dilating at the altar,
Shall make himself be worshipp'd."

Eve, who throughout the story is adorned with the most beautiful and interesting graces of her sex, breaks in upon the sorrows of Adam, and endeavours to excuse and palliate the offence of their son.

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"Alas! he has been from the very hour
When first he nestled, blameless, in my bosom,
A freakish, fitful, and a froward child.
But, though in nature rude, stern and rebellious,
Still in his breast he bore a heart most apt
To melt with pity, and to feel the flow
That generous kindness yields to sympathy.
O turn not from him with those eyes of grief;
He is the first pledge of our sinless love,
The eldest heir, born to our misery:
Of all that now or may hereafter date
Their woes or sorrows from our dire transgression,
He only, he may say, I was the first,
The oldest sufferer from that parent sin,
Which smote with mildew and perpetual blight
The green and goodly world in its flush'd youth
Of spring and blossom, innocence and joy."

Abel, profoundly affected by the remorse of his parents, and particularly by the grief of his father, turns to Cain, and with the most simple and pathetic tenderness endeavours to dissuade him from the indulgence of that rash and turbulent humour which is so often the cause of so much distress.

"Why wilt thou still, my brother, thus provoke
These sad lamentings that so deeply pain
Thy own free generous bosom?—Nay, my brother,
Turn not away, nor hide thy face from me.
By that concealment, you but leave your heart
More open, with its bleeding wounds to view:—
Oh wherefore has this harsh contention sprung?
Why did I ever, Cain, debate with thee
That right which was thy birthright!
Cain. Give it up:
Resign the claim, and all contention ends.
Adam. That must not be—the forfeiture incurr'd—
Incurr'd, my children, by your hapless parents,
Cuts off the rights of all inheritance,
And Heaven has reassumed the awful gift
Which was on man conferr'd.—To Heaven again
Let man submit himself, and thence receive
New ordination to its holy service."

Cain professes his readiness to acquiesce in this proposal; but Eve, under the influence of some solemn and misgiving presentiment, urges him to forego the probation, and to yield the priesthood to the meek and pious Abel,

"Whose holy, lowly, and serene demeanour
Has made him fittest to perform the part."

Cain, however, spurns the suggestion, and resolute to assert his claim, "drags with impatient hands," the lamb destined for his sacrifice to the altar. Several of the younger children of Adam and Eve are witnesses to this transaction, and in a chorus of great sweetness and simplicity, they mourn for the lamb hurried so cruelly to the slaughter.

The scene, after the chorus, is again changed, and the angel of Abel, who remains contemplative and serene on the brow of the mountain, is addressed by one of the winged ministers of Heaven, who had been commissioned to the guardian of the world, of whom this spirit gives the following description:—

"He sits on pillowed flakes of golden light,
Midway between the glorious gate of Heaven,

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And the dim frontiers of this vapoury world,
Crown'd with a diadem of sparkling towers;
In his right hand he holds a glowing sceptre,
Framed of all hues that in the rainbow shine:
Wakeful he sits; to his unclosing eyes
The vast mysterious circling wheels of time
Move onward in the rounds of destiny,
Open and all disclosed."——

On the angel of Abel inquiring the object of the mandatory spirit's mission, he is informed that a recent general irruption of the fiends from their dark and profound abodes had been observed, and the reader is prepared by the description, for the accomplishment of some tremendous event, the nature and issue of which are still hidden

"Behind the shadowy curtain of hereafter,"

even from the knowledge of the angels.

——"Th' antagonists of Heaven
Their clamorous flight directed to the earth:
The fires of hell, as they ascended, gleam'd
Lurid and fiercely on their breasts and wings.
As o'er the wild abyss they flew, their flight
Was as the changeful birds that cross the seas,
When winter sends them forth, or spring recalls.
Aloft they rose, and then descending, seem'd
A living arch, a dismal galaxy
Red and malignant, reaching from the cave
Which through the adamantine rocks that bound
The oceans of old Chaos, leads from hell
To the drear confines of creation:—There
They scattering spread themselves, for as they came
They saw above severely fix'd on them
The eye of heaven's great centinel, and sought
Refuge and screen from its pursuing ray;
And they beheld, along the cliffs of time,
The muster'd armies of the dreadful God,
On their bright horses, trampling wrath and fire.
In burning chariots, arm'd for enterprize,
The glorious seraphim, for battle ranged,
Standards of flame unfurl'd, that, waving, swept
The starry concave of this measured world.
This saw th' accursed; and they shrinking cower'd,
Gnashing the teeth of hate and blasphemy,
To think the host of heaven so marshall'd stood,
And only spared them in their flight from hell,
For some tremendous utter overthrow.
But courage is re-kindled by despair;
And each more fiercely burns with zeal, to work
Ill for the harm it does. Not in the hope
That aught of good will thence revert to them,
They seek the horrid means to sink themselves
Deeper into perdition; for the thought
Of heaven lost breeds in them such a pang,
That hell's intensest fires are as a sea
Of cooling tides: therein their direful rage
Is ever temper'd for new tasks of woe."

The ministering spirit then departs; and the angel of Abel, touched with sorrow and commiseration for the evils which are coming upon the children of man, awfully anticipates a total erasure, by fire, of all created things, according to a prediction that had been promulgated by the oracles of heaven.

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"In the dread hour when that last fire begins,
A bright archangel, stepping from his throne,
Will, as a curtain, rend the skies asunder,
And shew within, to all the peopled worlds,
The star-crown'd armies of the seraphims,
And heaven's artillery, charged with wrath and doom;
While the bright towers, and crystal walls around,
Cluster'd with myriads of the angelic host,
Shall shine reveal'd to man, as the vast roar
Of chaos bursting in with all its waves,
Heralds the coming of the dread Avenger,
Whose breath of storm will as a lambent flame
Blow out, and quench the element of light."

The attention of the angel of Abel is arrested by a struggle in the skies, between the guardian of Cain and that terrible demon, which had so fearfully alarmed him in the course of the preceding night, and a sublime impression is produced by an incidental allusion to the state of unconscious danger in which Cain appears, while the dreadful conflict for his soul is maintained between the fiend and the seraph. Before the struggle is however terminated, the angel of Abel is drawn from his station on the mountain, by the appearance of an innumerable multitude of evil spirits thronging in from all sides, towards the place where the mortals are assembled round the altars, and he hastens to the protection of his charge. The scene is then again changed, and the worshippers are introduced. Adam and Eve are represented as standing by themselves apart from their family; and from what passes between them we learn that Abel is kneeling with his face to the ground before his altar, humbly and resigned, awaiting the manifestation of the will of Heaven; while Cain is standing with the sacrificial instrument dropping the blood of the victim in his left hand, and shading his eyes with his right, as he arrogantly looks towards the sun, in expectation of the coming fire. In this awful moment a solemn sound is heard; a glorious splendour fills all the air, and a cherub with wings of flame descends upon the altar of Abel, and with his touch kindles and consumes the accepted offering; at the sight of which, Cain wildly rushes from the spot, while his brethren, with anthems of thankfulness, salute their brother Abel as the acknowleged priest of Jehovah.

The second act opens with an appalling communion between the angels of the two brothers, in which the guardian of Cain sorrowing confesses that he had been mastered by the demon, and forced to abandon his charge, is returning to receive, if Providence so pleases, a renewal and augmentation of strength in heaven. The sorrow of the angel is calm and solemn, and his apprehension at what may befal Cain, exposed, in the "unguarded hour," to the temptations of the fiend, and prone to evil, by the consequences of Adam's forfeiture, is affectingly implied in the silence and dejection with which he parts from his companion, and ascends to heaven, foreboding that he is never to be again permitted to return.

The second scene exhibits Cain wandering solitary in a wild and rugged upland country, where the trees are stunted in their growth, broken by the tempest, and blasted by the lightning. He throws himself on the ledge of a precipice which overlooks the plain, where the altar of Abel is still seen smoking, and abandons himself to the implacable feelings of a degraded spirit; in the midst of which, however, occasional gleams of hope and piety sparkle out, and shew the war between the good and evil of his nature, which so agitates his bosom.

"Yes: he may serve their altars. What of that?
The mountain-top shall be my place of prayer;
No priest shall ever mediate for me.
But am I not rejected and cast out?"

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My sacrifice and supplication scorn'd?
Before the countless myriads of the skies
I stand degraded. Yea, the fiends of hell
Laugh and point at me, as a thing become
Among my brethren loathsome, as themselves
Amidst the sons of light."

While thus indulging these humiliating reflections, the demon who had acquired the mastery of his guardian spirit approaches towards him. At the first sight of that dark and tremendous being, he starts from his seat, and tries to shun him in the hollow of a cavern; but the fiend awfully advances, and bitterly taunts him with the rejection of his offering, and perpetual degradation from the natural right that belonged to the seniority of his birth—

"But," says the deriding demon—

"What though no flame from Heaven your altar fired,
Yet is your sacrifice not unconsumed.
The blow-fly and the maggot are upon't,
They do accept you for their minister."

The demon then insinuates reasons and suggestions which have the effect of converting the keen sense of degradation into resentment against an implied usurpation on the part of Abel. A contest of feeling between fraternal affection and the instigations of revenge then ensues; in the end, the influence of the tempting fiend prevails, and the murder of Abel closes the second act.

In the third division of the subject, Cain, gnawed by remorse, is represented as endowed with more than Promethean fortitude. The first scene introduces him returning after he had murdered his brother. Eve, seeing him approach, runs to meet him, unconscious of the crime he had committed, and only anxious to sooth and console him; but on advancing towards him, she halts suddenly, alarmed and terrified at the alteration in his looks—the awful impress of his guilt. We are not told of what the mark set on his forehead consists; but the horror and aversion with which his heretofore too partial mother turns away and bids him hide his dreadful visage from her sight, is far more impressive than the most emphatic description. At her exclamation the fratricide sullenly retires, and the scene changes to an assembly of the fiends exulting at having gained, as they suppose, the soul of the first-born man, and triumphantly anticipating a tremendous increase of power and dominion by their achievements over mankind. In the midst, however, of this terrific exultation, their joy is suddenly silenced by the glorious apparition of Abel's spirit seen ascending to heaven, welcomed by the angels, and conducted by the host of the cherubim and seraphim, rejoicing in the salvation of the first of the human race that has incurred the penalty of death. This magnificent apotheosis is succeeded by a scene of solitude and horror that has no example. Cain, having wandered into a wilderness where nature suffered the first and greatest shock of the curse which shattered and blasted the face of the earth at the fall of man, leans against a rock, and looking abroad on a vast expanse of gloomy precipices, dark woods, and troubled waters, watches the heavy and funereal progress of a thunder-cloud which lowers between him and the sun, covering the landscape with the mantle of its black and portentous shadow. When he has stood some time in the sullen contemplation of these dark and lugubrious objects, he breaks out into a soliloquy, which we dare not venture to quote, calling upon the slumbering fires and thunders of the cloud to burst upon his head, and relieve him from the horrors of existence. Maddening in impiety, he exclaims, stretching his right hand in defiance towards the skies,

"Thou dread, eternal, irresponsible,
I charge thee on thy everlasting throne
To answer me, the wretch thy will has made.
Didst thou thyself not steep thy hands in crime,
When I was fram'd to be thus miserable?—

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Atone the evil, and resolve me back
Into that nothing, whence in thy caprice,
I was invoked into this world of woe!"

This blasphemous apostrophe leads on to reflections of a singularly appalling character, in which the original non-existence of the Universe is considered as an entire and beautiful perfection that was broken at the creation.

"These rolling worlds of stars and miseries
Are but its wreck and fragments; all the orbs
That circle in the radiance of thy sight
Are but as dust, which in the sun-beam plays,
Shaken from ruin."

While he stands venting these wild and desperate fancies, the demon comes to him again, and urges him to self-destruction; but he rejects this counselling with a stern and sublime vehemence.—In this crisis he hears the voice of the venerable Adam at a distance calling on him to return, and smitten with the sense of guilt, and conscious of the sorrow he has occasioned, he rushes from the spot, pursued by the fiend, and the scene changes to a dark and woody valley where he enters, and exhausted by fatigue and agitation, sinks upon the ground. The demon believes him dying, and exulting in having gained his soul, summons together the evil spirits who are abroad on the earth to bear it—their first trophy—in triumph to perdition. But while they are gathering in, and hovering and gloating over their prey, a sudden brightness opens in the skies, and the angel of mercy descending, disperses the fiends, and compells the victor demon to resign his prize, who in the meantime had fallen asleep. The gracious influences of the celestial visitant are shed over Cain as he lies on the ground, and when he awakes he discovers a fresh and flowery scene, glittering with sunny dewdrops, and joyous with the melody of birds. His frenzy has subsided, and melted to humility by the universal benevolence that breathes and smiles around him, he kneels, and with a lowly and contrite spirit, confesses his guilt and unworthiness, and resigns himself unto the compassion of his Maker, whom, in the delirium of remorse, he had so awfully defied. His prayer and penitence are accepted, and the spirit of Abel, in the glorious vestment of its heavenly change, invites him to partake of the joys of the celestial paradise. The penitent, thus assured of pardon and mercy, dies in the confident expectation of a happy resurrection.

* * Notwithstanding the gravity with which this critique is managed, we suspect that the author intends it for an anticipatory quiz of Lord Byron's forthcoming Poem of CAIN. C. N.

MIDNIGHT DESPONDINGS.

A Sonnet.

Tis midnight,—and there is no moon in heaven;
And not a star lights up the heavy gloom;
And all is sad and silent as the tomb;
And to and fro the restless mind is driven,
Ay, to and fro, across the weltering seas
Of earthly doubt; and through futurity
Glances with dim and melancholy eye,
Mid shapes that startle, and mid shades that freeze:—
Portentous gloom, and clouds inscrutable
The weary heart oppress.—Mid solitudes,
O'er blasted heath, or under forest gloom,
Ever to man unknown, where only dwell
Serpent and beckoning forms, the vision broods,
Fearful, and shrinks from some unhallow'd doom.

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ON THE DECLINE OF THE TUSCAN ASCENDENCY IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

The infinite superiority attained by the Tuscan writers, over all the other Italian authors in the early ages of their literature, and successfully maintained for a period of four hundred years, had inspired a general belief that the highest excellence in composition, and the utmost originality in point of thought, must, with few exceptions, be sought for in vain at a distance from the banks of the Arno. In Tuscany more especially, the pride of a noble literary ancestry had blinded all classes to the decline of their ancient fame, and insensible to the long and death-like torpidity of the Academicians, they still continued to dream over the time when the chiefs of the famous "Quatordici Ambasciatori" might be numbered among the citizens of Florence. More lately, however, the zeal and ability displayed throughout the Lombard states, and in other districts of Italy, has greatly tended to dispel this illusion, and the Tuscans find that something more substantial than a proud reference to the deeds of other days, must be exhibited as a proof of their existing superiority. The director of the *Biblioteca Italiana*, a Milanese Journal, has been among the most active and successful in his endeavours to break the sceptre of the Tuscans, and to assert not only the equality, but the superiority of the other Italian states for more than a hundred years. The countrymen of Dante and Boccacio were, of course, horror-struck, and considered such an assertion as little less than heresy. Much idle disputation followed, in which there was, perhaps, on both sides somewhat more of declamation than of argument. Yet to an indifferent spectator, facts seem to do more for the Lombard party, than for the standard-bearers of the Cruscan Academy. A long letter was written by a gentleman of Empoli, accusing the director of the *Biblioteca Italiana*, of blind injustice in thus invading the majesty of Florence. To this the director replied by a statement of his reasons for lowering the Tuscans in the ranks of modern literature, and we have translated the most material part of it, that our readers may judge for themselves, whether some of the other Italian states have not now an equally good claim to literary precedence.

The defence by the Tuscan of Empoli has greatly deceived my expectations. By placing before me his much boasted literary riches, of which I, in common with all Italy, had hitherto remained ignorant, he would have increased the patrimony of our common country, for we have a community in interests and cares. Whatever is the cause of detriment to him and his brethren, is equally hurtful to the national honour, of which all good Italians should be alike regardful. It is, therefore, far from being an agreeable task for me to confute him, and to bring forward proofs which may prove hurtful to the splendour of Tuscany, which forms so beautiful and so illustrious a portion of our peninsula. It is this reflection alone which consoles me, that by shewing how other parts of Italy have attained a rank equal to if not higher than that from which Tuscany has fallen, I convert the partial loss into a national gain, or at least prove that what has been abstracted from one side, has been added with interest to another. Italy in the 18th and 19th centuries, has greatly excelled the preceding ages in every branch of useful discipline; but Tuscany has not taken in that elevation the part which she held of old, and which she ought to have retained, in order to preserve her right to that precedency and importance to which it seems both she and her Academy still consider themselves as entitled. "The Tuscans appear to have remained stationary amid the advancement of the other provinces of Italy, and especially of those of the north. For some time past, the best Italian poets and prose writers have not been from Tuscany; and this truth, not easily comprehended by the Tuscans, must have greatly contributed to lessen that authority which the tribunal of the Crusca enjoyed in the days of Magalotti, Salvini and Redi. The people of Tuscany are the best speakers, and its literary men the worst writers in Italy." These are my assertions, and they have for a foundation our modern literary his-

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tory. The hasty and general nature of my proemium * necessarily debarred me from entering into any thing like a detail of circumstances. But I am now forced to follow another course, and we must proceed to facts. Let us take a rapid glance of the literary history of Italy, from the commencement of the 18th century down to the present time. One hundred and twenty years is a good tract of time, and of him who has slept during all that period it is surely no calumny to own that he has "slept a long sleep."

Now it may be asked, where were the flowers of all knowledge to be found during this long period? In all other parts of Italy sooner than in Tuscany. Who were the greatest and most learned men? Gravina, Muratori, Maffei, Corvini, Pacciaudi, Saverio, Mattei, &c. &c. not one of whom is Tuscan. Who was the Prince of Antiquaries? Ennio Quirino Visconti, a Roman. Who is the chief of the living archæologists and lapidaries? The Abate Morcelli, provost of Chiari. Who attained the highest rank as a writer of political history during the above mentioned period? Will the Tuscans name as such their Galluzzi, their Cambiaso, their Pignotti? But who would place these names in competition with the great luminaries of history, with Bianchini, Giannone, Muratori, Denina? And who is our most illustrious living historian, proclaimed as such by the voice of the whole Italian nation? Without any doubt Botta the Piedmontese.

In the history of the arts, Tuscany was wont to boast of Vasari, Baldinucci, Dati, now almost forgotten and neglected; and the lead in that department of literature has long been taken from the Tuscans. The *Storia della pittura* of the Abate Lanzi—the *Cose del Milizia*—the *Lettere Senesi* of P. della Valle—the *Cenacolo* of Leonardo, by the painter Bossi—the *Storia della Scultura* of Cicognara—the *Enciclopedia Metodica Critico-ragionata* of the Abate Zani, are among the greatest and most remarkable works of the times, and their authors are all from other districts than Tuscany. The Tuscans have only the works of Gori Gandellini, augmented by De Angelis, and some few things by the Canonico Moreni, whose principal merit consists not so much in the style, as in his great tenderness for the sacred office of the Inquisition. To these works we may well oppose those of Signorelli, Foscarini, Ticozzi, Mayer, and many others.

And now that we speak of the fine arts, by whom is the only History of Music which Italy can yet boast of? By a Bolognese, the Father Martini. And who is the author of those *Lettere* (Haydine) *Sulla Estetica Musicale*, which all classes have read with so much delight? One of our own Milanese, G. Carpani.

To whom has been granted the first rank among the writers of the literary history of Italy? No Tuscan will dare to contend with Tiraboschi, the Bergamasque. And all the other works of the same class, which preceded and followed that of Tiraboschi, from whence have they proceeded? Crescimbeni's is from Macerata, Quadrio's from the Valtellina, Bettenelli's from Mantova, Signorelli's from Naples, Foscarini's from Venice, Mazzuchelli's and Corniani's from Breschia, Serassi's from Bergamo; and so it may be said of many other works, which we here omit, *per brevita*.

If we turn our regards upon philosophy, we shall find, that the first and deepest thinkers have been produced out of Tuscany. It would suffice to name Vico alone, without alluding to Genovesi, Stellina, Pietro Verri, and others. And if to philosophy we add politics, and the principles of legislation, where is the Tuscan name which can stand to be confronted with Gravina, Niccola Spedalieri, Filangeri, Beccaria? In political economy, no Italian writer equals Genovisi, Galiani, Pietro Verri, and no Tuscan can be measured with our Gioja. Indeed, this part of philosophical discipline, prior to and since the time of Pompeo Neri, was entirely neglected in Tuscany, but has, on the contrary, been cultivated with success and honour among ourselves, by Mangotti, Valeriani, Cagnazzi, Bosellini, Ressi, Beretta, Padovani, and many others.

Sacred eloquence does not boast a single writer of celebrity in Tuscany.

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All those who have distinguished themselves during the period of which we speak, have been foreign to the banks of the Arno. Tornielli is a Novarese; Quirico Rossi, a Vicentine; Granelli, a Genovese; and Turchi is from Parma. If the Tuscans boast of Orsi among the Cardinals, we shall remember us of Bentivoglio, Alberoni, and Gerdil; and that, since the days of Leo X., no Tuscan has added the glory of letters to the splendour of the triple crown, and that such Popes as have since built to themselves a name as literati or politicians, have been either Bolognese, like Benedict XIV. or from Rimini, like Clement XIV., or from Cesena, like Pius the VI.

The further we proceed, the stronger the arguments become in favour of my assertions. Dramatic, tragic, and comic poetry, exhibit in Tuscany a mighty blank. All the reformers of the Italian theatres—all the greatest writers, the *capiscuola*, have flourished out of Tuscany. Apostolo Zeno was a Venetian; the *alone** Metastasio was a Roman; the author of Merope, Maffei, was a Veronese; the mighty Alfieri was from Asti; the Moliere of Italy, Goldoni, was Venetian, as was also his rival Gozzi; the first of those now living, the advocate Nota, is a Piedmontese; Giraud, his competitor, is a Roman; Albertoni is from Bologna, and Federici from Turin. Indeed, it is much to be lamented that comedy, which might have attained so much of grace from the lips of the Tuscan people, more especially in the embellishment of familiar dialogue, should have been a field fruitful only beyond the Tuscan territory; and where the written language is not to be found, except in the pens of the literati.

Let us pass to the lyric poets of this and the preceding century, and inquire who can be put in competition with Manfredi of Bologna; with Frugoni of Genoa; with Varano of Romagna; with Agostino Paradisi of Reggio; with Bondi of Mantua; and, above all, with Parini of Milan? Will the Tuscans speak of their Pignotti? Their own Abate Cardella, Professor in the seminary of Pisa, would fain class among the best writers Battacchi and Casti—names at which modesty blushes, and which a reverend instructor of youth ought not to remember with praise from the chair of an academy.

But if Pignotti should be brought forward, who remains to compare with Savioli the Bolognese; with Gherardo Rossi and Rolli the Romans; with Salandri of Mantua; with Minzoni of Ferrara; with Bertola of Rimini; with Cerretti of Modena; with Lamberti of Reggio; with Mazza of Parma; with Cesarotti of Padua, and a hundred others? And what living Tuscan poet can be opposed to Pindemonte of Verona; to Arici of Brescia; to Foscolo of the Ionian Isles; to Paradisi (I mean Giovanni) of Reggio; to Forti; to Manzoni of Milan; and especially to the illustrious compatriot of Ariosto, Monti?

Among the translators in verse, the Tuscans have Marchetti; but are they ignorant to whom we owe Porpora, the translator of Statius, and all the others, the first of their day? such as Manara, Bondi, Vincenzi, Solari, Gherardini, (Gio.) Leoni, Pindemonte, Foscolo, Strocchi, Venini, Bellotti, Monti? In matters satyrical, they had indeed Menzini. (Settano need not be mentioned, as he wrote in Latin.) But during the period which we are discussing, they have no poet in that department to compare with Parini and Zanoja; and that may be said without any disrespect to D'Elci, though he, among the living, is certainly good.

In didactic poetry, Tuscany can name neither the best, nor the good, nor the *middling*, and

> Quella cosa gentil che sulla riva
> Cantò di Mincio Dafne e Melibeo,
>
> * * * * *
>
> Poichè con voce piu canora e viva
> Celebrato ebbe Pale ed Aristeo,

when taken from Alamanni and Rucellai, from the ancient oak on which it had been suspended, was by no other poet saving these two, even touched in Tuscany; and to Spolverini alone did it answer not disdainfully. Indeed, so enchanted was the didactive muse with the verses which sung,

> "Il dono sumo del Ciel candido riso,"

that she never more abandoned this northern part of Italy; and from,

* Chalmers.

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Spolverini she passed to Betti, who sang the praises of the silk-worm; then to Lorenzi, whose sweet strains made the mountains of Verona echo with precepts for their cultivation; then to Tiraboschi, whose songs so enliven the season of fowling, the great autumnal amusement of the Bergamasques; afterwards to Ghirardelli, the poet of the gardens; and, lastly, to Arici, who sung of the pastoral life and the culture of the olive.

But as I have also accused them of great penury of prose writers, let us see whether such accusation be calumnious or true. Salvini, Cocchi, Lami, Giglj, these are their luminaries. But are such the names from which Italian literature derives its chief honour during the period of which we treat? Italy is proud of greater riches; and the Florentine Academy itself must bend its front to the names of Pompei, Algarotti, Bianconi, the two Gozzi, the three Zanotti, Rezzonico, Maffei, Mattei, Bettinelli, Cesarotti, Vanetti, Alessandro Verri, &c. &c., of whose works editions without number are spread through Italy, and in Tuscany itself. If from the dead we should wish to pass to the living, and inquire who, among the prose writers of the present day, are acknowledged by all Italy as the most beautiful, the purest, the most correct, assuredly no one would search for such in Tuscany, but in Verona, Milan, Piacenza, Parma, Rome, Naples, Palermo, and elsewhere. And that which further adds to their poverty, and that of their academy particularly, is, that the Tuscan tongue, their own exclusive patrimony, so to speak, even the very vocabulary of the Crusca, was neither illustrated nor increased by them, but by us; of which the many voluminous labours on this subject, all compiled out of Tuscany, afford ample proof. Such was the great *Dizionario critico-Enciclopedico-universale della lingua Italiana*, compiled by Alberti, the Piedmontese; such the great vocabulary of Bergantini, of Padua, and all its additions; such the *Gran Vocabolario della Crusca*, increased by above fifty thousand articles by the Father Cesari of Verona; such the *Dizionario di Marina*, in three languages, by Count Stratico of Padua; and such is the *Gran Vocabolario*, with which a society of literary men is at this time engaged at Bologna. Even the *Rimario Toscano di voci piane sdrucciole e tronche*, a work, says the Pisan Professor Cardella, "tanto utile ai cultori della volgar poesia," and the *Rimario Toscano* itself were compiled by a Piedmontese, Rosaco; and all the best vocabularies, Italian and Latin, Italian and French, Italian and English, Italian and German, have been formed out of Tuscany, by Facciolati and Forcellini of Padua, by Alberti and Baretti of Piedmont, by Borroni and De Filippi of Lombardy; so much so indeed, that neither their academicians nor literary men knew how to be useful in the unhappy times of their servitude; that is, when a hard decree had transplanted into their official chambers, and affixed to the corners of their beautiful Florence, proclamations, notices, and laws, in the French language, rather than in their native tongue. That appeared to have been the fit moment for their philosophers to penetrate the genius of the two languages; for their academicians to institute comparisons, and to profit by the labours of the French in the arts, trades, and manufactures, and to provide Italy with a vocabulary, which would serve as a guide in the nomenclature of household implements and plenishing, (*arnesi*) of mechanical utensils, of instruments and their parts; a labour which is still wanting, which the Tuscans owe to the rest of Italy, and which writers, not Tuscan, feel the want of every day.

But who would believe that neither an elementary book of any value on the language, nor any good grammar had seen the light in Tuscany during all this period? The best book on the verbs is by Mastrofini of Rome; the most beautiful work on the philosophy of the language is that of Cesarotti of Padua, and the Grammar of the *Tuscan tongue*, so much praised, and of which there have been a hundred editions, is by Corticelli of Bologna; "il quali (these are the words of a Tuscan, Cardella of Pisa,) ad istanza degli accademici della crusca chi applaudirono sommamente a questa sua opera, compilò pure il libro contenente *Cento discorsi sopra la Toscana eloquenza.*" By which it would appear, that the Academicians, for these last 120 years, have limited themselves to applauding and ordering, rather than themselves performing any useful labour.

But it is time to put an end to this

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disputation, in which it is difficult to avoid offending the self-love of many. To me it suffices to have shewn, that my assertion was not without foundation in truth, and that although restricted in time, and bound over to periodical labour, which is said to be impatient of the file, if it be not given me to aspire to the praises of elegance, I seek at least not to bely those of impartiality and justice. Till such time, then, as the contrary be proved, (not by vain declamation) but by facts, what I have already asserted will remain for ever true. "Che già da qualche tempo i migliori poeti, i migliori prosatori Italiani non sono di Toscana. Che questa veritá, dura ad intendersi pei Toscani, dee aver molto contribuito a far perdere anche al tribunale della crusca quella autorita di cui godeva ai tempi del Magalotti, del Redi e del Salvini, ultimi sostegni della vostra fama fondata dall' Alighieri, dal Boccaccio e dal Petrarca.—*Il popolo di Toscano è quello chi in Italia parla meglio, i letterati quelli che scrivono peggio.*" If this last sentence should be the one which affords least pleasure to the Tuscans, they must know that it is not wholly mine, but that it proceeded long ago from the pen of one of their famous countrymen, even a founder of their Academy, the celebrated Lasca. It is thus he expresses himself:

> La lingua nostra è ben da forestieri,
> Scritta assai più corretta e regolata;
> Perchè dagli scrittor puri e sinceri
> L'hanno leggendo e studiando imparata.

With all due reverence both to the Academician and the Academy, it would have been difficult to express any thing more just and true, in more wretched rhymes.

TOM BROWN'S TABLE-TALK.

Tom Brown, the Aretine of the last century, is now almost forgotten. The wit of his writings is so essentially allied to indecency, and the gaiety of his humour to profligacy, that, by pandering to the bad taste of a licentious æra, he has completely forfeited his claim to exist beyond his day. Yet certainly he was a writer of no ordinary talents. When we consider that the greatest part, if not all, of his productions, were written to supply his immediate necessities, and written, too, after the intoxication of the debauch, or in the sadness of returning reflection, we must be fastidious indeed to withhold a certain portion of praise. He was a scholar of no mean or inconsiderable standing, and wrote Latin with great elegance and facility. With his brother wit, D'Urfey, he contributed continually to the amusement of the town, not less by his various writings, than by his convivial powers of entertainment. To go to London without dining with Tom Brown or Tom D'Urfey, would then have been a solecism in manners, sufficient to make the visitation incomplete. Of the two, Brown was unquestionably the superior in wit and keenness of observation. He appears to have possessed some points in common with the unfortunate Savage. Like Savage, he was the hack of booksellers; like Savage, he was the enlivener and inspiriter of conversation; and, like Savage, from a disregard of the common maxims of prudence, he lost at once respectability of character and permanency of fame.—With humour which Rabelais and Cervantes could hardly surpass, he lies neglected on the shelf, from which he is seldom taken except by those whom his impurity allures: an example how genius may be prodigally squandered, or irretrievably lost, in misapplication or subservience to ephemeral purposes.

For the reason abovementioned, his works do not present us many passages which can with propriety be extracted. His Table-Talk is, however, entertaining enough for us to wish it longer. There is an acuteness in some of the remarks, which evinces that Brown was not deficient in practical knowledge of the world, however little he might be inclined to put it to use. We subjoin a few extracts from the collection; and shall probably at some future time give our readers some account of his "Amusements of London and Westminster," one of the most curious records of the manners of his time.

Every church sets up for the best and honestest. The Pope succeeded St Peter, as Dr Gibbons got all his practice by taking Dr Lower's house.

A patriot is generally made by a pique at court.

Nothing is so imperious as a fellow of a college upon his own dunghill; nothing so despicable abroad.

A man that gets a great estate out of a

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little post, is like a man that grows fat upon matrimony.

It is a jest to think those that have power will not take care to support themselves against all that attack 'em.

How apt are we to flatter ourselves, and overlook our own infirmities? A drunkard thanks God he has no sacrilege to answer for.

The author of *The Whole Duty of Man* concealed himself; perhaps vanity in that.

A woman that tells you she'll cry out, and a man that threatens to cut your throat, will both be worse than their words.

What signifies it, whether one is chosen by his tenants, that dare not refuse him, or come in by bribery?

The society of reformers, I am afraid, has made no mighty progress in the extirpation of vice; they have only beat it out of one part of the town, to make it settle in another.

It was observed, that when the apothecaries were soliciting for their bill that excused them from parish offices, that the weekly bills decreased considerably

To make a man out of love with soldiery, let him see the train'd bands exercise.

Men reward the professions that incommode them, as lawyers, &c., and give no encouragement to those that divert them; the reason of it is fear. Man fears to be damned, therefore bribes the parson; he fears to be sick, therefore keeps fair with the physician; he fears to be rooked out of his estate, therefore bribes the lawyer.

One that has advanced his fortune out of nothing, is sure to be plagued with his relations; for this reason a certain favourite in France used to envy Methuselah, because he outlived them all.

N—— was bred to the law, and had nothing to live by but that; yet he who said he was no lawyer displeased him not; but to find fault with his poetry was an eternal affront.

All governments in the world will take care to give the best outside to their affairs; in the late war, our gazettes never mentioned the loss of the East India ships, but took care to mention the taking a French privateer of two guns.

A man that seldom has money, takes care to shew it in all companies when he has it, and pays his reckoning before it is called for; we care not how deep we go when we are upon tick; when we pay ready money we are more frugal.

If we must have enthusiasm, give it me in perfection; this makes me love the Quakers, and made me see the downfall of the Philadelphians; *Mediocritas esse non licet* holds good, as well in a new religion, as a new poem.

Every thing, they pretend, has been so exhausted, that it is impossible to find any thing new; but this is a mistake.

Since the late revolution, our ministers invented a new system of politics, purely devised by themselves, never practised before in any part of the world, and we hope will never be practised again.

Our divines have invented new measures of allegiance, and new salvo's for swearing; our projectors new lotteries; the ladies a new sort of tea; the vintners new names for old stum; the physicians and soldiers new methods of murder.

The Streights of Magellan may afford new discoveries, but religion hardly any; the Old and New Testament have been so unmercifully beaten up by poachers of all countries, that one can no more expect to start any fresh game there, than a tub of good ale at a country bowling-green, after the justices have paid it a visit.

Vice passes safely under the disguise of devotion; as, during the late war, French wine, under another name, escaped the custom-house.

There is more fatigue and trouble in a lazy, than in the most laborious life; who would not rather drive a wheel-barrow with nuts about the streets, or cry brooms, than be Arsennus?

Montaigne, in his book of expence, pu down, Item, For my idleness, a thousand pounds.

Though we have so many cart-loads of polemic writers, yet the world has not been much improved in knowledge by them; when the learned Isaac Casaubon was shown the Sorbonne, says the person who introduced him, There have been disputations kept here these four hundred years; but, replies Casaubon, What have they decided all this while?

A broken shop-keeper ends in an exciseman; a decayed gentleman in a justice of the peace.

A Pindaric muse, is a muse without her stays on.

He that puts on a clean shirt but once a quarter, opens his breast when it is so.

A wise man will answer an objection before it is made. Trebatius, whenever he met a creditor, never gave him leave to dun him first, but was sure to anticipate him. Well, faith, honest friend, (says he,) I am to blame, but thou shalt have thy money next week.

There is not such a vast difference between peoples parts as the world imagines.

A man is never ruined by dullness.

Men are affected with any loss, according to their different genius and temper; when a country fellow the other day was told that the Dutch had laid a great part of their country under water, he was only concerned at the loss of so much hay.

A certain man admired the wise institution of the Sabbath; the very breaking of it keeps half the villages about London.

I am sure you are a man of merit, says Philautus to Alcibiades, because you have been so often put by preferment. By my faith, 'tis my own case.

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ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS AT HOME.

Mr Editor,—Although no politician, I am yet one of those who take a strong interest in the general progress of public affairs, and, being deeply impressed with the conviction that a country of such limited natural resources and small geographical extent as Great Britain, to have acquired such dominion and mastery among nations, and to have from the exercise of individual talent and industry, conferred so many boons on mankind, must, for a long course of ages, have been governed according to the spirit and genius of the people, I consider myself, what is called, a true government man.—I do not mean that I am in all circumstances, and at all times, a partizan of any existing administration, but only an adherent to that system which has become habitual in British policy, but from which, statesmen, both in and out of place, are apt occasionally to deviate. I think it necessary, sir, to be thus explicit in addressing you, because, I have observed, that although in the main we are of the same cast of political sentiment, still you now and then have an ultra excess of loyalty. I do not, observe, find fault with you for this; you are as justly entitled to the free exercise of your opinions, as I consider myself to be to that of mine; but I think it makes you liable to injure our common cause, and therefore take the liberty of remonstrating with you on the subject; I do this with the more emphasis, in consequence of reading the eloquent article entitled, "THE LATE QUEEN," in your last Number. But, perhaps, I may have perused it under the disadvantage and influence of prejudice, for I am one of those government men who condemned from first to last the whole course of proceedings directed against that spirited, but foolish and unfortunate woman. Mark, however, it is only of the proceedings I speak: her guilt or innocence is another question upon which I consider it quite unnecessary now to offer any opinion; and I have only alluded to the affair in order to notice the erroneous view which I conceive you have taken, not only of the circumstances of the Queen's funeral, but of the effects which you fancy are to issue from them. The whole of your article seems to me under the tone of public opinion; it displays, certainly, great bravery of assertion, and a lofty demeanour of loyalty, but it is far more vehement than the public are disposed to sympathize with. It is fine and beautiful, as an exhibition of art and genius; but it can produce no just impression beyond that of admiration at the rhetorician's skill; and is only calculated to keep up the apprehension that a few weak, well-meaning minds still entertain of the power and ascendency of the radical and revolutionary spirit. It appears to me, that you have mistaken a temporary ebullition of popular feeling for the symptoms of an organized system of defiance and enmity to the existing and constitutional order of things, and that the whole paper, instead of being applicable to the present state of public opinion, is but a sounding reverberation of those old alarms, which the first crash and explosion of the French Revolution naturally and justly occasioned to every one who reflected on what was then obviously the tendency of the popular enthusiasm and passion of that era. You seem to think, that the same causes which overthrew the ancient government of France, are actively at work in this country, and struggling onward to the same issue. It may be so; indeed, to a certain extent, it must be granted that it is so; for in all times, and in all circumstances, the seeds of discontent exist in every community, and only require the influence of special causes to excite them to growth.

But, sir, notwithstanding the manifestations of radical impudence, with all the exaggerations and importance which alarmists attached to the absurd and shapeless schemes of that disorderly and unorganized faction, there was a course of public policy regularly and gradually developing itself, which in its effects could not fail to weaken the germinative principles of popular disaffection. It now, indeed, appears, that both the government and the legislature were deceived in the estimate which they were led to form of the strength and designs of the radicals, and certainly the important moral and political fact wholly escaped them, and seems still to be unheeded by you, that the results of the French Revo-

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lution, instead of weakening the existing order of things throughout Europe, has had the effect of strengthening their stability. In the first rush of the deluge, and blast of the tempest, the enclosures, the shrubberies, and the pleasant arbours that surrounded the venerable edifice, were swept away; the ivy torn from the walls, and the standard broken on the tower; but when the storm subsided, and the devastation was contemplated to its whole extent, embankments were formed to controul the rise of future deluges, and new abutments added where the walls appeared weakest. Mankind have been taught by the horrors of that period, that the only right method for attaining political improvements, is by the genial influence of public opinion upon rulers, and that nothing but anarchy can be expected from any exercise in public affairs, of the brute force and physical strength of a nation. There are, no doubt, demagogues of a different opinion, and credulous and ignorant disciples of theirs, who think otherwise; but the great body of the people of this enlightened country are opposed to them, not only on theoretical principle, but by their personal interests, the criterion, after all, by which the utility or expediency of political changes are in reality measured.

On radicalism, I would simply remark, that when it was made the subject of legislative discussion, it ought to have been considered that the number of persons implicated, could not possibly be great in a national point of view; for, in the first place, the disease was confined to the manufacturing towns, where the suspension of trade, and the pressure of distress among the artizans, though not a legitimate reason for discontent, was a natural enough cause for insubordination. The distemper was wholly limited in its symptoms to the poor operative classes, and to those only who were engaged in sedentary employments. The millions of the agricultural population were sound and sane in all their feelings; the Englishman, on the generous soil of England, was uninfected with the French philosophy. Proud of the renown of his country's battles, exulting in the demonstration of her ancient supremacy over her old and constant foe,—he never called in question the virtues of that system of government which had won so much honour and so gratified his national pride, though he felt in every limb the weight of the burdens, and the fatigue of the toil that had been imposed upon him in the struggle. He asked for no dissolution of the consecrated institutions of his fathers, but only trusted and expected that the same ability and wisdom which had made the British name the foremost of all the world, would be earnestly and speedily directed to lighten the pressure that was bending him down. In Scotland, the same feelings were as devoutly cherished; but among your wary and prudential countrymen the remedy for the public suffering was more clearly discerned. The machinery of the revenue is more simple among them. You are free from all those vexatious and mortifying spectacles which the English poor laws bring home to every man's business and bosom. The Scotch farmers saw that the rents which had been increased in consequence of the inordinate demands of a state of war must be necessarily reduced, and anticipated, from their inability to pay, a consequent reduction of rent on the part of the landlord. In Scotland, accordingly, there has been none of those shuffling attempts among the landlords to deduct from the poor-rates those abatements in rent which the times required they should make from their own incomes. On the contrary, I may venture to assert what will astonish many of your readers in this part of the kingdom, that since the Peace, a disposition has actually arisen among the gentry of different parts of Scotland, to favour the revival of that code of poor-laws which has been so long obsolete, in your parochial proceedings. With respect, then, to the radical epidemic, I think you must feel yourself in candour obliged to acknowledge, that too much importance has been attached to it, and that it is now quite ridiculous to suppose a few thousands of pale, lank, and famished weavers, with reeds in their feeble and emaciated hands, were ever able to overthrow the constitution of this great country, defended as it was by millions of the sturdy sons of the soil, headed by their hereditary and accustomed masters.

Upon the radical question I conceive the Queen's trial to have been productive of the most important con-

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sequences. Had it been possible to devise a plan to bring all the various ranks and classes of the discontented into simultaneous action against the state and monarchy, it was the agitation of that most inexpedient measure. Nothing could be more complete and perfect than the demonstration which it has produced of the insignificance both as to talent and number, of the radical faction. For even with all the aids of those who took the Queen's part, from mere sympathy at the sublime spectacle of a weak, poor, and despised old woman contending with the most powerful government on earth—with all the encouragement of those who, like myself, condemned the proceedings against her, both in principle and effect—with all the artifices of the Whigs, to convert that public disgrace to their own private advantage—with all the energies of desperate characters, that looked to public commotions as the only means of repairing their ruined fortunes—with all the exhortations of vain and insolent demagogues—with all the countenance of corporations in Common Council openly assembled, boldly declaring their abhorrence of a persecution that no man could justify, and with the example of all those proud and brave processions, whose innumerable banners insulted the faces of the very sentinels at the palace gates—the mean, wretched, starving, and pusillanimous radicals, did not venture to make one single demonstration of manly hostility to that government which they had proscribed in so many resolutions, and at such "numerous meetings," as one too intolerable to be longer endured, and which, by something that may now be almost described as a fortunate fatality, had embarked in an undertaking which set at nought the laws of God, and the opinions of man. The peaceable termination of the Queen's business settled the radical question. The miserable creatures will never again be of any political importance in our time. They may vamp up grievances, and disseminate their "twopenny trash," as long as there are ears to be annoyed, or they can find means to pay for paper and printing; but their power is departed, the frauds of their mysteries are exposed to derision, and their penny tricks, to buy seats for Hunt and Cobbet in Parliament, is the last drivelling of cause and dotage.

But, sir, allow me to inquire why you continue to uphold their degraded cause? for such I contend is the natural consequence of representing the multitudes, who, either from persuasion, or a generous delusion, took the Queen's part. That the radicals did all, in their puny and contemptible power, to make her a handle for their own mischievous purposes, is without doubt; but that all those who took an interest adverse to the persecution to which she was subjected, are to be considered as radicals, is manifestly absurd, if founded on any process of persuasion, and wicked, if made with a view to represent the opponents of her trial, as actuated by disloyal principles. The trial was a measure which rested on special grounds, and some of the best and wisest friends not only of the King personally, but of the ministers politically, as well as personally, have not scrupled openly to express their sorrow that a question so pregnant with mischief to public morals, and with evil to the monarchy, should ever have been agitated. But where now is the wisdom of keeping alive the divisions to which it gave rise, by insulting the public principles of many, who in all other things have, perhaps, too liberally approved of the present administration? Wherein consists the truth or the justice of representing the evanescent apparition of a resistance to some score or two of soldiers, on the part of those who had cheered the Queen in her difficulties, and who had, with true English constancy, assembled to pay the generous homage of their respect to her remains,—wherein consists the truth or justice of representing such an accidental incident as the manifestation of some concentrated and organised system of defiance, having rebellion for its means and the overthrow of the state for its object? Sir, in that business every friend of the ministers who will frankly speak his sentiments, must confess that the order of the funeral was essentially absurd, and the result was exactly what ought to have been foreseen, and what ministers from the first ought to have allowed it to be. But it partook of the character of the whole course of the proceedings to which the ill-fated Princess had been subjected. It is a maxim of

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expediency, never to risk any undertaking except with the hope of advantage—no advantage was proposed to be obtained by the trial of the Queen, and none could be gained by opposing the popular affections at her funeral. To do so, was an act of singular political folly, and only to be equalled by the inadequacy of the means employed to carry it into effect. But to suppose, because the inadequacy of those means enabled the populace to carry their point, that the strength of the government has been in any degree weakened in the estimation of the people in general, is to ascribe effects to a cause which it is incapable of producing. The whole affair cannot and never will be regarded as any thing else than as an incident arising from a temporary cause, and consequently temporary in its effects. It had nothing to do either with radicalism, or rebellion, or discontent; it belonged to a series of fatalities in the history of an individual, whom many strange and impressive circumstances had rendered a remarkable object of popular interest and commiseration, and the whole impression and impulse which it produced must perish, as the heat which her case had excited gradually passes away.

But as the Queen's trial served to demonstrate the strength with which the frame of the government is upheld by the great masses of the people, notwithstanding the political blunder which it was throughout, so her funeral contributes to prove the little importance that should be attached to the sentiments of the mob of London, even when it may be said they are in the right, and the government in the wrong. It cannot, I think, be questioned, that the public funeral, which was got up for the men accidentally slain in the scuffle with the soldiers, was a guilty device, contrived for the express purpose of bringing the populace and the military into open hostility. Yet what was the result?—A little hooting and a few peltings at the gates of the barracks,—a mere "row," not half so outrageous as hundreds that happen annually in country towns on market-days; but which the daily newspapers, who have an interest in the exaggeration of every political occurrence, endeavoured to swell into the most alarming consequence. The fact is, that, with all the inestimable benefits which the free circulation of the daily press confers on the country, it is one of the greatest sources of popular delusion. Not that I think the newspapers are conducted on any principle of deception,—I merely regard them as influenced by the feelings of self-interest, to render their columns as attractive as possible; and I daresay it will be allowed, that there is no readier access to circulation among a numerous and sensitive class of politicians, than by cherishing the apprehensions of popular dangers. No doubt, in the appearance of a London mob, there is much that justifies those enormous raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories of the newspapers, which so afflict and alarm honest John Bull at his country fire-side; but the vital part, the stirring energies of the multitude, the ignitious nucleus of the mass, bears no proportion to the magnitude of the whole. A London mob is naturally greater than a mob in any other town of the kingdom, merely owing to the greater population there congregated. Independent, however, of that, many circumstances peculiar to the metropolis, tend to swell the numerical appearance, without adding to the violence; on the contrary, perhaps they have the effect to lessen it. In the first place, there is always in London a prodigious floating multitude of curious strangers; and the Londoners themselves are remarkably under the influence of curiosity. And, in the second place, there is a nefarious and unknown number of miscreants, ever ready to profit by tumults, and who, in all assemblages of the populace, strenuously exert themselves to produce turbulence, purely as such, without any reference to what may be the objects of the meeting.

Owing to these circumstances, to the vastness of the multitude, consisting, for the major part, of persons brought together by motives of curiosity, and to the turbulence produced by disorderly characters, the appearance of a London mob is much more tremendous than of mobs in general elsewhere; but, from the very nature of the same things, it is in fact much more pusillanimous. Strangers are more apt than the townsmen to the impressions of fear; and curiosity, of all moods of the mind, is the least calculated to withstand the influence of panic—de-

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linquents, still more than even strangers or the curious, are liable to give way at alarms. The flight of a detected pickpocket in the crisis of a tumult in London, is sufficient to occasion the dissolution of a mob. You are not, therefore, to believe, when you read in the newspapers of the prodigious thousands assembled on occasions of popular interest, that it either indicates the strength or the popularity of the cause. I have myself, more than once, seen ambassadors among crowds assembled for radical purposes; but it might as truly and as justly be said, that the presence of such personages on such occasions, was in consequence of some dark and dreadful machination of foreign policy, as that the thousands, whom any fantastical and poverty-stricken orator of sedition may, at any time, assemble, meet for the purpose of tearing down the government. I remember a meeting in Westminster-Hall about the Duke of York's affair with Mrs Clarke, to which I accompanied a friend from the country, a gentleman of great learning and high acknowledged talents, but who had never seen any thing of the kind before. The snuff-man Wishart played a distinguished part, and the speeches spoken on the occasion, were as bold and seditious as any thing of the kind that either the Whigs or the Radicals have since attempted—and they were, of course, most vehemently applauded. My friend was petrified, and expected nothing less than an immediate revolution—all the afternoon he was thoughtful and sentimental. He had no appetite for his dinner, and at his wine after, rapped his snuff-box with more than common emphasis, and prophecied about the axe and scaffold, and all the other et ceteras of anarchy, with the accents of a seer, and the sagacity of a sybil. But here we are; the Duke's case was soon forgotten; the Queen's is fast following; and even Sir Robert Wilson's, that is but bursting the bud, will perish, and like every other, from the triumph of Dr Sacheverel, in Queen Anne's time, to that of Hunt, in our own, will only serve to swell the catalogue of innocuous manifestations of popular feeling in a free country.

But independent of the Queen's case and radicalism, it is supposed and alleged, that there are serious and deeply-seated causes of national discontent; and the Whigs tell us, that these are entirely owing to a Tory administration, and only to be removed by a reform in the representation. Any reform is a good thing; and certainly the representation might be improved; for it cannot be questioned that by commerce and manufactures, a vast mass of unrepresented wealth has accumulated in the country. But it is, I think, not very clearly made out, that by any change in the representation, by any extension of the elective franchise, our existing burdens and difficulties would be more speedily relieved, than by the system which it is the interest of Government to adopt, and which, it appears, ministers are steadily pursuing. I do not think, for example, that Mr Lambton or his friends have yet shewn that any alteration in the construction of the House of Commons would have the effect of increasing the income of landlords, or of lessening the difficulties of tenants—of procuring better markets for our merchants abroad, or more lucrative employment for our artizans at home—the evils with which the kingdom, at the present time, is most deeply afflicted. On the contrary, that prosperous state, from which landlords, tenants, merchants, and manufacturers have declined, was produced under the existing system of the representation, and has been blighted by causes altogether independent of any thing in the frame of the legislature, and the principles upon which the government is administered; and can only be renovated by the application of adequate remedies—remedies which it is less in the power of Government than of the people themselves, to apply.

The prodigious expenditure of the war, the circulation of the trade of the world through this country, like the blood through the heart, the energy of successful speculations, and the superiority which our manufactures had acquired in every market, had introduced into every family habits of luxury and expence, which the more limited channels of profit, in a sober state of peace, could never supply. Things have fallen back to their old level, but these habits have not been changed; and the adversaries of Government dexterously ascribe the difference between our means and our wants, entirely to the operation of a

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mal administration, although perfectly aware that retrenchment and reduction in our family establishments are as requisite as in those of the State. Indeed, without a co-operation in private life, along with the economy which the Government is gradually introducing, and introducing quite as rapidly as the circumstances of the country will allow, all the frugality that any set of ministers might practise, would be of very little effect on the aggregate of those burdens which our habits, more than the taxes, make us suffer.

There is, perhaps, no popular error more flagrant than that which is so constantly preached by the Opposition, that ministers are the patrons of corruption, and are, from the possession of place and power, the enemies of the people. The mere statement of the dogma in this form shews its absurdity; for, to every man who reflects for one moment, it must be evident that ministers themselves, having a large stake in the country personally, cannot but have a deep interest in every plan for alleviating the public burdens, which bear as hard upon them as upon the other classes of the community. In addition to this, in order to preserve their official superiority, they have the strongest motives to cultivate the good will of the people, which can only be done by a sincere and practical enmity to corruptions. To this, however, it may be said, that although the case should be so, yet history and experience instruct us of the contrary, and that the possessors of place and power have in all ages conceived themselves, as it were, in hostility with the people. It cannot be denied, that it is natural to man, when dressed in authority, to play many fantastic tricks. But then it is always shewn by the means which he employs; and the spirit of the British constitution so works upon our rulers, as to abridge the power of doing mischief, while it compels an endeavour to do good. Were the ministers for the benefit of their own partizans, at the present time, so mad as to persist in maintaining the establishments which the war obliged them to form, the force of public opinion would soon shake them from their places, and were they to reduce them as rashly as the impetuosity of popular orators would require, they would not be less blameable. There is, in truth, nothing so delicate in the management of public affairs, as the disbanding of an army, and the reduction of national establishments. Nothing, certainly, could have been easier, than immediately, on the signature of the treaty of peace, to have paid off the army and navy, the clerks in the offices, and the labourers in the arsenals. But what was to become of the men? Would they have been less a burden to the country, on the poor-rates of their respective parishes, than on the general revenue of the kingdom? And I would therefore ask if it was not a wiser policy on the part of government, to go on with the reductions gradually, preparing the minds of the men for the change, and allowing the demand for labourers to absorb from time to time one portion of the disbanded, before another was sent in quest of employment? Has the policy of government, in this respect, been fairly appreciated; on the contrary, are not all the opponents of ministers constantly endeavouring to make it appear, that every reduction in the national expenditure, is a boon obtained by them? How much, for example, is said by them of Mr Hume's industry? No person can be more impressed with the extent of that gentleman's merits than I am; and considering that he is not in office, and obliged to seek his details from indirect sources, I confess that his perseverance, and the degree of his accuracy, are quite wonderful. But does it therefore follow that because Mr Hume has made himself master of the public accounts, in a manner which no man in Opposition ever before could pretend to, that we are to ascribe to his representations these abridgments of the war establishments, which the crown is carrying into effect? In truth, even his friends must allow that his exertions, meritorious as they undoubtedly are, have not been conducted in the most judicious spirit, and that he has too often considered the necessary protection which ministers are obliged to extend over office, as proceeding from a personal regard for official corruption—just as if men in such conspicuous stations, were less sensible to the feelings of honour than others of the same rank in life, or that their responsibility should make them less awake to the consequences of malversations, injurious to their personal comforts and honest fame.

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But on the question of retrenchment, it seems to be overlooked, that the call for reform necessarily arises from those out of office. The machines of official routine cannot detect the effects of their own movements, and it is a factious misrepresentation to say, because ministers hesitate and pause, to consider what may be the result of that revulsion which any proposed change may produce upon the general system, that they are, therefore, averse to improvement. This obloquy, however, they share in common with all the possessors of public trusts. What, for example, can be more ungrateful than the manner in which it is heaped upon the magistrates of towns, whose time and talents are gratuitously given to the public service, and who, of all men, have the strongest motives to be found clear in their office and trust, at the expiry of their temporary authority. But the spirit of the age is against all instituted power, and it is only to be appeased by a sedulous endeavour on the part of those in authority to anticipate complaints. This spirit has arisen out of our embarrassments, and it can never be effectually laid but by a resolution as universal as the circumstances which have called it forth. The nation is pining under the difficulties which have resulted from the profusion of the war, and seeks alleviation to individual suffering, in an abridgment of the expence of the public establishments. It seems, however, to be forgotten, that every man discharged from the public service is a new member added to the number of the needy, and that every diminution of salary substracts so much from the expenditure among the tradesmen where the placeman is located; while the amount of the reduction scarcely produces any palpable effect in the public treasury. It may, therefore, I suspect, be almost said that the reductions of the national establishments have a tendency to engender dissatisfaction; and indeed, if they are not met by a determination on the part of the people to return to their old frugality, there can be no effectual cure applied to the disease with which the state is afflicted.

It is astonishing to think of the effects that may be produced, of the alleviation that might be extended to many families, were the corporations of towns to act upon a principle of curtailing every unnecessary expenditure. But still we must bear in mind, that the quantity of the circulating medium would be in consequence reduced, and that labour, already too cheap, would become still more so in the market—that the good which would result from any reduction of the taxes, to those particular classes who have fixed incomes, would be balanced by as much evil to those who depend on the interchanges of the circulating medium. The satisfaction, therefore, to be obtained from retrenchment on the part of government, and of a stricter fiscal administration in towns and corporate bodies, together with a return to greater temperance in domestic economy, will not consist in possessing greater means of enjoyment, but in that moral pleasure which is derived from the contemplation of integrity and rectitude in public trusts. This, however, is not the result that the reformers in general look for. They thirst for more luxury, and consider the expences of public institutions as so much substracted from their means of procuring enjoyment—forgetting that profits are derived from prodigality, and that labour, to be lucrative, must be in request.

It may perhaps be said, that this view of the subject is calculated to be construed into a defence of existing abuses; inasmuch as it would imply, that no effectual remedy can be applied to our privations. No doubt it may be so construed; public abuses have always been private advantages; but it does not therefore follow, that they are not great evils; although I do contend, that the removal of all the abuses in the administration of this country, cannot have the effect of restoring the affluence which flowed in upon the kingdom during the late war. In truth, the utmost that can be said of the call for retrenchment is, that it is founded in an abhorrence of an unwarrantable dissipation of the public models, and that, with the reflecting portion of the people, it is not expected that any perceptible advantage will be experienced in private life, from all the reductions in the power of any administration to propose, in the present state of the world, and the order of things in this country.

Before concluding, it was my intention to have said something to those who seem to expect marvellous results from what is called a Reform in Parl-

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liments, but the subject will furnish materials for another letter; not that I think it likely any thing I have to say can be found either new or interesting, but only because it bears upon the topic which first induced me to address you—namely, the absurdity of encouraging a spirit of alarm, while in fact the government in every part of the country is so obviously, by the reduction of the military, demonstrating its confidence in the good sense and loyalty of the people.

HENRY LASCELLES.

London, Gloucester Place, 3d October, 1821.

THE VIGIL OF ST MARK.

A Dramatic Tale.

Scene on the Banks of a River—Time, Evening.

Walter alone.

THIS is the bank on which my childhood slept,
And this the silver stream, whose gentle tones
Lull'd those unhaunted slumbers. This the Willow
That now (as then) doth hang his loving arms
Around his pale-faced bride, the gentle stream—
There stands the proud old Elm, with parent care
Shading the infant blossoms of the gay
And delicate Laburnum. On the air
Comes the soft perfume of the Violet—where
Art thou, sweet blue-ey'd flower!—cover'd quite
By the mad Bind-weed that doth clasp thy breast,
In hope to steal thy sweetness?—Scented Broom
Yields here his richness—sun-dyed Marigolds,
And the blue Hare-bell, flowers, which in my youth
I weaved in crowns to deck the maiden's brow,
My young eye thought the fairest—In the air
I hear the Black-cap* chaunting his sweet tale,
Mocking the Nightingale, who, grieving thus
To be outdone, steals into covert shades,
And sings alone by night!—Thou silver Moon,
How dost thou soften this delicious scene!
And with thy gentle, tender glance, art wooing
The proud Narcissus, who doth turn his head
From thy soft smile, to gaze upon the stream
And watch it weeping!—Days of boyhood, here
I do retrace ye with a transport new
To this toil-harden'd frame. I have return'd
From scenes of war and plunder, with a purse
Stored with this world's loved treasure—Other lands
My foot hath traversed, and mine eye survey'd,
But none so sweet as this—If they were fairer
I saw it not, for my soul's eye was fix'd
On the dear bank, where my gay childhood play'd,
And her who sat beside me. Now I am
Upon that very bank, and she is still,
Still sitting there, and constant, lovelier too,
Than when, some ten years since, I roam'd away,
And left my youthful love to weep the parting.

Enter Cecily.

Cecily. Now, Wanderer, I shall chide thee! wherefore thus
Steal from my side to court the Moon, and say

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* *The black-cap.*

Mocking the nightingale.

In Norfolk, the blackbird, from the sweetness of his song, is called the mock nightingale.

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Thy flatteries to the flowers! I should be
Jealous, but that I know thy favourite Rose
Is in her childhood yet, and not deserving
Of thy enraptured love!—but thou art grown
So clerkly and so grave, thou dost despise
Companionship with Cecily.

Walter. The flowers
I love for thy dear sake—for they all sing
The same sweet song of thee—thou art their queen,
And they do worship thee, and win my love
By such true, graceful homage.

Cecily. Where hast thou
Learned all this gallantry?—not in the camp
Of haughty Margaret, nor in the court
Of heaven-wearying Harry! hadst thou been
A soldier of the gay young king, who wins
A city with a kiss, I had not wonder'd:
But now——

Walter. Nay, then it is my turn for jealousy.
What knows my Cecily of England's King,
Whose favours are so valued? When, dear maid,
Didst thou behold young Edward?

Cecily. When he came
To tax the duty of our city, York,
Our maidens went to meet him at the gates,
And strew'd the way unto the castle's halls
With garlands, and with flowers—he did pay
Our citizens with oaths—the maids with kisses,
All that he thought most worthy—when it came
Unto my turn to touch his laughing lips,
One of his lords, upon a pointed spear,
Thrust straight between us a pale grisly head
Still streaming blood—a venerable face—
Tranquil—but the white locks were clotted. I
Drew back, and shriek'd—but Edward laugh'd, and bade
Them wash the soiled face, and trim the beard,
And send it to his lady! then he turn'd
Gaily to kiss my redder lip, he said—
But found that red lip pale!

Walter. The savage!

Cecily. Hush!
He is our master now!—I thought at first
He was a lovely youth; but from my thought
The trace went of his features, and I saw
Nought but the gory head—the old gray Man!
That rises oft, and when I try to call
The image of the monarch, it still comes
Between my face and his.—But this is sad!
Come, tell me of thy journies, and the sights,
Thou must perforce have seen. They tell us here
The Saracen doth kill his prisoners,
Unless they turn to Mahound, and become
Liegemen unto the fiend! and then they are
Endow'd with wond'rous powers, and fly in air,
And walk on water, and exchange their shapes
With animals and birds!

Walter. Not so—the Moor
Is knightly to the captive; but when last
I was in Grenada, (before the Queen
Recall'd all wand'rers from Castilian wars,
To try their valour on the fatal field
Of Tewksbury,) most wond'rous things I saw

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Achiev'd by one, an old Toledan he,
By magic's fearful power. He did use
To mock the Moorish squadrons, with a sight
Of armies ready to engage, and threw
Before their path a bridge of yielding air,
To tempt their passage; and when they would risk
Over the phantom path, it stood until
Its shadowy sides were crowded—then it sunk,
And with it sunk the Saracens—and so
The unbelievers died!

Cecily. Most terrible!
And strange!—but didst thou see with thine own eyes
These wonders, gentle Walter? did he ere
Shew spirits to thy senses?

Walter. Sooth he did—
And I, (as thou makest question,) truly saw
The Moorish knights fall, horse and man, into
The fiercely foaming river! but that man!
He was the king of wonders. Oftentimes
In my lone mood I wander'd to his haunts;—
A deep, dark wood it was, and in a cave
Embosom'd in the shade of ancient trees
The stern magician dwelt. There as I stood,
Listening the heavy groans of the swung boughs,
And far off roarings of the coming storm,
I have thought other voices mingled there,
More hollow and more awful. It may be
The gloom did cheat my senses, but I thought
I have seen forms within that dreary wood,
That were unfit for gayer dwelling-place—
Strange things, that swept before me like a sheet
Of dazzling snow, driven by the Winter's blast—
Then suddenly they grew more form'd, and then
I saw wild eyes that flash'd, and lips that grinn'd
And gibber'd with uncouthly utterings.
I met no danger; but once, as I stay'd
Beyond my time, until the maiden Moon
Had modestly retired, that the fiends
Might do their orgies unmolested by
The brightness of her brow, the Master came,
And saw me lingering there! he sternly chid
My idle wanderings—bade me, as I loved
My own life's safety, not to seek his bowers.

Cecily. If thou lovest spirits, and hast not a fear
To seek them in their haunts, in happy time
Art thou return'd unto thy parent roof.
Thou know'st this is the fourth month of the year,
The childish April, who, 'mid tears and smiles,
Hath pass'd full four-and-twenty days of age;
But ere he die, and yield his grassy throne
To his young sister, lily-sceptred May,
One of his days we yearly celebrate.
This is St Mark, and this—this is the night;—
Now then, if any in the porch shall watch
Of the old church, alone at midnight hour,
They will, within the church-yard stalking, see
The shades of those who 'neath its surface lie,
Mingling in wildest dance with forms of those
Who living yet, but ere the year expire,
Shall join the shadowy group for ever, and
Sleep in the grave with them!

Walter. Ah, I will watch

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To-night! I will be there. Dear Cecily,
Of this instruct me further.—I do love
This high mysterious feeling!—let us go—
Long hours it is since rung the Curfew bell—
I pray thee, let me go!

Cecily. Not danger-fraught
This quest, I trust, dear Walter—But I will
Not mar thy wishes—Come. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene, the Churchyard—Walter sitting in the Porch.

Walter. How beautiful is Night when vested thus!
With what a soft solemnity she glides
Onward unto her death!—And when she dies,
What will the hours bring!—O, they will come
Laughing—and jocund Mirth, with his gay train
Will join them, ushering in my bridal morn—
The crowned day of the poor Wanderer's life—
The day that shall behold the Wanderer bless'd,
And gathering to his bosom the one flower
His boyish hand had cherish'd—I am happy,
And yet I weep!—but this is luxury,
My heart is full, too full, and would relieve
By tears, its agony of happiness—
I love this hour!—the spirits are abroad,
Sporting upon the air, or on the waves
Dancing fantastic measures—riding on,
With antic tricks, the clouds, which when we see
Distorted to strange shapes of foul and fair,
As monsters, demons, rocks or palaces,
Or armed men, or angels with bright wings,
We may assure our wits they are the spirits
Appearing to our eyes in those quaint forms.—
But I am here to meet more awful shades—
The spectres of the gone!—the human race;
But now no longer human—and the shapes
Of the death-summoned; but living now,
Though yet condemned to the silent grave,
Before the year depart!—Ah! am I wise
To seek this fearful knowledge!—What if I,
Among the shades, behold the face of one
My heart hath fondly loved! Sweet Mary! thou
Avert that evil!—but, O Lady dear,
Wilt thou accept my prayer! I have thrown off,
For this wild gest, the image of thy Son,
Which from my childhood round my neck I wore,
And from my bosom rent the amulet,
The Agnus Dei, which my mother's hand
Bound on my breast, and bade it guard her son
From storm and tempest, and which still hath been,
Till now, my loved companion.—Well, I have
Companions here will tell me graver tales.
Here are the records of a hundred lives—
The busy history of many years—
The proclamation of bold active deeds—
Summ'd up in the "hic jacet," and the hope
"Requiescunt in pace"—And although
In life the cause was various, as the hues
Of summer and of spring, and many tongues
Rung the different tale, now 'tis the same,
And one phrase serves for all!—But, hark! what sound
Like distant music swells upon the wind,
And sweeps around the porch!—A mist hath risen

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And cover'd in its folds the gates, the tombs;
And all that but a moment since was clear,
And to my vision sensible, is wrapp'd
In that concealing mantle—Soft! it clears,
And—ha!—it is the lonely midnight hour!
The realm of Death hath sent her subjects forth
To people this our upper world, and walk
In visible shape among us!—the thick mist
That hid their rising, hath retired, and left
Their shadowy forms unveil'd—how solemnly
They pace among the tombs—how hollow is
Their silent greeting!—some have in their hands
Branches of yew, and others garlands bear
Of funeral cypress—but I mark
No face among them that to me doth bring
Remembrance of the living.—Music!—hark—
And some one hollowly doth strike upon
The ponderous iron gate!—It opens! And
A spectral stranger comes—the mirror'd form
Of a yet living man—They go to meet
And welcome to their sad and dreary land,
With shadowy courtesy and solemn smiles,
The silent visitant—they strew his path
With the death-garland—and—sure—they do sing
Their dirge-like welcome—let me catch the words
They utter!

CHORUS.

The wanderer is come home—come home
Unto his native soil—
Finish'd his journies—he will roam
No more—no more will toil.
He cometh to a place of rest—
He cometh to his mother's breast.

Walter. Why hath my heart died at the shadowy song,
And my brow dew'd itself with drops of fear!—
Mine eyes are fix'd with fascination's gaze
Upon the spectre of the living dead!—
This way he comes towards a new made grave,
And all the shadows follow—Now I shall
Behold the death-struck face—he turns—it is—
O God! myself I see!—my form—it sinks
Into the new made grave—and all the rest
Have vanish'd!—I am the condemn'd—I am
The murder'd of the year—and I shall die
When life has open'd all her charms to make
Me cling with love unto her!—Cecily,
My parent roof—my native land—all—all
Now centre in yon little new-made grave—
For that I must resign ye. O warm hearth,
And gentle kiss of love, I lose ye both
For the chill bed and cold and icy lip
Of the stern bride which fate has destined me—
Oh, I must die—and from all things I love
Be torn away for ever—Cecily—
O parent roof, farewell! [*He faints*

A Year after the preceding—Scene, the River's Bank—Evening.

Walter—Cecily enter to him.

Cecily. Well, Walter, I shall laugh at thee to-morrow.
Evening is come, of the last fated day
Of thy tremendous year.

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Walter. And should I see
That morrow, Cecily, I shall laugh too;
But 'twill not dawn for me.
Cecily. Now fie on thee!
If thou speak'st thus, I must of force believe,
Thou dost not wish thy spousals—that thy love
Hath, with thy sickness, died for Cecily.
Walter. Oh wrong me not—for if to-morrow's sun
Shall see me living man—thou, Cecily,
Shalt be mine own for ever—Thou hast said,
I must have slept within the lonely porch,
And had a fearful dream—because you found
Me fainting in the church-yard, on a tomb,
And of the new-made grave of which I raved
There was no trace, and for that I have been
Since then a suffering maniac, though now
Restored to thee and reason—may thy thought
Be true, dear Cecily; but I have seen
Wild madmen lose their frenzy ere they die,
And speak in tones of wisdom, for that Death
Lent a large portion of his majesty
Unto his victim; and besides he chose
To claim him with the all of his possessions,
His senses fully perfect. Thou hast seen
The summer sun, upon the dying day,
Ere she did quite expire, shed a broad
And glorious light! Hast thou not, Cecily?
Then sink at once into his wat'ry bed,
Nor grapple with the night—e'en so, my love,
Will it now be with me—I am the swan,
Singing mine own sad dirge—but do not weep
What is inevitable—my poor girl,
I would not dwell on this, would other thoughts
But come upon my mind.
Cecily. Dear Walter, I
Have tidings may dismiss thy painful thoughts—
Philip, my generous brother, is return'd
To greet his friend, and give his sister's hand
Unto her own heart's chosen—Pray thee now,
Look on him cheerfully—for see, he comes.

Enter Philip.

Philip. (*to himself.*) Can this be Walter!—this worn, wasted form
The gallant soldier, full of life and health,
From whom but one short year hath roll'd its course
Since last I parted—Friend, I come to deck
Thy bridal day with flowers, and thy brow
With young Hope's gayest garland.—
Walter. Hope with me
Is young no longer. She is aged now,
And all the flowers, that form'd her bright-hued crown,
Are dead, good Philip, dead!—No matter—thou
Mayest pluck them from this pale and death-bound brow,
To plant them on my grave!—Sweet Cecily,
The marriage garlands are prepared, they say.
Alive or dead, oh, let me wear them, dear!—
Place one upon my breast, and one upon
My low and humble tomb. Now lead me to
Yon grassy bank, on which the moonlight plays
As softly, and as pale, as though it knew
A dying man would render up his spirit
Upon that tranquil spot.—

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Cecily. Dear Philip, mark
The change on his pale visage—his wan cheek
Hath flush'd a healthy glow, and his sunk eye
Doth glisten with a bright and steady light,—
Oh, how I joy to mark it—thou art now
Well,—art thou not, dearest Walter?
Walter. Yes, quite well,
Sorrow and pain have fled,—I am myself
And more—the very soul of death is in me—
I have been sad and suffering.—On the night
I heard the grave-song—its sad music struck
Witheringly on my heart,—and gradually
It hath been withering since,—now it is dead—
Another spirit animates my frame,
And will till I am silent.—Now I go
Unto that moonlit spot—I would lay down
My burthen in her beam.—
Cecily. Thou shalt repose
There, if thy fancy lead thee—lean on us,
We will support thee thither.—
Walter. I can go
Alone! and will—in this last hour, I need
No human aid—start not—I can—for Death
Hath dealt most royally by me—for when
He touch'd me with his sceptre, he did wrap
Me in his robes of majesty, and round
My brow he placed his diadem, and bade
Me share his shadowy dignity and power.—
And now I walk abroad in all his strength,
Reckless and terrible, and all I would,
I feel that I can do.—
Cecily. Nay, if thou hast
Nor pain, nor sorrow, then, my Walter, speak
Less sadly to thy Cecily—but I fear
This effort hath enfeebled thee!
Walter. No, no,
Upon this bank more clear the music comes
Which I did think to hear—the distant song
Of many thousand voices,—now it swells
Stronger and nearer.—
Cecily. Sure thy thoughts are wild!
There is no music!—
Walter. Yes, for me there is—
It is the choral summons of the grave—
The solemn song of Death! Ah, well I know
The burthen—and I will not disobey—
The Wanderer *is* come home!—

[*Dies.*

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Note Apologetical.

Dear Correspondents,

Our situation is no sinecure. The public in general, we know, imagine, from the great buoyancy of our spirits, that our time must be a continual sunshine holiday; but in that, as in many other matters, this highly respectable body is much deceived. We really have as much labour on our hands as good Lord Sidmouth himself. The superintendence of the republic of letters is no ordinary charge, and the management of our literary subjects is a task which may indeed be "dulcis inexpertis;" but, in truth, as we feel, is a labour of great magnitude. Sometimes it has a depressing effect on our spirits; so that perhaps at the time when we make the whole world laugh, we ourselves may be as melancholy as a gib-cat, or B**** C*******—the Euripides of Cockaigne. We feel a little appalled every now and then at looking over the immense number of books we are obliged to keep—no less than one hundred and sixteen—for the bare transaction of business. Indeed, one of our rooms has much more the appearance of a broker's office than of the greatest literary establishment in the empire.

One book, of course, is devoted to our Literary Correspondence, and from this we intended to have given ample extracts, but having only this solitary page left, we must defer it for the present, and in the mean time, beg to assure all our friends that they will hear from us very soon. We cannot, however, refrain from thanking Sir Scares Rue of Coventry for his vast bundle of small poetry. That the author is a man of genius and discrimination is evident from the following:—

QUATRAINS TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

Commander of the faithful troops, whose hands
Hold the sharp pen, which ink-drops deep distain,
Round whose bright throne, the intellectual bands
In never-ending circles love to train;
Sweet smiler on thy subject tribes—unless
To punish rebels rude should be thy will,
(On them full oft, and justly, I confess,
Punishment falls tremendous from thy quill.)
How wondrous 'tis to see a single mind
Extend o'er earth its undisputed sway!
Resistance no where thought on—men inclined

Nowhere its despot power to disobey!
Oh then! consider what on thee depends:
Rule gently, wisely, nothing like a Turk,
Trample down him who thy just rule offends;
Him who is good extol, and name him in thy work.*

We read over those fine verses without at first perceiving that they composed an acrostic on our name. Henceforward we shall have a better opinion of acrostics. Indeed, we are inclined to think them something on a par with Sonnets,—the sense in the acrostic being steered by the beginning, and in the sonnet by the end of the lines. We are quite certain that Wordsworth would be a first-rate writer of acrostics, as he is so sublime a sonnetteer; and Odoherty or Coleridge, who do not succeed well in sonnets, would, on the same principle, be no great hands at acrosticizing. C. N.

* *i. e.* Immortalise him.

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WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Cain, a Dramatic Poem, by Lord Byron, is in the press.

On the 1st of January, 1822, will be published, a New Poem by the author of the Widow of Nain, &c. entitled, Irad and Adah; a Tale of the Flood. To which will be added, Lyrical Poems, principally Sacred; including Translations of several of the Psalms of David.

The Miscellaneous Works of the late Robert Willan, M.D. F.R.S. and F.A.S. comprising an Inquiry into the Antiquity of the Small Pox, Measles, and Scarlet Fever; Reports on the Diseases in London, &c. &c. Edited by Ashby Smith, M.D. Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. &c.

Will be published in November, with the Almanacks, Time's Telescope for 1822; or a Complete Guide to the Almanack; containing an explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, Notices of Obsolete Rites and Customs, and Sketches of Comparative Chronology. This work will also comprise an account of the Astronomical Occurrences in every month, with Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies; and a Naturalist's Diary, which explains the various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms. An Introduction will be prefixed on the Study of Conchology, with a coloured plate of shells; and throughout the whole Work a variety of entertaining Anecdotes will be enterspersed, enlivened by illustrative and decorative Extracts from our first living Poets.

Mr Jolliffe has prepared for the Press, many additional Letters, written during his Tour in Palestine and the Holy Land, which will shortly appear in a new edition of his Letters, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The History of Tuscany, by Pignotti, interspersed with occasional Essays on the progress of Italian Literature, has been translated by Mr Browning, and will be printed in the course of the winter.

Mr Buchanan, his Majesty's Consul at New York, has made considerable Collections, during his successful Journies in Upper Canada, respecting the History of the North American Indians, which, with many other interesting materials and official documents, will be shortly presented to the public.

A Treatise on the Law, Principles, and Utility of the Insurance upon Lives. By Frederick Blayney.

Shortly will be Published, a Voyage to Africa; including a particular Narrative of an Embassy to one of the interior Kingdoms, in the year 1820. By William Hutton, late acting Consul for Ashantee, and an officer in the African Company's Service, in octavo, with maps and plates.

Mr Bolster, bookseller, Cork, is preparing for publication a new edition of the History of the County of Kerry, by Dr Smith; embellished with Views of the Lakes of Killarney, a new Map of the County, and other Engravings from designs of the first British Artists. To be handsomely printed in one volume octavo.

An Essay on the Difference between Personal and Real Statutes, as connected with the Law of Nations. By J. Henry, Esq. Barrister.

A Key, with Notes, to the Parsing Exercises contained in Lindley Murray's Grammar. By J. Harvey.

Shortly will be Published by subscription, The Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar, with Copious Philological Notes from Horn Tooke, &c. Illustrating the Formation and Structure of the English, as well the Anglo-Saxon Language. A Precis on Anglo-Saxon will be added, as an easy Introduction to reading that Language. By J. Bosworth, vicar of Little Horwood, Bucks.

The History of Christ's Hospital, from its foundation to the present time. With Memoirs of Eminent Men educated there, by J. T. Wilson.

The Rev. H. F. Burder has in the Press, Mental Discipline, or Hints on the Cultivation of Intellectual Habits, addressed particularly to Students in Theology, and young Preachers.

A new edition of Arthur Young's Farmer's Calendar is Printing in 12mo, under the superintendance of John Middleton, Esq. author of the Survey of Middlesex, &c.

A new edition of the Complete Works of Demosthenes, with the various Readings, under the care of Professor Schaeffer, is in the Press, and will appear early in the next year, in 6 vols. 8vo.

Early in the ensuing season will be Published, a Course of Lectures on Drawing, Painting, and Engraving, considered as branches of elegant education, delivered at the Royal and Russel Institutions. By William Craig.

The interesting Cathedral of Wells is about to be elegantly and accurately Illustrated. By Mr Britton.

The Rev. Mark Wilks is preparing an English edition of the old Cevennol. By Rabaut St Etienne.

A small volume is in the Press, containing eight Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish, and several Miscellaneous Poems. By Richard Ryan, author of a Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland:—Also, by the same gentleman, a Catalogue of Works in various Languages, relative to the History, Antiquities, and Language of the Irish; with Remarks, Critical, and Biographical.

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Mr Landseer is preparing for Publication, Sabean Researches, with plates of sculptured signets.

The Piano Forte Companion, Vocal and Instrumental; being a Selection of the most admired British and Foreign Melodies, adapted to original Words by the most esteemed Poets, with suitable Accompaniments; which Melodies are also arranged as Rondos, or as Airs, with Variations by the most eminent Composers of the present day. Also a series of the most popular French and English Quadrilles, Waltzes, and Country Dances, with their proper figures as performed at the nobility's public and private assemblies.

A volume of Poems by J. F. Rattenbury, containing Edgar and Ella, a Tale founded on fact, &c. &c.

A new volume of Sermons, selected from the Manuscripts of the late Dr James Lindsay, is now preparing for the press by his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr Barclay, and will be published by subscription.

Shortly will be Published, a Picture of Ancient Times, and a Sketch of Modern History, in a most exact Chronological Order, forming a Pair of Maps for the Study of Universal History, by Miss Thomson, from Paris, teacher of the French Language, Drawing, and Painting in Water Colours, Geography, History, &c. 25, Nassau-street, Middlesex Hospital. The Price will not exceed 8s. the Pair.

On the 1st of next month will be Published, Saltus ad Parnassum, exhibiting a Synopsis of the whole Science of Music, in 14 progressive Diagrams, on one folio sheet. By T. Relfe, Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty.

EDINBURGH.

To be Published in November, in one volume 8vo. the Literary History of Galloway from the earliest period to the present time; with an Appendix, containing Notes, Historical, Ecclesiastical, and Miscellaneous. By the Rev. Thomas Murray.

The Thane of Fife, a Poem. By William Tennant, author of Anster Fair.

Supplement to Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. V. Part II.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1818, 8vo.

Lectures on some Passages of the Acts of the Apostles, by John Dick, D.D. Professor of Divinity to the Associate Synod, Glasgow. A new edition, 8vo.

An Elementary Dictionary of Botany, after the plan of Martyr's Language of Botany, including all the terms in that Work, with the addition of many new ones, which the progressive state of the Science demands. By William Stuart, Surgeon, Lecturer on Botany, Mineralogy, &c. &c.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Oxford, with Engravings and Biographical Anecdotes. By John Britton, F.S.A. Medium 4to. £1, 4s. Imperial, £2, 2s.

ARCHITECTURE.

Lectures on Architecture; comprising the History of the Art, from the earliest times to the present day; delivered at the Surrey and Russel Institutions, London, and the Philosophical Institution at Birmingham. By James Elmes, Architect; author of a Treatise on Dilapidations, Hints for the Improvement of Prisons, &c. 8vo. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of Eminent Scotsmen—Poets. 18mo. Parts 1, 2, 3. 2s. 6d. each.

Memoirs of the Rev. J. Howell. By the Rev. Hugh Howell. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Lives of Learned and Eminent Men, with 6 portraits. 2s. 6d.

BOTANY.

Elements of Botany, Physiological and Systematical. By T. B. Strond, landscape gardener, &c. 10s.

CLASSICS.

Select Translations from the Greek of Quintus Smyrnæus. By A. Dyce, A. B. of Exeter College, Oxford. 5s.

An Examination of the Primary Argument of the Iliad. By Granville Penn, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

DRAMA.

The Double Wedding; a dramatic ballet, in two acts. By Thomas Wilson. 1s. 6d.

The Miller's Maid. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

The Literary and Scientific Class Book; consisting of 365 reading lessons; with a thousand questions for examination. By the Rev. John Platty. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

A New Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, on the plan of Dawson's Greek and Latin Lexicon. By the Rev. H. Laing, L.L.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Letters on Ancient History. By Anne Wilson. Third edition. 5s. 6d

Ralph Richards the Miser. By Jefferys Taylor of Ongar. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

Polar Scenes; exhibited in the Voyages of Heemskirk and Berenty to the Northern

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Regions; and in the adventures of Four Russian Sailors; interspersed with Moral and Religious Reflections for Youth; with 36 engravings. 5s.

Curiosities for the Ingenious; selected from the most authentic treasures of nature, science, and art, biography, history, and general literature; with 12 plates. 3s.

Selections from Lucian; with a Latin Translation, and English Notes. To which are subjoined, a Mythological Index, and a Lexicon; compiled for the use of schools. By John Walker. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

The Magazine of Fine Arts. No. VI. 3s. To be published quarterly in future.

HERALDRY.

Regal Heraldry; the Armorial Insignia of the Kings and Queens of England, from coeval authorities. By T. Willement, Heraldic Artist to the King. 4to. £2, 2s.

HISTORY.

Memoir of the Operations of the British Army in India, during the Mahratta War, of 1817, 1818, and 1819; with a separate volume of Maps and Plans. By Lieutenant-Colonel Valentine Blacker, Companion of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, and Quarter-Master-General of the Army of Fort St George. 4to. £4, 14s. 6d.

LAW.

The Touchstone of Common Assurances. By William Sheppard, Esq. Seventh edition; with additional Notes. 2 vols. 8vo.

Report of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders. 2s.

The Laws of Auctions; or Auctioneer's Practical Guide. By T. Williams, Esq. Second edition. 5s.

A Digest of the Laws relating to the Poor. By Stamford Caldwell, Esq. Barrister. 8vo. 12s.

MEDICINE.

Practical Observations on Disorders of the Liver. By Dr Joseph Ayre. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Medicina Clerica; or, Hints to the Clergy. 8vo. 4s.

Practical Observations on Regimen and Diet. By John Tweed. 12mo. 5s.

MISCELLANIES.

Boxiana; or Sketches of Modern Pugilism. Vol. III. By Pierce Egan, author of Life in London. With highly finished portraits of Donnelly, Oliver, Cooper, Hickman, Spring, Shelton, and Nichols, drawn from life. 8vo. 18s.

The London Journal of Arts and Sciences. No. XI. 3s. 6d.

The Percy Anecdotes. Part 22. Being Anecdotes of Exile. 2s. 6d.

Letter to the Reviewers of Italy. By Lady Morgan. 4to. 2s.

The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life. By the author of the Cook's Oracle. 12mo. Second edition. 7s.

The Quarterly Review. No. L. 6s.

Classical Journal. No. XLVII. 6s.

Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts. No. XXIII. 7s. 6d.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Twelve Essays on the Proximate Causes of the Aggregate and Atomic Phenomena of the Universe; Physical, Mechanical, Chemical, and Organic. By Sir Richard Phillips. Illustrated with Engravings. 9s.

Letters on Natural and Experimental Philosophy; addressed to youth settling in the metropolis. By the Rev. G. Joyce. 12mo. Second edition. 9s.

NOVELS.

De Willenberg; or, the Talisman; a Tale of Mystery. By J. M. H. Hales, Esq. 4 vols. 12mo. £1, 2s.

The Farmer's Three Daughters. 4 vols. 12mo. £1, 4s.

Cospatrick of Raymondsholm; a Westland Tale. By the author of Redmond the Rebel, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

POETRY.

The Village Minstrel, and Other Poems. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant. Foolscap 8vo. 2 vols. 12s.

Poems. By Chancery Hare Townsend. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

POLITICS.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Vol. IV. New Series. Containing the Proceedings in both Houses, from the opening of the last Session till the 2d of April.

THEOLOGY.

Practical Lectures on the Gospel of St John. Part I. By the Rev. J. R. Pitman, M. D. 8vo. 13s.

The Christian in Complete Armour. By William Gurnall, M. A. 4 vols. 8vo. £1, 16s.

The Christian Religion made Plain to the Meanest Capacity, in a Dissuasive from Methodism. 8vo. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

A New Picture of Dublin; forming a Complete Guide to the Irish Metropolis. By J. J. M'Gregor. 18s.

A Historical Guide to Ancient and Modern Dublin. By the Rev. G. N. Wright. With 7 Views. Royal 18mo.

Whitaker's History of Yorkshire. Part V. Folio. £2, 2s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The World in Miniature; third Division, being Turkey. In 6 vols. 12mo. Illustrated by 73 coloured engravings. Comprising a Description of the Manners, Customs, Dresses, and Character of its Inhabitants. £2, 2s.

Journal of New Voyages and Travels. Vol. V. £1, 1s.

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Dr Chalmers' Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns. No. IX. On the Relation which subsists between the Christian and the Civic Economy of Towns. Price 1s. Published quarterly. This Number commences the Second Volume. The First Volume may be had in boards, Price 8s. 6d., or any Numbers to complete the volume.

Dr Chalmers' Considerations on the System of Parochial Schools in Scotland, and on the Advantage of Establishing them in Large Towns. 8vo. 1s.

Dr Chalmers' Sermons preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow. New edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Edinburgh Christian Instructor. No. CXXXV., for October. 1s. 6d.

A Guide to Farm Book-keeping; founded upon Actual Practice, &c. By Colonel Innes Munro. Royal 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. Conducted by Dr Brewster, and Professor Jameson. No. X. 7s. 6d.

Illustrations of British Ornithology. Series First—Land Birds. By P. J. Selby, Esq. Part II. £1, 11s. 6d. plain, and £5, 5s. coloured.

The Croisade, or Palmer's Pilgrimage; a Metrical Romance. By Charles Kerr, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Lectures on the Book of Ecclesiastes. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. £1, 1s.

Glasgow Delineated; or, a Description of that City, its Institutions, Manufactures, and Commerce. Illustrated by a Map and 33 Plates. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*October* 10, 1821.

Sugar.—The market for Sugar continues greatly depressed throughout the kingdom. The price has sunk so low that the average is only 31s. and 2d. per cwt. as per last Gazette returns. The internal expences in the colonies for raising each cwt. is 20s. The expences for freight, insurance, commission, &c. is nearly nine more, so that only 2s. and 2d. remains to the planter. The produce of his Rum will not, at the present prices, defray the expences incurred in the plantation stores sent to Europe. The price of inferior sugar still declines. The finer only maintain previous prices. The refining trade is in a state of complete stagnation. Many refiners, seeing only continued losses before them, have slackened their works till they can see better prospects. This, we fear, is not at hand. The market of the world is glutted with sugars from the produce of foreign colonies; and which the continuation and extension of the slave-trade by foreign powers is daily rendering more heavy. Picked and effective slaves can be purchased in these colonies at from £30 to £40 sterling each—about one-third of the value of slaves in our colonies. These are employed in cultivating new lands, where the labour of one effective negro is equal to three times the number of slaves in our islands. The expence of maintaining that effective force is two-thirds less, the produce of their labour two-thirds more, and the value of capital employed two-thirds less in foreign than in the British colonies. Against such fearful odds there is no contending with the smallest prospect of success.

Coffee.—The Coffee market since our last has suffered a great decline. The low price of sugars rendered their sale not advisable where any thing else could be brought to market. On this account, Coffee to a great amount was thrown into the market, and the consequence was a depression in price of 9s. or 10s. per cwt. Since then the market has rallied a little, and considerable sales have been effected. The prospect, however, is by no means very flattering.

Cotton.—The Cotton market remains in a state which renders few remarks necessary. A sale of East India is announced, and till it is over the market will perhaps remain stationary. The accounts from the United States advise us that the exports to France are about 200,000 bales, and their own internal consumption 75,000 bales, which is half the crop of the United States. These things shew the quarters where our manufacturers are meeting with the greatest and most serious opposition.

Corn.—The Grain market has undergone great fluctuation since our last. The severe weather towards the close of last month occasioned great speculation in all kinds of grain, and the prices accordingly rose greatly. Wheat advanced about 20s. per quarter. A favourable change, however, taking place in the weather, the greater part of the harvest has been secured, in consequence of which prices have declined nearly as much as they formerly advanced. The weather during last week was very unfavourable for the labours of the harvest, and considerable damage must have been sustained on the outstanding crops. The last few days, however, have been better, and there is every appearance of the weather continuing settled. In this case, a few days more will complete

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the harvest in Scotland. Any injury which the crop may have sustained cannot, we conceive, materially injure the general produce, or seriously affect the prices of the necessaries of life. There seems to be a general opinion that the ports will be opened for grain from Canada, which will be attended with very beneficial consequences to the North American colonies, where the agricultural interests are at present suffering the greatest distress.

In consequence of the vintage in France turning out much less than expected, Brandy has risen considerably in value, and is in demand. Rum has attracted the notice of speculators from its exceeding low value. Considerable sales have been effected, but without producing any material alteration in the market. The unfavourable accounts from the whale fisheries has occasioned a rise on the price of Oil; but as the general state of the fishery is not yet correctly ascertained, the market continues unsettled. Other articles of commerce require no particular remark. Our manufacturers continue in full employment, but we fear their profits are not great.

EDINBURGH.—*October* 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 6d.
2d,.....33s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 11d. 2-12ths. per boll.

Tuesday, October 9.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d
Veal	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d
Lamb, per quarter .	2s. 0d. to 3s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d
Tallow, per stone .	8s. 0d. to 9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d

HADDINGTON.—*Oct.* 12.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....37s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....32s. 0d.	2d,.....27s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d, ...16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d
3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 36s. 6d.	1st, ... 24s. 0d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.
2d, ... 32s. 0d.	2d, ... 22s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.
3d, ... 28s. 0d.	3d, ... 19s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 11s. 4d. 4-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended September 29th.

Wheat, 70s. 7d.—Rye, 34s. 6d.—Barley, 35s. 1d.—Oats, 23s. 4d.—Beans, 36s. 8d.—Pease, 35s. 10d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d September 1821.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	236	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	76¼ ¼	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	75⅞ ⅝	75⅝ ¾	75½ ⅝	75⅞ ⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	86⅝	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	95¾	—	—	—
5 per cent. navy ann.	108⅞	109	109	109⅜
India stock,	—	233½	—	—
—— bonds,	61 pr.	64 pr.	62 pr.	64 pr.
Exchequer bills,	5 pr.	4 pr.	3 pr.	2 pr.
Consols for acc.	76¾	76	75⅞	76⅜
Long Annuities	19 11-6	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	86fr. 35c.	85fr. 75c.	86fr. 35c.	—
Amer. 3 per cent.	102½	102½	102	10

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Course of Exchange, Oct. 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 17. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 14. Rotterdam, 12 : 18. Antwerp, 12 : 10. Hamburgh, 38. Altona, 38 : 2. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 75. Ditto 26 : 5. Bourdeaux, 26 : 5. Frankfort on the Maine, 157. Petersburgh, per rble. 8⅜ : 3 *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 23 *Eff. fto.* Trieste, 10 : 25 *Eff. fto.* Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 35⅝. Barcelona, 35¼. Seville, 35¼. Gibraltar, 36¼. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39¼. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 48½. Bahia, 58. Dublin, 8½ per cent. Cork, 9 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 10½d.

PRICES CURRENT, *October 8.*

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muss.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to	60	53	58	52	55	54	58
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	80	58	71	56	58	60	70
Fine and very fine, . .	80	80	—	—	74	81	71	75
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130	145	—	—	—	—	84	100
Powder ditto, . .	106	110	—	—	—	—	84	100
Single ditto, . .	100	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, ...	90	94	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	88	92	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	44	56	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25 6	—	24	25	28	—	23	24
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90	95	88	102	95	105	70	130
Mid. good, and fine mid.	100	106	104	122	107	120	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	86	98	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	—	—	100	108	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	—	—	111	122	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	95	100	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	7	8	7½	7½	8	8½	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 2d	2s 4d	1s 8d	1s 10d	1s 10d	2s 0d	1s 6d	2s 10d
Brandy, ...	4 3	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 11	4 0
Geneva, ...	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	1 3	—
Grain Whisky, . .	6 10	7 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£60
Portugal Red, pipe.	30	46	—	—	—	—	30	34
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, ...	55	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7	7	8 0	0 0	8 0	9 0	£7 10	9 5
Honduras, ...	8	—	—	—	8 10	9 5	7 15	8 5
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 0	9 10	8 10	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	6 10	7 0	6 6	6 10	6 0	7 10
Cuba, ...	9	11	8 5	8 10	7 15	8 5	8	10 0
INDIGO, Caracas fine, lb.	7s 6d	10s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	9	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	3 0	3 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut paid.)	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 1	0 10	0 12
St Domingo, ditto, . .	—	—	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	1 6	1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20	21	—	—	14 6		—	—
Archangel, ...	16	17	—	—	—	—	15 6	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 6	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	48	9	48	49	47	—	—	—
Home melted, ...	51	52	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44	45	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	40	—	—	—	—	—	39 10	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	53	54	—	—	—	—	£52	53
Dutch, ...	50	90	—	—	—	—	42	47
Irish, ...	41	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	12 10	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40	42	—	—	—	—	40	42
Montreal, ditto, . .	38	40	40	41	37	37 6	—	—
Pot, . . .	34	35	33	34	32	32 6	30	—
OIL, Whale, . tun.	Uncertain.		25	—	—	—	24	—
Cod.	—	—	23	24	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	6½	7	7	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 6d	7
Middling, ...	6	6½	0	6	0 4½	0 5	—	—
Inferior, ...	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	0 2¾	0 3½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 9½	11½	0 9	0 11½	0 9½	0 11
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 4	1 7	1 2¾	2 4
Good, . .	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 1	1 3	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 2	1 4	1 1	1 3	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10½	1 1	0 11½	1 1¾
West India, ...	—	—	0 9	0 11	0 9	0 10½	—	—
Pernambuco, ...	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	1 0	1 1	1 0½	1 1¾
Maranham, ...	—	—	1	1 1	0 11	1 0½	—	—

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London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 8.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	42 to	48	Hog pease .	27 to	28
Fine ditto . .	50 to	54	Maple . .	29 to	30
Superfine ditto	56 to	58	White . .	34 to	36
Ditto, old . .	60 to	74	Ditto, boilers.	39 to	40
White, new .	44 to	50	New ditto, . .	— to	—
Fine ditto . .	52 to	58	Small Beans, new	28 to	30
Superfine ditto	60 to	62	Harrow . . .	— to	—
Ditto, old . .	66 to	82	Tick, new . .	21 to	24
Foreign, new .	— to	—	Ditto, old . .	30 to	34
Rye	30 to	32	Foreign . . .	— to	—
Fine ditto, . .	— to	—	Feed oats . .	21 to	23
Barley . . .	28 to	30	Fine	22 to	25
Fine, new . .	30 to	32	Poland ditto .	24 to	25
Superfine . .	33 to	38	Fine	26 to	28
Malt	56 to	66	Potatoe ditto .	26 to	28
Fine	70 to	74	Fine	30 to	32

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	8 to	12 0	Hempseed . .	— to	—
—White . . .	5 to	9 0	Linseed, crush.	44 to	50
Tares, new, .	— to	— 0	New, for Seed	— to	—
Turnips, bsh.	30 to	36 0	Ryegrass, . .	18 to	26
—Red & green	— to	— 0	Clover, red cwt.	55 to	70
—Yellow,	— to	— 0	—White . . .	61 to	90
Caraway, cwt.	58 to	67 0	Coriander . .	10 to	16
Canary, qr.	50 to	60 0	Trefoil	16 to	27

Rape Seed, per last, . £31 to £33.

Liverpool, Oct. 2.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Eng. Old	12	4 to	13	0	Sweet, U.S.	— 0 to	—	0	
Waterford	11	0 to	11	9	Do. in bond	28 0 to	30	0	
Limerick	11	0 to	11	9	Sour do. .	38 0 to	40	0	
Drogheda	11	0 to	12	6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
Dublin	11	0 to	11	6	English	34 0 to	36	0	
Scotch . .	12	0 to	12	9	Scotch . .	30 0 to	34	0	
Irish Old .	—	to	—		Irish . . .	27 0 to	32	0	
Bonded . .	6	0 to	8	0	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 0 to	1	1	
Barley, per 60 lbs.									
Eng. . . .	6	6 to	8	10	*Butter, Beef, &c.*				
Scotch . .	5	0 to	6	0	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d.		s. d.	
Irish . .	4	6 to	4	10	Belfast, new	83 0 to		84 0	
Oats, per 45 lb.					Newry . .	82 0 to		83 0	
Eng. pota.	3	9 to	4	0	Waterford .	76 0 to		78 0	
Irish do. .	3	8 to	3	9	Cork, pic. 2d,	74 0 to		75 0	
Scotch do.	5	0 to	6	0	3d dry	70 0 to		— 0	
Rye, per qr.	38	0 to	40	0	Beef, p. tierce.				
Malt per b.					— Mess	110 0 to		115 0	
— Fine .	11	0 to	11	9	— Middl.	65 0 to		75 0	
—Middl. .	9	0 to	10	6	Pork, p. brl.				
Beans, per qr.					— Mess .	56 0 to		60 0	
English .	40	0 to	44	0	— Middl. .	54 0 to		55 0	
Irish . .	40	0 to	42	0	Bacon, p. cwt.				
Rapeseed, p. L	£30 to 32				Short mids.	30 0 to		32 0	
Pease, grey	40	0 to	42	0	Sides . .	28 0 to		— 0	
—White .	50	0 to	56	0	Hams, dry,	50 0 to		55 0	
Flour, English,					Green . .	30 0 to		32 0	
p. 240 lb. fine	60	0 to	62	0	Lard, rd. p. c.	42 0 to		— 0	
Irish . .	55	0 to	58	0	Tongue, p. fir.	42 0 to		43 0	

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of August and the 20th of Sept. 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Agar, Moses, late of Walbrook, oilman.
Alexander, G. Aldermanbury, linen-draper.
Ashton, John, Knutsford, veterinary surgeon.
Bayley, C. Abingdon, linen-draper.
Bailey, J. Great Yarmouth, grocer.
Baynes, C. Western Point, Cheshire, innkeeper.
Bailford, Thomas, Bristol, stationer.
Bell, Joseph, Hampstead, victualler.
Bethell, W. Vernon, Liverpool, merchant.
Bill, Samuel, West Bromwich, timber-merchant.
Bird, Thomas, Solihul Lodge, coal-dealer.
Bowman, Richard, Manchester, grocer.
Brown, Charles, late of Dundee, merchant and ship-owner.
Brummall, Daniel, Sheffield, file-manufacturer.
Burnett, H. Long-lane, Bermondsey, oil-man.
Burrows, J. Gloucester, mercer.
Cassells, J. Cannon-street, wine-merchant.
Compton, W. Birmingham, linen-draper.
Colston, Daniel, Islington Road, upholsterer.
Cooper, George the younger, Old Ford, farmer.
Cooper, J. Newport, victualler.
Corbyn, J. J. Southwesld, master-mariner.
Crowden, R. Knightsbridge, boot and shoe-maker.
Davis, Rowhall, Stafford, maltster.
Davis, T. Great Bar, Staffordshire, maltster.
Dawson, John, Penrith, coach-maker.
Deeping, G. Lincoln, fell-monger.
Dixon, W. Portsmouth, tailor.
Driver, Nathan, Steanbridge, clothier.
Egling, J. E. Covent-Garden, victualler.
Elptrick, Wm. West Ham, farmer.
Eyba, F. and Schmeack, A. St Mary Axe, merchants.
Fisher, J. Lancaster, soap-manufacturer.
Flint, J. London Wall, merchant.
Fry, G. Newbury, Berks, mercer.
Gibson, J. Finsbury-Square, merchant.
Godwin, J. Bristol, coal-merchant.
Gormdry, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bacon-dealer.
Greenhouse, W. Ludlow, tanner.
Hankes, R. Lincoln's-inn Fields, hat-manufacturer.
Hartland, J. Gloucester, mercer.
Heslington, J. jun. York, grocer.
Hilbury, J. P. Mark-lane, wine-merchant.
Hillary, T. P. Little Tower-street, wine-merchant.
Hodgson, F. M. Manchester, dry-salter.
Hodgson, J. Staindrop, Durham, shopkeeper.
Holding, W. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, wine-merchant.
Howard, E. and Gibbs, J. Cork-street, money-scriveners.
Jones, A. W. New Brentford, corn and coal-merchants.
Knowles, J. and Walker, H. Salford, machine-makers.
Lambert, R. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.
Langley, George J. Henry, Bristol, porter-seller.
Langstaff, Wm. Liverpool, merchant.
Marnham, late of Love-lane, cloth-factor.
Marshall, J. Battersea, tanner.
Mawdsley, Henry, late of Ormskirk, plumber.
Meredith, J. Manchester, paper-dealer.
Nelson, J. Kendal, corn-dealer.
Norfolk, Hezekiah, late of Mount-Sorrel, worsted manufacturer.
Oliva, T. C. Liverpool, merchant.
Parr, Wm. Covent Garden, tailor.
Parry, Thomas, Manchester, Wentbridge, R. Yorkshire, and Armitage, Joseph, Pontefract, cotton-spinners.
Peters, E. Bristol, grocer.
Porthouse, Thomas, Wigton, Cumberland, dyer.
Raiman, H. Deptford, victualler.
Rawlins, James, Whitehaven, grocer.
Reid, Archibald, Pimlico, carpenter.
Rolfe, W. Teignmouth, builder.
Rothery, John, and Pape, T. Leeds, seed-crushers.
Ryder, Arthur, London, cotton-merchant.
Sawden, B. S. Bridlington-quay, corn-factor.
Seaton, Robert, Wentbridge, cotton-spinner.
Smalpage, J. Leeds, woollen-draper.
Stafford, Thomas, Bath, jeweller.
Stead, Thomas, Thornhall, cotton-spinner.
Taylor, Hen. Commercial-road, master-mariner.
Taylor, John, Lambeth, Surrey, iron-monger.
Thomas, Richard, Rochdale, hat-manufacturer.
Thorn, John, Plymouth, carrier.
Tumstall, T. Liverpool, provision-merchant.
Wardle, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Warren, J. Bridgwater, tanner.
West. I. R. Louth, Lincolnshire, coach-maker.
Whiteside, Richard, Hither, Henry, and Hastie, Thomas, Whitehaven, Cumberland, merchants.
Woodward, John, and Shenton, John, Birmingham, spirit-merchants.
Wright, Charles, Ludgate Hill, wine-merchant.
Wright, David, St Catherine-street, corn-dealer.
Yell, I. and L. Woodham, Terris, salesmen.

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Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 28th September, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Beck, William, manufacturer in Hawick.
Blair, Robert, farmer and grain-dealer, Inchennen.
Campbell, W. and R. brewers, Linlithgow.
Cormack, Alexander, merchant in Wick.
Edie, James, merchant, Cupar Fife.
Graham, William, and Brothers, merchants in Glasgow.
Macdonald, John, merchant, Perth.
MacEachern, Donald, jun. and Co. and Donald MacEachern and Co. both merchants and distillers, at Bridgend, Island of Islay.
Miller, Robert, tailor and clothier, Glasgow.
Riddoch or Riddock, merchant in Banff.
Wares, Donald, merchant and fish-curer in Pulteney-town.
Webster, James, ship-marker at Ferry-Port-on-Craig, county Fife.
Wilson, Robert, corn-dealer and lime-merchant, at Thornton, parish of Kilbride.

DIVIDENDS.

Douglas, John, draper in Dumfries; a dividend 5th November.
Duguid, William, manufacturer, Aberdeen; a dividend to the postponed creditors, 20th October.
Fergusson, James, writer in Stewarton; a dividend of 1s. 3d. per pound, 29th October.
Fyfe, Charles, and Fyfe, Charles, and Co.; a dividend 22d October.
Gordon, Patrick, stationer, Glasgow; a dividend 19th October.
Laurie, W. and R. and Co. merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 3d October.
Loudon, George and Co. merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 17th October.
Lover, Mrs Mary, late china-dealer in Edinburgh, afterwards china-dealer, Leith; a final dividend of 3s. per pound, 26th October.
Macintosh, Arthur, bookseller in Inverness; a first dividend 12th October.
Pinkerton, James, jun. brewer, Glasgow; a dividend of 2s. per pound, 26th October.
Stewart, John, merchant and general agent, Aberdeen; a dividend 1st October.
Vallance, Hugh and Co. timber-merchants in Paisley; a second dividend 19th October.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet — Colonel Chabot, h. p. 50 F. to be Maj.-Gen. in the army, July 19, 1821
Capt. Gardiner, 1 Life Gds. Major in the army, Feb. 17, 1820.
—— Cranfurd, 12 Dr. do. Aug. 30, 1821.

1 Life G. — Lt. Cox, Capt. by purch. vice M'Neil, 84 F. Aug. '24.
Cornet & Sub-Lt. *Hon.* W. L. L. Fitz G. de Roos, Lt. by purch. do.
P. Sydney, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. by purch. do.

2 Dr. G. — Lt. Cuff, Capt. by purch. vice Hames, ret. Sept. 13.

9 Dr. — —— Huntly, do. do. vice Blackiston, ret. do.
Cornet Knight, Lieut. do. do.
W. Eccles, Cornet, do. do.

10 — Cornet and Lieut. *Lord* J. Bentinck, Lieut. by purch. vice Drummond, 4 W. I. R. Aug. 16.

15 — Lieut. Foster, fm. 18 Dr. Lieut. vice Townshend, h. p. 18 Dr. do. 30.

14 — Bt. Maj. Townshend, Maj. by purch. vice Bt. Lieut. Col. Percy, ret. Sept. 13.

19 — Lieut. Trotter, fm. 2 Dr. Capt. do. vice Ruddach, ret. Aug. 30.

Colds. G. — Ensign and Lieut. Mildmay, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice White, ret. do. 16.
—————— Berkeley, fm. h. p. Ensign and Lieut. by purch. do.
—————— Buller, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Sandilands, 5 F. G. Sept. 6.
—————— Broadhead, from h. p. Ensign and Lieut. by purch. do. 13.

5 F. G. — Bt. Maj. Sandilands, from Coldst. Gds. Capt. and Lieut.-Col. by purch. vice West, ret. Aug. 30.
Capt. Knollys, Adj. vice Stockdale, res. Adj. only, Sept. 6.

5 F. — Maj. Wall, fm. 35 F. Maj. vice Bt. Lieut.-Col. D'Aguilar, h. p. 91 F. do. 13.

14 — Lieut. Akenside, Capt. vice Knollys, dead, 6 do.
Ensign Keowen, Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet H. O'Neill, fm. R. Mil. College, Ensign, do.

15 — Lieut. Wishart, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Barrow, ret. do. 13.
Ensign Allen, Lieut. by purch. do. 6.
T. J. Galloway, Ensign do. do.

33 — Maj. Fogerty, from h. p. York Rang. Maj. vice Fane, 61 F. do. 13.

35 — —— Sutherland, from h. p. 91 F. Maj. vice Wall, 5 F. do.

42 — Lieut. St. John, Capt. by purch. vice M'Kenzie, ret. do.
Ensign Hogarth, Lieut. do. do.
J. Byron, Ensign, do.

52 — Lieut. Hall, Capt. by purch. vice Anderson, ret. Aug. 30.
Ensign Blois, Lieut. do. do.

56 — Lieut. Hill, Capt. do. vice Gauley, prom. do. 9.
Ensign Vicars, Lieut. do. do. 9.
W. J. Fraser, Ensign do. do.

61 — Maj. M. Fane, fm. 33 F. Major, vice Bt. Lt.-Col. Poittier, h. p. York Rang. Sept. 13.

79 — Lieut. Cameron, fm. h. p. Donkin's Gar. Bn. Paym. vice M'Arthur, superseded, July 16.

83 — Ensign Burleigh, vice Brahan, dead, Mar. 23.
H. Brahan, Ensign. do.

Rifle Br. — 1st Lieut. Rochford, Adj. vice Kincaid, res. Adj. only, Sept. 13.

2 W. I. R. — Hosp. As. Ritchie, As. Surg. vice Kelly, cancelled, Aug. 23.

1 Ceyl. R. — Bt. Maj. Bayley, fm. 2 Ceyl. R. Capt. vice Dyas, h. p. 2 Ceyl. R. do. 9.

2 — Lieut. Fagan, Capt. vice Truter, dead, April 8.
2d Lieut. Frets, 1st Lieut. do.
D. Meaden, 2d Lieut.

Staff.

Maj. Wodehouse, h. p. Insp. Field Off. of Militia in Nova Scotia with the Rank of Lieut.-Col. in the Army, vice Dawson, cancelled, Aug. 30, 1821.

Barracks.

Capt. W. Goddard, Dep. Barrack Master Gen. in Nova Scotia, vice Lynn, res. Jan. 22, 1821.

Medical Department.

Assist. Surg. Dockard, Surg. to the Forces, Aug. 2, 1821.
Hosp. Assist. Christie, fm. h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Moir, res. July 10.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Grant, fm. 4 Dr. with Lieut. Cumberlege, 19 Dr.
——— De Burgh, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. *Lord* Loughborough, h. p. 91 Dr.
Paym. Rose, fm. 2 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Chitty, h. p. 30 F.
Assist. Surg. Worrell, from Coldst. Gds. rec. diff. with Assist. Surg. Gilder, h. p.

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Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. *Hon.* H. Percy, 14 Dr.
——— West, 3 F. G.
Major Barrow, 15 F.
Capt. Hames, 2 Dr. G.
——— Blakiston, 9 Dr.
——— Ruddach, 19 Dr.
——— White, Coldst. Gds.
——— Mackenzie, 42 F.
——— Anderson, 52 F.
Hospital-Assist. Moir.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut.-Col. Dawson, as Ins. Fd. Off. of Mil. in Nova Scotia.
Assist. Surg. Menzies, 4 Dr.
——— Kelly, 2 W. I. R.

Removed from the Service.

Major-Gen. *Sir* Robert Thomas Wilson.

Superseded.

Paymaster M'Arthur, 79 F.

Deaths.

Lieut.-Col. George Raitt, h. p. 84 F. Insp. Fd. Off. of Mil. in Nova Scotia, lost by the wreck of the transport brig Chance, off Sable Island, in the beginning of Feb. 1821.
——— Anderson, h. p. 85 F.
Major Truter, 2 Ceylon Reg. Ceylon, April 7, 1821.
——— Reynell, Roy. Inv. Art. Sandy's Well, Cork.
Capt. Knollis, 14 F. Bourdeaux.
Capt. Cartwright, late 1 R. Vet. Bn. Guernsey, Aug. 19, 1821.
——— M'Bean, late 7 Royal Vet. Bat. Chelsea, June 17.
——— Macdougall, h. p. 79 F. March.
——— Muller, h. p. Chass. Brit. Metz. June 1.
Lieut. Davis, 53 F. at sea, on passage to Singapore, Jan. 2.
——— Brahan, 83 F. Ceylon, Mar. 22.
——— Manning, late 2 Royal Vet. Bn. Chelsea, Aug. 20.
——— Green, late R. Gar. Bat. London, Sept. 8.
——— Connell, h. p. 75 F. Rio Janeiro, April 19.
——— Watts, h. p. 96 F. (late of 89 F.) Poonamallee, May 4.
——— De Koven, h. p. 96 F. Newfound. Fenc. Lower Canada April 13.
——— Dicker, h. p. Roy. Art. Driv. Lewes, Sussex, Sept. 2.
——— Kelly, h. p. 39 F. Sept.
Ensign O'Kelley, h. p. 25 F. May 20, 1820.
——— Burrowes, late 2 Vet. Comp. (previously of 6 R. Vet. Bn.) Chatham, Sept. 15, 1821.
Paymaster Pilfold, 67 F. Bombay, Feb. 28, 1821.
Quarter-Master Brookes, h. p. 1 F. Aug. 2.
Surgeon Bloxam, h. p. 88 F. Amesbury, Wilts, Aug. 2.
Chaplain Jenkins, Montreal, April 26, 1821.
——— Atcherley, h. p. 119 F. Much Wenlock, Stafford, Aug. 27.

Miscellaneous.

Assist. Comm. Gen. H. Monserrat, June 20, 1821.
Dep. Bar. Mas. Gen. G. H. Dennis, Cape of Good Hope, May 15.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Sep. 1	M.40	29.677	M.55	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	Sep. 16	M.45½	29.902	M.62	W.	Warm. with sunshine.
	A.53	.696	A. 57				A. 57	.823	A. 61		
2	M.59	.736	M.60	SW.	Warm day, rain night.	17	M.46	.790	M.58	SW.	Showery.
	A. 57	.671	A. 63				A. 54	.672	A. 58		
3	M.50	.494	M.65	SW.	Warm day, dull after.	18	M.46½	.426	M.59	W.	Dull fair day, rain night.
	A. 65	.479	A. 65				A. 57	.509	A. 57		
4	M.52	.478	M.66	SW.	Warm fore. cold after.	19	M.45½	.509	M.5	W.	Fore. sunsh. dull after.
	A. 65	.149	A. 65				A. 55	.664	A. 57		
5	M.52½	28.996	M.63	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	20	M.42	.606	M.55	Cble.	Fair, but dull.
	A. 50	29.630	A. 61				A. 52	.606	A. 55		
6	M.48	.382	M.65	SW.	Rain morn. warm day.	21	M.42½	.595	M.53	E.	Rain morn. fair day.
	A. 64	.539	A. 61				A. 50	.661	A. 53		
7	M.52	.319	M.64	SW.	Very warm, with sunsh.	22	M.45½	.708	M.53	E.	Dull day fair, rain night.
	A. 62	.319	A. 61				A. 52	.571	A. 54		
8	M.45½	.330	M.62	SW.	Ditto, rain even.	23	M.45½	.389	M.58	W.	Fair sun. day rain night.
	A. 57	.287	A. 61				A. 56	.253	A. 58		
9	M.44	.244	M.65	SW.	Rain morn. warm day	24	M.44½	.318	M.58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 58	.298	A. 62				A. 52	.409	A. 54		
10	M.47	.396	M.65	SW.	Dull, with showers.	25	M.45½	.533	M.53	W.	Rain morn. fair day.
	A. 60	.431	A. 57				A. 50	.515	A. 55		
11	M.45	.668	M.61	SW.	Fair and warm.	26	M.48	.462	M.55	Cble.	Fair foren. dull day.
	A. 55	.641	A. 60				A. 53	.436	A. 58		
12	M.44	.286	M.59	SW.	Showery.	27	M.49	.358	M.59	W.	Fair foren. showery aft.
	A. 55	.434	A. 58				A. 54	.466	A. 56		
13	M.45	.565	M.58	SW.	Dull, but fair.	28	M.44	.423	M.54	Cble.	Dull day, h. rain night.
	A. 54	.657	A. 57				A. 51	.101	A. 55		
14	M.44½	.707	M.57	W.	Dull, with showers.	29	M.45	28.747	M.56	SW.	Showery.
	A. 54	.990	A. 59				A. 55	.987	A. 52		
15	M.45	.940	M.62	W.	Ditto.	30	M.45½	29.316	M.53	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 61	.930	A. 61				A. 51	.307	A. 55		

Average of Rain, 1.579 inches.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

March 17. At Madras, the lady of Captain Macqueen, of a son.

April 7. At Brodera, in Guzaret, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Mackonochie, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, of a son.

July 13. At Karass, Mrs Jack, wife of the Rev. John Jack, of a daughter.

Aug. 5. At Constantinople, Lady Strangford, of a son.

21. At St John's, Newfoundland, Mrs Cross, of a son.

27. At Clapham Road Place, the lady of Norman Macleod, Esq. of the Hon. Company's service, Bengal, of a son.

31. At Rome, the lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Camden Place, Kent, of a daughter.

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Sept. 3. At Gogar-house, the lady of James L'Amy, of Dunkenny, Esq. advocate, of a son.
— At Largs, Mrs Smith, of Craigend, of a son.
5. At Clifton, the lady of Dr Dickson, of a son.
— Mrs Dickson, 132, George Street, of a son.
— At Carnousie-house, Mrs Duff of Carnousie, of a son.
— In Bernard Street, Russell Square, London, the lady of John Fraser, Esq. of a son.
— At Annat Lodge, the lady of Kenneth Bruce Stuart, Esq. of Annat, of a daughter.
— The lady of the Hon. and Rev. L. Dundas, of a son.
— At Hopes, Mrs Hay, of a son.
6. At Kirkmichael House, the lady of Captain Houston Stewart, R. N. of a son.
— At Inchdairnie, Mrs Aytoun, of a daughter.
— At the manse of Crawfordjohn, Mrs Goldie, of a son.
8. Mrs William Young, jun. Cassels Place, Leith, of a son.
— Mrs Pringle, Howard Place, of a son.
10. At Coldstream, the lady of Captain A. D. M'Laren, Berwickshire Militia, of a son.
11. At No. 9, Abercromby Place, the lady of James Greig, Esq. of Eccles, of a daughter.
12. At the Manse of Cavers, Mrs Strachan, of a daughter.
13. The Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Balfour, of a daughter.
— Mrs Megget, Drummond Place, of a son.
— At the Chateau de Bysterveel, North Brabant, the lady of John Taxing Ferrier, Esq. of a son.
15. At Drummond Place, the lady of William Milliken Napier, Bart. of a son.
— Lady Charlotte Seymour, of a son and heir.
— At Warrieston-place, the lady of Captain Ross, of a son.
17. At Inveraray, Mrs Campbell of Duncholgin, of a son.
18. At Glenarbach, Dumbartonshire, the lady of Mr Robertson of Prendergunst, of a son, who lived only a few hours.
20. At Langley, the lady of Godfrey Meynell, Esq. of Meynell, Langley, Derbyshire, of a son.
22. At London, the lady of M. Stewart Nicholson, Esq. of Carnoch, of a daughter.
24. Mrs C. Tawse, Gayfield Square, of a daughter.
27. Mrs Chancellor, of Shieldhill, of a son.
— At Kilbagie, Mrs Stein, of a son
— Mrs George Robertson, Albany Street, of a daughter.
28. Mrs Burnet, Queen Street, of twin daughters.
29. At Woolwich, the lady of Lieutenant William Cochrane Anderson, Royal Horse Artillery, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 20. At Kingston, Upper Canada, Mr John Turnbull, merchant, (late of this city,) to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Major Evivitt.
Aug. 1. In the island of St Vincent, Pemberton Hobson, Esq. barrister-at-law, to Margaretta Jane, second daughter of John Wilson Carmichael, Esq. late captain in his Majesty's 53d regiment.
Sept. 3. At Heriot Hill, Mr Alexander Wingate, merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Birkmyre, Esq.
— At Glasgow, Mr James Weir, merchant, Edinburgh, to Jacobina Anna Dunbar Murray, daughter of the late Alex. Murray, Esq. of Inglistone, Dumfries-shire.
— At Edinburgh, Henry Meredith Warter, Esq. of Sibbersorpt in the county of Salop, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late celebrated Mungo Park.
— At Linlathen, Captain James Paterson, youngest son of the late George Paterson of Castle Huntly, Esq. to Miss Davie Erskine, youngest daughter of the late David Erskine, Esq. clerk to the signet.
— At Cadder, the residence of Charles Stirling, Esq. Thomas Dunmore, Esq. Commissary-General, to Mrs Stirling, widow of the late Robert Stirling, Esq.
6. The Reverend Mr Anderson, minister of Dunbarny, to Miss Thomson, daughter of David Thomson, Esq. Newburgh.
7. At Vogrie, John Cockburn, Esq. to Eliza, youngest daughter of James Dewar, Esq. of Vogrie.
8. At Abinger, in Surrey, John Campbell, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister at law, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Scarlett, Esq. M.P. for Peterborough.
10. At Kingoldrum, by the Reverend Robert Aikman, Walter, second son of the Reverend William Haldane, to Susan, daughter of the late Mr Charles Hill, Forfar.
— At Edinburgh, Mr John Wilson, surgeon, R. N. and surgeon in Stirling, to Miss Mary Glas, eldest daughter of Mr Wm. Glas, wood-merchant, Stirling.
12. In Pitt Street, Mr Andrew Thomson, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr William Troquair, builder.
17. At Dornoch, Mr George Rule, Cyderhall, Sutherlandshire, to Jessie, second daughter of William Taylor, Esq. writer there.
18. At Edinburgh, Charles Doyle Straker, Esq. to Miss Catharine Cornelius Story, daughter of the late Captain George Story of the 8th light dragoons.
— At Aberdeen, William Knight, LL.D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Institution of Belfast, to Jean, eldest daughter of the late Dr Glennie, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College, and one of the ministers of Aberdeen.
— At Stanwix, near Carlisle, Mr William Dewar, of Glasgow, to Jane Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Oliver Davis, Esq. of the Navy Office, Somerset-house.
25. At 55, Hanover Street, by the Reverend Mr John M'Lachlan of Wemyss, Mr John Cunnison, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Mr David Salmon, ship-owner, East Wemyss.
Lately, in the parish church of Plympton, St Mary's, Richard Lapthorne, to Mary Ford. This is the fifth time the bride has been married in the same church, and her four last husbands were buried in the same church-yard.

DEATHS.

Jan. 5. At Madras, James Chalmers, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's service, and civil surgeon at Palamcattach.
Feb. 10. In an attack at night on the British camp at Zoor, on the coast of Arabia, whilst gallantly defending himself against seven men in front of the lines, and after receiving thirty-five wounds, Captain Charles Parr of the Bombay European regiment of infantry, youngest son of the late William Parr, Esq. of Norfolk Street, Strand, and Pentonville.
17. At Zoare in Arabia, while on duty with the 2d regiment, Lieutenant James Paoli Boswell, of the Honourable East India Company's 10th regiment of Native infantry, second son of William Boswell, Esq. advocate.
March 1. Of small-pox, near Aurungabad, where he was serving as lieutenant of artillery and adjutant in the army of the Nizam, Ensign Thomas Fleming, of the 10th regiment Native infantry, Bengal, son of the Rev. Dr Fleming, one of the ministers of this city.
19. At Chowringhee, in India, Lieut-Colonel Archibald Campbell, of the 26th regiment of native infantry, son of the late Dugald Campbell, Esq. of Kintarbet. We extract the following paragraph from a Calcutta newspaper announcing his death:—"Died on the forenoon of the 19th instant, at his house in Chowringhee, Lieut.-Col. Archd. Campbell of the 26th regiment, N. I., after a short but extremely severe illness, which he bore with that placidity of temper and resignation to the Divine will which characterised him through life;—gifted with excellent natural abilities, and always conspicuous by an active and intelligent discharge of the duties of his profession, this officer was, at an early period of his service in India, selected for situations of high trust and responsibility, and having preserved throughout a long and distinguished career of public life the strictest integrity and the most unblemished honour—combined as these superior qualities were in this instance with a remarkable warmth of heart, and a disposition so uniformly humane, considerate, and

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kind, that it was felt by all with whom he had any intercourse. It may be safely asserted that it has fallen to the lot of very few to live so generally respected and beloved, or to die so deeply and sincerely regretted."

April 10. In Cananore, East Indies, Captain Gilbert James Blair, of the 25th Native infantry.

19. At Rio Janeiro, in his 77th year, Field Marshal John Shadwell Connell, Councillor of War, and Knight of the Order of the Tower and Sword.

24. At Roseau, in the island of Dominica, John Reay, Esq. a native of Dalmellington.

May 25. At Nicolaef, Captain Samuel Moffat, Imperial Russian navy.

June 17. At Malta, Mr John Munro, of his Majesty's ship Cambrian, eldest son of the late George Munro, Esq. of Glasgow.

July 27. At Corfu, William Hamilton Campbell of Winton, Esq.

Aug. 6. In the island of Jamaica, Mr Thomas Ker, youngest son of Gilbert Ker, Esq. late of Gateshaw.

7. At Lisbon, Lady Maria J. Macdonell, widow of Lieutenant-General Alexander Macdonell of Lochgarry.

20. At Leith, Miss Millar, daughter of the late Mr Patrick Millar, merchant there.

23. At the East India College, Hertford, in the 18th year of his age, James, youngest son of James Grant, Esq. of Bught, county of Inverness.

24. At Bristol, John Duncan Gerard, Esq. son of the late Dr Gilbert Gerard, Professor of Divinity in the King's College and University of Aberdeen.

28. At Ormiston, Mrs Jane Ferguson, daughter of the Honourable James Ferguson, Lord Pitfour.

29. At London, James Robinson Scott, F.R.S.E. F.L.S. late senior President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, Lecturer on Botany, &c.

— At Bourdeaux, the widow of Gen. Moreau, who was killed at the battle of Dresden.

30. At Tranent, David Aitken, aged 23, eldest son of Mr William Aitken, late merchant in Dunbar.

— Suddenly, in a steam-boat on his way to Helensburgh, Mr James Marshall, woollen-yarn merchant, Glasgow.

31. Christian Paterson, daughter of Mr Andrew Paterson, writer, Albany Street, Edinburgh.

— At Portobello, Mrs Wardrobe of Charlotte Place, Edinburgh.

Sept. 1. At London, Wm. Kinnaird, Esq. senior magistrate of the Thames Police.

2. At Edinburgh, Mr Benjamin Waters, late merchant in Leith.

4. At Edinburgh, the Honourable Margaret Drummond, relict of George Haldane of Glencagles, Esq.

5. At Edinburgh, John Hercy, Esq. of Hawthorn, Berkshire, Master of Arts of St John's College, Cambridge, a member of the Royal Medical, and one of the Presidents of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, and assistant to Dr Hamilton, physician to the Royal Infirmary. His death was occasioned by a puncture which he received when examining the morbid appearance of a dead body. His remains are deposited in the same grave with those of one of his respected countrymen, the son of Darwin, in the burial-ground of Dr Duncan, senior Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, and Physician to his Majesty for Scotland.

6. At Tunbridge, at the house of his son the Rev. Thomas Knox, the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D. D. Rector of Rundell and Ramsden Crays, Essex, aged 68. Dr Knox has been long known as an elegant writer and accomplished scholar.

7. At Ashover, in Derbyshire, James Hay Milnes, midshipman in his Majesty's navy.

— At her house, No. 22, Society, Miss Jean Belsches Brymer, eldest daughter of the late Reverend John Brymer, minister of the gospel at Marykirk.

8. At Odelbe Castle, near Bedford, in her 84th year, the Right Hon. Isabella, Countess of Egmont.

— At Stirling, Mrs Chisholm, widow of Captain Chisholm, 42d regiment.

— At Aberdeen, Mr James Reid, late commander of the Jean whaler of that port.

9. At the Manse of Mid Calder, Euphemia Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Sommers.

9. At Leith, Bethea, youngest daughter of Mr John Crawford, merchant there.

— At Versailles, in the 69th year of his age, of an aneurism of the heart, after a few hours illness, John Peter Addenbroke, Esq. formerly major in the 54th regiment of foot, gentleman usher to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, equerry to her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, and retained upon the establishment of his Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe Cobourg.

10. At Old Meldrum, in the 70th year of his age, Bailie George Cooper, parochial schoolmaster of Meldrum for 41 years.

— At Whitehorn, Milnathort, Jane White, wife of Mr William Morrison.

11. In her house, North Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Mrs General George Cunninghame.

— At Edinburgh, George Johnston, Esq. fourth son of the late David Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk.

12. At his house, No. 46, Queen Street, Mr John Forman, jun. writer to the signet.

— In King Street, Borough Road, Southwark, Mrs Gillon, aged 48.

13. At Balfron, the Rev. John Cooper, minister of the United Association.

— At the Manse of Morebattle, Thomas, son of the Reverend Walter Morrison.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Wood, merchant.

14. At Lenoxlove, Miss Lindesay, daughter of the late Patrick Lindesay, Esq. of Eaglescarnie.

— At Reigate, in Surrey, Mrs Jean Paterson, widow of the late George Paterson, Esq. of East Sheen, Surrey, and eldest daughter of the late Joseph Cumine of Auchrey, Esq. county of Aberdeen.

15. At her mother's house in Heriot Row, Miss Grace Donaldson, third daughter of the late Alexander Donaldson, Esq. some time Captain in the 36th regiment.

— At Kirkton, Burntisland, Mrs Lowrie, wife of Mr John Lowrie, inspector of Excise cutters, Leith.

— At Dover, Miss Delicia Taylor Sutherland, only daughter of Dr Sutherland.

16. At Dean Street, Stockbridge, Mrs Lockhart, relict of the late Reverend Dr William Lockhart of St Andrew's Church, Glasgow.

— At the Manse of Ratho, Mrs Margaret Bethune, wife of the Reverend Dr Duncan.

— At Queensferry, Mr William Murison.

— At Dalkeith, Captain Hector M'Lean, late of the 4th, formerly of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion.

— At Palmerston, near Limerick, aged 112, the widow of Mr Thomas Bucknor. She retained her faculties to the last, and was able, until within a few days, to attend to the business of her house. She had a full recollection of the death of Queen Anne, and lived to witness five reigns.

17. At the advanced age of 108 years, Mr Robin Kay, of Patside, near Patley-bridge, farmer.

— At Crieff, Christian, third daughter of Mr M'Comish.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mrs Janet Brown, wife of Mr Richard Tosh, writer there.

— At Airdrie, Mr John Cleland, surgeon.

19. At Braehead, John Darling Wilson, second son of Mr Samuel Wilson, merchant, Glasgow.

— At Queensferry, Margaret, infant daughter of Mr Wishart, writer to the signet.

— Mary Ann, only daughter of the late Mr V. Moinet, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Ely, Isabella, daughter of Mr Speid, W. S.

— In her 76th year, the Dowager Landgrave Caroline of Hesse Homburg.—Her Highness was daughter to the Landgrave Lewis IX. of Hesse Cassel, born March 2, 1746. She married on the 27th of September, 1768, the late Landgrave Frederick Lewis of Hesse Homburg.

20. At Glasgow, Captain Andrew Fraser, late of the 92d regiment.

23. Mrs John Luke, Muiracambus Mill, Fife, aged 83.

— At her house Summerfield, near Leith, Mrs Craig, aged 78, widow of John Craig, Dolphington.

— William, infant son of Mr H. D. Dickie, secretary to the Caledonian Insurance Company, Edinburgh.

24. At Garliestown, James Nish, Esq. of Balsarroch.

— At Paris, Alexander Gowan, Esq. late surgeon, Dalkeith.

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26. At Culchena, Mrs Ann Campbell, wife of Duncan Campbell, Esq.

27. At Greenwich, Lieutenant-Colonel William Frederick Macbean, formerly of the 6th regiment of foot, youngest son of the late General Forbes Macbean of the Royal Artillery.

Lately, While passing from India to Arabia, Captain James Irving of the 2d Native infantry, and late of Annan.

— Killed in the engagement with the Arabs, at the capture of Beni Bocali, in the Persian Gulf, Mr John Gordon, assistant-surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company, son of the Rev. W. Gordon, minister of Elgin.

— At Conanore, East Indies, Captain Gilbert James Blair, of the 25th Native infantry.

— In the parish of Kenmore, Mrs M'Laren, aged 106. This venerable matron retained her faculties to the last. The oldest people in Perthshire, who have of late closed their eyes on life's sleeping scene, have died nearly of the same age. Thus James Stewart of Graysmount, and Stewart the tinker in Aberfeldy, were both gathered to their fathers at the mature age of one hundred and five years.

— At Warsop, Nottinghamshire, George Wragg, and Grace, his wife, aged about 80. They both expired within the short space of half an hour of each other.

Lately, At his house in Cecil Street, Limerick, David Stevenson, Esq. Mr Stevenson was a native of Mauchline, and, during a number of years, in which he had been extensively and successfully engaged in business in that city, he uniformly upheld the reputation of a most upright and respectable merchant.

— At Cullumpton, Devonshire, of voluntary starvation, —— Mortimer. He had a small property by which he had been supported for some years; but finding he was likely to outlive it, as it was reduced to about £150, and feeling the apprehension of want more than the natural love of life, he came to the resolution of ending his days by starvation. To effect this dreadful purpose he took nothing but water for a month before he died; at the end of three weeks his body was wasted to a skeleton, and a medical gentleman was called in, who advised him to take some nourishment; but this he refused, and even discontinued the use of water. In this way he subsisted another week, when nature yielded the contest.

— In three contiguous parishes in the county of Aberdeen, viz. Logan, Buchan, Ellon and Cruden, widow Hutcheson, aged 92, Jean Brown, 100, and John Tawse, 106, all, particularly the two last, retaining their faculties unimpaired till very nearly the time of their decease.

JOHN RENNIE, ESQ.

Oct. 4. At his house in Stamford Street, London, in the 64th year of his age, John Rennie, Esq. the celebrated engineer. Mr Rennie had been complaining for some time, but appeared to be recovering, when, on the morning of the 4th inst. he suffered a severe relapse, which carried him off the same evening at seven o'clock.

The death of Mr Rennie is a national calamity. His loss cannot be adequately supplied by any living artist, for, though we have many able engineers, we know of none who so eminently possess solidity of judgment with profound knowledge, and the happy tact of applying to every situation, where he was called upon to exert his faculties, the precise form of remedy that was wanting to the existing evil. Whether it was to stem the torrent and violence of the most boisterous sea—to make new harbours, or to render those safe which were before dangerous or inaccessible—to redeem districts of fruitful land from encroachment by the ocean, or to deliver them from the pestilence of stagnant marsh—to level hills, or to tie them together by aqueducts or by arches, or by embankment to raise the valley between them—to make bridges that for beauty surpass all others, and for strength seemed destined to endure to the latest posterity, Mr Rennie had no rival. Every part of the united kingdom possesses monuments to his glory, and they are as stupendous as they are useful. They will present to our children's children objects of admiration for their grandeur, and of gratitude to the author for their utility. Compare the works of Mr Rennie with the most boasted exploits of the French engineers, and remark how they tower above them. Look at the Breakwater at Plymouth, in comparison with the Cassoons at Cherburg—any one of his canals with that of Ourke, and his Waterloo-bridge with that of Neuilly. Their superiority is acknowledged by every liberal Frenchman. He cultivated his art with the most enthusiastic ardour, and, instead of being merely a theorist, he prepared himself for practical efficiency by visiting, and minutely inspecting every work of magnitude in every country that bear similitude with those which he might be called on to construct, and his library abounds in the richest collection of scientific writings of that of any individual. The loss of such a man is irreparable. Cut off in the full vigour of his mind, his death seems to suspend for a time the march of national improvement, until the just fame of his merit shall animate our rising artists to imitate his great example, and to prepare themselves by study and observation to overcome, as he did, the most formidable impediments to the progress of human enterprize, of industry, and of increased facility in all the arts of life. The integrity of Mr Rennie in the fulfilment of his labours was equal to his genius in the contrivance of his plans and machinery. He would suffer none of the modern subterfuges for real strength to be resorted to by the contractors employed to execute what he had undertaken. Every thing he did was for futurity, as well as present advantage. An engineer is not like an architect. He has no commission on the amount of his expenditure; if he had, Mr Rennie would have been one of the most opulent men in England, for many millions have been expended under his eye. But his glory was in the justice of his proceeding, and his enjoyment in the success of his labours. It was only as a mill-wright that he engaged himself to execute the work he planned, and in this department society is indebted to him for economising the power of water, so as to give an increase of energy, by its specific gravity, to the natural fall of streams, and to make his mills equal to four-fold the produce of those which, before his time, depended solely on the impetus of the current. His mills of the greatest size work as smoothly as clock-work, and by the alternate contact of wood and iron, are less liable to the hazard of fire by friction. His mills, indeed, are models of perfection.

If the death of such a man is a national loss, what must it be to his private friends and to his amiable family? Endeared to all who knew him by the gentleness of his temper, the cheerfulness with which he communicated the riches of his mind, and forwarded the views of those who made useful discoveries or improvements in machinery or implements, procured him universal respect. He gave to inventors all the benefits of his experience, removed difficulties which had not occurred to the author, or suggested alterations which adapted the instrument to its use. No jealousy or self-interest ever prevented the exercise of this free and unbounded communication, for the love of science was superior in his mind to all mercenary feeling. Mr Rennie was born in Scotland, and from his earliest years devoted himself to the art of a civil engineer. He was the intimate friend and companion of his excellent countryman, the late Mr Watt; their habits and pursuits were similar. They worked together, and to their joint efforts are we chiefly indebted for the gigantic power of the steam-engine in all our manufactories. He married early in life Miss Mackintosh, a beautiful young woman, whom he had the misfortune to lose some years ago, but who left him an interesting and accomplished family. They have now to lament the loss of the best of parents, who, though possessed of a constitution and frame so robust as to give the promise of a very long life, sunk under an attack at the early age of 64.

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ON THE PROBABLE INFLUENCE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION ON THE CHARACTER AND SITUATION OF SEAMEN.

No. III.

There are few anticipations more common among naval men in these times, than that the best days of their profession are at an end. Their own number, they observe, in consequence of the unusual length and feverish activity of the late war, is become so great, so disproportioned to any demand which their country can ever again have for their services, their commissions are mere honourable retirements, and scarcely one in twenty can hope to survive until the course of seniority shall bring each in succession to the top of the list. Opportunities, meanwhile, of acquiring personal distinction are become so rare, it is a matter of necessity that merit should remain in obscurity, and interest alone distribute the few prizes yet remaining in the wheel. There is no more chance of prize-money, *at least for the present;* and worse than all this, while the navy is thus a toy during a long peace, a spirit of insubordination is creeping in among its lower ranks, and of injudicious lenity among its upper, subversive of all those principles of discipline on which its efficiency has hitherto been maintained. On the other hand, a certain class of religionists on shore, when they talk of the navy, at the same time that they seem to delight in picturing its past history in the blackest imaginable colours, array the future with regard to it in unmingled brightness. The moral excesses of which its members have been hitherto currently guilty, they represent as enormous, inexcusable, scarcely illustrated, and in no degree redeemed, by a reckless bravery and profusion disguised under the specious names of skill, courage, and generosity. Now, however, these things are to disappear, and a new era is to commence. They themselves, the good people to whom we allude, are about to go forth among this people with the modification of Christianity which they profess, conquering and to conquer in its might. The wilderness is to become a fruitful field under their ministrations; and sailors, hitherto the outcasts of religious society, and still, for aught which appears in these anticipations, doomed to remain surrounded by precisely the same circumstances of temptation as before, are yet henceforth to become its ornaments, a peculiar people, the converse, as it were, of the Jews, zealous of good works and principles under every disadvantage with which frail human nature can contend. And although the chief difference between these two sets of anticipations seems at first sight to consist in the different interests and spheres of action contemplated in each; when extended to all the particulars which they severally embrace, they will be found on some points very directly to conflict, and

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on all to stand in an opposition, which it would be very difficult completely to reconcile.

For our own parts, we think them both wrong, though with a cast of right in each; and as, in the order in which we have now stated them, they coincide with the distribution of our subject, which destined our concluding communications under the present head, to the consideration of the existing prospects of seamen on board and on shore, it is our intention to sift them pretty closely. The first will furnish us with more matter for this article than we shall be able to overtake; we admit its premises, but contest its conclusions; considering, on the contrary, the best prospects of the navy as identified with what it represents as its present hardships. We fear that we are still more at issue with the second, for we neither admit the past depravity of seamen, nor entertain hopes of any so great improvement in them in time to come, as it anticipates. Of this, however, in its own time and place; we now consider, first, the circumstances which, as we think, are at present working a great change in the constitution of the navy as hitherto developed, and which are generally indicated in the above tissue of complaints; and, next, the consequences of that change, with their consequences again, either as already manifested, or likely progressively to appear.

It is certainly very true, that, at no period of our history, did the naval force kept in employment bear so small a proportion to that restored to civil life as at present. In former times, a fraction has been dismissed, not more than the increased demand for seamen in the merchant service, consequent on the return of peace, rendered necessary; or than was expedient besides this, to enable all to relax the bow a little, that it might recover its elasticity. But now the fraction only has been retained, the great mass dismissed, and, from a variety of circumstances, not even any considerable demand for men created in the merchant service. The consequence is, that all ranks are daily turning their thoughts more and more into extra-professional channels; the officers, particularly, are all becoming civilians in some department or other, farming, studying, talking politics or religion; and daily acquiring new characters, which must materially influence their views and conduct whenever they return to the duties of their profession. And it is probable that the surface of the mirror, thus under course of polishing, will never again refuse to reflect the hue of surrounding objects; in other words, that the navy will never again be the peculiar profession which it has hitherto been, distinguished from others not less by its manners than pursuits.

It is equally certain, that opportunities of acquiring personal distinction are infinitely more rare now, than they were during the course of an active war; but this, at the same time, is generally understood somewhat more literally than the facts will bear out. It is a different kind of merit which is now in demand in the navy, from what was then required; and we think that naval officers are scarcely yet sufficiently aware of this. Several names have shot up to distinction among them since the peace; need we instance those of Tuckey, Basil Hall, and Parry; none of them, we believe, very materially supported by interest; all, certainly, upon grounds which no interest could supply. Where these have led, others may follow; a first opportunity may be wanting, but not more. Besides this, however, we noticed the other day the name of a first lieutenant, (Lieutenant Peake, of the Euryalus,) who had received a present of a sword and silver cup from the ship's company with which he had served, in acknowledgment of his judgment and attention. There can be no distinction more honourable than this at any time; but, as we shall presently shew, it never was more difficult to deserve it than now;—at the same time that we cannot help thinking that the means of doing so would be materially facilitated, were naval officers to form a matured opinion on the subjects which we are now about to bring before them: our own thoughts on which, we confess, we submit here rather for their use who can understand and appreciate them at just their value and no more, than for the amusement of general readers, to whom, with all our care, we can scarcely hope to make them uniformly interesting or intelligible.

The next topic of lamentation above adverted to, is the present lack of

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prize-money; and one very desirable change produced by this means in the situation of our seamen, with regard to their discipline and morals at least, is not generally considered, viz. that they are thus rescued from that state of uncertainty respecting their future resources, which used to be a sort of warrant for every excess. They have no longer the bank of what was often a delusive hope, to draw on:—they have lost their ticket in the great lottery of plunder, which spread widely its demoralizing effects among them. But this loss is considered only as temporary in the navy, and perhaps elsewhere; another war, it is presumed, will restore it. We are not of that opinion; we think the days of prize-money, at least of its most lucrative branch, mercantile spoliation, now nearly for ever gone; and there are several reasons which concur in making us think this. We burnt our own fingers last war by the excess to which we carried the system; and there can be little doubt that many of our distresses since its close were legitimately attributable, and are at present very currently attributed, first, to the unnatural activity which we thus gave to our own capital, and next to the ruin which we thereby brought on our foreign customers. But, besides all this, the world will not now tolerate our continued exercise of a right founded on the same barbarous prescription which once sanctioned, in like manner, the ransom of prisoners of war, and sack of enemy's towns, but which has been unable to protect these outrages, and will be unable to cover this;—the truth is, we will not tolerate it much longer ourselves. It is owing, probably, to the long-continued success of French aggression and usurpation during the late war, that the tide of public opinion runs now so strong in favour of justice and equity; the nations of Europe so long groaned, with reason on their side, so long sought consolation in the midst of their calamities, from the consideration that they were *unjustly* inflicted, that now the maxims of morality have acquired a weight with them, for which it would be difficult to account on other grounds. We are under the same influence, the great majority of us at least, such as were cordially opposed to the adverse side; and, in truth, certain classes of oppositionists in this country seem in nothing more *unfortunate*, than that from the turn which their politics took during the late war, they missed this schooling; and now, accordingly, cannot even believe the great powers of Europe in earnest in their professions on this score. These professions, however, with the maxims on which they are founded, are to a point opposed to that system of mercantile spoliation to which we allude; they are, in particular, opposed to that exercise of it without warning, which, in the shape of embargo, or otherwise, has hitherto characterized every commencement of hostilities with us. This, accordingly, we venture confidently to predict, will not even be attempted by us next war, whatever time it commences; in like manner, we shall then be far more ceremonious with neutral commerce than hitherto; and ultimately the whole system will be abandoned.* And the change which we have noticed, therefore, in the situation of our seamen on this point, may thus, we think, be considered a permanent one; and we shall allude to it in this light, accordingly, in the remainder of our speculations.

The last ground of despondence, however, above quoted, is the most serious; notwithstanding which we admit also its general truth. The old system of British naval discipline is, indeed, rapidly subverting, or rather, we may say, it is almost already gone; and scarcely the ground-plan of that which seems destined to supply its place is yet laid. Still, however, there are aspects in which we can view even this fact with satisfaction; and al-

* The truth is, that if we once come to be ceremonious with respect to neutral bottoms, we shall be driven the whole length here contemplated, in mere self-defence. The carrying nations are far more deservedly the objects of our jealousy than any belligerent need ever be; and we should indeed begin to fear for Old England, were another Holland to grow up across the Atlantic. But where force cannot be used, and reason will not apply, we must employ the weapons of a deeper policy; and instead of allowing neutral colours to protect mercantile property, allow mercantile property to protect even belligerent flags. We should have no carriers then, *and no rivals.*

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though we own that the mist still hangs low over the future edifice of naval rule, to our eyes it already looms large in the midst, and shews not unworthy to succeed the Gothic fortalice in which we have hitherto confided.

The old system of discipline in the navy was one of pure coercion. It was a rod of iron, roughly, although not on the whole harshly, wielded; and did its work excellently, well in the state of civilization to which seamen, and without offence we may add, their officers also, had attained when it was in full force. Within the last twenty-five years, however, its maxims have been progressively, may, even rapidly, modifying; and now many of them scarcely live but in the recollection of individuals. This took its definite rise from the great mutinies of 1797, when the grievances of the navy, as many things were called which were then quite necessary, were for the first time freely canvassed by sailors themselves. It was subsequently promoted by the long period of comparative idleness which in the navy succeeded the battle of Trafalgar. And it has never wanted the assistance of the selfish and intriguing on shore; particularly at the very beginning, and of late years again, when it has come to constitute the politics of some even of the highest ranks of British society, to identify themselves with the mob, and scruple at no topics of declamation calculated to excite their sympathy or applause. The entire change, however, thus produced, has been indeed a very remarkable one, and can only be completely understood by professional men. We could illustrate it, however, a little, in several ways; but it will suit our purpose best to attempt this by sketching superficially the modifications to which the old system of punishment alone has been subjected, and the difficulties with which naval officers have had to contend generally, in consequence, within the interval in question.

Even previous to 1797, the old punishment of "keel-hauling," for slight offences, had entirely gone out; but so fresh was it at that time in the recollection of the seamen, that a modification of it, in the shape of a very rough and unceremonious ducking, was among the punishments currently inflicted by the delegates, on such as gave them any offence, during the period of their usurped command. On the other hand, "running the gauntlet," a much more severe infliction,* was currently resorted to as late as 1803; and we ourselves saw it ordered, for the last time probably, in 1804, by one of the most humane and popular officers in the service. Down to 1806-7, nothing was more common than to hear midshipmen, particularly the day-mates, commanding the people, as they saw occasion, to be started with a cane, or rope's end,† when their offence was not considered of sufficient importance to bring them to the gang-

* When a man was to be keel-hauled, a very strong, but limber (flexible) rope was reve through blocks on the fore or main-yard arms, the bight, or middle part, passing under the ship's bottom. The culprit was strongly secured to this on one side, and such additional weight was added, as carried him, when dropt over, quite clear of the vessel, and almost immediately brought him to hang perpendicularly from the other side. He was then run up out of the water by the whole strength of the ship's company, and had thus merely a ducking and a fright; the last, we should have thought, fully shared in by the officer commanding the infliction, lest any thing should have gone wrong. When a man was sentenced to run the gauntlet, the ship's company was drawn up in two lines round the deck, every man provided with a twisted yarn, called a nettle, about equal to one tail of the common ship's cat. The criminal was then stript to the waist, and secured so as to stand on a grating, which was drawn leisurely round between the files, and every man inflicted a lash, with what will he might. The chief severity of this punishment consisted in the awkwardness with which the strokes were drawn, by which they cut in unusual places about the sides, and under the arms. It was not otherwise so severe as an ordinary punishment; and so much was this understood, that sometimes, although rarely, it was prefaced by one or two dozen at the gangway.

† A man thus served, was facetiously said "to buy goose without gravy," *possibly* because there was no effusion of blood under this, as under the more formal punishment at the gangway; and the expression has since come to denote any unceremonious punishment, or even reprimand. We notice this, however, to shew how freely it was originally acquiesced in by the men, and even made the subject of their mirth; which, indeed, was still further testified by its being continued during the mutiny by the delegates.

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way; and the boatswain's mates, by whom these orders were executed, almost to the present day, carry, in consequence, rattan-canes or rope's-ends in their hands, as badges of their office. About the same period also, these men, whose duty on board in some degree corresponds to that of sergeants in the army ashore, familiarly struck the people when remiss in executing their orders; and long after this privilege was withdrawn from them, and every one knew that it was so withdrawn, the threat to assume it, on particular occasions, on their own responsibility, was just their common phraseology, which hurt no one's feelings, and wounded no one's ears. The great dog was chained, and could no longer bite, but to bark was still expected of him. Yet, only in 1809, we have a feeling recollection of a midshipman, then on promotion in a flag-ship abroad, who very nearly lost all his prospects in life, because his memory was better than his judgment on this score; having been formally complained of to the commander-in-chief, for thus only once *presuming*, as it was by this time called, to "take the law into his own hands." The privilege of doing so, however, still remained with the lieutenants; until about 1813, when it came to be confined, although still with grumbling, to first lieutenants only; in which state it continued till the end of the war. But this year, the captain of a ship has, with his first lieutenant, been brought to a court-martial, on the complaint of his ship's company, on a very similar subject to this, and both have been dismissed the service by its sentence;—a very hard sentence certainly, and which we hope may yet be remitted, were it but in compliment to the standard so lately hoisted in the fleet; but its full severity will be better understood when the following circumstances are further taken into consideration.

It so happened, of necessity perhaps, that when this change was first set a-going, the candle, if we may use so vulgar an image, was almost at once lit at both ends. The Board of Admiralty in commission in 1797, was, of course, very much alarmed at the lengths to which the seamen then went; and the Commissioners of every successive Board since, have had at once to meet the abstract question in Parliament, and oppose the clamours excited about it by interested individuals without. They very early, accordingly, issued instructions on the subject of lenity; to enforce which, periodical returns of the punishments inflicted were soon required; and, as the human mind always warms in the pursuit of its object, dissatisfaction has now long been freely expressed, where these have been numerous. We rather think, indeed, that we have heard of instances, although we cannot now charge our memory with them, of ships being paid off out of rotation, and recommissioned under other officers, when hints on this subject have appeared to be disregarded. The seamen, on the other hand, already prepared for change by the success of their demands in 1797, (which did not very materially point at innovation in discipline, the old system of which they did not then feel a severe yoke,) were not slow, at the same time, to open their eyes more and more, daily, to its real nature, when they found it clamoured about on one hand, and admitted to be harsh, on the other, on shore; and, as we have just seen, the oldest customs of the service came thus, in succession, to be considered intolerable severities. Placed between the two, commanding officers of the navy had first to subdue their own prejudices, which, in the beginning, as was natural, ran all in favour of the old methods, the traditions of which—the traditions of the old Western Squadron, the school in which many of them have been educated, are still favourites in their mouths. They had next, when once got under way by the spirit of the times, to resist the bias which must have inclined many of them to go to excess in acting on the new maxims;—Sailors seldom do things by halves in any case; and it takes a good deal of ballast to be able to resist the temptation to go all lengths on novel principles, which are at once favoured by inferiors and superiors, and are in themselves plausible, and even unanswerable in the abstract. Between the two extremes they had then to shape a course, each for himself; for there is not even yet a general principle of relaxation laid down; and in the beginning, the differences of system were accordingly numerous as the ships in commission, and appeared to a practised eye in

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every thing—even in dress and rigging.* But all were naturally led to look about for indirect methods of punishment, such as might reconcile both parties, and perhaps evade limits too lately set to a once absolute authority, not to be irksome. Of these, however, it was soon found, that on board ship, under existing circumstances, there was but a very limited choice. No place of solitary confinement can there be spared; *extra* labour, besides that every one is, in the ordinary discharge of his duty, as much tasked as he ought to be, has been always observed to make regular work first odious, and then slovenly, for no powers of body can keep all watches. The means of dieting are necessarily few, where such is the sympathy felt for a man whose grog has been stopped, he is almost sure to get drunk on the compassion of his comrades; and unusual punishments of a different nature from any of these, were necessarily unpopular where habits were yet strong, information limited, and at least as much jealousy entertained, that the new bounds set to authority should not be evaded, as there might be desire on the other side to give them the go-by.† One thing only assisted them, which was the war with America. We are as certain as we can be of what is matter of mere opinion, that our defeats in that short struggle were quite as much owing to the sort of disorganization which thus prevailed at the time, in the navy, as to any difference of relative force which characterized each combat; we had never before found it necessary to calculate that difference so curiously as we then condescended to do; and it is remarkable, that even our naval engagements with the French were about the same period more equally contested than they used to be. But still, these very defeats, by irritating at once the seamen and their officers, suspended the operation of other agents in the cause; and, had that war continued, we are well persuaded that the tarnish which it seemed to leave on our former laurels would have been well rubbed off. With its termination, however, the assistance derived from it terminated also. Six years have since elapsed; and if the consequences are not now so evident, as formerly, it is either that, in a time of profound peace, the efficiency of our ships does not require to be so minutely looked into; or that, possibly, commanding and inspecting officers are deceived, in some measure, by the reduced allowance of seamen in each ship on the present establishment, and impute those difficulties to want of men, which we are certain proceed from far deeper and more enduring causes;—or, finally, and much the most probably, that the worst period of a difficult crisis is already over—a new and vigorous system is replacing an old and worn-out one—its parts are falling imperceptibly into their places, by their own gravity, and already beginning to perform the functions for which they have been severally provided.

All this, then, we not only admit—we assert it; and we very readily appeal to every competent witness, in

* One captain obliged his officers to wear the old-fashioned cocked hat—another tolerated an opera one—a third, a round—a fourth, a straw—a fifth, a foraging-cap, &c. Coats were cut differently—surtouts were of every pattern—side-arms became so anomalous, they were at last made subjects of official regulation. One man was content with royals, as his ship had been fitted from the dock-yard—another had sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, jolly-jumpers, royal and sky-studding-sails besides. One ship had a jigger-mast fitted to her spankes—another the like, together with a gaff, to her mizen staysail—a third, the same to her main-topmast staysail—a fourth, was gaffs to the mast-head, and perhaps the only course she was in the habit of setting in a convoy was a cross-jack or a spritsail. These were not whims in those days; they were really traits of character, marking both individuals and the times. A good observer could then predicate of his friend's disposition literally "from the cut of his jib;" and Peter Pattieson himself, or other such like chronicler, (*O si sic ullus!*) need ask no more complicated account of the spirit of the age, than just the fact.

† In point of fact, one of the articles of charge against the officers to whose case we adverted in our last paragraph, was that they had inflicted unusual and unprecedented punishments on their people; and they were condemned specially on this count,—the articles of war only authorizing officers to punish undefined offences "as in such cases is usual at sea."—So dangerous is it, even in an innovating age, to innovate *against* its spirit.

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support of our allegations. The bright side of the picture, however, is much more deserving of minute examination than this, its shadow; it is more gratifying at once, and more comprehensive. A few difficulties and embarrassments in the path of a limited number of men, many of whom, we can well believe, have been insensible of their accumulation; and a little temporary inefficiency, of which we cannot even say that *fortunately* it occurred in a period of comparative tranquillity; for in truth, such a season was necessary to bring it to maturity, and another active war would either again suspend, or hasten it to its final termination—these are cheap equivalents for the prospects to the whole profession with which they seem connected, and of which they are, in our eyes, the harbingers and heralds.

We have already said that the old system did its work excellently well in the time when it was in vigour; and notwithstanding the present unpopularity of such an opinion, we are much disposed to generalize the proposition, and maintain that as long as the human mind, either from infancy or want of cultivation, is, as it were, dead within, and can neither guide its actions by a long induction of reasoning, nor trace its transgressions through a series of indirect steps to their ultimate consequences, so long is it for the benefit of all parties that a despotic authority should be lodged in the hands of the chief of the community, and the connexion between crime and punishment kept direct and palpable, by means of summary corporal inflictions. It seems to us quite plain, that there is a period both of human life and human society, when the mind is accessible only to present impressions, communicated chiefly, almost exclusively, through the medium of the animal sensations; when, accordingly, the relative place of individuals is determined among themselves by their physical powers; and monarchs, masters, and among others sea-captains, must travel to influence over the minds of those intrusted to their care by the same brief road with their companions, if they would not lose their labour. On the other hand, however, it is indisputable that there is a period both of life and civilization when this system will not answer the purpose; when the youth shooting into manhood, the man becoming acquainted with his own reasoning powers, must be led, not driven: and the only difficulty then, is to make the transition. In a community, this should be begun as soon as a sense of shame and indignity is observed to mingle, in the individuals composing it, with a sense of mere pain under the inflictions of the original system, unjustly aggravating their severity; the mind thus called out on one point will presently expand; other and more generous sentiments will develope; and *perhaps*, an entire change may be effected in all cases, with time and care, and a complete system of moral influence be substituted for every vestige of physical coercion. This at least is certain, that a very considerable approximation to such a revolution may be made in every instance; and assuredly with advantage when it is accomplished, for that authority which merely crushes the wills and tempers of its subjects under its wheels, can never be so effective as that which harnesses them to its car. But then the period when this even commences cannot be the same in all individuals; and still less is it possible that all those vested with authority over others during its progress should have the tact requisite to meet its variations uniformly without mistake. Besides this, the springs of moral influence, however powerful, are unseen; whereas those of physical coercion are palpable to the grossest observation. The consequence is, that even when most skilfully conducted, this transition must always *appear* marked with encroachment on one hand, concession on the other; while the smallest precipitation, or want of tact, in either party, will elicit symptoms of discontent and insubordination, uncertainty and vacillation, *isolated experiment*, and want of concert on the receding side. Although still these accidents, (for they are no more,) unless very much aggravated, in which case it is certain that the transition is prematurely developing, are viewed, not in themselves with favour, but without much regret, by a liberal-minded observer. They always mark an advance made, and yet making, in the scale of civilization: they are bubbles on the surface which only boil over when an undue degree of heat is externally applied: *laissez faire les evenèmens* is the wise maxim concerning them, and the result, in such case, is always gratifying and satisfactory.

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But this is evidently the point to which the British navy has now for some time attained; this the source of the anomalies and embarrassments which we have mentioned; and this, accordingly, the light in which we regard them. Our seamen's minds have been expanding in common with those of the age in which they live: they staggered a little at first under the weight of their new found wisdom, which but ill agreed with the circumstances in which their ignorance had before chiefly contributed to place them; and their officers, on the other hand, are still perhaps a little perplexed and embarrassed by those throes of intelligence which discompose them in that seat of authority in which they were once immoveable. But the worst is over, and every thing now combines to facilitate their passage through the remainder. It is indeed a very striking subject of contemplation to consider the minute preparation which, unconsciously on all hands, has paved the way for this consummation. The men first mutinied:—they were not altogether to blame for this,* but it fixed public attention for a while on their situation, obtained an example of relaxation in their favour, and proved besides satisfactorily, that they were not yet ready for more. From that time down to the present, they have been the most faithful and loyal of subjects; most exemplarily patient and persevering under many hardships, some discouragements, and what is worst of all for men of their stamp to bear, the *ennui* of protracted but inactive service. Yet have they always been making some way in their destined course; their little finger was in, their arm has already more than followed, and now every thing seems ready for introducing their whole body. The officers, on the other hand, have not, as we have already intimated, been universally sensible of the change which was going on about them: they have borne, each his own burthen, as he might; carried along, all of them, by the stream of improvement, backing and filling in its channel, unconscious of their own progress, unless when made occasionally sensible of the altered bearings of the land about them. And this has been fortunate for the cause, for it is of the very essence of human policy to rush too rapidly to its object; and it has not been unfortunate for themselves, for such have been the judgment and temper which they have throughout exhibited, scarcely one stray brother has been drawn in by the eddies, or cast ashore and wrecked amid the shoals of the times. But now they are almost at sea, and only wait for a rendezvous signal to make sail in concert. For this has their present long relaxation been given them, for this their habits of violence have been interrupted, and themselves been constrained to study the arts of peace. To the same end are their people now subdued by circumstances to more regularity than before; and their own clubs, Bible Societies, elections, and the whole apparatus of civil collision in which they are involved, been provided. That thus inveterate habits on both sides might be gradually but imperatively

* The elements of combustion were perhaps prepared, but, next to the agents of sedition from the shore, it was the Quota-men, as they were called, who fired the train. These were landsmen, volunteers furnished by the several counties, and lured by enormous bounties, L.25, when the best seamen that could be impressed got either nothing, or at the most L.5; they were mostly better educated too than the regular hands—pen and ink gentry, unaccustomed alike to labour and restraint, and consequently prepared to find every thing wrong. The celebrated chief delegate, Parker, was a fellow of this stamp; contributed, we may add, by our own "gude town." We are acquainted with a gentleman still residing here, who was accidentally present when he was first brought before the sitting magistrate, charged with an intention to fly the country to defraud his landlady, to whom he owed about L.18. His address was so good, and pretensions so high, the magistrate at first scrupled to issue the warrant to detain him, although he had no bail to offer. But at length he was committed, accepted the high bounty to obtain his release; and just eighteen months afterwards hoisted his rebel flag at the Nore.

We wish very much that some of the many surviving officers who held situations of rank and responsibility at that eventful period in the navy, would now, when details could do no harm, favour the world with their recollections on the subject. We are in possession of some anecdotes ourselves relating to it, which we should not scruple to publish, were nothing better offered. But they are hearsay, and it should be an eye-witness, even an actor, who undertook the task.

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broken; and new ground occupied by each, of necessity and of course.

It now remains then to trace the probable effects of so many causes, with their effects again, as we have already said, either as already developed, or likely progressively to appear. They naturally divide themselves under two heads, the changes which may thus be anticipated in the situation, and in the character of our seamen. And the first, strictly speaking, belongs to the present division of our subject, while the second would come in more appropriately when sailors are considered from under that eye of authority, which on board ship will always impose some restraint on their natural dispositions. As we have been led, however, now into a considerable detail, which was not at first anticipated, we shall postpone both to a future occasion.

It is in the very nature of precipitation to subject those who submit themselves to its guidance to confession of error and mistake. Captivated by the promise of our present task, we rushed into it with a haste which, as our views opened on consideration, has made even our title now incongruous, for we no longer consider the moral and religious education at present bestowing on our seamen as a primary cause of almost any thing peculiar in their worldly prospects; it seems to us only a powerful agent in their behalf, evoked among others, by the peculiarities of the age, which it did not even precede in point of time. It does not appear necessary, however, to break the series to remedy this. Mere title is unimportant, and our objects continue substantially the same,—to trace, with as steady a hand as possible, the prospects of a profession in which we take the warmest interest, viewing them in connexion with that instruction now in course of dissemination among all its members; and to promote that dissemination as far as may lie in our power, by exhibiting the whole chain of improvement, of which it now, more than ever, seems to us to form but one link.

E.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

Dear Mr North,

As, in the earlier Numbers of your Magazine, you gave an occasional insertion to articles relating to the exiled House of Stuart, I am induced to offer you a Birth-Day Ode, which, if it possesses no other merit, will at least tend to prove that the attachment to the fortunes of that ill-fated family, notoriously prevalent in the western counties of England in the year 1715, had not altogether subsided, when the chivalrous spirit of our northern neighbours gave more overt proofs of their fidelity. The original Ode is in the possession of the representative of a family of considerable station and consequence in this county, to whom it was transmitted by his Jacobite predecessor. The following fragment of a song, my mother, who is nearly connected with the same family, remembers often to have heard her nurse, who lived to a very advanced age, chaunt, in impotent defiance of the Usurper. The spelling is adapted to the pronunciation of our provincial patois, and will be easily recognized by a native Zummerzet.

"Az I war a gwaing by the sign o' the Blue Bell,
I seed Major Metcalfe a gwaing to hell,
I upp'd wi' my boot, and I kick'd un in,
And I bid un make way for his Haniver King."

It may perhaps be necessary to state, that Major Metcalfe was Chamberlain to the "Wee, wee German Lairdie." For the style of the ballad I make no apology, as it is only offered in confirmation of the idea, that the feeling in behalf of the House of Stuart was not confined to the higher classes of society, unless indeed some deference is due to the fastidious palates of the Edinburgh Reviewers, whom I humbly beg to assure, that although I can admire, and can appreciate the devotion of those persons who sacrificed their all to that which they held to be the rightful cause, I am by no means a "Life and Fortune Man," on behalf of the doctrines of Passive Obedience, Divine Right, and Non-Resistance.

Dear, Mr North, your affectionate kinsman,

Somerset, August 23, 1821. John West.

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ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART,

The 20th of December, 1746.

Written by Dr ISAACS *of Exeter.*

Awhile forget the scene of woe,
Forbid awhile the tear to flow,
The pitying sigh to rise;
Turn from the axe the thoughts away,
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joys.

So, when black clouds and beating rain,
With storms the face of nature stain,
And all in gloom appears;
If Phœbus deign a short-lived smile,
The face of Nature charms awhile,
Awhile the prospect clears:

Come then, and whilst we largely pour
Libations to the genial hour,
That gave our Hero birth,
Let us invoke the tuneful Nine
To sing a theme, like them, divine,
To sing his race on earth!

How on his tender infant years
The careful hand of Heaven appears
To watch its chosen care;
Estranged from ev'ry foe to truth,
Virtuous affliction form'd his youth,
Instructive, though severe.

No sinful court its poison lent,
An early bane his life to taint,
And blast his young renown:
His father's virtues fire his heart—
His father's sufferings truth impart,
To form him for a throne.

How, at an age, when pleasure's charms
Allure the stripling to her arms,
He form'd the great design,
To assert his injured father's cause,
Restore his suffering country's laws,
And prove his right divine.

How, when on Scotia's beach he stood,
The wondering throng around him crowd,
To bend the obedient knee;
Then, thinking on their country chain'd,
They wept at worth so long detain'd,
By Fate's severe decree.

How, when he moved, in sweet amaze,
All ranks in transport on him gaze,
E'en grief forgets to pine,
The wisest sage, or chastest fair,
Applaud his sense, or praise his air,
Thus form'd with grace divine.

How great in all the Soldier's art,
With judgment calm, with fire of heart,
He bade the battle glow:
Yet greater on the conquer'd plain,
He felt each wounded captive's pain,
More like a friend, than foe.

By good unmoved, in ills resign'd,
No change of fortune changed his mind,
Tenacious of its aim;
In vain the gales propitious blew,
Affliction's dart as vainly flew,
His mind was still the same.

Check'd in his glory's full career,
He felt no weak desponding fear,
Amidst distresses great;
By every want and danger prest,
No care perplex'd his manly breast,
But for his country's fate.

For oh! the woes by Britain felt,
Had not atoned for Britain's guilt,
So will'd offended Heaven;
That yet awhile the usurping hand,
With iron rod should rule the land,
The rod for vengeance given.

But in its vengeance Heaven is just,
And soon Britannia from the dust
Shall rear her head again;
Soon shall give way the usurping chain,
And peace and plenty soon again
Proclaim a Stuart's reign.

What joys for happy Britain wait,
When Charles shall rule the British state,
Her sullied fame restore;
When in full tide of transport tost,
E'en memory of her wrongs be lost,
Nor Brunswick heard of more.

The nations round with wondering eyes
Shall see Britannia awful rise,
As she was wont of yore.
And when she holds the balanced scale,
Oppression shall no more prevail,
But fly her happy shore.

Corruption, Vice on every hand,
No more shall lord it o'er the land,
With their Protector fled:
Old English virtues in their place
With all their hospitable race,
Shall rear their decent head.

In peaceful shades the happy swain,
With open heart and honest strain,
Shall hail his long-wish'd Lord;
Nor find a tale so fit to move
His listening fair one's heart to love,
As that of Charles Restored.

Though distant, let the prospect charm,
And every gallant bosom warm,
Forbear each tear and sigh!
Turn from the one the thought away,
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joy.

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THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of ———, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopt my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled shewed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the cielings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack.—There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through: It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pullies above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide

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through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sort of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, blodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be gone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to shew him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonising thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him,—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse

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without ringing, but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

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ON COPLESTONE'S INQUIRY INTO THE DOCTRINES OF NECESSITY AND PREDESTINATION.

LETTER II.

To CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—Having endeavoured to shew that philosophical necessity is inconsistent with activity, the next step of the Rev. Inquirer is to try to prove it to be destructive of morality. "It cannot be denied (he goes on to observe,) that in the habitual judgment of all mankind, the moral quality of actions depends upon the *freedom* of the agent. Praise and blame, reward and punishment, uniformly imply that we think the party who is the object of them might have acted otherwise; and as soon as it is discovered that he acted under compulsion, we no longer measure the action by the standard of duty. It is in fact the first excuse which a culprit makes, if he can, that his will had no share in the deed. The deed may, it is true, though proceeding from ignorance, or from an extraneous power, still lie culpable to a certain degree—if that ignorance were not inevitable, or if the person placed himself voluntarily in that state of subjection which deprived him of choice. But still our judgments in these matters, all have respect to one principle that man is not accountable for what was not in his own power."

This statement, I must take the liberty of saying, is extremely loosely worded. The emphatic terms are employed without any prior definition of the precise meaning intended to be conveyed by them, and the whole passage is consequently so completely equivocal, that neither Libertarian nor Necessitarian need hesitate to assent to it, as it stands. The question is, what sort of *freedom* is requisite to determine the quality of actions? What sort of compulsion is destructive of responsibility? What is the rational meaning of the word blame, and what the philosophy of punishment? Punishment is the application of the fear of pain, naturally inherent in men, as a motive to controul the will of those, whose tendencies to bad actions are not restrained by the motives which commonly act as restraints upon the evil propensities of mankind. Now, how do we estimate the moral value of a good action, or the fitness for punishment of an apparently bad one? We inquire whether or not it was performed under a state of absolutely forcible compulsion, fear, or ignorance. We first make this inquiry, merely because, if the causes of compulsion, fear, or ignorance can be otherwise removed, punishment becomes unnecessary.* For as pain, and the apprehension of pain are applied medicinally to controll that will which is found to be permanently uncontrollable by other motives, so it is, of course, requisite to ascertain that the will has become inveterately diseased before the stimulus of punishment is applied; and this is done precisely upon the principles which lead a surgeon to apply a plaister to a green wound, or electricity to a contracted sinew: nor does the judge who pronounces sentence, think of inquiring whether the depravity of the will of the culprit, is a necessary depravity, and could not have been otherwise, any more than the surgeon would of inquiring whether the disease he cures could have been, or could not have been avoided. The same reasoning equally applies to voluntary ignorance, or to wilfully subjecting oneself to extraneous power. The depraved will, which chuses ignorance or subjection to improper power, must be cured or neutralized by the counteracting motives of fear and shame.

It is in obedience to this rule that those crimes which confessedly spring from ignorance and ill education, and which are as inevitable, and as much the creatures of necessity as a life of ill example and wicked instruction can make them, are for the good of society punished equally with those committed by men of more enlarged minds

* Soldiers are punished for cowardice on strict necessitarian principles. The certainty of ignominious death is a stronger motive to stand, than the risk of honourable death is to run away.

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and liberal education. If we pity the ignorant malefactor more, it is because the unavoidable tendency to crime is, in him, brought more directly and certainly into view, and because we also see that in him punishment must probably be less efficacious, and be required again and again, and with increasing severity. The mind of a criminal who possesses knowledge, and who, of course, has a larger store of motives, good and bad, is generally curable by punishment. Whilst his evil propensities are held in abeyance by fear, his mind reposes upon its better tendencies, which consequently gain strength as the others fade. The ignorant reprobate may be kept by fear from mischief for a time, until the impression wears off. But he has no better knowledge—no more enlightened affections to cultivate, and punishment is to him merely what the heated wires of the cage are to the ravenous cat. It is also to be observed, that the crimes of an intellectual man, are for the most part, caused only by complicated and singularly unfortunate combinations of circumstances, which, when once interrupted, are less likely to be renewed.

It has been always, and, as it seems to me, most strangely, a favourite idea of the advocates of Freewill, that their theory is necessary for the explanation of punishment, and for the hypothesis of this life being a state of trial. Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive what sort of *freedom* other than the *freedom to do what we will*, can be requisite to justify punishment, or to afford room for moral discipline. In fact, Philosophical Freewill is perfectly incompatible with both. The denial of the necessary influence of motives on conduct, is essential to the libertarian system. But the system of punishment is an attempt to influence the conduct by means of the motives of a fear of pain and of shame, and it is only upon the supposition, that these motives have a certain and necessary tendency to bring about a given line of conduct, that pain can be reasonably inflicted. Nor does it help the advocates of liberty out of their difficulty, to say, as some of them have done, that though punishment certainly produces a tendency to a better line of conduct, yet the object still has the power to overcome that tendency, by an exertion of the freedom of his will. The infliction of punishment must render the chusing of this evil exertion of Freewill more difficult—or it must not. If it does, this is to admit that the motive in question has some power to neutralise according to its strength, that perfect freedom of will which is contended for. If this be so, it is utterly inconceivable how the mind which is necessarily biased to one side of an alternative, can by possibility chuse the other side, unless some opposite motive of equal force exert a similar influence towards the other side, and thus restore that balance which is necessary to the display of Freewill. If it does not render the chusing more difficult—if it be said, that the mind yields to the motive only of Freewill, and may from the same Freewill with undiminished ease, set it at defiance and act in opposition to it—then this is saying, that there is always inherent in the mind an unvarying and complete power to act, not only *without*, but *against* motives. If this be so, I ask, where then can be the utility either of punishment, or any kind of discipline? For according to this supposition, the object is as likely to act wrong if it is applied, as he is likely to act right if it is omitted, and he is as likely to do either of these things as the contrary, having an absolute, unalterable, and complete power to do either or any of them. Nor is it admissible to say that—although he has the power, he is not so likely to exert it, as to refrain from exerting it—for wherein does the likelihood lie? If motives have not a certain, and necessary influence on the ultimate decisions of the mind, then they have an uncertain and contingent influence, (if influence it can be called,) which may be either submitted to or not; and it is impossible to predict when it shall, and when it shall not be submitted to, the powers of chusing either side of an alternative being always equal, according to the doctrine of Freewill. If an appeal be made to experience, that where no evident, powerful, contradictory motives intervene, punishment is, in fact, generally followed by reformation; this is only putting one of the strongest arguments, for the probability of a necessary influence being exerted over the will, inasmuch as *constant sequence* is all we have to prove even

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the doctrine of *Cause and Effect*, which is one of the principal foundations of human reasoning. The source of the notion of Freewill being necessary to justify punishment, is probably to be found in the still more common notion of punishment, as being merely *vindictive*. We are, for the most part, early possessed with a confused idea that there exists some essential, and natural connection between crime and punishment, independently of any future or present good to be attained by the infliction. Now when the word "crime" is defined—viz: to be that voluntary human action which is the cause of suffering either to others, or to the agent himself, or to both, the doctrine of vindictive punishment turns out to be merely this—an assertion that, because a man has been the means through which suffering has been experienced by others, or by himself, therefore he shall experience more suffering. To say that because some pain has occurred, therefore more pain ought to occur, is a *dictum*, which, in itself, carries no proof of its truth. The *wherefore* remains to be shewn. To render the assertion at all rational, we must answer, either, that this is a means of lessening the amount of suffering on the whole,—or, that God has so willed it, for reasons above our comprehension.

In his second discourse, (the text of which is Deut. viii. 5,) Dr Coplestone attempts to point out the compatibility of a general controlling Providence with free-will. During the course of his argument, the following passage occurs:—"The only argument brought against it, is borrowed from the difficulty of accounting for evil as mixed with God's creation, and of conceiving free-will in his creatures. But *difficulties* can never be listened to against the evidence of facts. The fact of the existence of evil no one denies; *and the existence of free-will is, by the concurrent unreflecting testimony of all mankind, admitted to be a fact*, opposed only by the metaphysical objections of a few. That all mankind act, speak, and think, *as if the will were free, is admitted by these few themselves.*"—This is "unreflecting testimony" with a witness! If we inquire rigidly into these two assertions, we shall find, I believe, that they are directly opposite to the truth. What does this general "unreflecting testimony," (as the reverend gentleman terms it) testify? Why, that men are free to do as they please. That they may freely, and without any counteracting compulsion, choose, in accordance with their view of a matter, and act according to that choice. This is all that Necessitarians contend for, and all that seems necessary for human happiness; but this is not philosophical free-will. Ask any of these "unreflecting," testifiers, if they possess some such power as that of making themselves choose what they don't choose, if they choose to do so, with a power of choosing to choose against their choice, should that vagary come into their head. Define to them metaphysical liberty, in the most intelligible way that it admits of; ask them if they recognize this in themselves, and mark what replication they shall make. In fact, the unreflecting of all ranks of society, every day, act and reason upon the principles of philosophical necessity, though without knowing it. Ask the "young Hopeful" of low life, why he prefers going to sea, to being a tailor; and he tells you "he can't help it." Ask the accomplished Maria, why she won't marry Joseph Surface, whom all respect, but prefers his profligate brother, and she tells you "she can't help it." The freedom they recognize, is a freedom from actual and sensible compulsion; the necessary bias of the will itself, they universally admit. Instead of the advocates of philosophical necessity admitting that "Mankind act, speak, and think, as if the will was free according to the metaphysical notions of free-will"—the very advocates of free-will themselves do not admit it, in practice and effect. They would inevitably send to Bedlam any man who should act as he might sometimes be expected to act, if their system were true. Suppose Dr Coplestone were to offer a starving porter a guinea to carry a letter twenty yards, to the post-office, and the man refused and put his refusal upon free-will, would not the reverend doctor conclude him to be mad? So habitually do we rely upon the certain influence of motive, that where an unexpected act occurs, we immediately refer it to some hidden reason in the mind of the agent; and if there does not appear to be room for any, we pronounce it insanity. It answers no end to say, that though men never knowingly choose to act as if they were insane, yet they are free so to act and choose. This is a strange kind of

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freedom of choice. We may as well admit the necessary influence of motives, as admit that men are compelled to act according to motive, under pain of being denounced idiotical or mad. He who is banished from Scotland, is free to go or stay, excepting—that, if he stays, he will be hanged.

For the existence of Evil, Dr Coplestone very naturally attempts to account, by supposing mankind to be in a state of *trial*. The word *trial*, however, is ambiguous; nor has the reverend doctor given any very accurate explanation of what he means by it. This is of little consequence. Whether it means that man is then going through a certain process, by which the experience of certain sorts of pain is to produce a specific change in the constitution of the mind; or whether is meant by it an ordeal or test, by which to call forth and ascertain the quantum of inherent virtue and vice—it is still more capable of rational explanation, upon necessitarian principles, than upon any other. Under the first signification, if we allow the connection of cause and effect in the mind, as in other things;—and suppose that the application of certain motives or mental stimuli, must have necessary and specific effects upon the character, then, by the discipline of misfortune and evil, certain changes may be brought about, which may, for aught we know, be unattainable by any other means. But with an uncontroulable and incomprehensible free-will, what purpose could such a process answer? The repetition of any line of conduct is no more to be certainly expected according to this system, than the repetition of a series of tones on the Æolian harp. We have no more data for knowing how free-will may act on the next occasion, than how the wind may blow on the next occasion. The second signification is, for the reasons already stated, evidently as little reconcileable with the hypothesis of free-will, as the first. The advocates of free-will are always liable to this dilemma. Either the exertion of free choice is equally easy on each side of an alternative, under any circumstances, or it is not. If it is not, then the will is not free; and if it is, then there is an equal chance for every successive exertion being wrong, as well as right. For in this case, experience either proves too much, or nothing. It either proves the necessary influence of motives, or else it is not to be relied upon at all. Thus, if a dice-player casts a given number thrice running, it either proves the existence of some necessary cause for that number being cast, rather than another; or it is admitted that the fourth cast is not more likely to be the given number, than any other possible number. Equally inconsistent is the notion of any power in the mind of choosing *against* motives. Either the mind must have two methods or modes of exercising choice, which is improbable; or, the choosing against motives must be done in the same way as in choosing in accordance with motives;—that is to say, the mind must have a power of rendering to itself the unattractive side of a question apparently the attractive one, which is more improbable. It seems absolutely inconceivable that the mind should knowingly choose that which it naturally dislikes, without feeling pain; and if the effort be painful, freedom is imperfect, because we naturally are impelled to avoid pain. If it be said we have a free power of choosing to resist this impulse; then, I reply, we must have a prior free choice, choosing that second choice, as it also would be painful; and so on, *ad infinitum*. With respect to any supposeable power of the mind to render that which at first was unattractive apparently attractive, the possession of such power seems to be negatived by the fact of the painful conflict which takes place when opposing motives are nearly balanced—a thing which could not be under such a power.

The words of the text which Dr Coplestone has chosen for his third discourse, are remarkably striking. "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and fore-knowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands, have crucified and slain."—Acts ii. 23. In setting out on his forlorn hope of reconciling free-will with this determinate counsel and declared fore-knowledge, the reverend author has very properly begun with some observations on the improper use of the words "certainty, possible, contingent," &c. In the tenor of all these observations, I cannot, however, agree. "One example," says Dr Coplestone, "has already been produced in the word "*certainty*," which properly relates to the mind which thinks, and is improperly transferred to the object about which

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it is thinking." Were this position admitted, I do not apprehend that, in the end, it would materially assist Dr Coplestone;—it is too sweeping, however, and therefore erroneous. It cannot be denied, undoubtedly, that very often the *certainty* is *improperly* transferred from the thinker to the thing thought of;—that is to say, when the certainty of the thinker is not built upon demonstrably adequate grounds. Yet, because it does not always happen that, when the mind feels certain of any thing, that thing is itself actually certain; is it therefore to be contended that the certainty is always improperly transferred from the thinker to the object thought of? Surely not;—at least if it be, then *abstract certainty* is denied altogether. This is going into extremes. When Newton or Halley mathematically demonstrated the occurrence of eclipses at certain times, the completeness of the demonstration was certainly an infallible proof of the certainty of the future event; and it is therefore properly transferred to it; nor can reasoning be falsified by such a transfer. Considerations of a similar nature are also applicable to the words "impossible" and "contingent."

The most extraordinary passages of the discourse, however, are those in which the reverend author attempts to establish the propriety—*possibility* perhaps should be the word—of the mind's believing two distinct contradictory propositions whilst they are separate; but which, if brought together, form a direct contradiction in terms. By this means, he seems to hold, that we may easily believe, that an event, the occurrence of which is uncertain, may be certainly foreknown. We have only to believe in the contingence of the event, and also in the foreknowledge; and take special care to admit only one of these beliefs into the mind at one time, so that they may never fight. As Dr Coplestone has, in one place, admitted that direct contradictions in terms, are merely propositions without meaning, and therefore cannot be proposed to any end, either derogatory or the contrary, as to the power of any being to understand or perform them, I presume he considers fore-knowledge and contingence as two qualities, the compatibility of which is only apparently inexplicable—and not absolutely so; although, if this be the case, there appears no reason why they may not be believed *together*. That I may not misrepresent the reverend doctor, however, I shall first quote the passages from both discourses in which this odd rule of faith is embodied, and then hazard one or two observations upon them.

At p. 69, we read as follows:—"If, that God made every thing, knowing beforehand all that would come to pass, and all that men do, be an undeniable truth—if, nevertheless, he deals with man, as if he were free to act, and rewards and punishes him according to this trial, and we cannot comprehend how both these things *should* be true *together*, we yet can *believe them both to be true*—and so believing, we may well conclude, that many of our occasional reasonings concerning these things must be infected with the same apparent incongruity that strikes us in the enunciation of those first principles." Again, at p. 79, "If, however, we set ourselves to examine each of these abstract positions separately from the other, dark and perplexing as the inquiry often is, yet the arguments deducible from reason and experience alternately in their favour, appear to be irresistible; and as one of the most candid inquirers observes, 'what flashes of light break out, from time to time, present the image of truth on opposite sides.' Why then should not truth itself be really an inmate of each opinion? Unless it can be shewn, *which never has yet been shewn*, that the two opinions are contradictory to each other. That they are contradictory has been tacitly assumed, because to us their union is inexplicable; and hence the most pernicious errors of different kinds have at times prevailed, some denying or doubting the agency of Providence, others the freedom of the human will."

This method of believing separately two propositions, which, when compared, cannot both be believed, has, in one shape or other, been recommended before, though never perhaps so undisguisedly as in the present instance.* In the second quotation it is asserted, that "it has never been

* Akin to this ingenious scheme of taking a contradiction "at twice," for those whose swallow is not sufficiently *Boa-like* to manage it whole, are the "sensus divisus" and

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shewn that the two opinions are contradictory to each other." This is not a little unreasonable. If to suppose, that a being certainly knows that an event shall, certainly and without any chance of failure, take place; and that he, at the same time, knows that its occurrence is a contingency, or doubtful chance, and that it may possibly not take place—if to suppose this be not to suppose a plain, evident, and palpable contradiction, I know not what a contradiction is. And I am equally at a loss to conceive, if the meaning of the words be understood, what possible room there is for further "*shewing*." One might as well be demanded to *shew* that "*no*" and "*yes*," when predicated of the same proposition, are contradictions to each other. The ideas, as *we perceive them*, and the words, as *we understand them*, cannot, and do not consist; and it is for those who deny the contradiction, to shew, either reasons why they *do* consist, or room for hidden reasons why they *may* consist. This they, I think, cannot do; and till they have, it is an abuse of language to term the union of these two opinions—Contingence and Foresight—"inexplicable," merely. The word inexplicable refers itself to mysteries as opposed to impossibilities. Now pure contradictions are not mysteries. We fully apprehend the meaning of the terms, and we view every thing that is embodied in them, and we see that the ideas which they embody are contradictory. We see, at the same time, that there is no room for any mysterious hidden circumstances, the detection of which may reconcile the two apparently clashing propositions. There is no difficulty in believing proved facts, which are apparently, as *far as we know*, contradictory to each other; but then we do this only from perceiving at the same time that, between them, and connected with them, there is room for something further to be known, which, when known, must clear up the contradiction. Thus we believe in many peculiarities connected with tides and currents which contradict all the general laws on such subjects; we believe in that stream which

"Ne'er feels retiring ebbs, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont—"

because there is room for hidden circumstances, the knowledge of which would elucidate the seeming inconsistency. To believe purely contradictory propositions, is neither more nor less than believing that a thing may be at once true and false; for how do we absolutely ascertain the truth of any proposition but by ascertaining that there exists no counter proposition, of undoubted truth, which may be set against the first; and what other definition can be given of perfect and absolute truth in ratiocination? to say that contradictions *may* be true is only denying the existence of abstract certainty in the world.

To come to a right understanding of this question, it is only necessary to make this distinction. If there be two contradictory propositions, the possibility of the union of which is inexplicable to the mind, that is to say, of which we cannot conceive room for the possibility of their being brought to consist, then they form a contradiction to us absolutely incredible. But if of the two contradictory propositions we know enough to know that there is room for the possibility of their being shewn to be inconsistent, then they are credible as far as the contradiction is concerned. If this distinction be not attended to, and both sorts of contradictions are held to be credible, there must be, as it appears to me, an end of human reasoning. The very rankest contradiction that language can express comes under the first definition. Suppose it be asserted that *two and two are five*, what is this but a proposition embodying ideas so contradictory, that we cannot see or conceive any room for the possibility of their ever being shewn to agree? Further than this we cannot go. If one contradiction of this sort be held to be true, all other contradictions may, for aught we know, be true; and a denial

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the "sensus compositus" of the following controversial morceau of the schoolmen "*Resp.* Estius—hanc propositionem 'Quod prævisum est potest non evenire' duplicem habere sensum, *compositum*, scilicet, et *divisum*. Compositus sensus hic est—simul consistunt ut aliquid sit prævisum a Deo, et tamen non eveniat; quò sensu, *falsa* est propositio. Divisus verò sensus hic est. Fieri potest ut hæc res (demonstrata ea quæ prævisa est) non eveniat; et in hoc sensu *vera* est propositio!" and so on.

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of all received truths, and the assertion of all acknowledged falsehoods, may upon this principle be established, as far as any thing could be said to be established in the mental chaos that must ensue.

With the theological consequences resulting, or supposed to result, from the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, I have already said that I shall not meddle. It may be permitted me, perhaps, to express my opinion that, with respect to many of those alleged consequences, the two doctrines of Free-will and Necessity do not differ so much as is commonly supposed.

As I have already encroached upon your limits, I am the better pleased at feeling it unnecessary to apologise to Dr Coplestone, for the liberty I have taken in offering these remarks upon his work. To suppose the learned and reverend Inquirer less aware than myself of the importance of free discussion to the interests of truth, would be the height of arrogance. To imagine for a moment that the support of a set of doctrines, rather than the furtherance of general knowledge, was the object of his pen, would be worse.

I am, &c.

T. D.

SONG, BY MORGAN O'DOHERTY,

On being asked who wrote "The Groves of Blarney."

'Who,'—ask ye! No matter.—This tongue shall not tell,
O'er the board of oblivion the name of the bard;
Nor shall it be utter'd, but with the proud spell,
That sheds on the perish'd their only reward.

No, no! look abroad, Sir, the last of October;
In the pages of Blackwood that name shall be writ,
For Christopher's self, be he tipsy or sober,
Was not more than his match, in wine, wisdom, or wit.

Ye Dowdens and Jenningses, wits of Cork city,
Though mighty the heroes that chime in your song,
Effervescing and eloquent—more is the pity
Ye forget the great poet of Blarney so long.

I mean not the *second*, O'Fogarty hight,
Who can speak for himself, from his own native Helicon,
I sing of an elder, in birth and in might,
(Be it said with due deference,)—honest *Dick Millikin*.

Then fill up, to his mem'ry, a bumper, my boys,
'Twill cheer his sad ghost, as it toddles along
Through Pluto's dark alleys, in search of the joys
That were dear upon earth to this step-son of song.

And this be the rule of the banquet for aye,
When the goblets all ring with "Och hone, Ullagone!"
Remember this pledge, as a tribute to pay
To the name of a minstrel so sweet, so unknown.

Sept. 1, 1821.

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LATIN PROSODY FROM ENGLAND.*

To Christopher North, Esq.

Sir,

You must often have perceived how haughtily our southern neighbours assert their superiority over us in every thing relating to classical literature, and particularly in the science of metre. I readily admit that the country of George Buchanan does not support the fame conferred on it by that illustrious scholar; that the system of education in our schools is not as well calculated for the diffusion of deep classical knowledge, as that in the great and valuable public schools of England; and that some remarkably ignorant blunders in prosody have been occasionally made by some of our countrymen; but I nevertheless contend, that the charge against us is made too general and sweeping, and urged more with a spirit of nationality, than a regard for the real state of the case. For example, you may recollect how unmercifully they hunted down the unfortunate Musæ Edinenses. They were bad enough, in all conscience; but it was hardly fair to stigmatize, as the English Reviewers did, the literature of a whole country, from the folly of an indiscreet person who printed the exercises of raw and half-taught schoolboys. All the prosodial sins of Scotland were raked up on the occasion. I remember that the Quarterly twitted good old Doctor Anderson with having published, as a correct specimen of the Sapphic, a few verses written sixty years ago by Graeme, which have the misfortune of containing about three times as many faults as they have lines.† It certainly was a betise of the Doctor's, but a candid critic‡ would not have noticed it just then. If we wished to retaliate in the same way—that is, by picking up absurd books written, and mistakes committed, by English writers on similar subjects—we should find no difficulty in doing so, though it would be unjust to imitate them, in making the errors or ignorance of a few, the grounds of reproach against the classical learning of all England.

I have got into my hands this morning a book in considerable use in English schools—written by a clergyman, master of a grammar school—which, in 1813, had reached a fifth edition, and in all probability has added another since—receiving, as its author informs us, (p. 10.) various puffy criticisms from the British Critic, the Monthly Review—which at one time was really not a contemptible work—the Critical and Analytical Reviews, in its progress; and if you, Mr North, do not think the minute disquisitions of prosody unfit for your pleasant pages, I shall shew you, by this panegyrised book, that an inconceivable ignorance of metre is sometimes to be found south as well as north of the Border.

The first portions of the book I have but slightly glanced over. They consist of rules of construction and positions of Latin arranged on a peculiar plan, that appears tolerably well exe-

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* The Latin Primer in three parts * * * * * *. Part III. A large and plain description of the Latin verse, and of many kinds of composition in verse; a summary account of Terence's Metres, and a more minute one of the Metra Horatiana; with a table designed to give a ready and perfect knowledge of all Horace's Metres at one view. By the Rev. Richard Lyne, Rector of Little Petherick, and late Master of the Grammar-school at Liskeard. Fifth edition. Longman & Co. 1813.

† The passage is in Anderson's Poets, vol. xi. p. 411. The poem begins with a line which may serve as a specimen,

"Pueri agrestes irridendum pecus,"

consists of 16 lines, and contains 45 faults; on which Dr Anderson remarks, that it must be allowed to be a *very correct and manly performance* for a boy of fifteen!—A.

‡ The Quarterly, however, was at that time nettled at the calumnies poured out against Oxford and the great English Schools, by the Edinburgh, and may perhaps be on that ground excused. But the principal of these calumnies were written by an Englishman, the Reverend S**** S****, one of the most unfortunate men that ever passed for a wit. Animals of that kind were in great feather some dozen or half dozen years ago; but now, as Sir Walter Scott says in Marmion, "Thanks to Heaven and good Kit North," they are clean gone.—*Requiescant in pace!*—A.

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cuted. The third part, which professes to be a large and plain account of Latin verse, &c. is my object, and I shall go through it with as much order and dispatch as possible.

He begins properly enough by considering the hexameter, of which he gives a very meagre account, containing some inaccuracies which I shall not stop to point out, as there is better game in view. Nor shall I delay on his pentameters, except to make a few remarks on rhymed Latin, the consideration of which he here introduces, and shews he knows nothing about it. "The following verse of Ovid," he says, (p. 204.) "is spoiled by a rhyme,

Quærebant *flavos* per nemus omne *favos*."

Now there is no rhyme here; flávos accented on its first syllable and favós on its last, (which is the way they ought to be pronounced) rhyme no more than *a mán* rhymes with *Háman*, or *prómontory* with *spárkling story*. Nor, with all deference to the learned author of Metronariston, do the verses which Lyne quotes after him, such as,

O pater, O patriæ cura decusque tuæ,

deserve the name of rhyme. They are merely homoteleutic, and of course do not rhyme any more than *correct* with *direct*, or *causeway* with *highway*, or *James Hogg* with *hedge-hog*. The author of Metronariston considers such verses as agreeable: to my ear they are very displeasing, if of any thing like frequent occurrence. Persius laughs at the poets of his day for using them, and crabbed as the satirist is, I own I prefer his authority to that of the master of Liskeard school, who declares them "soft and musical." True it is, there are limits to his admiration. Rhyme carried too far, he thinks spoils the dignity of some hymns in the Roman breviary, for instance,

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intactâ virgine;
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine;
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

Spoil the *dignity* of such a composition as this! Why, sir, it is not Latin verse at all. It is nothing but Latin words [illegible]pted to a foreign, or, as they themselves would say, a barbarous music and accentuation. They are sung as Trochaics thus: Nŏbĭs | dătŭs | nŏbĭs | nătŭs||ex ĭn- | -tăctă | vĭrgĭ- | -nē: without any regard to the true quantities. He might as well have quoted honest old Walter de Mapes's "Mihi est propositum in taberna mori," for a specimen of Latin verse, as this sample of the Roman breviary.

We next come to a chapter on six small verses, parts of the hexameter. The second of these he exemplifies by a fragment of a line from the Æneid, by following which plan he might have treated us with a more copious variety of metres than any former prosodian, a great object of his ambition. Why did not he give examples of the verse, (the heroic hepthemimeris,) from authors—Prudentius, Boethius, Ausonius, &c.—who really used it as an entire line, instead of having recourse to Virgil, who, of course, intended to have finished it as a full hexameter? The same objection will apply to the example of his next metre; the tetrameter a priore, for which his authority is Horace, who unquestionably uses it only as part of a heptameter. For this division, I own, however, he may plead the authority of some commentators; but the account of the pherecratian, his fifth in this department, is entirely original. He tells us (p. 206) that it consists of the three last feet of the hexameter, but adds that the first foot might be a choree. This should, I think, have startled him a little as to it's origin from the hexameter; and the line, in fact, is choriambic. But what think you is the example he gives us of the initial choree? Catullus's

Hȳmĕn | o Hymenæe!

Hyměn! ὑμήν! a short υ! and the next sentence is just as bad, "Catullus forms this trimeter not only with a choree in the first place, but a dactyl likewise in the last, which writers on this subject seem to have taken no account of, as

Cŏllĭs | ō Hĕĭ- | -cōnĭ
Cŭltŏr | ūrănĭ- | -æ gĕnŭs."

I have heard of a blind man, who maintained that there was no such sense as sight, because he did not possess it; and we have an analogous instance here. Because our author could not see that two Glyconic verses

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were not Pherecratian, he wonders that every body else is not as blind as himself. The lines occur in the Epithalamium of Catullus, which appears sadly to have puzzled the poor prosodian. He complains (p. 232) "that it is not entirely consistent with itself, the stanza being for the most part, but sometimes not, composed of five Pherecratic trimeters, of which the first four are irregular, having a dactylic cadence, and the fifth more exact." In reality the first four are Glyconics, and the fifth only Pherecratian.

Having so happily got through the dactylic verses, he next falls foul of Iambics. Here he lays down, that the Cretic, Amphibrach, and Bacchius, may be admitted into any place in the Iambic of comedy, which is just as true as if he had said they might be admitted into a place at the coronation. Every line in which they appear to exist, must of necessity be corrupt; but he is not satisfied even with these auxiliaries, for his first example (p. 208) of the comic tetrameter is—

Quid est | is ne ti- | -bi vide- | -tur dix- | -i
ĕquĭdem ŭbĭ mĭ- | -hi osten- | -disti
il- | -lico.

i ĕquĭdem ŭbĭ mĭ! five short syllables in a foot. I recommend the discovery to the curious in strange scanning. Throw out *mihi*, and the line is right.

He then discovers that as a tribrach, or proceleusmatic, may follow a dactyl, (which by the way a proceleusmatic can never do, as it is confined to the first foot) and precedes an anapæst, there may be eight short syllables in succession in an iambic line. By the combination of these three feet we might have nine short successive syllables, thus ⏑⏑⏑ | ⏑⏑ | ⏑⏑ | . But I doubt whether such a line exists. Hermann, I know, holds that an entire trimeter of tribrachs, except the last foot, is allowable; a delicious combination, for which you may remember he was greeted with a smart line, constructed after his own model, by a Porsonian.

The dimeter and trimeter Iambics are fine classical verses, used by the first poets of Rome, and therefore we get as samples two bald affairs from the Romish Breviary, a *beautiful* Morning Hymn, and another on the conversion of Saint Paul, beginning with

Egregie Doctor Paule mores instrue,

And so on, down to

Per universa æternitatis sæcula.

What taste! As for the beautiful Morning Hymn it is a poor thing, about as poetical as a Methodist canzonet, and what Lyne is ignorant of, written for rhyme.

Jam lucis orto side-ré
Deum precemur suppli-cés
Ut in diurnis acti-bus,
Nos servet a nocenti-bus,

Linguam refrænans tempe-ret,
Ne litis horror inso-net, &c.

The poets of the age, in which this hymn was committed, rhymed, as the Spaniards do, by a similarity of vowel. Thus *sideré* and *supplicés*, (the accent falling on the last syllable) rhyme just as *bana* and *espada* in

Rio verde, rio verde,
Quantos cuerpos en ti se bana
De Cristianos y de Moros,
Muertos par la dura espada.

So Pope Damasus, in his hymn on Saint Agatha's day,

Ethnica turba rogum fugiéns,
Hujus et ipsa meretur opem.

An attentive perusal of the Latin verses of that time, might, I think, throw some light on the origin of some of our metres, but this is no place for such a disquisition.

Our author is so enraptured, however, with the breviary, that we have it again as an example of the Iambic dimeter brachycatalectic. Listen to the sweet music.

1. Vĭtam præsta puram,
2. Iter para tutum,
3. Ut spectantes Jesum,
4. Semper collætemur.
5. Sit laus Deo patri;
6. Summo Christo decus;
7. Spiritui sancto
8. Tribus honor unus.

Lines 1, 3, 4, consist entirely of long syllables. Line 2 ends with a spondee. Line 6 has a spondee in even place, and 7 and 8 defy scansion; so that the fifth line is the only Iambic in this well chosen example! This stuff also was written without regard to ancient metres. The lines were probably intended for Trochaic and Spīrĭ | tŭĭ | Sānctŏ, Vĭtăm | prĕstă | pūrăm, and Trĭbŭs | hŏnŏr | ūnŭs were all excellent trochees in the mouths of the

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singers. If meant for Iambic, all you have to do is to alter the arsis, and sing Spĭrĭ | tŭĭ | sănctō | &c. But, in fact, the ancients had no such verse as the Iambic dimeter brachycatalectic. At least no example of it is extant in the classics that have come down to us.

This being so well dispatched, we next have an imperfect tetrameter Iambic acephalous, being a "noble hymn on the death of Christ."

Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis.

But he afterwards admits, that the verse may be a trochaic, (as indeed it is,) and divisible into two, (which also is true enough,) not, however, as he asserts, into a Trochaic and Iambic, but into Trochaics of different denominations. As the verse is classical, he might, I think, have taken an example from a Roman poet, (as, for instance, from Catullus,

Jussus est inermis ire, purus ire jussus est;)

instead of this noble hymn, which is nothing but a string of barbarous Latinity, where a continual straining at final assonance is observable. I give the last line as a specimen of the barbarity of the hymn,

Unius trinique nomen laudet universitas;

and then add Lyne's observation, (p. 214.)

"The author of this was Saint Ambrose, or Saint Austin, contemporaries in the fourth century, as some say; or Claudianus Mamercus, as Sidonius Apollinaris insists; it is quoted here from the Roman Breviary; and both this and those before, especially the Morning Hymn, written, I believe, by Saint Ambrose, the author of many hymns in that metre, are too beautiful to need commendation."

Too beautiful to need commendation! Why, they are scarcely common language. The sacredness of the subjects on which they treat, makes us feel some respect for them; but, considered in a literary point of view, they are neither grammar nor metre. So far from agreeing with Lyne, that their dignity is spoiled by the addition of rhyme, I am decidedly of opinion, that when the authors of the Hymns in the Breviary consulted their own ears, and did not endeavour to write in metres which they could not manage, they succeeded best; and those who read the

Pange lingua gloriosi corporis mysterium,

or, who hear that part of it,

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

sung to the divine music of Sebastian Bach, will agree with me, that it is, without comparison, superior to the muddy attempts at imitating the classical poets, which shock the reader of taste in almost every service in the Breviary. In the rhymed hymns, we pardon an unclassical word or phrase, as not expecting fine Latinity; in the others, of more pretension, we are disgusted at having that pretension every moment frustrated. This, I confess, is a digression, but I am only wading after my guide.

We next get to Trochaics, in which department we have a clever, and unexpected discovery. "In Catullus," quoth our prosodian, (p. 216,) "we find two sorts of mixed trochaics—in the Epithalamiun of Julia and Manlius," a poem with which he has already shown such intimate acquaintance. Here they are, with his original scanning:

Flămmĕ- | -ăm vĭdĕ- | -ō vĕ- | -nĭre.
Un guēn- | -thĕ glă- | -brismă- | -ăte.

This passes the bounds of reasonable stupidity. The lines are glyconics, with a redundant syllable, cut off in the next line

Flamme- | -um video | veni- | -re
Ite, &c. *i. e.* r' ite.

and the other line is of the same kind. Pretty mixed trochaics!

We then arrive at the lyric verses, and first of Choriambics. Here also he is a discoverer of a fact hitherto unsuspected. After counting up (p. 217.) six species of choriambic verse, he informs us that Prudentius has thrown all of them together into one ode or stanza in the order Lyne has arranged them. Now, no Latin poet has ever written an ode containing six varieties of metre, and, on turning to Prudentius, you will find that he has only *three* choriambics together, not six. In this department the choriambic tetrameter, (as

Omne nemus | cum fluviis | omne canat | profundum, *Claudian.*)

is omitted, though the Epichoriambic (No. 4. in this arrangement) is only a

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harsh variety of that metre. I was going to make some remarks on the structure of choriambics here, but I am unwilling to trespass too much on your space.

Then follows the class of Hendecasyllabics, where he is as luminous as in the former departments. Seneca, it appears, makes the second foot of the Sapphic, a dactyl: he might as well have said he made it a justice of peace. He cannot scan the line he quotes,

Quæque ad hesperias jacet ora metas.

Hesperias is a trissyllable, its two last vowels coalescing, as in *omnia*, *alveo*, &c. in Virgil. Why did not he tell us that Virgil concludes his lines with a dactyl, and quote

——Quin protinus omnia,

as proof? It would have been as wise. This section of Hendecasyllabics, *i. e.* verses of eleven syllables, he most appropriately concludes with the lesser alcaic, a line containing ten. For the honour of the Emerald Isle, I am happy to say, that this bull comes from England.

The Anapæstic is next on the carpet, and he takes care to shew, by his first sentence, that he knows nothing about it. He calls it a lyric verse, and says, that it at first consisted of four anapæsts, (p. 220.) Now, in fact, as I thought every dabbler in prosody knew, it consisted primarily of *two* anapæsts, which constitute the anapæstic base, from which you can make dimeters, trimeters, tetrameters, metres of every co-efficient, taking care only of the synapheia, of which this learned Theban knows nothing. No Latin poet ever wrote lines necessarily consisting of four anapæsts; for the three or four exceptions in Seneca and Ausonius are not worth noticing; but, for the convenience of printing, they are so exhibited in editions. If it were equally convenient to the size of the page, they might have appeared as decameters, had that structure of verse pleased the eyes of the compositor.

But it is in the succeeding chapter, the miscellaneous department, he is most eminent. He is peculiarly ambitious to be able to exhibit a larger assortment of metres than any former prosodian; and, to effect this purpose, he has pressed lines of all shapes and sizes into his service. Falstaff never had a more heterogeneous body of ragamuffins under his command than that which forms the elite of this chapter. Here we have an iambic monom. aceph. or, if you please, a trochaic monom. Cat. in *Occidi*—an iambic monom. Acat, in *Quid illud est*—a trochaic monom. hypercat. in *Hominem sta illico*—an anapæstic dipodia in *Ad te ibam quidnam est*—all fine names, but unfortunately mere fragments of comic verse. With the same judgment he raises an iambic trim. hypermeter—an iambic tetram. hypercat—a trochaic trim. and tetram. hypercat.—grand and learned titles for some corrupt lines extracted from a miserable edition of Terence, "printed in 1560, Lugduni, apud Mathiam Bonhome, a most useful edition," says this great judge, with a most elegant phrase of panegyric, "which I advise him to make much whoever has it." (p. 227.) As every reader, of any prosodial knowledge, well knows that no such lines are in Terence, I shall not take the trouble of copying his examples; suffice it to say, that they are all mere corruptions of the text, and scanned most barbarously. For instance, we have, p. 226.

Agĕ dă | vĕnĭăm | nĕ *grâ-* | *-vere*, &c.

with a false quantity in it. Even for a trochaic tetrameter, (for which a good example might be given,) he contrives to blunder on a couple of corrupt readings, which are of course no examples at all.

Again, (p. 225,) we have another recruit in an anapæstic tripodia. "Dĕcăm | nŏn ĕdĕ- | -pol sclo." Ædepol! This is ignorance with a vengeance. And the Anapæstic Tripodia! Even by his own scanning it is a glyconic, and when scanned correctly, a Dimeter Iambic.

In the same spirit of enlistment, he divides the minor Ionic Tetrameter into two parts, and counts the fragment as one species, and the entire line itself as another, just to augment his list. For this division, he had, I confess, the authority of some unprosodial editors; but when he divides the Phalæcian Pentameter (p. 225.) into three kinds of verse, the glory is entirely his own. It is a pity that he never read Boethius, whom he quotes, or he would have seen that *Si quis Arcturi sidera nescit*, and, *Mergat que seras æquore flammas*, are only two lines, not four—that they are of the same metre, the same

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of which he did not know,—and that Boethian Iambic, and Boethian Trochaic, penthemimers, owe their origin to his own fertile imagination.

Nor can I allow him to pass the Molossic or Carcine, as distinct species of verse. The Molossic is only a species of Hexameter. Indeed he calls it Hexameter in p. 198; though in p. 228 he bids us scan it with four molossi;—that is, we have a six foot line, consisting of four feet. Again, I must congratulate Ireland on the English origin of our author. The carcine is only a foolery that can be applied to all kinds of verse, and is not worth enumerating. *En passant*, I may remark, that somebody has been writing, in a late number of the New Monthly Magazine, on the subject of Carcines most ignorantly, as I could demonstrate, if it were worth while to do so.

I am getting tired, like my readers, of exposing this ignorant farrago, so shall only cull a few more posies, and conclude. The third foot of the major ionic tetrameter, we are told, (p. 223,) may be a second epitrit, which is merely impossible. The example he quotes from J. C. Scaliger, gives us a dichoree in that place, though our worthy metrographer has been so unfortunate as to scan him wrong. But it is with Catullus's Gallimbi, (the metre of that fine poem the Atys, which I perceive by your Magazine the Hon. Mr Lambe has so cruelly doggrelized,) that he makes the saddest work. He lays down, that it consists of half a dozen random feet, which happen to suit the first line; and soon finding that his ridiculous canon cannot proceed through three lines correctly, he flounders through a number of attempts at scanning, and then gives it up in despair, confessing that it contains still more varieties.—This is pitiable. He has not an idea how it should be scanned. But when he displays such astonishing ignorance as to exhibit

Egŏ mĕ- | -lĭĕr ĭ- | -go, &c.

with the first of mulier, and the first of ego long, I do not know what to say, and stop in amazement, though I still leave a fine harvest of blunders unnoticed.

And yet he is so well satisfied with himself, that it is a pity to laugh at him. It is manifest that he thinks himself a much deeper scholar in prosody than I. Vossius, (p. 231.) and and boasts most lustily of his superior diligence as a verse collector, (p. 195-231.) But, of the seventy-five verses he has raked together, I must inform him *twenty-nine* are to be struck out,* as being identical with other lines—or wrong scanned—or corrupt—or nonsensical;—and that, nevertheless, he has omitted at least a dozen legitimate species of verse.†

I have taken the trouble of examining this book, and pointing out its incredible errors, merely to shew, that if we wished to retort the sneers which some unfair critics in England heap upon us, we have ample means in our power. I confidently assert, that in Scotland there is no Latin teacher who could be so ignorant as to publish a book abounding with such mistakes and false quantities; or, if he did, that the Reviews of the country would not panegyrize it. Unfair, indeed, it would be to value the literature of England by the production of this unfortunate pedagogue. But is it not equally unfair in her critics not to extend to us a similar allowance?

I am, Sir,
Yours sincerely,
AUGUSTINUS.

St Andrews,
Sept. 13, 1821.

* He has, for instance, no less than 8 trimeter Iambics, given as varieties, on account of their containing different feet. By following this plan to its extent, he would have beaten out all competitors in number, for the comic tetrameter would have given him 98,750 varieties; and, if his own rule (p. 230,) was right, over half a million. This would be a fine body to march into the field.

† Carey has 58, exactly a dozen more than Lyne's real metres. I cannot mention Dr Carey's prosody without strongly recommending it. No scholar, in fact, should be without it. But it would be much improved if a less egotistical style were adopted,—if the baseliest puffing of his own books were suppressed,—and his own good-for-nothing poetry struck out. They who take the trouble of turning in his third edition, (London, 1819,) to pp. x. xiv. xix. 31. 37. 50. 55. 113. 140. 148. 150. 172. 187. 205. 220. 223. 227. 237. (one of the grandest specimens extant of the puff direct,) 256. 257. or any Jedediah Buxton, who will count how often the pronoun I occurs in the book, will be satisfied that I do not recommend an unnecessary alteration.

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THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

CHAPTER XV.

Leith Races.

To whisky pleeks, that brunt for cuks
On Town-guard sodgers' faces,
Their barber hauld his whittle mooks,
And scrapes them for the Races.

"Come, hafe a care," the captain cries;
"On guns your bagnets threw;—
"Now mind your manual exercise,
"And march down raw by raw."
And as they march he'll glowr about,
Tent a' their cuts and scars:
'Mang them fell mony a gassy snout
Has gush't in Birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day.

ROBERT FERGUSON.

O, YE inhabitants of Leith!—ye bailie-admirals and admiral-bailies!—ye maltmen and skippers,—merchants and traffickers of every description!—and, chief of all, ye change-keepers, and dealers in porter, ale, and British spirits, wholesale and retail!—why did you allow the *honest town* of Musselburgh to run away with your Races, and transport all the wealth and beauty which annually decorated your barren sands, to the *Links* of these canning provincials? No more shall the sweet sounds of the drum and fife,—the charming noise of the *rowley-powley*,—the roar of animals wilder than yourselves,—the tambour of the ground and lofty tumbler, and the organ of the rope-dancer, draw your attention from prices-current, the scarcity or plenty of pot-ashes or linseed, and the course of exchange! No more shall the flavour of aquavitæ and ale from a thousand bottles, sweeten your tarry and oily atmosphere, and make your publicans glad! Your races are for ever run; you must give up all pretensions to the science of horse-flesh, and in place of decking the tails of horses, confine yourselves to your own docks, wet and dry, and be content to travel six miles with your superiors, the *good town* of Edinburgh, to see the fun which was formerly at your doors.*

Leith Races were (I am sorry I cannot use the present tense) held annually in the month of July, on the sea-shore, to the eastward of the town, the time of running being accommodated to the recess of the tide. They lasted a week, and Edinburgh on these occasions was very full of company. The splendour of the equipages sported at this time, and the number of vehicles of every description called into requisition for Leith Races, gave the streets an unusually gay appearance. Almost every citizen who could ride, on that week exhibited his horsemanship; and every animal who had the slightest claim to the character of a horse, was obliged to shew his paces on the *Sands of Leith*. Farm-horses, brewers'-horses, and even those unfortunate creatures whose destiny it is to drag coals to the city, were required to act as saddle-horses for their mas-

* Why is the town of Edinburgh called *good*,—the burgh of Linlithgow termed *faithful*,—and Musselburgh denominated *honest*, in their public deeds, as if these qualities were single and incompatible with one another? Does not goodness imply the possession of honesty and faithfulness; and do not honesty and faithfulness entitle to the appellation of good? It is so in general society, and with regard to individual morals; but perhaps our ancestors, in characterizing the population of cities or towns, thought that apparent goodness did not require the nice observance of honesty,—that downright honesty made professions of good quite unnecessary,—and that faithfulness to engagements superseded both the one and the other. Or, (but I merely throw it out as a conjecture,) may not some of our witty princes have thus titled the places above-mentioned sarcastically, to notify that they were miserably deficient in the qualification implied in the name?—That is, that Edinburgh was the reverse of good,—the Musselburghers the antipodes of *honesty*,—and the burgh of Linlithgow every thing but *faithful*.—I must write a Dissertation on this subject.

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ters or their friends; and many an honest brute, with galled sides, and with pounds of hair at each fetlock, had the honour to be bestridden at Leith Races, who all the rest of the year toiled at the most homely drudgery.

Early on the morning of the race the Lists were called about by that most respectable body, the flying-stationers, (which included almost all the lame beggars of Edinburgh,) in these terms:—"Here you have a list of all the names of the noblemen and gentlemen, riders and riders' livery, who is to ride over the Sands of Leith this day, for his Majesty's purse of a hunder guineas o' value." An hour before starting, the procession of the *Purse*, which was elevated on a pole decorated with ribbons, and carried by a city officer, attended by a drum and fife, (Archy Campbell, what a great man wast thou then!) marched from the City Chambers, and proclaimed to all as it went along the doings that were to be at Leith Sands. Numberless boys attended the procession in its course, and children were held up by their mothers and servants—and country people stared and wondered—to see the gaudy shadow of a purse, the contents of which were such an object of ambition to so many noblemen and gentlemen. "Eh! I wonder if the haill hunder gowd guineas be there," I once heard a peasant say, as he stood, and with open mouth looked as if he could have swallowed it up, pole and all.—"Hoot, ye stupid haverel!" answered one who was near; "man, there's naething in't but some ill bawbees, wiggies or Brummagems, to keep it frae flightering in the wind. The siller's paid after-hend, out o' the Council Chamber."—"An' do they no get that braw pock to haud it in?" replied the countryman.—"Na, na! we keep a' our siller here intil the banks, honest man," said the citizen.—"It's wonderfu'!" continued the countryman, as the purse receded from his eye; "it's very wonderfu'! we have nae sic braw things at the Kirktown o' Auldnaigs, except it be the minister's wife's red satin prin-cod."

Recruiting parties, from all quarters, also attended the races, and at an early hour marched in martial array, and with military music, down to the scene of action. In one party might be seen our native Highlanders, in their splendid uniform, the serjeant stalking, with face of importance and dignified stride, to the sound of the bagpipe, followed by all his "prave laads." In another an ancient serjeant, with cocked hat and still erect air, marched at the head of those whose blue uniform shewed they belonged to the artillery; while in others, all the variety of martial cocks and caps, from the ponderous head-dress of the grenadier, to chimney-pot shaped skull caps, and *light-bob* head coverings,—heads plastered with soap and pomatum, or black tin queues of immoderate length,—offered to those inclined to be warriors a choice of avenues to military fame. "Sic a braw fallow that is!" ejaculated my country friend, as a well-known Highland recruiting serjeant passed; "that 'ill be a captain at the least," said he, addressing a workman who was hastening along the street.—"A captain, man! are ye wise enough?—D'ye no ken Serjeant Sh——ty?—he's just a chairman at the Tron Kirk for common."—"Say ye sae," replied my country friend, (whom I followed as closely as I could in his walk along the North Bridge,)—"and this auld man, wi' the cockit hat and blue claes, he'll maybe be something o' the same kind, for a' his looking sae like a sodger?"—"Na, na! that's auld Serjeant Amos o' the artillery; and that next ane ye see coming there—that's the famous Serjeant Tapp—Ye'll maybe hae heard o' him. Mony a puir fellow has he trepanned in his day, and mony a puir lassie, too, if a' tales be true.—But I maun awa' to the race, or I'll be ower lang—Gang ye doun that way?"—"Od, I dinna care though I gang a wee bit wi' you,—there's sae mony ferlies to be seen."

The cry of "Fine Findhorn speldings," by a woman with a basket, now attracted my rustic friend's attention, and he purchased a bunch of these teeth-trying morsels, to keep his chops going on his road to Leith. As he was turning the corner of the Bridge at the Theatre, a young man, in the usual Lowland country costume, viz. blue coat and vest, corduroy breeches, and blue stockings, tied with red garters under the knee, with the additional ornament of a peacock-feather twisted round his hatband, came quickly across the street, and accosted him

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with, "Eh, Johnny Knotgrass, is that you!—Preserve us a', man, wha wad hae thought to seen you here?" at the same time shaking him violently by the hand. "Gude guide us, Sandy Coulter! if I'm in the body! I'm glad to see you; and how's a' wi' ye, man, and your titty Jean, and auld Nanse, your mither, wi' her cough?"—"They're a' gaily, Johnny; I hope ye're weel yoursel, and the gudewife keepin' stout. Are ye for the race?"—"I'm etlan to gang, Sandy, gif ye'll gang wi' me, as I'm no very sure o' the gate."—"Od, I'se do that, for I dinna gang to Clayslap till the morn. I've tar to tak out to smear the sheep, and some iron for the smiddy." The two friends now joined company, and turned their faces down Leith-Walk, where thousands of every age and of every rank were hastening to the Sands.

Leith Walk, at this period, was the resort of all the beggars whom disease or disinclination prevented from calling the Lists; and these were stationed so closely on both sides of the road, and were so very importunate, that one does not regret the regulation which prohibits their appearance within the bounds of police. So many "poor blind boys,"—"puir lassies,"—fatherless children, and mothers without husbands—so many blind fiddlers, and lame musicians of every description, were plying their different arts in the crowded thoroughfare, that it required a more than common share of philosophy to pass along without emptying one's pockets of their small change. I have often thought what a fine Essay on the Gradations of Human Misery could have been written from a view of this living picture of congregated wretchedness. Here might be seen the idiot soliciting, with ineffective stare, "just ae baubee to buy a row;" the blind appealing with orbless eyes to the humanity of the passers by; and the mariner on wooden leg, or with fragments of arms, roaring out, with stentorian voice, "the dangers of the seas," and the fatalities of battle.

"Chuck a poor devil a halfpenny, if you please," said one of these last, on wooden stumps as a substitute for legs, to the two friends as they went along;—"lost both my precious limbs on the glorious first of June;" and he held out a piece of a greasy hat covered with canvas. John stopped, and fumbled in his breeches-pocket. "I had a nevoy, a tittie's son o' ma wife's, in the seafaring line, was killed, puir fallow, in that bloody battle; ye maybe kent him; he took on at Leith here; they ca'd him Robbie;" and he seemed undecided whether to give a halfpenny or a penny to the veteran. "What! Bob Gimmer was it?—my messmate, Bob? I knew him well; he was popp'd off by the bursting of a gun, wa'n't he?"—"Troth, ye're no far wrang; and did ye lose your legs there? Eh, man, it was a sair dispensation that. There's a saxpence till ye," said John, putting the coppers aside; and if ever ye come by Auldnaigs, speer for me, and ye's no want a meltith o' meat and a night's quarters. How glad ma gudewife wad be to hear how ye handled the mounzies that day, for she hates them because they're a' Papists."—"God bless you!—thank you!" said this mutilated remains of a man, as he pocketed the sixpence and stumped off.

A tall blind man, much pitted by the small-pox, (from which cause probably he had lost his sight,) with uncovered head, and long tied hair, accompanied by a woman, was now singing how he had been struck blind by lightning. "That's nae trouble o' his ain bringing on; that's a sinless infirmity," said John, and he rolled out a halfpenny from the intricacies of his shamoy purse. Three little children who were crying beside their mother, who had a fourth in her arms, now arrested him. "What's the matter wi' you, puir wee raggit things?"—"Eh gie's a halfpenny to buy a piece; we maena tasted meat the day!—Eh do't." This appeal was irresistible; and Mr John, placing a halfpenny in the hand of each, and clapping their unprotected heads, said, "God help us, ye're young thrown on the world; ye canna want a piece; but mind ye're no to buy sweeties wi't."

"John, ye're ower simple," said Sandy; "gif ye gang on at this rate, ye'll no leave as many bawbees as get a chappin o' ale when we come to the tents. I ne'er gie thae bodies ony thing, for the maist o' them, I've been told, are just impostors, and shuldna be encouraged."—"Buy ballants! buy ballants!" cried an old man with a basket, containing a perfect library of such articles, their title-pages all dis-

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played to view. "That's weel mindit," said John; "I promised to tak a ballant out to Peggy Morison. Hae you Sir James the Rose, honest man?"—"I think you'll find it here," answered he, presenting a parcel of alluring histories. "*Jamie of Yarmouth's Garland?*" said John, as he put on his spectacles to assist him in his choice; "that's no it. *London Tam*—That's no it either. *George Buchanan;* ay, he was the king's fule; what tak ye for this?"—"Threepence."—"I wadna grudge ye the siller, wad ye mak it bigger print," continued John. "*Barbara Allan, The Babes o' the Wood, Sir James the Rose;*—ay, here it's now;" and he treated for an addition to his library to the amount of sixpence.

While John was thus engaged, Sandy, attracted by the cry of "Fine ripe berries, twa dips and a wallop," remarked, they "wadna be the waur o' a wee pickle groserts," and received the stipulated measure of this commodity into his hat, to share them with his friend. The coaches were now rattling down the road in every variety of colour and livery. "See," said Sandy, as a well-known equipage was passing; "See to that, Johnny! there's a braw coach for you." John turned his head towards the road, and answered, "Ay, ay, that's very grand, indeed—a yearl, or a duke, aiblins; sax horses, and twa flunkies on the back o' the coach, and twa callants bobbing on the horses, to the bargain! sic luxury!—The folk there, I'se warrant, dinna ken what it's to want ony thing, and never do a hand's turn, nor need to set their foot to the ground unless they like. That's the way o' the gentry, God help us!"—"Na, na, ye're wrang there, Johnny; the folk there are nae mair gentle than you or me, man. That's the magistrates and provost; just bits o' trading bodies in the town. It's lang since the gentry hae gi'en up being "a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do weel," as it is said in the Scriptures. The provost o' our sin-burgh o' Clayknows is a better gentleman than ony o' them. The provost, ma lord, as they ca' him, is just a stockin'-weaver; and ane o' the baillies sells ingans; and that's just ane o' the street coaches they're in."*—"Weel, that's very strange, and gay and comical! But they may be very gude and worthy men, for a' that they haena been born to titles. We're a' o' ae stock, ye ken, Sandy, and I wad never despise a fellow-creature that——" "But see," again interrupted Sandy, "see that coach, and the flunkies in green livery—that's the Duke of Buccleuch's, a real nobleman, and a blessing to a' the country round, for he stays at hame, and spends his siller amang ourselves."—"Ay! and is that the Duke's carriage? If he saw me, he wad speak to me, I'm sure; for I never met his Grace (God bless him) in our country-side, but he says to me, 'John,' says he, 'how are you? and how's the gudewife and family?' and bid me, in his hamely way, if ever I cam to Dalkeith, to gang and take my dinner in his hall. I wish a' the nobles o' the land were like him."

At the bottom of Leith-Walk there were congregated, during the time of the races, a number of caravans of wild beasts, horses of knowledge, tumblers and harlequins. My friends had reached this spot, when John's attention was strongly attracted by a woman twisting melodious sounds out of an organ, and a clown making grimaces to the crowd.—"Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, the performance is just going to begin—only twopence—walk in, walk in."—"He's a comical fallow that fule, I'se warrant him, Sandy; it takes a wise man to be a fule," remarked John; "but those madams that gang wi' them, and dance on wires, wi' trowsers on, it's no very becoming in a Christian land. They canna be gude, though they look weel; and I'm inclined to think, though we shouldna judge harshly, that they're just painted Jezebels."—"But see that wee body sittin' on the man's shouther,"—his attention being attracted by a pipe and tabor in an opposite direction,—"how auld he looks—pair wee fallow, he's dressed like a sodger, too."—"That's a puggy, man," said Sandy; "and it can gang through the exercise, and shoot a pistol, for as wee as it is, as weel's ony o' them. But come awa'—we'll be ower late to see the race."

Mr John reluctantly left sights so new to him, and followed in the stream of horse and foot, chariot and cart,

* Gentle reader, see the note at the end of chapter seventeenth.

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which was pouring down to the sands. Arrived at the said sands, which were thronged, as far as the eye could reach, with coaches, horsemen, and pedestrians, the range of tents along the beach, in the front of which the thickest mass of people were assembled, and among whom the recruiting parties were actively engaged, attracted the attention of our visitors.—"Hegh, man, but thae's fine places for getting a refreshment, and mony a ane's at it," said Mr Knotgrass.—"Ay, and the very tap o' them's turned to use," answered Sandy; "we can get up there to see the race for a penny."—"Weel, that's curious—the very tap o' the places!—a' thing's made for the penny here," replied John.

Chapter XVI.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard nor seen
Sic dancing and deray,
Nowther at Falkland on the green,
Nor Peblis at the play.
Christ's Kirk on the Green.

In the front of the tents, at a little distance, were stationed those who sold gooseberries, gingerbread, speldins (dried haddocks,) and all the little eatables which custom had taught them were in demand when a promiscuous multitude were gathered together; and, at intervals, among these were placed wheels of fortune, puppet-shows, tables with dice, a wooden dish with an octagonal brass ball, lotteries for sleeve-buttons and trinkets, and numberless other temptations to those who wished to adventure in vulgar gambling; while, on the sands, and occupying a larger space, the players at rowley-powley cleared an avenue for the path of the stick, thrown at pegs topped with penny-cakes of gingerbread. The sight of three or four of these said cakes, which might be all knocked off at one lucky throw, and at the trifling expence of a single penny, was too much for the philosophy of Mr John, who already devoured the sandy morsels by anticipation. "Let me try a throw, for ance," said John, handing his penny to the master of ceremonies; "I'm sure I canna miss the haill sax." John threw, but the end of the stick, striking the ground, went off at a tangent, without displacing a single cake. A loud laugh from the bye-standers, at John's expence, provoked him to a second attempt. "See the clodhopper again," said one, as John, with teeth set, and eyes fixed upon the regimented pegs, balanced the stick in his hand for another throw. John threw, and knocked off one.—"Weel dune!—ye're getting the gate o't now," said Sandy; "let me try—de'il be in't, gif I dinna gar them coup, or the shins will pay for't."

A crowd at a little distance, and the report of a gentleman having been thrown from his horse, attracted my attention, and I left the friends playing at rowley-powley, to see if the accident was a serious one. On going up to the crowd, I asked a boy what had happened,—"Ou! naething at a', sir, but Abraham fa'en into the Prawn Dub." Abraham in the Prawn Dub, thought I; this must be some poor Jew pedlar, whom his beard, country, or language, have incited the boys to abuse, and I pressed forward, with the intention of rendering him assistance. But what was my astonishment to find that it was Mr Abraham Gooseiron, the stay-maker, who, in enacting the dandy on horseback, had tumbled from his elevation into the said Prawn Dub. Abraham was quite well known to all the boys, from his dressing in a more gay and fantastic manner than his compeers, and he met with little commiseration, from having filled his new boots, and destroyed his new coat, by a soaking in salt water. To an inquiry as to the manner of the accident, I received for answer that "the horse funkit him aff into the dub, as a doggie was rinnin' across."—"But he can easily cabbage as muckle claith as mak' him anither pair o' breeks," said a second. "The horse has mair sense than him,—he had nae business there,—he might hae been on his feet, as weel as his betters," remarked a third. "Pride aye gets a downcome, some time or ither," was very solemnly repeated by a fourth. I never saw a horse smile, though there are such things as horse-laughs; but the expression of Abraham's hackney's face, at this moment, seemed to me to assume an appearance, as, were

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it not for the dread of whip and spurs, it could have laughed heartily. Abraham, however, dirty as he was, was soon reinstated in his seat, though the attempts to help him, and the compliments of condolence, were given in that wicked spirit, which seemed rather to enjoy than pity the misfortune of the unlucky horseman. A shout from the boys, and the application of a switch from some of the spectators, as Abraham rode off, made the animal once more restive; and I was much of the opinion expressed by a person at my side, who exclaimed, "That man kens naething about managing a horse. Dod, he'll get anither clyty afore he taks hame the beast."

I now returned to my friends, who were still at the rowley-powley, not playing, however, but eating the gingerbread which they had acquired. The approach of the hour for starting drew the crowd to the places which commanded a view of the course; and the two countrymen, remarking "that it was na every day that they were there," paid their penny, and mounted the scaffolding on the top of the tents. That part of the course from the starting to the distance-post was roped in, and a guard attended at this place, (ye Town-Guard veterans, it was hard and trying duty for you!) to prevent the crowd from bursting over the cord, and narrowing the space. The more distant part of the round was marked by poles and red flags, stuck in at intervals along the wet sands. The stewards of the race, and magistrates, occupied a platform, or stand, erected at the starting-post, and covered in by an awning, and in the front of this was affixed the pole and purse, bedizened with ribbons. A roll of the drum in attendance warned the riders to prepare; a second announced that the horses were ready; and a third was the signal for their starting with arrow-speed for the three-mile-heat. The coaches and crowd were at this time chiefly ranged along the line which inclosed the course; and when any unlucky dogs ventured to enter the protected space, in spite of the proclamation of the stewards to the contrary, the halloos, and repulses, and kicks on every side, as they sought an exit, gave them often a very good excuse for running mad in revenge.

"There!—they're off now!" said Sandy to John, as they stood on the front of a crowded scaffold;—"the blue jacket has it!—weel done the blue!"—and he slapped his thigh in sympathy with the motion of the rider;—"I'll wager a bottle o' porter that ane gains the race!" John's attention was directed in silence to the horses and riders, as they swam before his eye in the distance, and were seen passing the red flags which margined the sea. "There!—they're turned now!" resounded from a thousand voices, as they came down the course from its eastern extremity. The crowd pushed closer to the ropes; and the clattering of the noble animals, as they passed at full speed round the starting-post, announced that one third of the heat was over. Three rounds of the course formed the heat, and three of these heats generally decided the race, though there were sometimes more. The sands being very soft, the horses sank much, and the strength of the animals was generally reserved for the last round. "Od safe us, how fast they rin!" said John, while his eye lost them in the distance at the third round;—"it's, by a' the warld, like swallows fleeing!—The callant in the pink jacket's first now!—weel done, ma wee man!—shelp it up!—Sandy, I'd wad the price o' the brown cow he gains it!—that's it!—whip him up!" How natural it is to bet on occasions like these, thought I, as Mr Knotgrass held out his brown cow on the issue; there must be something more in the practice than the warped ideas and confirmed gambling of a man of fashion, when the same passion even agitates the bosom of a rustic. The horses now came thundering on to finish the first heat; all eyes were directed in eager anxiety to the termination of the race at the wooden stand; and those who were deficient in the necessary height, added to their elevation by standing on tip-toe, and stretching their necks to their utmost length.

At this moment the press from behind forwards on the scaffolding, where John and his companion stood, was so great, that those in the front only kept their places by holding together for mutual support. It was the misfortune of John, however, in his eagerness to project his head beyond those on each side of him, to lose his balance, and tumble over. An honest fish-woman, who stood immediately

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below with her creel on her back, fortunately for John, broke his fall, and he alighted safely in the said creel. The woman, whom the addition of a hundred-weight in that situation would not have very much incommoded, turned round at the shock of John's fall, and, under the idea that some mischievous person had hurled a large stone into her basket, out of mere waggery, cried out, looking up to the multitude on the top of the tent, "Wha's that clodding stanes intil ma creel?—ye had as gude gie ower, or de'il be on me but I'se gie ye something ye'll no soon forget!" A loud laugh and a huzza was returned from all sides, to the good woman's serious amazement.—"That pits me in mind o' Geordy Cranstoun," said an elderly gentleman; "he was aye ta'en hame in a creel."—"Do ye sell men, woman?" said a second.—"Godsake! see till Tibby Podleyson wi' her joe on her back!" roared out a third, who also was a dealer in *dulse and tangles*.

Tibby had not time to make any answer before John, to support himself erect in his uncommon situation, and to aid his descent, clapped his hands round the Amazon's forehead. "Nane o' your skits now!" cried Tibby, who supposed it to be some friend attempting the vulgar joke of shutting her eyes; "nane o' your skits! —I ken wha ye are;—haud aff your hands aff ma een!" and she raised her arms to remove the impediment.—"Let me down, for gudesake, honest woman!—I'll do ye nae ill;" and he raised one leg from the intanglements of the creel, and was sounding for the ground with it. Tibby's eyes being now relieved, and seeing a leg with a blue stocking and red garter projected from her side, instantly became alarmed, and pushing the belt which supported the creel from her forehead, down rolled John on the sands, creel and all.—"What's this, ye blackguard, ye hae been about?" said Tibby, as she saw the strange incumbrance rising from the sandy beach;—"was ye gaun to roh me on the public sands?—or did ye mean waur?—Od I'se gie ye something for loupin on an honest woman's back, ye little worth chield that ye are!" and she seized her empty skull,* and beat it unmercifully about the head and shoulders of poor John.—"I'll let ye ken am nane o' your limmers!" said she, repeating her blows; "if it war nae the like o' you, there wad na be sae mony ill folk!—but ye'se no get aff wi' baith ease and honour!" John was altogether too much taken at unawares to be able to speak for a moment, and had too much masculine honour to return the blows of a woman.—"Ca' canny! ca' canny, gudewife!—I did na mean you wrang —I was driven aff the theeking o' the tent; and there's ane standing afore ye will tell how it happened." Sandy by this time had descended from the scaffolding to interfere for the protection of his friend, and the matter was soon explained, apparently to mutual satisfaction.—"If I hae wrang'd your basket, gudewife," said John, "am no unreasonable; and if I hae hurt you by what could na be helpit, I'm sure I'm sorry mysel for't."—"Hurt me!" answered the virago, in a contemptuous tone; "na, na, its no come to that yet; —I can tak care o' mysel; and it wad be time for me to gie ower gaun to the market, gif I could na carry you, if ye war my ain man, and ye war fou, sax mile o' gate on the tap o' my fish!"—"I dinna think ony o' ye will be the waur of a dram, after this tuilzie," said Sandy; "come in, honest woman, intil this tent till the crowd gang awa, and I'll treat ye wi' half a mutchkin." The fish-woman at once consented to this proposal, with "Fair fa' ye, ma bonny man! that's a gude motion—ye dinna want sense, for as young as ye are." Into the tent they went—the crowd dispersed,—and Tibby's companion in trade likewise went away, muttering in soliloquy, "Od, Tibby's never aff her road!—I'll gang lang about afore a man draps into ma creel frae the lift, or get a dram without paying for't!"

My friends sat so long in the tent, that I grew tired of waiting for them, and walked away to attend the running of the second heat, the drum for the starting of which had now beat. The same

* It is necessary to mention here that fishwomen have *two skulls!*—Gape with wonder, ye craniologists, at this!—but one of them is merely a light basket so named. I the more particularly notice this, as the French translator of the Magazine, from ignorance of the circumstance, has, in the Number before the last, made me say the fisherwomen of Edinburgh butted like rams:—"Ils se doguent comme les beliers."

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horse which had gained the first also gained this, and the race was of course over. The Town-guard marched off, the carriages and horsemen rapidly disappeared from the sands, and the pedestrians, now that there was nothing more to be seen, adjourned to the tents, for rest, conversation, or refreshment. The scene at this time along the line of tents was very striking. Every one was full of inmates, engaged in the consumption of "porter, ale, and British spirits," and the recruiting parties were mixed with the throng, either marching along, or engaged in the tents, on the alert to pick up any straggler, whom inclination, liquor, or misfortunes, induced to become a soldier. Often, on these occasions, have I seen a country lad, with the cap or hat of a serjeant, marching in front of the party brandishing a sword, full of the idea of his own importance, and of the future prospects of one who had enlisted to be an officer. Men were then in much demand for the supply of the different corps, and many arts were employed by the recruiting serjeants to inveigle them into the service.

While I was musing on the scene before me, and thinking whether or not I should now retire, the noise of a fight, and the cry, "A ring! Mak a ring! Gie them room!" attracted my attention. Every lover of *the science*, as it is emphatically called, feels himself drawn involuntarily towards any thing like an exhibition of strength or skill, and I hastened to the spot. The combatants were a corporal of a recruiting party and a Gilmerton coal-carter, and the cause of quarrel an attempt, on the part of the former, to place a shilling, in the king's name, in the hand of the latter, for the purpose of having a legal claim to his services as a soldier, or to the guinea of smart-money, which, on these occasions, was paid by the unfortunate victim of crimping. The coalman, however, had suspected the intention of the corporal, and repulsed his proffered hand as if he had shook a reptile from his touch. "Na, na, Billy, nae sae fast wi' me! Dod, if ye come within ma reach again, I'll try whether my whup-shaft or your head's hardest." The coalman had some companions with him, and he felt, of course, his bravery augmented so far as repeatedly to insult the military man before his fellow-soldiers and recruits. "For a' your red jacket," said he, "I dinna believe you would like to meet me yoursel on the Gilmerton road. Gae, you trepannin' scoundrel!" Touch a military man on the head of cowardice, and he has no choice; he must fight; the honour of the cloth imperiously requires it; and it was particularly necessary in the present case, as the example might be fatal to the after steadiness of the young recruits. "Dem you," said the corporal, "if you speak another word, fellow, I shall give you a caning."—"Keh," replied the coalman, in a lengthened tone, "lay awa your bagnet, man, and I'll lik ye for a bottle o' yill." The corporal instantly threw off his belt, the crowd formed a ring, and the coalman, calling to a companion to "haud his whup," prepared for instant battle. The contest was, however, but short. Except an inefficient stroke at the commencement, the coalman never got a blow at his opponent. The cry of "Weel done, Tam! Stick till him, stick till him!" was of no avail; for, in a close, the corporal got him round the neck with one hand, and fibbed him in the face with the other till he called for quarter. "He's ruggin' ma hair!" cried Tam, while this was transacting; "ruggin hair's no fair play." The corporal left him with a contusion on his eye, and his nose bleeding; and, as he did not seem to wish to renew the engagement, asked him if he "wanted another touch."—"No, no!" said Tam's companions, "we'll no let him fight ony mair; it's no fair play haddin arms and ruggin' hair." The corporal moved off in triumph with his party; while Tam, to the condolence which he received from the bystanders on account of his defeat, said, as he wiped the blood from his face, "De'il thank him! it's his trade; but, go, I'll ca' a cart wi' him ony day he likes."

I now left the scene, and my country friends, not expecting ever to see them again, and went to dine with a friend in Leith. After dinner, however, I was prevailed upon to go and see a play performed by a company of strollers, who kept the inhabitants of Portobello, Musselburgh, and Leith, in theatrical amusements; and I was the more inclined to this, from the dramatis personæ in the bill seeming to be chiefly composed of individuals of the same name, and said to be of the same family. Two fiddles and a

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bass formed the orchestra; but the apartment was not large, and the music was enough for the size of the room. I do not now recollect the play, but a circumstance occurred towards the conclusion of the first act, which will long imprint the idea of the Leith theatre on my memory. There were, however, a lover and a lady, and the lady liked one person, and her father wished her to marry another, as happens in all plays. After a dialogue, in which the lady and her lover had exchanged vows of eternal attachment and inviolable secrecy, and had arranged matters so as they were to live and die for one another, the parties were alarmed by a third person's entering. This was the father of the lady. The lover of course made his exit; and the old gentleman took his daughter roundly to task for keeping up a correspondence with the offensive lover. The change of scene in a play often stands to the spectator for an interval of months or years in the story, and the young lady denied she had lately seen or spoken to the prohibited personage. "Ah, you lien little cutty," roared out a voice from the third row of seats, "how can ye stand up there and tell your father sic a downright falsehood? —Dinna believe her, honest gentleman;—dinna believe ae word she says, for it's no a minute since the fallow left her:—I saw him mysel'—he just gaed out at the tae side as you cam in at the tither."

This strange interruption to the performance made the actors look confounded; and the audience testified their approbation by clapping and hisses. All eyes were now turned to my friend John, (for it was actually he,) who stood up in triumph, as the expressions, "Well done!—capital!" struck his ears from all sides. The disturbance, however, subsided, and the dialogue began as before. John had no patience, when he heard asseverations so contrary to fact again repeated. "I tell ye, man, ye're dochter's no speakin' true:—It's a falsehood every word o't;—I'm a father mysel, and I winna see you imposed on. Just gang till the other side o' the screen gif ye winna believe me, and ye'll catch the fallow;—he canna be far awa." The laughing and applause redoubled at this ebullition; and the manager, seeing no likelihood of getting on smoothly, came forward and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is scarcely necessary for me to say, that we cannot get on with the business of the evening, if these interruptions are to be continued. If the gentleman be not satisfied with our exertions, the door-keeper will return his money; for we cannot at this time alter the play."—"Aweel, aweel, it's a bargain. I'll gang out wi' a' my heart. I never was in a playhouse before, and if it's a' lies ye gang on wi' here, the sooner I'm out o' your place the better.—Ye'se ne'er get my siller again for sic a purpose; nor sall a bawbee o' mine e'er gang to the support of the Father of Lies. Ye're far waur than the tumblers and fools;—they risk the body, but you ruin the soul." So saying, John and Sandy, who seemed confounded at his friend's conduct, took their leave; and, as I had seen enough of Leith Theatre for one night, I followed their example.

When the two friends got to the street, Sandy attacked his companion for his unruly behaviour in interrupting the performance. "Lordsake, John, man, what for did ye cry out in yon fashion? Do ye no ken that it's a' representation and similitude thegither? The folk ye saw yonder are no gentles, but just players, dressed up like lords and ladies; and a play is just a novell, spoken by folk in the dresses o' what ye would suppose real in life; and there's aye some good moral lesson to be learned at the end."—"I ken naething about your plays, and as little about your novells, as ye ca' them; and learned folk may draw good out o' them, as bumbees suck honey out o' nettles,—but sic as you and me are mair ready to get our hands stinged."—"Hoots, John, ye're rinnin' awa wi the tether a'thegither! There's mony o' thae play-books have things in them just like a minister's sermon,—as gude every bit."—"It may be sae," replied John, "but am feart it's an unco round about way o seeking good to look for it in sic books. We hae the written word, and mony a volume o' godly sermons, where we hae our duty set down at ance, and havena the trouble o' looking for't like a needle in a bottle o' strae."—"John, ye're wrang," said Sandy; "for they say the minister himsel' reads Shakespeare's play-books, and the Tales o' my Landlord, and other novells; and ye ken he wadna for the world do it

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if it wasna allowable."—"I ken naething about your Shakespeare, I tell you; but to ca' the true tales about the Covenanters a novell, ye may as weel ca' the Solemn League and Covenant a ballant, and say at ance that Mr Peden's prophecies are no true. My grandfather, and my wife's grandfather, and auld uncle Thamas, that's buried in the neuk o' the kirkyard, was among these persecuted people; and mony a tale did they tell my father o' that Satan's limb Claver'se, and the bloody Dalyell. I've often heard the haill story, and muckle mair; and if the schoolmaster that put out the book had come to me, I aiblins wad hae tell'd him something anent thae bloody persecutors, that would hae gart him think mair unfavourably of their conduct. Na, na, Sandy, that's nae novell. I'll answer for every word o't; ay, and the story o' Jock Porteous to the bargain. Od, man, our auld laird has tell'd my ain father, that that night he had on his leddy's claes, and keepit sentry at the Wast Port yett a' the time."

I had now reached the bottom of Leith-Walk, listening to the preceding dialogue, when it came on to rain violently; and not thinking the conversation, (which I perceived verging to a point upon which a Scottish peasant can speak for ever,) worthy of being ducked to the skin for, I passed on before, and was soon at home.

Chapter XVII.

Christopher Columbus is disturbed by a Ghost!

Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did:
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Shakespeare.—*Hamlet.*

The belief in a future state, and of the existence of disembodied spirits, is one of the most universally received articles of faith among the human race. No nation, however civilized,—scarcely any tribe, however savage,—but has its joys or its fears increased by the contemplation of the life to come,—when, after the frail tenement is laid in its earthy bed, the immaterial and immortal part begins a new stage of existence, either inconceivably happy, or beyond conception miserable, according as, in their state of probation, their lives have been virtuous, or the reverse. With this belief, and these ideas, which mingle in every view we take of futurity; and with that knowledge of the uncertainty of life which daily experience is calculated to demonstrate, it is not wonderful that every fancied appearance of a being from the world of spirits should strike with alarm, and inspire with undisguisable terror. It is possible that the greater part of these appearances may be merely the delusions of the senses, or unreal images, conjured up by an excited imagination; but the sceptical assertion of the non-existence and non-appearance of the spirits of the departed, is not confirmed by human experience, or by human history. Though unwilling to believe in the majority of instances of apparitions which have been related; yet as the thing is quite possible, by the permission of that Great Being, whom we are taught to consider as the "Father of our Spirits," as well as the "Former of our Bodies," I think it neither unchristian nor unphilosophical, to entertain a qualified belief in the occasional appearance of beings from the invisible world.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."

The sylphs and genii of other countries, and of other times, and the brownies and fairies of our own, are much too great favourites, to allow them to be annihilated at the dictum of a sceptical and cold-blooded philosophy, even if that philosophy were true; but while men exist, the same feelings and the same belief will continue; and spectres will still hallow the repose of the dead;—fairies still

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dance by moonlight on the haunted knoll;—and the unsophisticated savage, and unlearned peasant, will still recognize in the appearances of nature, the agency of a Being inconceivably powerful and infinitely good.

But even allowing the existence and appearance of ghosts, spirits, and fairies of every description to be questionable, their use in Poetry and Romance, and their higher moral purpose in deterring from crime those who are not to be restrained by other considerations, render a belief in their agency a desirable part of the code of faith among civilized nations. Many a one to whom legal and corporal punishment has no terrors, have, there is no doubt, been prevented from adding murder to robbery, by the apprehension of a bleeding spectre disturbing their midnight and solitary hours with the horrors of crimes displayed, and of a world to come; and although the belief in an All-seeing Being, to whom our every action is exposed, even in its naked motives, should have the same effect, yet I know not how it is, but thousands who disregard the one, would shrink at the most distant idea of the appearance of the other;—and those who daily brave the threatenings of the Most High, would be thawed to imbecility, by the apparition of an injured fellow creature from the world of spirits,

"And each particular hair would stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

There is another consideration which may be mentioned as an analogical argument for the existence of classes of intellectual beings different from man, which may have some weight with those to whom the Scriptures are no authority; and that is, that in Nature there are no breaks, no *saltus*, no leaps from extreme to extreme,—but all is connected by the most wonderful and insensible gradations. Stones are found verging to the forms and qualities of plants;—some vegetables appear to possess habits almost animal;—and, among the brute creation, Instinct often reaches to the intelligence of Reason. May not there, then, be existences superior to man; classes of beings which unite him with intelligences free from the stains of moral error, and connect him more nearly (though at distance indescribable) with the "wonder-working Lord of All." Whether, therefore, "Margaret's grimly ghost," (the most interesting female spirit with which I am acquainted,) appears to her lover with countenance

——"like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;"

whether the spirit of the waters howls the approaching storm; or the ghost of the murdered signs the murderer to the bar of retribution;—whether the wraiths of acquaintance glide past in immaterial shadow before my eyes, or my dreams are haunted by appearances of friends long since departed,—I rejoice in the connexion between this world and another, which is thus kept up, and endeavour to act as becomes a being who, when "all this fair creation" sinks to insignificance, shall rise

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

But I forget that I am yet a traveller on the earth's surface, and that my kind friends are all this while waiting for the continuance of my adventures.

Well, then, as I was sitting in my little parlour one evening, the children all to bed, and the house perfectly quiet, I heard a bell ring, and Betty appeared immediately after, and opened the door, saying, "Sir! was you ringing?"—"No, Betty, I was not ringing now; perhaps it was the door-bell." Betty asserted it was not the door-bell, "for she had been ower lang in the house no to ken a' the bells in't." However, it was possible it might be the door-bell, and she accordingly went to see if any person was there: There was nobody. "There's naebody at the door, sir! I was sure it wasna the door-bell, for I looked up when it rang, and saw the parlour-bell wagging."—"I assure you, Betty, that I did not ring," replied I; "but you have been sleeping, and dreamt of bells, or it may have been from some of the rooms up stairs."—"I was as waking as I am just now, but I'll gang and see," said Betty; and up she went. In a few moments she returned with the intelligence that all the family, ourselves excepted, were asleep. "That is very strange," said I, "for I heard the ringing myself; and it must either be some person in the house, or a

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ghost."—"A ghaist!—Preserve us a'! I hope it's naething o' that kind; but I am sure it canna be for me, for I am nae waur than my neighbours, and that's a good deal to say."—"Never mind," said I to Betty; "if it does no more harm, it may e'en ring the bell as long as it pleases. You may go away."—"Awa! 'deed, sir, to tell ye the truth, I'm fear'd to gang down the stair my lane, in case it's something uncanny."—"Go, you stupid fool, there is no such thing as ghosts," replied I, in a tone of assurance—"all nursery tales." Betty went away, not without apprehensions of something supernatural; but in place of going down to the kitchen, she went up stairs.

I now began to think of the cause of the bell ringing so unexpectedly, and at such an hour, for it was near twelve o'clock; and as I myself had heard it distinctly, I could not be persuaded it was altogether an illusion. The sight of the bell-rope still vibrating, to which I now turned my eyes, also shewed that there was something in it more than the poor girl's apprehensions. I trust I am not very deficient in personal courage upon proper occasions; but I thought at this moment that the candle gave a fainter light than usual, and another look convinced me that the flame was actually of a deeper blue than ordinary. To ascertain if any thing was wrong with the bell, I applied my hand to the cord, and pulled it once or twice. It rung violently, and a loud scream, and the sound as of a heavy body falling on the floor above, instantly succeeded. Fear is sympathetic, and I now began to feel that I was not insensible to terror. My stick also lost its balance, from some unknown cause, and fell from its situation in the corner; and though at any other time this circumstance should not have alarmed me, yet I cannot say I was free from apprehension. I looked round the room to see if the other articles in it retained their quiescent posture, and in dread that the poker and tongs might take it into their heads to waltz,—my pen and ink dance a saraband before my astonished eyes,—and the tables and chairs arrange themselves for a country dance. After a moment's hesitation, I snatched up the candle, and rushed towards the door; but, O horror!—a gust of wind blew out the light, and the candlestick dropt from my hand. Darkness was now added to my other terrors—deep groans and moaning were heard, and a hissing noise, like the rushing of water, sounded in my ears.

Deprived for a few seconds of my muscular strength, I attempted in vain to move from the spot; a cold dew trickled down my forehead, and I felt all the horrors of a premature connection with the invisible world. Recovering my recollection, I rushed up stairs. The groans now swelled louder on my ear, the hissing noise again began, and to escape from both, I bounded up like an antelope, taking the reach of two steps at one. I had almost reached the second floor, when my foot, striking a soft substance violently, I lost my balance, and tumbled over a human body. "Gracious powers! what is this!" I involuntarily exclaimed. "Lord have mercy upon me!" cried out a voice in a stifled tone of anguish, "and preserve me from the Evil One! I'm gone now!—I'm murdered outright." Luckily for us all, I had by this time become so accustomed to fear, that it did not deprive me of the use of my voice; and I cried out with vehemence, "Lights!—a light here!—there is a body in the stair." A chamber-lamp now peeped from the nursery door. "There it's again!" said the voice; "see till't coming again!—the awfu' thing's coming!"

The whole house was now alarmed, at least all the grown-up inmates; Mrs Columbus appeared half-dressed—lights were procured,—and I found by this means that one cause of my terror was removed. The body upon which I had stumbled was that of poor Betty, who had fallen down in a fainting fit at the second ringing of the bell; and the terror occasioned by my violent fall, and perhaps pain by the prostration so suddenly of my specific gravity, (I weigh ten stone, jockey-weight,) made her think the Enemy of Mankind had clutched, and was going to fly away with her out at the window.

"What a ridiculous business is this," said Mrs Columbus; "and how does it happen that you and your master are scrambling in the stair together at this time of night?" and she eyed me, as if she had detected me in lese-majesty to her highness.—"It's something no canny in the house, mem,

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answered Betty, with great simplicity; "for as I was sitting in the kitchen all the bells rung at once; and when I went up the stair and found it was naebody ringing, I was gaun up to cry on Jenny, for I was feart, when they a' rung again; a flash of fire glanced in my een, and an unearthly cry, like a howlet's *whusht*, made me fa' down in a dwaum."—The other girl seemed to swallow the narration greedily, and the expression of her countenance, and the trembling of her hand which held the candle, shewed that she was prepared to be as terrified as possible, did any thing occur to alarm her fears.

"I have broken my shins on your account, Mrs Betty," said I; "you tripped me up so completely, as I was running up stairs."—"Lordsake, sir, was it you that fell aboon me! I'm glad o' that, for I thought it was the ghaist, or that the ceiling o' the house had fa'en down."—"Well, well," said Mrs Columbus, "I don't understand this story, but we will see about it all to-morrow. Meantime, go you, Betty, and get the candle from the parlour, and go to bed."—"Me gang for the candle, mem!" answered Betty, "I wadna gang down the stair again the night, if ye war to gie me the haill house to mysell. I winna sleep another night in't. I'm sure I wad gang out o' my judgment if I did."—"Jenny, go you; Mr Columbus will go with you, and take this light in your hand."—"Eh, mem, you manna ask me to gang, for if I war to see ony thing uncanny, I am sure it would drive me dementit."—"Come, give me the light and I'll go myself," said I; "we cannot stop here all night." Just as I was about to take the light and descend, a long-sounding "hush" was heard, which was followed by a noise like the report of a pistol, but which, increased by the silence, resounded in our ears like a peal of thunder. Mrs Columbus exclaimed in terror, seizing my arm, "Gracious, what's that! Christopher, you must not go!" The two girls yelled in chorus, their eyes like to start from their sockets, and likewise clung round me for protection, ejaculating such portions of Scripture as fear had not totally banished from their memory.

We now, by common consent, adjourned to a bed-room, leaving the children to take care of themselves, as no persuasion could induce the girls to move from my side. Here, in close conclave, it was resolved, in the first place, that the house was certainly haunted by some "perturbed spirit" or other; and, in the second place, upon the suggestion of Mrs Columbus, it was unanimously agreed on, that, in case the alarming sounds had proceeded from thieves, (though that was scarcely possible, considering the care had in locking the doors,) it would be necessary to arm, and examine the dining-room, from which apartment the noise seemed to have proceeded. The order of march was the next consideration. I had the honour to be selected as the forlorn hope, and was armed with a poker, the only weapon which was at hand. The two girls followed, one of them carrying a light, locked arm in arm, like a Macedonian phalanx; and Mrs Columbus brought up the rear, protected by one of the children's school Bibles, which she was forced to take up, on the asseverations of the lassies, that its possession would keep us unhurt should the Enemy of Mankind dare to shew his face. We descended the stair cautiously, and in silence, except the muttering of occasional wishes for our preservation, by the frightened maidens. The hissing noise had ceased; no groans were heard; but at the bottom of the stair lay the candlestick which I had dropped. The dining-room door was partially open; I grasped the poker more firmly in my hand, and set my teeth in firm defiance. Before entering, however, I listened for a moment, my left hand in the act of pushing up the door. My female companions, with eyes like saucers, stood two or three steps behind me, ready to scream at the sight of the terrible apparition. I pushed the door hastily open; the hissing sound again was heard; a loud noise succeeded, mingled with the crashing as of glass; the candle dropt from the hand that held it, and was extinguished; and the screams of the females added to the horrors of a scene already almost overpowering. Had the devil, or a robber, now appeared, he would have been in perfect safety for me, for my arms and coat were seized, and that so firmly, by the womankind, that I could not move. By common consent, or rather instinct, we again retreated up stair in hollow square, as well as three

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viduals could form a square; and, after some further deliberations, in which I reassured myself it could not be thieves, I procured a light, and went down boldly, the candle in one hand, and the poker in the other. The females, as usual, persuaded me not to venture; but, as I saw there was to be no end to the business without a little risk, I determined to persevere. At the fatal door, I hesitated a moment, whether or not I should enter, but at last I rushed in, and found——how shall I tell it?——that the cause of our terror was——the bursting of two beer-bottles, under the side-board.

The extremes of passion are nearly allied, and laughing and crying often accompany one another on any strong excitement. I was almost ready to drop the candle once more with downright laughter; and all my alarm was changed to mirth, by the appearance of the beerless and shattered bottles. The noise I made reached the apartment above, and I understood afterwards, before I had communicated the true reason, it was conjectured that my laughter was hysterical, or the sportive effusions of mirth-loving fiends, enjoying the trepidation of me, Christopher Columbus. But I soon put an end to all apprehensions for my safety, by calling out,—"Betty! Betty!—come down, and wipe up the heart's blood of the murdered beer-bottles!"—"Eh! what!" said Betty, "is a' safe?—Is there naething to be fear'd for?"—"Nothing but your own foolish imaginations," replied I. The party now descended. "Gude sake, is that a'?" said Jenny. "Quite enough at once," said Mrs Columbus; "but you must never leave your beer there again all night, Betty.—It is monstrously teasing to have the house turned upside down for such a silly thing."

Our fears were now at an end. The hissing noise, which sounded in the moment of alarm like the fall of a distant cataract, was now easily traced to the action of the fermenting liquid, and the noise that had alarmed us so much proceeded from the action of the same agent, in expelling the unwilling corks. The groans I heard, on first leaving my apartment, were traced to the fear of Mrs Betty, which made her fall in the stair; and the gust of wind, which extinguished my candle, was found to be owing to the hurried opening of the door. One thing alone remained to be accounted for, and that was, the supernatural ringing of the bell. This was also, after some experiments on the bell-rope, satisfactorily ascertained to have proceeded from some slight injury to the spring.

The family were now about to retire, when the noise of a distant drum was heard. "What can that be?" said Mrs Columbus; and new seriousness, if not terror, again began to overspread our countenances. "It sounds very like the fire-drum," said I.—"You're right, sir, you're quite right; I'm sure it's just the fire-drum," said Betty. "Eh! it sounds awfu' at this time o' night." The conjecture was but too true. It was the fire-drum; and a gleam of light to the northward, and a confused noise of voices, shewed that the fire was at no great distance. Fire is a dreadful calamity; and even excess of caution is laudable to prevent or lessen its devastations. In a few minutes the partial appearance of the flames waving beyond the chimney-tops pointed out the precise spot, and we were rivetted to the window looking at its incontrollable progress. I was on the eve of putting on my hat, and going to see if proper assistance had been procured; but was stopped by the persuasions of Mrs Columbus, who said that on these occasions in Edinburgh there were always too many people assembled. "Besides," said she, "you will catch cold, not being accustomed to be out at night, and I should be afraid to be left alone after what has happened." I allowed myself to be persuaded; though we could not think of going to bed, but stood fascinated at the window, gazing in hopeless concern for the preservation of the little furniture of the inmates.

The flames now ascended to a great height, and illuminated the surrounding streets to a distance. The chimneys rose in striking outline amidst the general darkness. It was a sublime sight; and could one have divested one's self of the apprehension of danger or ruin to those who occupied the houses in flames, it might have furnished a desirable study for a painter. It struck one o'clock in St Giles's. The noise increased, and the rattling of the fire-engines to the spot conveyed the idea of a city taken by storm. The exertions to moderate the violence

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of the fire, seemed to little purpose. "God preserve us from accidents by fire!" said Mrs Columbus.—"It's a terrible flame that!—we hear the very joists crackling," answered Mrs Betty.—"If the folks' lives be safe, let their gudes gang," remarked Jenny; "the warld's aye to the fore for the winning."

In a little time the roof fell with a tremendous crash, and the flames ascended with redoubled violence, far above the surrounding buildings, carrying with them the embers of the wood, which were thrown like rockets to a considerable distance. A kind of shout accompanied the falling in of the roof, and the noise of the voices was heard in louder command and reply. The appearance of the fire was now strikingly grand; the whole surrounding houses and projecting chimney stalks were lighted up with the glare; and the venerable spire of St Giles rose in magnificence, one side gilded by the light, while the other was in deep shadow. Every scene in nature acquires a deeper interest as human beings are connected with it either as actors or sufferers; and had we known the melancholy fate of some of the inhabitants of the pile now in flames before us, we should have felt an interest incalculably deeper in the spectacle of the destructive element, whose rapid progress had rendered means of escape to them impossible. As it was, we were fascinated to the spot, expressing vain regrets for the loss which must be occasioned to the poor inhabitants, who very seldom avail themselves of the protection of insurance against fire. The structure of most of the houses in Edinburgh, being built of stone, and their division-walls and stairs of the same material, fortunately renders loss of life an uncommon accident. It was not till next morning we learned that the fire we had witnessed had occasioned the death of three unfortunate creatures, and what was more melancholy still, all of one family. They had been roused from their beds by the progress of the flames, which had already cut off their retreat; and in the agony of despair, the poor man, with a hatchet, had begun, it is said, to open a way through the partition-wall of the neighbouring house, when the hatchet unfortunately broke with the violence of the strokes. There was now no alternative but in leaping from a height (three stories) which would render death as certain, though not so terrible, as being destroyed by fire. The alarm at this time had scarcely been given—the crowd had not collected—when the man, an old soldier who had served in the Peninsula, taking a child in his hand, (a boy of about six years of age,) took the fatal leap. The child was killed on the spot, and the man severely bruised. His wife, a Portuguese woman, whom he had married in his campaigns, followed the fatal example, with an infant in her arms not a year old. The unfortunate woman and the little innocent were found a few minutes after beyond hopes of recovery; and the husband, whom his overpowering calamity had, it is said, almost driven to distraction, deposited (with a solitary exception) his whole family in one grave, two days after.

PRIVATE NOTE, TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is to be carefully read once a-day by all the citizens of Edinburgh, till further notice.

I already tremble for the honour of the Scottish capital, when the King and his Court shall visit us next summer; and I blush even now to think that our city state must be beholden to John Wells's hackney-coaches. What will the nobles of England and Ireland, and the Mayors of London and Dublin think of us, that we cannot afford a state coach for our chief magistrate, nor pay the expence of a mansion-house! Upon my word, dearly as I should like to see the Parthenon of Athens perched on the top of the Calton-hill, I would almost vote to take the cash subscribed for this purpose, and cover our nakedness by the building of a mansion-house, and the purchase of a coach, for the credit of the city. Charles Oman is a good enough fellow in his way; but will it be decorous on the part of the city rulers to ask his Majesty to a tavern dinner

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either at Charlie's or in the Assembly-rooms? Or is it consistent with the pride of Scotsmen to allow the first magistrate of their chief city to be obliged for the display of his brief dignity to John Wells? No, fellow-citizens! Let a coach be commissioned this instant from Messrs Crichton and Co.; let it be a good, thrifty, substantial article, with plenty of room inside, (magistrates are sometimes bulky men;) and let the large building in the west of George's-street, called the *Tontine*, be immediately purchased, and fitted up as a mansion for our Provosts, where these right honourable gentlemen may do the honours of the city to illustrious strangers, as becomes the modern Athens. The thing is not yet too late. The building above-mentioned may be put in order in less than three months, provided it be immediately set about; and before his Majesty arrives, we may be in a situation to shew that we have a mansion for our Provost, as well as a palace for our Prince.

As I am on city politics, I take the liberty of suggesting, that in place of carrying our races in future to Musselburgh, it would be desirable to confine them to our own neighbourhood. For this purpose no place is so well adapted as the parks in the neighbourhood of the Palace, called St Anne's Yards, and the Duke's Walk; and were Comely Garden and the park and garden to the N. E., (now divided from the Duke's Walk by an old dike,) purchased by Government, along with the two old houses, and the wretched cottages and cow-houses at Croftangrie removed, it would not only be a permanent improvement to the palace and city, but afford a racing ground no where to be surpassed. The unrivalled amphitheatre of hills by which this level track is surrounded, including the Calton-Hill and Arthur's Seat, would form a grand feature in the scene, and afford accommodation to twice the population of the capital to behold the races in safety. The tents and stalls for drinking, puppet shows, and all the other little requisites expected by the crowd at a horse-race, might be snugly arranged in the neighbouring valley; and there might our humble fellow-citizens amuse themselves at the rowley powley and quoits, or get tipsey in rural retirement, and sleep without danger of horses and carriages, till the bleating of sheep and the shrill cries of the wild birds aroused them to work and sobriety.

But whether or not it were desirable to convert this fine piece of ground into a racing-course, I do insist that the said property be purchased, the dikes levelled, and the old houses removed, for the purpose of making a proper entrance to the Palace, and forming a corresponding lawn. The old flower plot at the back of the Palace must also be removed, its enclosure taken down, and the ground levelled to the bottom of the walls. In this case, what a splendid approach might be formed, connected with the eastern termination of the road over the Calton-Hill, to "our Palace of Holyroodhouse;" and another, still more splendid, might be formed at the other termination of the Park, near to what is now called the *Watering-Stane*. One or other, or both of these approaches, is absolutely necessary to avoid the long, dirty, and narrow suburb of Canongate, and the still more horrible entrance by Croftangrie. No gentleman of moderate fortune, were such a piece of ground, and such a house, his property, but would adopt something of the kind I have now suggested; and so satisfied am I of even its advantage to increase the beauty and grandeur of "mine own romantic town," that I, for one, shall not advise his Majesty to come to Edinburgh if this be not done; nay, so far as my influence goes, endeavour to prevent the royal visit altogether. It is far better that the King should dream or read of having a fine Palace called Holyroodhouse in the capital of Scotland, where his ancestors, and our native princes, held their royal courts, than that he should come unawares upon us, and find himself obliged to engage a bed at

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Oman's or the Black Bull, or take up his abode in the neighbourhood of stagnant drains, and next door to a close of cow-feeders.

But I hope better things of the public officers, and from the public spirit of the inhabitants; and I have no doubt, now that the thing is suggested, that if it were properly set about, the Barons of Exchequer would give their aid to its speedy completion. The Palace and its environs have been too long neglected; and I do not flatter myself by saying, that if I, Christopher Columbus, were to be appointed ranger of the King's Park, (and it is my favourite walk,) either with or without a lodging in the Palace, and with any thing of a decentish salary, things would be conducted in quite a different manner. I would, in that case, plant a good deal of the rocky banks; cut many delightful terraces on the acclivities, and strew them with shrubberies; sweep away all the awkward dikes; cover St Anthony's venerable chapel and hermitage with ivy; totally remove the stiles, and replace them with swing-gates where necessary; and put a final stop to the demolition of that superb natural mural crown —Salisbury Crags. No great sum would be required for this purpose; and I am quite sure if his Majesty saw the magnificent grounds round his Palace, or if Mr Williams, or that clever young artist Gasteneaux, would take accurate drawings of them in all their delightful points of view, I should not have to wait long for my appointment. I should then take the liberty of writing to the Duke of Atholl, in my official capacity, as ranger of the park, to request the present of a herd of red-deer; and take measures to let Lord Breadalbane know, that a few scores of fallow-deer would be required to tenant the ornamented lawn.

I take it for granted that the chapel royal is to be repaired as projected, and therefore I say nothing on that head; but to compensate the poor owls who would by this reparation be disturbed in "their silent, solitary reign," I would remove them to St Anthony's Chapel, and even, with the broken fragments, build them a kind of belfry for shelter, and furnish them with one year's supply of mice. The hawks, the ancient inhabitants of the precipitous cliffs, to which they have a prescriptive and indefeasible right, I would not remove, but protect; and even, by the introduction of different species, have always at command a sufficient number of these graceful animals, for the noble and kingly sport of falconry. Every morning I should mount my poney to see that things were going on to my mind, and every evening I should——

I was here interrupted, very much to my regret, by the girl opening my chamber door. "Who's there—What do you want, Betty?"—"Sir, Mrs Columbus bids me say that she has been waiting supper for you this hour. The eggs are useless already, and the het water's cauld!"—This interruption broke the thread of my ideas; and though I had a great deal more to say on the subject, yet, so difficult is it to recover a train of thought dispelled by other associations, that I must postpone what I have further to urge till another opportunity.

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TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

We have discovered a plot. Not a dark-lantern business of gunpowder and matches, like Guy Fawkes's, nor of hand-grenades and sabres, like the Cato-street atrocity — nevertheless it is a treasonable conspiracy, having, fortunately, one point of resemblance to the two plots above-mentioned—that it has been discovered and defeated in time. It was directed against ourselves, it aimed at the subversion of our supremacy in the periodical world, and was intended to bring into contempt us, the contributors' Sovereign Lord the Editor, our Magazine, and dignity.

Readers cannot have forgotten an absurd Round-Robin from a shallow-pated junto of disappointed correspondents, who had cockered themselves up by a give-and-take system of self-eulogy, till they fancied themselves constrained by an unanimous feeling of their own surpassing merit, to prescribe to us what we ought to insert. We published their appeal, and added notes, by our own individual self, of the most soothing and kindly quality. These gentlemen and ladies, however, are so sore in the chest, with catarrhs, brought on, we presume, by the puffs of flattery, with which they are in the inveterate practice of ventilating one another, that even the emulsion of our notes, soft and tranquillizing, as if dulcified by oil of almonds, could not be swallowed by them without causing strong symptoms of exacerbation in their disordered breasts. Here, however, it is right that we make a distinction—we must not accuse the whole of those who joined in the petition before declared; some were found still bearing true allegiance to us,—to us, their lawful potentate in matters critical, as long as they claim the privileges of that respectable body literate, the contributors to Maga. We do not divulge how many out of the fourteen adhere to their loyalty, because we believe that one or two are in a wavering state, and will probably, when they see the disgrace which the rebels incur, quit the debateable land, and come over and entrench themselves on the right side, where they shall enjoy all the advantages of a plenary amnesty. One of the band, however, was so pre-eminently true to his original fealty, that it was by his means that we were made acquainted with, and enabled to frustrate, the machinations of the evil-disposed. He boldly rushed into their conclave, seized upon their papers, and transmitted the pestiferous bale to us, shewing himself a very Abdiel,

——————— Faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he.

(But this we qualify according to the statement above; nevertheless, he deserves to be reported of as)—

Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal—

and perhaps it is solely through him, that we, at this present moment, are sitting on the throne of these realms of Maga, (*scilicet*, the great-chair in Ebony's back-shop,) and in undisturbed control over demi-gods, angels, devils, and men.—Our demi-gods are those Titans of wit and learning, Odoherty, Wastle, Kempferhausen, and Co.—Our angels are the ladies, whose crow-quills indite delicate articles on pink-edged Bath wove, and very pretty reading they are.—Our devils flit on sooty pinions around the presses of Messrs Ballantyne;—and our every-day subjects are the myriads in the three kingdoms, whose half-crowns are, without grumbling, paid monthly into our exchequer. Yes, to Abdiel, (for in compassion to some of his party he wishes not to be named,) we are indebted for all this; and to a discerning public we commit our vindication and defence; so to the end that the community at large may see the villainy of the designs of these conjurators, (not conjurors—we acquit them of all expertness in that way,) we shall hereunder pillory some of the documents in our possession; thus giving over to utter scorn the railing invectives of these foul-mouthed chaps, their futile imprecations, and their other impotent attempts against our peace.

It appears that the lever by which these Round-Robin men, this Archimedes corporate, meant to move the world of Christopher North's renown, was to be—a book. By means of a

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desperate jerk of this paper lever, propped on the fulcrum of public opinion, these our dominions in fame were to be tilted up and sent—

——— Ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air—upwhirl'd aloft,
The sport of winds.

So that we, (who, vanity apart, are without controversy Editorum facile princeps,) were to be left as bare of literary reputation, as Jeremy Bentham for instance, or any other unreadable, and *ergo* unread, writer of the present day. It is not quite clear what was to be the title-page designation of this declaration of war, and its authors seem to have tampered with a good many. As far as we can make out from some blurred sheets, it looks as if "Vindiciæ Asininæ" had been submitted by a wiseacre, but had been struck out by a more clear-sighted colleague—it would however have been very appropriate. Another Latin prefix was "Northius Obsessus," but probably, as all did not understand it, it met with the luck of the preceding. One wag had put down—

"A rod for the back
Of Kit and his pack."

And there is reason to believe that this might have been adopted, had not the snake been scotched, before it was ready to issue from its hole. After all, the prosaic enunciation of "Christopher's Downfall, or Northern Stolidity in disgrace," may have had their votes, for it is written in a conspicuous hand.

What was to come first in the farrago, and what last, we do not know, because the capture of the rebels' goods was made before they were duly disposed in order—so we must put forth our specimens quite at random. We first then give the misdoings of Omicron, who (it will be in the recollection of our friends,) was the fabricator of a "Celestial Tour." He still has a hankering after preterhuman powers, and here assumes the magical influence of Kehama, making us the Ladurlad of the occasion. He is, however, but a sorry imitator of that wholesale dealer in phlogistic curses, as his imprecations do not take effect—for, (be it known to him, and we thank him,) we have felt our rheumatism rather less troublesome this autumn than usual. Notwithstanding, hear what cruel things he would accomplish, if he could.

"The Curse of Omicron.

"I doom thy foot
To the torment of gout,
And may each of its twinges
Be felt in thy marrow,
Like a sword or an arrow;
Or that crush which constringes
All our nerves in a twist,
When Doctor Scott's wrist
A fang'd grinder unhinges.
This alone shall not slake
The vengeance I'll take.
In tone more emphatic,
Thy great toe I consign
To the shrewd discipline
Of a visit rheumatic,—
A stinging incessant,—
A gnawing not pleasant,—
Fits hot and fits cold—
No peace when thou'rt sitting,
No release when thou'rt flitting,
But pains manifold;
For Water and Fire
Shall together conspire,
And in turn shall beset thee;
So that when thou goest forth
A shower shall aye wet thee.
Keep in, then, Kit North,
The roasting shall fret thee,
Damp feet make thee shrug,
If on pavement thou venture!
And if rashly thou enter
Some friend's open door,
Thou shalt find on the floor
Neither carpet nor rug.
Thou shalt live on,—a sight—
While Omicron shall write,
And Editors woo me,
Devoid of thy spite.
Thou, in swathings of flannel,
Thy foot shalt impannel,
An object of wonder;
Crumpled over and under,
So that folks keep aloof
For fear 'tis a hoof,—
So appalling the view!
And be what will the weather,
It shall ne'er wear a Shoe
Manufactured of leather.
And thy Boot shall obey me,
And cover it never,
And the spell shall be on thee
For ever and ever!"

Don't your teeth chatter with horror and trepidation, like Corporal Trim's, or Harry Gill's, our pitying Public? But, to relieve your apprehensions for our foot's welfare, (put up your white pocket-handkerchiefs, dear readers of the gentler sex! your sympathy is overpowering, and withal, needlessly excited,) we can assure you, and we call on Mr Blackwood to corroborate

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declaration, that we have both our good, serviceable, thick-soled leathern shoes upon our feet at this very epoch of being calumniated; so what becomes of his condemnation of us to the crippled state of being only able to wear half a pair at a time? Nay, we possess a pair of boots, which we scorn to leave behind whenever we jog over to Glasgow, and which, indeed, have incased these legs, and done good service, within the last three weeks. So you see, deeply-interested and partly-tearful audience, how wretched a performer Omicron is in the part of Kehama, being his first appearance in that character. But I see, righteous Public, what your opinion is, and what is his destiny,—you are determined to hiss him off the stage,—he is slinking away,—well he is done for.

The next production is by a conspirator of a very white-livered complection, who signs himself Domesticus. It is entitled "A Familiar Essay on the Character and Conduct of Blackwood's Magazine, with especial reference to No. LIV." It opens in this lack-a-daysical tone:—"I was sitting at tea, on the second of September—a balmy evening, and we had the window open, so that a box of mignonette blended its fragrance with that of the nine shilling hyson.—This was extremely pleasant; but I cannot say that I think it altogether so comfortable as tea-time in winter, when one nudges close into the corner of the sofa, and has the toast kept hot on the fender; indeed, we do not have toast to tea in the summer, which omission alters the whole features of the thing; however, in spite of all this, it was agreeable enough, and so I expressed myself to Kate—" But there is no end to this. In brief, after wallowing in an ocean of sentimental small-talk, he tells us that the Nos. for August arrive: he falls into a wonderment at not meeting with his "Hearth-Rug Promptings;" then he simmers in a warm-watery transport of rage and grief at discovering the note which indicates our will that they shall not appear at all; after which he cools down into a fit of the sullens, in which he attempts to pick holes in No. 54, complaining of "that eternal Steam-boat," whining over the strangeness of our admitting the "Travels of Columbus," while his own superfine compositions are black-balled. In fine, what with lifting up his hands in consternation, shewing the whites of his eyes in amazement, and drawing down the corners of his mouth in affected reprobation of all he finds, he works himself into a little heat again, and thus bursts out: "This Magazine is fated to be the destruction of all that is lovely and engaging in the literature of this remarkable era. If infant genius, with the tottering step, and mantling blush of diffidence, ventures to approach, it is mercilessly strangled,—if buds of talent shew promise of bloom in its neighbourhood, they are rapaciously plucked and trampled upon,—if a gem is disclosed, which, in proper setting, and worn on the finger of beauty, would refract the aerial light most charmingly, it is smashed to atoms by Christopher North's heavy hammer, and mingled with the dust. Oh! sickening thought, said I, as I rose and looked out at the open window, and saw not a leaf stirring upon our three poplars, and all nature, indeed, as tranquil as if this domineering Editor did not infest the earth with his hated presence, Oh, my poor heart! I ejaculated, nature truly has bowels of sensibility, but man has none!" These are riddles; but if our refusal to print his articles be kept steadily in view, the half-meaning of the shadowy nothings is discoverable: but really we can devote no more space to the spooney and his maudlin lamentations. In consideration of his imbecility, we shall deal leniently with him.

The galvaniser of frogs comes next, and he endeavours to give us a shock with a sonnet, but his battery is a poor one.

"To Blackwood's Magazine, No. LIV.

"Drab-coated book, in quakerly disguise!
Quaker in nought but in thine outward trim,
For neath that sober surtout thou art brim-
Full of all swearing tearing insolencies.
Thou scorn'st good authors, bad dost patronize.
No wonder George Buchanan looks so grim,
A-thinking of the stuff that's under him;—
Besides, within a thistle-bed he lies,—

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Meet emblem of the lot which Christopher,
(Because he'll bear no rival near his throne,)
Assigns an evil-starr'd Contributor:—
Hence 'twas Hortensius' fair fame was stifled,
Kit fear'd *his* sonnets would eclipse his own;
So he suppress'd them, but their thoughts he rifled!"

Suppressed!—What d'ye mean? Didn't we print, (we forget in which No.,) your sonnet "To the half of a broken pair of Scissars," beginning "Ah me, thou helplessest of helpless things?" The reading public did not approve of it—the thermometer of popular opinion was down at 32, under its frigorific influence, so that we were abundantly justified in stuffing no more of Mr Twitch's sonnets down the regurgitating throats of the literary multitude. He may have a whole quire of his fourteeners by applying in Prince's Street; and, moreover, as to the charge of rifling the thoughts they contain,—of our enacting the busy bee in the nectareous cups of these flowers,—why, we can only say this—that Mr Blackwood has orders to pay a guinea with every one of these sonnets, in which Mr Hortensius Twitch shall point out to the satisfaction of any chance passer-by the shop-window, (whom he and Mr B., without collusion before-hand, are to lay their paws upon for his purpose,) that there is actually a thought contained! It must be a definite thought,—one which has been regularly brooded on in Mr T.'s brain, has chipped the shell in the said sonnet, and there stands visibly and intelligibly fledged, and recognizable as a distinct thought by ordinary capacities. If he can only point symptoms of approximation towards a thought, Mr B. is, in that case, only empowered to remunerate the disconsolate poet at the rate of half a crown per sonnet so qualified.

V. D. B.'s share in the crime is of a deeper stain. He is diabolically desirous of setting forth our infirmities as matter of merriment. "With all the fierce endeavour of his wit," not indeed "making the pained impotent to smile," but seducing the bystanders to sneer at a "soul in agony." To effect this, he misrepresents us most shamefully. We complain not of his depicting us as a victim of the gouty and rheumatic *virus*, for to our sorrow, "'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true," that we are enfeebled by its attacks—but he does this by broadly asseverating that our malady deteriorates our temper; that we do not bear our faculties meekly under the stings and arrows of this outrageous foe, that we are rendered by it peevish, snappish, testy, tyrannical, unreasonable, and unbearable. Instead of likening us, when seated in our divan, to a father among a devoted family, or to a patriot king presiding over a united people—he makes it appear as if we bore more resemblance to a sour, crusty pedagogue among an unruly crew of striplings too big for his management,—and who, with every inclination to wield the rod, is fain, out of prudence, to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." Can there be an example of greater malignity? but fortunately the venom will do no harm, as the point of this libeller's shaft is blunt, and his arm not so potent as his malice. We laugh at the spleen of the wretch, and treat our readers to a sight of the caricature he has drawn, conscious that not even an approach to a ludicrous resemblance can be discovered—it is, however, quite as good as any dramatic sketch of his which has heretofore solicited our approbation.

Christopher Agonistes.

Scene—Ambrose's. Time—After Supper.

Chr. (*Pettishly.*) Plague on those herrings, they were nought but salt—
Call you this ale? 'tis innocent of malt—
I'd quench this thirst, if there were wherewithal—
Better than poison'd be, ne'er drink at all.
I'll taste no more of it, this blessed night—
Well, after all, "Death in the Pot" was right.
No doubt this swill, this swipe's so wishy washy,
Was brewed from coculus indicus, and quassia.
(*Sighs.*) Heigho, heigho—'twould make a Job go mad!
The Odontist. Cheer up, my man, the yill is no that bad.

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Chr. (*Reddening.*) Not bad? Well, some folks sure don't own a palate.
Tickler. True, Kit, and yet this ale rolls down my gullet
Right trippingly, and seems to be, by jingo,
True home-brew'd tipple, genuine humming stingo.
But own, now, Kit, is there no paroxysm,
In that right toe of thine, of rheumatism?
Chr. (*Sulkily.*) There is—but whereto tends that base suggestion?
My aching toe is nothing to the question.
(*Looking askance*) Odoherty may swill in sheer despite,
But *I* aver 'tis bad, and I am right.
Odoh. Christie, my jewel, let me merely hint it,
With the ale you're rather too much discontinted.
Take a good swig or two, my precious boy,
The muligrubs which rack your toe will fly;
I'm sure I find relief immediately. (*Drinks.*)
Chr. (*Doggedly.*) The matter is to cure my thirst, not toe,
And that, this vile potation will not do.
Wastle. Ay, but my gentle squire, there's cause to think,
Were but the toe quite tranquilized, the drink
Would soon regain its favour in your eyes.
Chr. (*Getting warm.*) Laird, I'm surprised to find this vain surmise
Bolstered by you—this silly, stupid stigma,—
As if I'd no more spirit than a pigmy.

Enter Devil.

Devil. More copy's wanted—they're a' at a dead stop—
And Maister Blackwood rants about his shop;
He says the twentieth's coming, and the Number
Han't half its monthly quantity of lumber.
Chr. Tormenting imp! bane of all satisfaction,
Who egys thee on to drive me to distraction?
(*Turning round furiously.*) You've managed this,—you're all in one base gang!
Blackwood, Contributors, and all, go hang!

(*Breaks the Devil's head, who runs out yelping; the Contributors rise, and form a groupe; some commiserating, some expostulating, some quite at a loss what to think, while Christopher falls back in his chair, exhausted with rage, and overcome with the pain of his toe, which in passion he has hit against the table.*)

Oversalted herrings, and bad ale! If we got nothing better for supper at Ambrose's, our suppers, we fancy, would not be so eagerly frequented. As we admit none to them but persons of gentlemanly manners and feelings, it is quite impossible that the rebel V. D. B. should ever be undeluded, if he believes that he has given any thing like a guess at our fare, or a distorted likeness of ourself in our presidential capacity. He must go on in his error—but it will be seen that we have no fear of exposure from such paltry jobbernowls as those of the Round-Robin faction. We think these specimens will suffice tor ouse popular indignation at these viperous traitors, who, however, are only gnawing a file. If more like evidence be called for, more shall be forthcoming, but we think it needless; we should prefer indeed to find the less guilty, taking warning by those who are gibbeted. We are aware that misprision of treason is the only charge against a few of them. This we shall overlook, if they renew their homage within a reasonable time of grace. Having thus disclosed our danger and escape, we bid all such of our loving subjects as have never swerved from us, Hail, and Farewell.

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LEARNING AND LIBERALITY OF THE BLUE AND YELLOW.

Mr Editor,

As your patriotic attachments cannot suffer you to remain indifferent to the blushing honours of your great critical compatriots, I am sure you will feel both happy and proud to assist the triumph, and partake the gale of their glorious course—by giving wider circulation to one of the most brilliant displays both of literary and moral excellence which has yet shone forth in your northern Athens. You will already, in all probability, have anticipated my allusion to the third article of the last Edinburgh Review.

The literary excellencies which peculiarly characterize this inimitable composition, are purity of style, and a happy ease, and graceful flow of wit—the moral distinction is candour. Indeed, it seems entirely written with a view to illustrate this one lovely quality of mind, just as Miss Baillie devotes entire tragedies to the developement of a single passion.

First, then, for style and wit, the very first sentence will afford a specimen sufficiently admirable; and I can assure the reader (I acknowledge, however, that he must find great difficulty in believing me,) that the *qualis ab incœpto processerit* is religiously observed throughout.

"There is not a wider difference in all nature, than between those who read to learn, and those who consume their whole lives and opportunities in learning to read. Yet there are no two classes of beings more constantly confounded with each other. The world often makes the mistake,—and the parties in question always. The merest hacks and drudges in the cause,—those who tussle for the goat's-wool,—the Stocks and Bardi of alternate annotation,—the lords of Antispast and friends to Double-dochmee,—the running footmen who are meant to clear the path, but oftener stumble and incumber it,—are always, like Pussy's master in the fairy-tale, endeavouring to play the Marquis; and, by dint of large words and local knowledge, too frequently succeed."

Of candour, take the following example.—

"If the scope of Mr Brougham's truly patriotic exertions were to be extended, as we cordially wish to see it, so as to embrace the English Universities, we should hardly so much desire to have his keen and caustic scrutinies directed towards the Colleges in which the elections are close, as towards those which profess to offer their Fellowships to the indiscriminate competition of all learning and ability;—except, indeed, it happen to be Irish. But to the wisdom and humanity of this exception, it is clearly impossible to oppose a single argument. The Brogue is such a black, premeditated crime, that the misjudging infant who lisps those wilful accents, is fairly doomed to a youth of beggary—no ill-imagined training for a life of proscriptions.

"It is in *these* half-open institutions, that inquiry would detect the true spirit of the Monkish system in full and flagrant operation. Place power in the hands of a conceited, ignorant, illiberal recluse, and it asks no gift of prophecy to foresee the inevitable consequence. With feline attachment to localities, such a being soon contracts the prudish air and treacherous propensities of the retromingent animal from which that narrow sentiment is imitated. No antiquated virgin more resembles her own tabby in duplicity, malice, and demureness. The sleek disguise of imbecility, the abuse of his miserable rights, the instinctive preservation of his apprehensive egotism from the contact of superior brilliancy, which he knows to be as little catching as gallantry itself, become the first objects in existence with this hater of a joke. The creature must be 'followed, sought, and sued:' taste must listen to its paradoxes, and talent tremble at its frown. Let a young man only abdicate the privilege of thinking—to some no painful sacrifice—and devote his whole body and soul to the sordid ambition of success, and the 'way to win' with such electors is no formidable problem. As an undergraduate, he must comb his hair smooth, avoid cleanliness and essences, be regular at Latin prayers, and sedulous in capping. After a dull examination in the schools—if a failure so much the better—he may begin to be the butt of Common-rooms, circulate tutors' wit, and prose against the Edinburgh Review. With a hopeless virginity of face, sacred from the violence of meanings—with a manner so nicely balanced between the weight of manhood and the decent levity of youth, that it happily escapes the gracefulness of either—guiltless of fame, originality, or humour—our tyro may then approach the scene of action, secure that the judges will take good care that 'the race shall not be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Hardy professions of impartiality are indeed held forth, to attract unwary merit; and selfish mediocrity finds the most exquisite of all its gratifications in the momentary chance of harassing the talent it would tremble to confront. The candidates are locked up to write themes—solve a Sorites—discover the Latin for an earthquake—and perform other equally edifying tasks:—and the close of this solemn farce is the annunciation of a choice that had been long before determined, in proportion to the scrapings, grins, and genuflections of the several competitors. Who can be surprised, if, under a system like this, genius

knowledge should so seldom strike a lasting root? or that the maturity which succeeds to a youth so prostituted, should produce, by its most vigorous efforts, nothing better than learned drivelling, or marrowless inflation? In many, and in very important respects, Oxford has undoubtedly improved upon its former self; but, in all points of right sentiment or liberal feeling, it is still the same University that stripped Locke of a studentship, and refused Johnson a degree."

As the good-natured artists of an earlier day, unwilling to weary the ingenuity of spectators, by imposing on them the difficult task of tracing any resemblance between the characters and actions depicted and those intended, kindly wrote over their principal figures, Æneas, Ascanius, Dido, &c. so the allusion to "Discourses on Predestination" appears to have been introduced with a similar charitable purpose; and I must acknowledge it is an elegant contrivance to answer an absolutely necessary end; for without such an useful clue, the aim of all these sounding shifts, the φιλολοιδορου γλωσσης βεβημενα ακυφα, might have been absolutely unintelligible; to me at least it would certainly have been so—and yet I am willing to flatter myself that I am not entirely ignorant of *Alma Mater*, or unacquainted with her sons; and perhaps, indeed, that I know enough to be able, were I so inclined, to unmask an anonymous libeller, and to point out the secret and personal springs both of his praise and censure, laying open in the one the ebullitions of gratified vanity, and in the other the malignity of disappointed interest. The sketch might be completed by suggesting the true drift of the entire article, in its relation to present hopes and prospects.

Were it necessary for a moment to treat these drivellings of impotent malice with seriousness, it would be amply sufficient to remark that the body against which they are directed has long been distinguished by obtaining a share greatly beyond the proportion of its numbers, of those same academic honours on which such large encomiums are so consistently bestowed in this very article. Although the reproach of a "*retromingent animal*," would be far less in my estimation than that which proverbially attaches to an "ill bird," still I do not appear on this occasion πτωσσω ανν αλωστυς. Σκωμματα παρ' ουδεν—nor have I any local connection with the body attacked. I entertain for it indeed, and for every thing connected with it, (always excepting its metaphysics,) those sentiments of respect which I believe to be common to the whole university—but it is thus only that it can interest me as.

A Member of Christ Church,
Oxon.

12th Oct. 1821.

THE TRUE PEDANT—A SKETCH.

George Buchanan has been reproached with making our sixth James a *pedant*. He might have been a worse thing. It is better to "turn the council to a grammar school," than to an academy for young Machiavels. He who is solicitous not to break Priscian's head, is not likely to have the passion for breaking heads, in the abstract. The preceptor seems to have known well the propensities of his royal pupil, and did all for the best. James maintained the doctrine of divine right in good set terms, and so did all his bishops, and they kept their heads upon their shoulders, and barring natural causes, might have gone on stringing their syllogisms to all eternity. His son Charles, and his favourite Laud, who were less of pedants, began to turn the other's theory into practice, and were cut short before they had proceeded three steps in their practical sorites. Pedants are of all men the most harmless against the itch for a paper war, even a quaker would not protest. If they breed little else than moths, they take special care not to diminish the offspring of more prolific people. They are, to be sure, persecuting and intolerant enough, but then it is all in the bloodless way—They only pelt each other with arguments, or nail one another upon the *crux metaphysicorum*, or some one of the many *cruces* which are to be found in the copious inventory of the "Approbria Philosophiæ."

Pedants have been ridiculed, abused, and written against more than any set of men that ever existed, but, after all, they are still a tolerably thriving generation. The Alchymists and the Astrologers, and the Demonologists, and the Jesuits, and the sticklers for philo-

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gistos, and the Brunonians, and the Antivaccinists, and the Della Cruscans, have been written down, but the pedants have not been written down; not even by themselves, which is the most surprising thing of all. From Holofernes down to Lingo, wicked wits have ridiculed them, yet they have never been able to do away the reverence with which they are regarded by the bulk of mankind. "There's a divinity that doth hedge a pedant." What can be more absurd and ridiculous than the caps and gowns of an English University? if any other set of beings were to persist in going into public so dressed, what would be the consequence? The poor persecuted Quakers in their plainest days were not so absurdly attired as one of these, yet, from Provost to Proctor, what lip ever deviates from the angle of gravity at the sight of them? These, too, are the most marked species of the whole genus. There is your virtuoso pedant, your scientific pedant, your poetical pedant, and your pedantic trifler—they are less distinct. It is your thorough-bred Greek and Latin pedant, the lineal descendant of the old musty, vellum bound, yellow-looking, *illustrissimi*, who gives the generic name to the tribe. He has been the most unmercifully roasted of the whole—but in a village he is, to this day, the eight wonder of the world. Even in a country town his opinion "bears an emphasis" beyond the vulgar votes of a brace of tradesmen, or the vociferous suffrages of a dozen farmers. In cities he is not quite what he was; but there observe the deference and respect he shall sometimes inspire—"'tis much." Who but some of the reckless wags of Blackwood's Magazine would have ventured to make a jest of Dr Parr's wig?—Who but their Editor—(well may he be called invisible, for nobody ever saw such a man)—would have ventured upon such a term as "Goody Barker?" Who but the profane author of the "Hymn to Christopher" would have dared to designate the venerable personage, whose square physiognomy gives dignity to the volume of which it is the impressure, by the name of "Georgy Buchanan?" "Head of Confucius! dumplin Dick!!" exclaimed Goldsmith's Chinese, on a similar profanation—but this is ten times worse.

I am wandering, however, from the subject. The real, thriving, well-feathered pedant may be easily known, like other objects of natural history, from certain external signs; and these be they: Whether clergyman or layman, he is fond of dressing in black, and if of an English university, wears his MA. gown in his study of a morning. There he is constantly to be found by twelve o'clock callers, with his black cotton stockings, so fine, that they look like silk, and his shoes shining in all the fulgor of Day and Martin's blacking. It is a mistake to imagine that your true pedant is slovenly. This has only been imagined by those who have confounded the scholastic pedant with the scholar of genius. He delights in having his study kept neat. The litter of books upon his table is evidently the artful negligence of design, and not the heavy agglomeration of literature. He piles his table with flea-bitten editions, as a young attorney does with musty parchments. His study has divers nick-nacks; and they are in good condition. His reading-stand is unbroken,—and the patent springs which secure the guardian wired doors of the most precious apartments of his library are undamaged. He has the door of his study painted and panneled, to correspond with the divisions of his book-case, in order that, as he expresses it, he may seem to live enveloped in literature, as a toad does in free-stone. He is delighted when you startle at not finding an exit when you turn to leave the room.

He is found reading a thick octavo of dirty corbeau colour, and to the first apologetic visitant he says, that he "was just amusing himself for half an hour with *his friend* Horace." He says all the translators (there are some thirty of them) have mistaken the "simplex munditiis." He expatiates upon Homer and Virgil, and thinks the first has more majesty, the second more sweetness. He inclines to prefer Virgil. Those passages in which the sound is supposed to echo to the sense, stay longest in his memory, and apparently give him most pleasure. He quotes with the greatest glee, especially if a young person be present, "Αστεροπητὰ πεδόθεν κυλινδέετο λᾶας ἀναιδής," making the first leap with his hand upon the table, thence to his knee, and thence to the carpet. He imitates with his fingers the gallopping of a horse—children do, and repeats "Quo

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dante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum." He is also fond of "Procumbit humi bos," and of "Πολυφλοις βοος Θαλασσης," of which he hisses the last syllable violently through his teeth. He thinks Pope's translation a beautiful English poem, but not Homer. He thinks Cowper's more like Homer, but not so beautiful a poem. His well known line,

"High sounding—bounding on the silver bow,"

he thinks a tolerable imitation of the exquisite effect of the Greek.

He is no enemy to puns in general, but to Greek and Latin puns he is distractedly attached. There are none so bad as to be to him destitute of humour. He asks all schoolboys below the fourth form to construe "Bos currit plenum sed," and explains to them the etymology of driving "tandem." He repeats the best joke his old friend Dr Drybones ever made, which was saying of a young empty-headed coxcomb of an acquaintance, who was reported to be taking lessons at Paris in that accomplishment for which the French are celebrated beyond the rest of mankind, that he was studying "TO Καλω;" and his second best, which was nicknaming old Dr Dusky, who was perpetual president of a smoking club at Oxford, "Νεφελιγερετα Ηυς." To all his legal friends he never misses the opportunity of translating "Nemo *repente* fuit *turpissimus*,"—"You must keep all your terms to become a lawyer." But what he values himself most upon is, having in his youth attracted the notice of the celebrated Professor ———, by rendering Horace's line, "Nullus argento color est avaris," (when some one quoted it at a dinner party,) "One never knows the colour of a miser's money;" and upon his having christened a conceited, travelled chum of his, who had been bit with the fashion (so prevalent, of late, in other quarters) of being in raptures with Italy, *Silius* Italicus! a title which stuck to him for the remainder of his life.

As in duty bound, he has a contempt, of greater or less intensity, for all learning, science, or information, which is not *classical*. To the "Idiotæ," or unlearned, which, he sometimes whispers, even as great a man as Horsley translated "idiots," especially if they be engaged in trade, his sense of superiority is immeasurable, and peeps out of every intonation of his stiffly-condescending civility. The professions he respects in the following order:—Divinity first; next, Law; and lastly, Physic. He also condescends to like such officers of the army or navy as will listen to him, and pay him reciprocal respect,—of whom, however, he meets but few. To such he is as full of "ancient disciplines" as Flaellen himself. He prefers Hannibal and Scipio to Wellington and Napoleon. He quotes Xenophon, Cæsar, and Polybius, and sets them above all modern writers on Strategy. He is convinced that Cæsar's bridge, as described in his Commentaries, must have been infinitely beyond all the efforts of modern engineering. He is not the less convinced of this, because he has no remarkably clear ideas of the construction of the said bridge, notwithstanding the lucid simplicity of style which he is in the habit of attributing to the conqueror of Britain.

There is one occasion, and one only, upon which he relaxes to every body; and that is, when he has been invited to a good dinner. Here he sits "neat—trimly drest"—courteous and smiling; saying little; listening much;—eating more. He attends to the merchant who talks of the Royal Wine Company at Lisbon, and the method of preparing claret for the English market. He hearkens to the Colonel who vapours about the vintage of Spain and of Greece, and of, "the Lord knows where." He listens to the chemist who lectures upon their fermentation and comparative strengths; and gives ear to the physician who dogmatizes upon their wholesomeness. He tries to be droll, and condescends to be jocose. He quotes the Lapland Priest, whose stock of Latin was included in the four emphatic words, "*Bonum vinum pone circum*;" and, to the old gentleman who is wedded to Hock, he puns upon Ausonius' well-known conceit, "*Hoc* pereunté fugis; *hoc* fugiente peris."

He is inclined to think Porson the greatest man that England ever produced. He excuses his heretical politics when mentioned—when not mentioned, he says nothing about them. After the Professor, he is content to rank Newton, Milton, and Shakespeare; though he dislikes the republicanism of the second, and the irregu-

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larity of the last. He sneers most contemptuously at all who venture to compare the bard of Avon with the Greek tragedians; and though he pretends to admire his comedies, willingly leaves the Merry Wives of Windsor for the quaintnesses of Ignoramus. If an Englishman, he ridicules the Scottish pronunciation of Latin; and, indeed, that of every other country. If a Scotchman, he has a contempt for Oxford, and no love for Cambridge. He dies at about the age of sixty of a bilious attack, having never been perfectly well since his last visit to his college.

T. D.

MR BARKER'S RETORT COURTEOUS, TO THE EXPOSTULATION UNNECESSARY.

MR EDITOR,

To the 46th Number of the *Classical Journal*, published on July 1st, rather more than two months prior to the date of the Expostulatory Letter of your Constant Reader, in the last Number of your Magazine, was appended the following advertisement:—"In the press,—*Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*, or, A Reply to the Notice of the New Greek Thesaurus, inserted in the 44th Number of the *Quarterly Review*, by E. H. Barker. Part 2d. In this Second Part will be found Critical Remarks on Lobeck's *Phrynichi Eclogæ*, Creuzer's *Commentatt. Herodoteæ*, Mr G. Burges's *Æschyli Supplices*, Osann's *Philemo Grammaticus*, Dr Maltby's Edition of *Morell's Thes.* and other Works. In the Appendix will be given Extracts from the MS. Lexicon of Eudemus, and a complete Index of all the new Words, which have been discussed and noticed in the *New Gr. Thes.*" And I was therefore much surprised to find that the Constant Reader was not in the habit of perusing that Classical Journal, on which he has, in his first communication to you, influenced, no doubt, by motives of a *peculiar* nature, poured out the vials of his wrath. But, though the work was thus announced as in the press, yet circumstances of a domestic nature have so fully occupied, and will continue so to occupy, my leisure, as to prevent me from proceeding with the publication of the MSS., which have for many months been nearly ready for the press. The Index has required more time than I had expected that it would require, and it is not yet completed; and the accelerated progress of the *Thes.* leaves me but very few moments in the course of the day for such *classical recreations*; and with these accumulated obstacles there is, I fear, but little chance that his amiable feelings towards myself will be gratified, and his laudable zeal for the interests of literature excited, and his ardent thirst for knowledge satiated, by the appearance of my book, till after Christmas. However, when he *again* visits Thetford, if he will favour me with a call, he shall have a view of the MSS., and he can at once refresh his body with the mineral waters, and his spirit with this *Castalian spring*.

He "entreats me to come forward," as "he has nothing to laugh at;" and I shall at all times be ready to do so, if his *wisdom* keeps pace with his *mirth*,—if he will listen to the homely, but not yet, I hope, antiquated, proverb—BE MERRY AND WISE. Possibly, when I do come forward, he may alter his note, and his ridiculous laugh may be changed into a *Sardonic grin*. In the mean time he may find a rich fund for mirth, as a person of more sober and dignified habits would find ample matter for regret, in the recent exposures of Dr Blomfield's Plagiarisms, and the more perfect developement of his character, by Mr G. Burges in the *Classical Journal*, and in his *Æschyli Supplices*.

The Constant Reader can have no idea of the extraordinary shock which he has given to my politics, and the dreadful emotions which even you, sir, and your readers, must have experienced on perceiving that he views the attack on Mr Alderman Waithman, at Knightsbridge-Barracks, the events in which Mr Alderman Wood has been engaged, and the transactions in which Sir Robert Wilson has borne a part, as "tragedies." Never was any inference more logically correct than the one which I have drawn; for, immediately after the mention of those eminent personages, with a pointed allusion to recent occurrences, he adds,—"I hear of no new tragedies."

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My astonishment has been still further augmented on finding that in "new tragedies," he looks for what he terms "mirthful emotions," "sportive matter," "something to laugh at." And "still the wonder grows," that he should connect those political affairs with literary matters.

For my part, so long as he continues to write such articles, (they may, however, prove useful to you for *Balsam*,) I shall never want topics for laughter. The Constant Reader is always witty himself, or the cause of wit in others; and those who have a plenteous patience to peruse his pages, must perpetually smile *with* him or *at* him. Even in this last effort of his muse, he has been true to his character—distinguished by a peculiar felicity of errour. 1. He asks, "What is A *petulanti splene cachinno* to do?" as if his interrogatory could stand without the aid of any *person*. Had he included the verb *sum* in his quotation, as in the original of Persius, he would have been protected by classical authority:—*Quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.*—Sat. 1, 12. 2d. He adds that "well does Mr Barker know that

Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni."

But, unforunately, Mr B. does not "know" the line with a false quantity in it. And yet the Constant Reader, who has *reaped* the benefit of an education in the University, can ungenerously talk about Mr Waithman "having utterly demolished the pate of our old friend Priscian," when the worthy Alderman never had any such inestimable advantages! Lord Bacon, in his Advancement of Learning, shews, that 'learning improves private virtues,' 'takes away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds,' 'takes away all levity, temerity, and insolency,' 'takes away all vain admiration;' and while the Constant Reader finds the virtues of public men a fit subject for raillery, while he finds himself in full possession of all the bad qualities of the heart, which are here enumerated, and while his mind retains that 'vain admiration' of Dr Blomfield, which he has avowed in his previous communications to you, he may feel assured, that he has not attained the learning contemplated by the philosopher, and that the alderman may, in these and similar respects, leave him at an immeasurable distance.

The Constant Reader is pleased to ask a very polite question of those whom he expects to peruse his lucubrations: "Does Mr Barker suspect, that, like his namesake Anubis, *latrator* Anubis, he is ever-matched in fight, and will go forth but to be beaten? Mr B. has no such fears of himself, as the event will prove—

"But he had a club
The dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye."
Dragon of Wantly.

The Constant Reader terms Mr B. a *latrator;* but, with all his knowledge of dogs, he probably never read the learned work of Joannes Caius, *de Canibus Britannicis*, republished by Dr Jebb in 1729, 12mo. Dogs are there divided into three species, *Generosum, Rusticum, et Degenerem;* and as the Constant Reader certainly does not seem to belong to the first species, I will leave to him the agreeable task of tracing his pedigree from either of the other two. My own idea is, that he is a sort of mongrel, descended partly from the Vertagus, "Tumbler," of which species Caius says, p. 9:—"Quod *dolo* agit, vertagum nostri dicunt, quod se, dum prædatur, vertat, et circumacto corpore, impetu quodam in ipso specus ostio feram opprimit et intercepit;" and partly from the Canis Furax, "qui jubente hero *noctu* progreditur, et sine latratu odore adverso persequens cuniculos, cursu prehendit quos herus permiserit, et ad heri stationem reportet. Vocant incolæ canem nocturnum, quod venetur noctu."—P. 10. The strange tricks by which he imposes on your readers, the awkward gambols which he plays in argument, the ungenerous pursuit of his game in the *dark*, his servile submission to, and his blind adulation of his master, but too plainly indicate the *cross-breed*—the vices of both species without the virtues of either—the counterfeit genius of both, with the real mediocrity of talents belonging to more ignoble animals.

His joke about Thes., first broached by the Quarterly Reviewer of the *Greek Thesaurus*, then retailed *entire* by the Anti-Jacobin Reviewer, then poured into his first letter, as genuine home-brewed wit, and bottled for domestic use on every occasion, has become sufficiently stale; and the Second Part of my *Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*, will tell to him the curious fact, that the merit of the ab-

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breviation belongs not to Mr Barker, but to scholars of an earlier date, and not more to Mr B. than to the *Mus. Crit. Cantebr.*, where it is often employed.

As the Constant Reader, though "looking around him like a vulture perched on an eminence for objects on which he may gratify his insatiable thirst for rapine," (Robert Hall,) can, as he states, find "no new tragedies" to excite his "mirthful emotions," and cannot for some time expect the perusal of my intended publication, in these vacant hours I may with great propriety endeavour to furnish him with fit topics for consideration, and none appear to me more likely to assist him than the following extracts from the venerable Jeremy Taylor:—

"Commonly curious persons, or, as the Apostle's phrase is, busie-bodies, are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the vertues of an excellent person; but if there be any thing for which men keep locks, and bars, and porters,—things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their business. But busie-bodies must feed upon *tragedies*, and stories of misfortunes, and crimes. Envy and idleness married together, and begot curiosity; therefore Plutarch rarely well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable gates of cities, out of which only malefactors, and hangmen, and *tragedies* pass —nothing that is chaste or holy."—*Holy Living*, ch. II. § 5.

"This crime (of slander) is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs; it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship; it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vital parts of charity; it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent."

The Good and Evil Tongue, Sermon XXII. p. 161.

Relying on your sense of justice and impartiality to insert my reply to the Constant Reader, though it has extended to a greater length than I had expected. I remain, Mr Editor,

Your obedient humble servant,

EDMUND HENRY BARKER.

Thetford, Oct. 7. 1821.

LETTER FROM BILL TRUCK, TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR KIT,

(Excuse me, for I love the old ship-shape looking monosyllable vastly)—You should have heard from me long ere this time, had I not been bored to death by a whole gang of the Fancy in your way, every soul of them bothering me with his opinion as to how I should steer; and every one of them agreeing as well with each other as the old hooker herself does to her course with the wind all round the compass. It certainly was my first intention, my good lad, like a plain man unused to writing, after having, with your able assistance, introduced the *Man-of-War's Man* to the notice of your reading and admiring world; and moreover, after seriously advising him to spin his yarns of short and sweet things to it and to you—in a manner, of course, worthy your high-flying and admirable Miscellany—without paying the smallest attention to that dull, Dutchman built affair, your plodding mechanical crones call *Regular Narrative*, to have left the young fellow, like a good pilot, to pursue his voyage in his own way, under your safe convoy; and all this in the innocence of my heart, I frankly told these inquisitive interrogators. Zounds! would you believe it, Mr North? I found myself in as bad a mess as the old blade and his donky; I was scouted, and teazed, and worried so unmercifully, that I was glad to haul down my jabber and sing out for quarter, for their pshaws and nonsenses, and other such like pop-shot, were whistling round my head and ears as thickly as a North Sea sleet shower. Amidst all their flummery, however, and many a fancy flam was proposed, they agreed that nothing would do half so well as a long-winded, well-told, regular built story, in which I was bound to clear

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poor Davis, (my protegé they were pleased to term him, d—n their French!) from the smallest taint of reproach, by telling all I knew of his family for the two or three last generations at least! Here was a duty to load an old Greenwich-man with!—So d'ye see, my dear lad, I first looked gruff, then swore a little, for I couldn't help it, and then I flatly refused the job.—"Mayhap, gentlemen," says I, "you're not aware," says I, "that you assign me a task for which I am unfit. I know nothing of your shore matters," says I, "and no shame to me; but if you think it will advantage the poor young fellow," says I, "in God's name set about it directly, any one of ye that chooses."—This was all the rogues wanted, I believe, for away they went, nor did I hear from them again till about ten days afterwards, when I received the package containing the precious narration; to which I had but two objections, but they were clinchers. In the first place, this same narration was as bulky as an admiral's instructions, and as long as a best bower, and of course, my dear fellow, would have occupied far too much room in your so much envied *sanctum*; and secondly, the matter of it, *to my taste*, was quite trashy—as bad indeed as black strap, or six-water grog—by no means a plain, sober, sensible story, but swollen and inflated like an old woman in a dropsy, with the poetry and puffery of sentiment; every period being scissared as neatly as a round-robin, and sense throughout the whole of it completely massacred at the shrine of sound and nonsense. Disgusted with it, and somewhat chagrined, I confess, at the loss of so much good time, I was not a whit made better, you may be certain, upon discovering that the writer of this fancy affair was no other than a young spink of a nephew of mine, who, because I have sometimes allowed the puppy a little familiarity with me of an evening, and because, forsooth, his father has been fool enough to spend as much money in the keeping him at College as might have sent him with a cargo to the coast of Guinea, thinks himself, I suppose, as good a judge of public opinion, as you or I, Mr North, who have seen service! D—n the impertinent son of a dog-fish, I had good a mind to spritsail-yard him, and turn him adrift!

I am now more cool, my dear Kit, and have begun to think there must be something in the matter after all. Lest, therefore, my dear boy, you should be something of the puppy's opinion, I will cheerfully volunteer, as I wish to stand well in yours, to tell you the young lad's story in my own way; for it can be done in the twirl of a mop-stick. You must know, then, that Edward's father, from his youth up, was a rampageous, high-spirited, tearing sort of fellow, who thought proper to marry his mother at hap-hazard, without consulting the wishes of a single soul of his family; for which offence he was very properly, like a young mutinous rascal, immediately bundled off, by the grandfather, in the service of the Honourable the East India Company. His mother, shortly after unshipping herself of a son, also disappeared—most people thought in search of her husband—leaving Edward to the care of the old boy, who very honestly, taking a notion of the youngster, fed, and clothed, and schooled him to the mast-head. Being, however, a real chip of the old block, you'll not hinder the young skemp from very early betraying a peculiar address in nosing out every thing that appeared in the shape of a petticoat; nor was it long before his grandfather discovered him on the eve of forming a very improper indissoluble connection with another skittish hop-my-thumb, something like himself. He immediately put in his spoke, and forbade the banns; on which my young sensitive, fretting, and fizzing, and fuming like a pot-fire in water, after committing as many extravagances and ridiculous gri-

maces as a St Helena monkey, most gallantly blew out the brains of all his future prospects, went down to Leith, and was on board of the Adamant, and had entered the service, before you would have said Jack Robinson. As he took no pains to conceal this *wise* measure, but rather appeared to betray a sort of savage satisfaction in thus affronting his grandfather and all his family, they very properly pocketed their grief, convinced that he had chosen a rougher schoolmaster, and a harder penance, than any they could have had the heart to inflict.

Having thus given you all that I know of our young Man-of-War's-Man, my dear lad, I shall now take my leave, with expressing my hope that you and he may proceed on your voyage together in a comfortable and happy manner, and that, after many months of mutual pleasure, and mutual satisfaction, you may see him into port, and part good friends.—My dear Kit, I shall always be proud to be ever yours, while

Canongate, 10th October, 1821. BILL TAUCK.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAPTER II.

Your work is very hard, my boys, upon the ocean sea,—
And for your reefing topsails I'd rather you as me;—
I feather my oar unto the shore, so happy as I be
In the Guard-ship, ho!

WE left Edward, moving slowly forward from his conference with the officers, in a state of mind far from being enviable. By the thoughtless though friendly kindness of Lieutenant Highgate, he had been exposed to a scrutiny which of all things he had least expected; and thus taken by surprise, and determined not to affront, as he thought, the honour of his family, he had found the little that he did say treated as falsehood, and himself rudely levelled to the same grade of infamy as the felons he accompanied. The sneering unbelief, too, so broadly displayed by Lieutenant Toddrel, had done its work; and the Captain's parting words, on dismissing him, of his being "a queer one," and no better than he ought to be, still rung in his ears, and stung him to the soul. With a heavy and a bursting heart, therefore, and unwilling to betray himself in the presence of men, who, he was quite aware, looked upon such feelings with the greatest contempt, he sought a solitary corner under the vessel's little forecastle, and there gave way to an agony of tears. The rude ungainly taunts of the Lieutenant, it is true, had excited no other emotions than a certain scorn and contempt, which, in other circumstances, and in another place, would, in all likelihood, have provoked a return; but the graceful manners and manly delicacy of Captain Farrell had won his heart, and several times was he on the point of returning to the quarter-deck, and demanding an audience of him, that he might tell him his whole story. Here, however, there was an explanation to make, which both shocked and alarmed his pride, of which we need hardly remark he had a very respectable share. "No, no, it can never be," exclaimed he mentally; "I have voluntarily courted my fate, and however hard it may prove, I must learn to bear it. I might have chosen better, it is true; and yet how could that be, when I chose to the best of my knowledge? Have I not ever loved sea matters? Have I not wished many times to be engaged in them? And have I not *now* got my wish? Yes!" added he, with a convulsive shudder, which made his teeth grind together,—"yes! I have got it in an overflowing cup, every drop of which I must drain to the bottom—for too much, far too much, has already been done, ever to be undone with honour. Alas! well did Lieutenant Highgate say, when he gave me the list to carry to the midshipman,—'There, Davis, that is your banishment, since you will have it. God bless you, and farewell; we may meet again, though at present it an't very likely." From this melancholy and mortifying reverie, he was suddenly

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aroused by a smart blow of a rope's-end athwart his shoulders, and on wheeling round beheld the boatswain's-mate.—"Yo hoy! who have we got skulking here?" growled the brutal fellow, repeating the blow.—"Oho! you're one of the Johnie Raw's are you!—and crying too, or blast me!—I thought you had belonged to *me*. But never mind, my buck, a simple snaffler or two in the bunt is nothing at all at all, when once you're used to it—so come, come, save your water for another occasion; rub up your sparklers, and jump aft there, like a blade of mettle, and give us a pull of that there brace." Edward obeyed; and launched with such apparent cheerfulness and good will into the bustle of the deck, as evidently to gain on the good graces of his new associates; the boatswain's mate in particular exclaiming, "that though awkward, he was willing, and in a short time would make a d—d good top-man."

Busily occupied in this manner, the day flew by; but, with the return of night, came more serious and melancholy reflections. It was impossible for Edward to avoid remarking, with what marked and studied contempt he was treated by Lieutenant Toddrell and all his inferior officers, who individually seemed to rejoice in humbling the impostor who had had the audacity to aspire to rank above his fellows, and who accordingly singled him out for the most trifling, unceasing, and vexatious duties, exulting and sneering at his ignorance and awkwardness. Even the Captain himself, of whom he was inclined to think so favourably, seemed to have become harsher and more stern towards him since their conference together, and appeared to view the indignities which were heaped upon him with an unsparing hand, with some degree of satisfaction. Gathering from the ill-natured taunts of the young gentlemen, that all this wretched usage proceeded from something contained in the letter, while he could hardly refrain from cursing the officious kindness of Lieutenant Highgate in thus erecting him like a target to be shot at, he was incessant in his inquiries at the older seamen as to when they expected to arrive at Yarmouth, naturally enough judging, that were he once quit of the Whippersnapper, he would sink unknown amongst the common herd, and get the common usage allowed to every one. Nor had he long to exercise his newly-tried patience; for the breeze continuing steady and favourable, the vessel speedily made her way to the much-wished for roadstead, which was no sooner in view than the supernumeraries were ordered to get ready to go instantly on board the guard-ship, the Whippersnapper meaning to proceed without delay to her cruising ground.

This order Edward prepared to obey with the greatest pleasure; for, not to mention another reason than her inconvenient lowness and wetness, the Whippersnapper was so completely overloaded with live lumber as to have made a longer stay very disagreeable. He was therefore very soon on the quarter-deck, with his mattrass and blankets under his arm, and had ample time to survey his motley companions, while a Bardolph-faced fellow of a clerk prepared the *invoice*. If our readers be inclined to stare at this, we can honestly assure them that it was actually an invoice of so many head of live-stock, "victualled," moreover, "for that day," and sent from his Majesty's sloop of war, Whippersnapper, to his Majesty's flag-ship, Grab, Dugald Dolittle, commander. Edward and his comrades were thus all standing in groupes talking of the nature of their change, when the serjeant of marines came up to them, dressed in a dirty jacket which had once been scarlet, and a rattan in his hand, as if prepared for drill; and having elbowed the first of the squad he encountered in the genuine spirit of nautical naiveté, he bawled out with a most authoritative countenance, "Come, man, come;—fall in—rank up!—Blast your lubberly eyes! stand in a line, can't you?—What a rascally, lousy, good-for-nothing set!—Look here;—put all of you your toes to that there seam, and stand straight up, and keep your front—so now, so,—too far, my lad; back a little—there now, steady!—What's that whoreson loggerhead wheeling for? My eyes, can't you stand steady, and bed—d to ye, you lubber!—so now so—steady!" He was here compelled to silence by the appearance of his potent commander issuing from the companion-ladder, and meekly followed by his bareheaded amanuensis, carrying pen and ink and the aforesaid invoice. Captain Farrell, who seemed to be in

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none of the best of humours, after slightly saluting his officers, who were all on deck, replaced his well worn every way cocked hat on his head, and strutted his two or three paces of a quarter deck, apparently wrapt in profound cogitation, with a solemnity of dignity truly ludicrous. At length making an abrupt halt, he turned to his obsequious lieutenant, who stood watching his motions, and said, "Is the boat ready, Mr Toddrell?"—"Yes, sir, but not manned," was the answer. "Then man her directly," cried the Captain, "for we must be off—the wind sits fair."

The Lieutenant immediately gave the signal to the watching boatswain's mate, the shrill whistle blew, and *Away there, large cutters!* was bawled through the lungs of an ox. This command was promptly obeyed, the men coming scrambling up in all directions, and the commanding midshipman standing at the gangway, waiting orders. A profound silence was now broke by the captain ordering his clerk to muster the people that were going away, and the serjeant of marines to see that they carried nothing along with them but what was their own. While this was going on, throwing one leg carelessly athwart the breach of a carronade, he amused himself with a scrutiny at the individuals and their luggage, as they passed him to the boat. As soon as they had got all huddled in, he again appeared on the gunnel, "Are you all right there, Mister Faddell?"

"All right, sir," replied the Midshipman.

"Then make all the haste you can on board again," said the Captain, "for I shall get under weigh directly; and hark'ye, youngster, see that you bring me back a proper receipt."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the midshipman; "shove off, Parkinson"—and away they went.

A very short time brought them alongside of the Grab, where the ceremonials of introduction were much the same as those of taking leave of the Whippersnapper, excepting that they were marshalled by a smart dressed master-at-arms, and that every thing else bore a proportionate degree of gentility, and was of larger magnitude. The formalities of introduction over, they were next handed down to the purser's steward to be entered on his mess-book, were told the number of their respective messes, and then turned adrift to make of themselves what they pleased for the day.

As Edward had silently resolved to imitate the behaviour of those men-of-war's men who were along with him, well knowing that former experience would regulate their motions, and observing them making the best of their way for the lower deck, he immediately followed, and after their example, was shortly seated at his own mess-table. This mess was under the controul of one of the quarter-masters, whose wife amused her leisure hours in the superintendance and care of a petty chandler's shop, and retailed snuff, tobacco, tea, sugar, butter, cheese, bread, potatoes, needles, threads, and other luxuries and necessaries, to all who had money to purchase, or trinkets or other saleable articles to pawn, and to a select number of her own ship's company on credit to a certain extent. As both the lady and her husband were unable either to read or write, she was compelled, to the sad loss of "many a good pen'orth of back, or," to consign all her credits to her memory between the one meal's hour and the next, when honest Ritchie Sangster, the fifer, who belonged to her mess, being at leisure, used to relieve her, by enrolling the whole of the foresaid credits, day and date, into a sort of journal which she kept. Now it so happened that this same Master Dick laboured under a disorder proverbially common among his countrymen of the north of Scotland, and of course was not only a little over greedy, but had enacted the part of private secretary to Mrs Susan Harley so long without a rival, as to be very often somewhat unreasonable in his demands; which when not immediately complied with, the cunning puffer of sweet sounds, would start away from the table, with a cry of "*Here I come, sir!*" and hasten upon deck as if he were really wanted, to whistle a butt of water from the hold, leaving poor *Missis* Sue, with an overloaded memory, in a state of mind something between wonderment and chagrin. By way of relieving herself on those occasions when "her dear wag Richard took his *tantrums*;" Mrs Susan had no doubt been at infinite pains in the study of a certain kind of hieroglyphics, which are very popular among

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the more enlightened and politer barmaids and pot-boys of Cockaigne; but whether from the want of comprehension, or the want of time to comprehend, is not exactly known, but so little progress had she hitherto made in this elegant science, that her knowledge on these occasions often failed her, and would finally compel her to send Joe Harley in search of the fifer, whom she would flatter and pettle with good things to return to his duty. It is a very common nautical observe, that every man has his lucky and unlucky days, which, of course, since they are unavoidable, he must just take as they come, with as much coolness, or as much heat as he pleases; and the eventful day that Edward joined the foresaid Richard's mess was no doubt one of his unfortunate ones. It had so pleased the stars, (probably *Ursa major*, &c.) that Dick should, that very morning, take the *tantrums* for something or other he wanted, and that to such a violent degree, that the flag of Mrs Harley's defiance was still hoisted when Edward made his appearance at her table. She was then in the very act of resorting to her old dernier; and consequently bore all the marks generally exhibited by a certain professor, when demonstrating a geometrical colligation, *i. e.* she would bite her nails, scratch her ringlets into a fine disorder, survey her shoe points, then mark down her hieroglyphic, which the next moment she would erase as being wrong or unsatisfactory; ever adding at the end of every failure, a hearty ejaculation on the absent Dick, which it would be very wrong to interpret a blessing. It is impossible for us to say by what sort of sympathetic attraction Mrs Susie was led to behold our hero with a favourable eye—it could not be his clothes, for he was nearly in rags—nor could it be his "speaking eyes," for grief and inquietude had dimmed their lustre—certain we are, however, there was a something about him which attracted her regard; for, contrary to her usual and well-known practice,—being fond of shewing strangers that she was somebody—she was remarkably civil to him, and even kind; while he, on the other hand, grateful for such unlooked for attention, and observing her somewhat perplexed in her accounts, gallantly offered her his assistance, which was gladly accepted, and in half the time Dick would have taken, he had all her debits entered on her journal. Without meaning it, after consequences shewed that this was a master-stroke for a person in Edward's forlorn situation; for it matters not whether he had the far-famed Ledyard, or the politic and smooth-tongued Marmontelle in his eye at that lucky moment, since he happily succeeded in making a friend of Mrs Susan Harley, who, besides her own powerful influence as the senior quarter-master's wife, and the most invincible scold in the ship, possessed an almost unlimited patronage in being femme-de-chambre and washerwoman to the first Lieutenant—a power of itself, indeed, almost equivalent to the command of the vessel. As the accidental discovery of our hero's abilities made her completely independent of her *dear wag Richard and his tantrums*, whom she had apparently spoiled by her flatteries, she could not conceal her high satisfaction from her new found auxiliary, but insisted, as the day was far advanced, that Edward should stay with her, promising to introduce him to her husband, who, she assured him, "was a dear good old creature, and might do him a kindness." This request, it may be easily imagined, was too agreeable to Edward, to meet with a refusal; and he accordingly, nothing loth, sat still until the arrival of the quarter-master, who appeared to be a hale stout old man, between fifty and sixty years of age, with ruddy cheeks, a fine figure, and a very pleasant open countenance.

"O, you are there, Harley, my love," cried Mrs Sue, "I were quite moppy for want on ye."

"And well, my sweet wench, what dost want, or what art to give me, hem! I am come?" said the good humoured smiling quarter-master, seating himself.

"Whatever you please, my love. Shall I hand you the beef platter, for sure you must be hungry, after being off deck so long? or wilt rather choose a nice comfortable basin of warm coffee with I and this young Scotchman? Vy, you don't see as how I've got a young Scotchman, Joe, since you left the birth?—Ay, that I have, my old blade, and such a one, too, you can't think."

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The quarter-master, who had commenced eating, turned round to Edward, "You would come on board to-day, my lad?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"O, Davis, Davis," cried the lively Sue, "you must drop that there shore way of talking, now you're on board a man-of-war. We have no such fine names in five fathom water I can assure you, unless it be to the officers, who, you know, are all real gentlemen, though some of them, God he knows, are poor and mean enough, as my pocket can tell to-day. Whenever you speak to husband again, just call him plain Joe Harley, or quarter-master, which you please,—for I can assure you, he likes either far better, and thinks it more friendly."

Edward nodded assent.

Mrs Harley now commenced an eulogy to the praise of our hero, for the assistance he had given her—very cordially d—d the fifer for an ungrateful thankless ingrate and swab; and concluded with declaring her determination, while she punished the one to look after the welfare of the other, by allowing our hero to sleep that night under her mess-table, and promising to make him more comfortable next day.—"You know, my love," continued she, addressing her husband, "that every hammock I have got is in use at present, and I warrant you, Davis, I've got a good two dozen lent out; but you can have no difficulty, I should think, Joe, in coming slily over old O'Reilly, the yeoman, for one more. God bless you, it would make the poor fellow sleep so comfortably, you know, besides keeping all his bedding so snug from these blasted thieves, that lurk about so of a night. Recollect, Davis, we have got a great many thieves on board, so look sharp after all your little things; for 'twas but t'other night that poor Sam Morgan, who had got a little hazy, and lain down somewhere, had the very ear-rings pinched out of his ears while sleeping—now Sam is a very old man-of-war's-man."

"I have very little to lose, ma'am," said Edward, "except my bed and blankets, and these are of a description which I should'nt think would be worth any one's coveting—they would absolutely bring nothing."

"Nonsense, child," cried Mrs Harley. "Lord love you, there is nothing more common than such poor devils as you losing their bed and blankets. Not bring them much quotha! that's more than you know on. They'll bring them a dollar, though, or six shillings a-piece; and many a thing walks ashore that won't turn out so well. But never mind, my lad, your's shan't walk that way, if either Joe or Susan can prevent it—and you don't know what we may not do for you, if you're a good boy and behave yourself."

In such like conversation was the evening spent; for Mrs Susan having by this time packed up all her eatables, felt herself quite at leisure, and inclined to talk. At last, however, the hammocks being piped down, put an end to it for a night; and Edward, tired and weary, spread his lowly couch below the mess-table, and was soon asleep.

Next morning, after stowing his bedding, he was no farther disturbed until about an hour after breakfast, when the boatswain's mate piped "*All the Whippersnappers to muster, hoy!*" a call which immediately hurried him on deck. Here he found the master-at-arms and officers in waiting, and immediately fell into line on the quarter-deck. After a minute examination of each individual, the ceremony concluded with the separation of the seamen from the landsmen; the former being stationed to various duties in the vessel, and the latter, among whom was our hero, handed over to the boatswain's mate, who, commanding them to follow him, immediately retired to the main-deck. Having here ranked them up with much formality, he next thundered out for the Captain-sweeper, and the Captain of the Head; who at last made their appearance, and were a couple of the filthiest ragamuffins Edward had ever set eyes on.—On the approach of these beauties, the boatswain's mate exclaimed with disgust, "Faugh! what a precious couple of walking dunghills!—D—n me, Higgins, keep to leeward, and don't murder the blessed sea-breeze with the funk of your abominable carcase—and avast there, Williams, and stay where you are if you please, for the devil a straw's to draw between you! Here are six landsrats for you; and it's the first lieutenant's orders that you take each on you a share, and learn them to handle a swab and a broom without dog

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lay, for, by God, they're fit for nothing else."—And so saying he immediately retired.

A serious altercation now took place between these dirty worthies, who should have the first choice; and the claim on both sides was argumented with a warmth, and in a style of language, quite novel to the ears of Edward. At length they agreed to determine the knotty point, by tossing for the supremacy—but a halfpenny could not be raised in the whole party.

"Come, come," cried the sweeping captain, a little, greasy, lively cockney, "I'll settle the matter with your honour, Monsieur Swab-washer, in a brace of shakes." Then producing the very spectre of a knife, and advancing to Edward, he without ceremony seized him by the button and said, "Come, my brave fellow, you must not get ill-natured if I borrow one of your shiners to settle this important affair with—you shall have it again in a trice."

Aloft went the button, and the captain of the head was the victor.

"Well," cried the sweeping-captain, "I see I've got my usual luck—so take your choice."

"Dang it, Williams," said the swab-captain, scratching his dirty head, "if I knows which to take, now I've got my choice—for your large overgrown chaps are generally d—d lazy, and your small ones, again, drive a poor fellow mad with their gallows tongues. But come, shipmates, dang it I'll follow my old plan wid you—open all of you your fists, so, and let's have a squint at them—for I'll be teetotally d—d, if Matt. Higgins shall allow either a tailor, or any other loblolly to enter his crew, without his knowledge." He then went along feeling the palms of their hands, rejected those of Edward with disdain, and chusing three others, carried them off along with him, to initiate them into the mysteries of the Head.

Not so the sweeping captain:—he loved to talk—thought himself no trifling morsel of a wit—and now that he was installed in his little brief authority, thought the opportunity of indulging it too good to be allowed to escape. As most of his crew had by this time assembled round him, he threw himself into what he thought an elegant theatrical attitude, and clothing his greasy countenance with something as near a smile as could be seen for the dirt with which it was begrimed,—"Comrades, and heroes of the broom!" he cried, "I am happy to compliment you on an increase of force to our honourable crew; and I know you will rejoice on the occasion, were it for no other reason than the bright one of giving you less work; and the less the better, I say. For why should it not be so?—It is our birth-right. Were we not all born on good feather-beds, or comfortable pallets of straw, and enured from our infancy to a delightful lazy half the day? To be sure we were, and that's heaven's truth. Besides, are not all our characters already established? and are we not lubbers, and swabs, and lazy, idle, good-for-nothings? To be sure we are;—for, shew me the officer, high or low, (myself always excepted, who knows your merits,) from his worship, the skipper, down to Jack in the dust, who expects any thing from a fellow with a broom o'er his shoulder, and I'll give you up my commission in a moment. [Here the bell struck six.] But I must belay, my gallant lads, for our time is approaching, and our canaries will be chirping for us directly. You, Scroggins, I make you my inferior officer,—fly down to that old son of a sea-horse, O'Reilly, and tell him I demand three new brooms, with proper handles, for three fresh volunteers we've got. Now see that the old skin-flint doesn't flam you off with some of his worn-out gear."

The lad disappeared, and soon returned with the brooms on his shoulder, which the captain examining, declared to be tolerable, and delivered them to Edward and his two companions, cautioning them to take great care of them, and always to appear with them on deck, when the boatswain's mate piped "Sweepers."

The sweeping commander, having thus contrived to engage the attention of his crew, continued his harangue until the bell had struck seven, and the boatswain's mate had begun his call: then, seizing his broom, and flourishing it aloft, he cried,—"Take three good hands, Dan, and march your bodies off to the lower deck,—You, Serjeant Scroggins, stay where you are, and here are five darlingbyss to go along with you. And now, mt own fancy men, follow your gallan commander. I'm not like that lazy humbug, Higgins, who sits loitering and pigging it away in the galley,

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amid smoke and grease, while my fine fellows are working and tearing away, —no, no, that none of you can say. I loves to head my jolly lads, shoulder my broom, and shew how decks are swept."

Ere this was accomplished, however, dinner had been piped for some time, so that it was late ere Edward appeared at the mess-table.

"God bless me, Davis, where hast been, lad?" cried Mrs Harley.

Edward told her the story of his new appointment, to which she made no reply until dinner was over, and the table cleared, when, beckoning to him, she told him, in a half whisper, not to be cast down, for it would be her care that he should not be over fatigued in the execution of that duty. "I have only to speak to that nasty fellow, Williams, and he must not, nor shan't, be too severe in requiring your attendance, for sweeping, at any rate; for if he won't, I knows another that will;—so keep up a good heart, child."

Edward began to express his grateful sense of her goodness to him, but Mrs Harley would not hear him. She playfully put her hand on his mouth, crying—"Lord love thee, child, I've got better news to tell you than that there. Harley, good soul, has got you a hammock, and I'll sling it for you myself, if he han't time, and you shall lay, this very night, right over head there, as snug as e'er a captain in the fleet;—so come, come, child,—there's your book for you—be handy,—for I've got such a vast number of trifles to chalk down you can't think,—pray God I had my own money for them again."

Mrs Harley was as good as her word. What passed between the sweeping captain and her, Edward never learnt; but, at his next appearance on deck, Williams took him aside, and, with a vivacity peculiarly his own, thus addressed him,—"Give me your flipper, my canny Scotchman, for, hang me, but I rejoice in your conquest. It is not every one, I can assure you, that could have cut our magical musicioner so completely in pieces in such a short time. I'd only advise you, my young pell, now since you are in her books, to 'ware falling out with her, for, as sure as my name is Tom Williams, I can honestly assure you, that if our precious Mrs Sue is a warm friend, she is quite a sky-rocket of an enemy—a complete tartar, matey—has the fist of a Belcher, and the tongue of the devil. You needn't join us now, if you've got any thing to do for her. I can do without you passing well, except of a morning, when the decks are washed, and to excuse you from that, my soul, is above my commission;—so take your body off, and thank your stars in being the fancy man of the high and mighty Lady Soft-tack." With this brilliant speech, and laughing heartily at his own wit, he turned on his heel, and joined his comrades.

It may be easily imagined, that, under the patronage of such a zealous friend as Mrs Harley, our hero had abundance of leisure to mark the singular mixture of human frailty, craft, and rascality, which formed such prominent features in the society of most of our guard-ships about ten years ago, —peculiarities which have amused us so often, and which have struck us so forcibly, that we really think them worthy a passing description, even at the hazard of being thought tedious by a prominent class of our intelligent readers, whose suffrage and applause we would, nevertheless, think it our highest honour to enjoy.

The Grab, then, was a veteran of the old school, fitted with light topmasts, and slightly rigged, every rope being unrove, and sail unbent, which were not indispensible to make her swing properly, and keep her moorings clear, stationed by the wisdom of government in Yarmouth roadstead, for the threefold purpose of, first, Receiving all those individuals belonging to the service who had left their ships in bad health, on duty, or leave of absence, and keeping them comfortably, at their country's expence, until an opportunity occurred of forwarding them to their respective vessels; secondly, Of receiving all volunteers, impressed men, and gentlemen *from* the bar, with every other species of the desperado, whom the justice or fear of the laws of their country had possibly driven to seek that shelter on the waters which the land refused them; and, thirdly, Of serving as a victualler and restorateur generale to such of his majesty's vessels as might reach her station in circumstances of distress.

With this general explanation

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may easily be conceived what a vast diversity of incongruous matter such a vessel contained; and that, amid such an ill-assorted mass, it was by no means unnecessary, as Mrs Harley observed, to bestow some extra attention on any little moveables you might be possessed of. The iron discipline of the navy, it is true, was by no means unable to meet all this, had it not been for the circumstance, that the very pith and soul of that discipline was lost in such a vessel as the Grab, it being impossible to bring it to bear properly on men who came probably one day, and were gone the next. When it is recollected, too, that the people actually belonging to such a vessel formed but a small proportion of her inhabitants, and that, even after enumerating her limited number of officers, petty officers, boats-crews, and marines, you have left a large majority of able and ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys, with their attending females, disposable, like her other stores, for the exigences of the service, it was less a matter of surprise that such a laxity should exist, than that such a tensity of discipline should have been so firmly upheld. It was from the unavoidable and comparative idleness of a large body of this mass, that the most prominent features and peculiarities of a guard-ship took their rise; because human invention could not scheme steady work for the whole, and because skulking, which is impracticable in every other vessel, is deemed highly meritorious in a guard-ship. A great body of men were thus very often assembled together, totally unconnected and unknown to each other, who naturally resolved themselves into two distinct classes, as hostile and as completely separated as any two casts of the Hindoos.

The first of these classes, commonly terming themselves *Sea-goers*, were such individuals as, having been separated from their own vessels by any of the causes already mentioned, awaited here the first opportunity of joining them again; and, of course, having what they were pleased to call *ships of their own*, they considered themselves nearly as passengers in every other, worked very unwillingly, and skulked without shame. Besides, as in most guard-ships, they were looked on as men who deserved every indulgence, from the natural supposition of having undergone recent hardship or fatigue, they generally availed themselves of this friendly feeling towards them, and did little else but lounge away the idle day below, or formed part of the mob of galley idlers.

The second, and by far the most numerous class, are termed *Waisters*, and were the simple, the unfortunate, and bandits above mentioned—a body of men who were always held in the utmost contempt, and most of whom, in regard to clothing, were wretched in the extreme. Having, in many instances, figured away in former years in very superior stations of society, it could hardly fail to excite a smile in the spectator to hear two such fellows quarrelling in a style of language which would reflect no dishonour on more elevated company. "Pos my soul, George," cried one of these ragged heroes to another one day, "I really understood from Jennings that you had been at the bread-bag, which has suffered severely from some ravenous scoundrel, and that was my sole reason for being so testy with you; but I sincerely congratulate you on my bad information, and can positively assure you, that, while I ask your pardon for my ill-mannered suspicions, I shall certainly embrace an early opportunity of taking my foot from Mister Jennings's inexpressibles."

Nothing is considered too vile or too mean for a *waister*, a term which is equally applicable to sweepers, swab-wringers, menials, and drudges of all descriptions. He belongs to a class accounted the very groundlings of the navy, and literally, in fact, live lumber; and it is against this unhappy class of men, in particular, that all the artillery of a guard-ship's discipline is directed. All the hardest and most disagreeable duties in the service, therefore, which can possibly be practised, are from them rigidly and minutely enforced; and, from the circumstance of such vessels giving and receiving nearly daily supplies of almost every article in demand by the navy, there is a species of steady bustle kept up, which leaves the unfortunate waisters but little leisure for injuring each other. In defiance, however, of this hard and unceasing labour, and of the most rigid and unrelenting discipline, the few hours of darkness, devoted to repose, are by no means idly thrown away; for most of them, in general,

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have both heads to plan and hearts to dare; and as the luxurious and licentious prodigality of the first class furnishes a tempting bait to the necessities of the second, neither talent nor ingenuity are awanting to keep up a species of petty depredation not altogether unamusing to an unconcerned person. The proximity and daily intercourse which is held with the shore, too, renders these nefarious practices not only more safe, but makes discovery nearly impossible; for the boats crews generally participate in the spoil, and of course wink hard, and say nothing. In this way amongst many others, do the waisters supply themselves with many trifles, which, however insignificant they may appear in the eyes of a thorough-bred seaman, are, from early habit or long gratification, become indispensible to them for life and comfort.

An instance of this kind, which occurred on board the Grab while Edward was there, excited a greater degree of merriment than pity. Our hero was lying awake one morning, very seriously scanning his past and present circumstances, and the marines were busied in placing the morning watch, when the whole lower deck resounded with a medley of howls and imprecations, bellowed in the strongest Irish accent, which was almost instantly followed by a crash, as of something bulky falling, and rolling down the hatch-ladder. In a trice the bawler was surrounded by lanterns, carried by the ship's corporals and marines, and they certainly exhibited as laughable a sight as often occurs. There sat, squat on the deck, a brawny Irishman of the largest dimensions, of the name of Michael Brennan, in a state of almost complete nudity, within a circle of lanterns, gazing wildly around him with all the stupidity of one suddenly awakened. To all the inquiries that were made as to how he came there, &c. he returned no answer; but rubbing his eyes, and recovering himself a little, he clenched his ponderous fists, and exclaimed, "By the Powers, now, if my own day-lights could come over the spalpeens that hoisted me, bed and all, up that d—d ladder there, and then rould me down it again, like an ould clothes bag, if I wouldn't be after sarving them a ticket or two in the bread-baskets that would make them remember Michael Brennan, sure, to the latest hour of their blasted lives, so I would now!—Och! but they didn't roul my bed down after me?—No, no! that would have been too much of a good thing for poor Michael.—It was, Give me your bed, says they,—and the devil may fly away with you, Myck, says they,—and bad luck to them!—Och! I'm complately ruinated, sure now!—All's gone, by Saint Patrick, now, to the last blessed skirrach!—My bed—my blankets—my tobacco—and six silver thirteeners my ould father left with me!—Blood and turf, master corporal, and all of you glim carriers, what were you doing now that couldn't be after keeping a better look-out; but you must allow people to be robbed, and kilt, and murdered in this rascally manner?—Och! bad luck to you all, I say! and bad luck to the hour, and the day, and the old man, and the boat that first brought me among you!"

This pathetic harangue, and particularly the conclusion of it, was delivered with a rapidity and in a tone so irresistibly ludicrous, that a loud peal of laughter was the reply; which nettled poor Michael so effectually, that, regardless of consequences, he sprung to his feet, and every blow he gave brought a guardian of the night to the deck. This speedily made matters worse.—Michael was overpowered and put in irons; but the next day, in consideration of his loss, the narration of which convulsed every hearer with laughter, his punishment went no farther than a few days in irons, and the deprivation of his grog.

In such refined and cultivated society it was our hero's happy lot to remain for nearly six weeks; at the end of which period a Nore tender paid the Grab a visit, for the purpose of picking up her gleanings. Having taken an affectionate leave of his kind friends, Joe and Susan Harley, Edward immediately embarked, along with the other supernumeraries, to the number of about 150 men and boys, with the happy Michael Brennan at their head, leaping for joy. He no sooner got on board the tender, than wheeling about, and waving his piece of a hat in the air, he cried, taking what he meant to be a last view of his old dwelling, "Bloody sessions to you,

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you ould tub of the devil!—May every tester you have nibbled from poor Michael Brennan, and that's my father's son, turn a red-hot shot to sink and to confound you! and may the ould fellow receive you, ship's corporals, boatswain's mates, sodgers and all, into his own ugly bosom!"

They now hoisted sail, and gave the Grab three hearty farewell cheers, which were as cheerfully returned; after which, throwing off the lashings, they set sail, and in less than forty hours were safely along the Namur at the Nore, who received them with the usual formalities.

We think it quite unnecessary to say any thing of the Namur, after being so minute in our mention of the Grab; for excepting a necessary enlargement of scale and magnitude, the good and bad qualities of the one were those of the other. She was a fine large three-decker, remarkably crowded, having nearly 500 supernumeraries on board at that time. Edward was hardly eight days on board her before he became so heartily sick of the monotonous life of a guard-ship, that he determined to volunteer for the first vessel that offered, whatever she was. As they were coming almost daily down from refitting in the rivers, his wish was not long ungratified; and in a few days thereafter he went on board the Tottumfog sloop of war, Charles Switchem commander, along with fifty others of all denominations in the service.

S.

LETTER FROM FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ.

Inclosing his Journal and Poem.

DEAR SIR,

I AM at length enabled to address you myself, and am the more gratified at having it in my power to do so, as those whom I have employed at different times to forward my labours to Edinburgh, have always made my interests subservient to their own, and (anxiously desiring to scrape an acquaintance with the Editor of THE MAGAZINE,) filled your pages with lying unintelligible trash, very much to the detriment of my poem, and to the deterioration of good taste and morals in general. I have done with secretaries for ever.

I enclose you the last Canto of Daniel O'Rourke, and a continuation of my Journal. You should have had it long ago, but that my time was almost entirely occupied since my recovery, with accepting the social invitations of my neighbours here, who do not think a party complete without my presence. This has been owing partly to my own convivial talents, but principally to the character of your Magazine. Indeed, like Mr Duffle your worthy contributor, it was no sooner known that I was Mr O'Fogarty who corresponded with Christopher North, Esq., than every door in the neighbourhood moved spontaneously on its hinges to admit one of the supporters of Blackwood's Magazine, (and, as I have been frequently termed) the Poet of Blarney.

Now that Daniel is finished, what shall I do next for you? Prose or poetry? it is all the same to me; grave or gay, humorous or pathetic, sober or satirical, morality or romance, history or—no, I cannot promise *that*, for I once threw off a folio History of Blarney Castle, which I offered to Mr * * * *, and he refused the concern, alleging that I was not dull enough. Ever since, I have an aversion to the business; however, please yourself, but let me know as speedily as convenient.

I suppose Odoherty has already informed you that he is to spend the Christmas with me in Blarney; and the devil's in it if we do not make the "welkin ring" when *we both* put our heads together for Maga. Remember me to him, and believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

Myrtle Wood, Nov. 2, 1821. FOGARTY O'FOGARTY.

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DANIEL O'ROURKE.

An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos.

BY FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

CANTO VI.

THE PAIL OF WATER.

Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio alarum :
Volitans argenteus anser
Circum littora, circum
Piscosos scopulos humiles volat æquora juxta.

Æn. i. viii. iv.

Ὦ πόπον, ἦ μάλ' ἀλαφρὸς ἀνὴρ, ὃς μῆα πυθοιτο.

Iliad. II.

She went down to the well, and filled her pitcher and came up.

Genesis, xxiv. 16.

Πίκρους—χαρᾶσας τ' ἀνάξεται.

Eurip. Iphig. in Aulide.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, &c.

Par. Lost.

דָּנִיֵּאל חֲלֹם חָזָה וְחִזְוֵי רֵאשׁהּ

Dan. vii. 1.

[We have not room for the remaining 47 mottos.

C. N.]

1.

'Tis said a * gander once preserved a Capitol,
The truth of which I do not mean to doubt;
It might be so perhaps, and yet mayhap it all
Was merely humbug, though not yet found out;
But, readers, what you learn from me, pray clap it all
Down in your minds, as sterling fact throughout,
As certain as that flirts are taught to titter,
That claret's toothsome, or that gall is bitter.

2.

The metre that I write in, I am told,
Has lately got much into disrepute,
Since the last cantos of the Don were roll'd
Forth on the world, good morals to pollute.
I therefore, as is right, intend to hold
My friends in short suspense. I'll soon be mute,
For this is canto sixth and last, and when
I've finish'd it, I lay aside my pen.

3.

For this I know the public all will grieve;
But, by my faith, I've other fish to fry
Than writing for their pleasure; none believe
The trouble 'tis to find words to apply
And jingle sweetly: If I can achieve
This business well, 'tis true I mean to try
Some other matters. But (I do not puff)
Six clever cantos I think quite enough

4.

Upon this subject. And since I can see
Apprentice boys, and Cockneys, dare to string
Their low ideas, patch'd up shabbily
Into this noble metre, I must fling

* Vid. Tit. Liv. Lib. Quint. Cap. Quadrag. Sep.

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Such rhyme away: their filthy ribaldry
  Will into shame the octave measure bring,
For every thing within the grasp of such,
Receives pollution from their filthy touch.

5.

The goose—(I here jog onwards with my tale)
  Address'd our hero in a way so bland,
That Dan no more appear'd to weep and wail,
  But as he was desired stretch'd forth one hand,
And seized the leg, with t'other caught the tail.
  The wings of his conductor broad expand,
And quickly, through the balmy morning wind,
The gander moves: the geese steer on behind.

6.

Dan here address'd his guide,—"Pray, fly more down,
  For I cannot as yet descry the earth;
And when I can discern sweet Bantry's town,
  (The darling place from whence I take my birth,—
A spot, I can assure you, of renown,
  And where there's many a hospitable hearth)
I'll shew you where I live, and you can pop
Down to the door with me, and let me drop."—

7.

"Right well I know the place," the bird replied,
  "And every rock that guards its wond'rous bay;
And often, when I feel inclined to ride
  Upon the blast, I make that course my way,
And dash along Glangariffe's woody side,
  And sometimes dally there the live-long day—
At other times, ere you from bed have risen,
I take a turn or two around the MIZEN."—

8.

"A dangerous rock it is," quoth Dan, "I know,
  When the wind something southward sets from west;
And many a merry soul, both friend and foe,
  Has made this bay his watery road to rest."—
"Twice fifteen men I once saw dash'd below,"
  Exclaim'd the goose;—"'twas there I had my nest
For full three years; but truly, such a shock
Made me desert my long-frequented rock."—

9.

"Indeed," says Dan, "we sometimes have a wreck
  Much nearer home; and though I cannot say
That I would wish one sailor broke his neck,
  Or that the crew had aught but fairest play,
Yet when there's rum or sugar at your beck,
  He must be mad who'd not take both away;*
For, if the wind *will* dash them on the shore,
We haste to save the cargo—nothing more."—

10.

With chat like this, the pair pursued their way,
  Apparently with Daniel's approbation;
The noble goose indeed seem'd quite *au fait*
  At free and gentlemanly conversation;

* See Dr Coplestone, and T. D. on Necessitarianism.

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The same, in fact, that we hear every day,
When, in the sweet, though tiresome situation
Of sitting next a girl, we're bound to find
Small talk and news to occupy her mind.

11.

And here, to bring my tale to due perfection,
I should inform my friends the route they took;
But as I have for them some small affection,
And always for their approbation look,
I shall not pen just now, for their inspection,
Words that their throats, I think, could never brook;
But lest I should be blamed even by a stranger,
I'll give a few that will not jaws endanger.

12.

They bravely sped o'er Thoumuldheeshig's* plain,
And cross'd the summit of Glendeeloch's mount;
Scudded along †Lord Bantry's rich demesne,
And poised a moment o'er Bosfordha's fount;
Then dash'd above the wilds of dark Drishane,
And other grounds too tedious now to count.
For why should I such information purvey,
For those who can procure ‡Hor. Townsend's survey?

13.

'Twas here Dan first obtain'd a glimpse of land;
But what the place, he knew no more than he
Who dwells among the Antipodean band,
That walk upon their heads so merrily.
Again he groans, and, slipping up his hand
From off the tail, grasps fast in agony
The goose's wing, and sobbing like a child,
With trembling accents, and with features wild,

14.

Asks in submissive terms the gander's route,
And whither he was going: "Home, my lad;
To take you home."—"Oh! Lord, sir, you are out
Much in your reck'ning, and you'd make me glad,
If you'd just stop yourself, and turn about,
For none that were not altogether mad
Would seek for Bantry in a place like this."—
"Be quiet, Dan, the way I shall not miss."—

15.

"But sure I know where Bantry's very well,
And this is not the road. Oh my! Oh my!‖
I think that all of you came out of hell,
To use a Christian this way in the sky;
I'd rather sure that from the moon I fell,
Than be this shuttlecock. God bless you, try
And fly down lower. Oh! I knew, I knew,
The rogues were all one party. *Alleluh!*§

---

* Places about Bantry-bay.

† The family, at the date of this poem, was not ennobled; but then, as now, it was good.

‡ Survey of Co. Cork, by Rev. Hor. Townsend—the best work of the kind extant.

‖ A Hibernian Lamentation, corresponding with the Italian rhyme, which Vallancey would say was derived from it.

§ An exclamation not to be confounded with Alleluia, it being rather different.

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16.

"Och! now I see you plainly want my life,
And I may just as well be murder'd here;
So let me drop upon the rocks; my wife
Will find me out, and fetch the parish bier,
And wake me, notwithstanding all our strife;
So let me drop down straight there, do you hear?
And when they find my carcase cold and bloody,
The folks will mind my brats, the priest, poor Judy."—

17.

The goose made no reply—but journey'd on,
Silent and calm as infancy asleep;
And now the travellers o'er land had gone,
And moved above the bosom of the deep,
The mighty deep, whose glorious surface shone
One boundless mirror; while the sails that sweep
Along its surface in perspective seem,
Like little motes within the solar beam.

18.

And here could Contemplation fill her soul,
And weave her holy deep imaginings;
Here as the ever-living waters roll,
Could Fancy soar upon her airy wings
To other worlds that "gild the glowing pole,"
As Pope (whom Bowles says is no poet) sings.
(These controversies sure the devil sent them
To bother us with *Byron, Bowles, and Bentham.)

19.

This would have been a famous time for judging
Whether the ocean's picturesque or not,
When on its surface not a ship is budging,
Nor aught its clear unruffled face to blot;
Byron and Bowles, I fear, would then be grudging
Dan, if he cut so Gordian-like a knot.
They need not fear. Dan ne'er read Aristotle;
His taste being solely given to the bottle.

20.

"This evening," blubber'd Dan, "I had no notion,
When I left home, to take a cup of ale,
That I'd be thus a-soaring 'bove the ocean,
Stuck to the feathers of a goose's tail;
Oh! then I promise if I e'er this woe shun,
Never to taste a drop at any meal:
But 'tis all over—I'm half froze"—A groan
Bursts from his heart, a piteous Hullagone.

21.

And now the bird had wing'd it far away
Over the waste of waters. Not a stain,
Or spot of land, deform'd the mighty bay,
But all was one immeasureable main,
As calm as lake in summer's mid-noon ray,
Parent alike of pleasure and of pain,
One day of thousand deaths the mighty spring,
The next a pillow for the Zephyr's wing.

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* Authors of certain pamphlets noticed by us. C. N.

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22.

As for myself, I own I'd feel inclined
  To visit foreign parts: could I provide
That we should always have a favouring wind,
  I would not care so much about the tide.
Just to a tittle it would suit my mind
  On nice smooth water merrily to ride,
And as at sea I always eat much more
Than when on land, I'd have of prog good store.

23.

On these conditions I should like to take
  A trip "around" the world like Captain Cook."
It would be just a pretty sort of freak,
  And then I could endite a handsome book.
Some dozen leaves of manuscript would make
  A good sized quarto, if we only took
Some pains to put a type, round, tall, and large in,
And leave about a half a foot of margin.†

24.

I'd like to visit China very much,
  And crack a bottle with a Mandarine;
I'd like to rove through Russia, at least such
  Places as where Circassians can be seen;
I should not care a damn about the Dutch,
  Though I must own I love their racy gin:
No Spain for me, though raised to be a Grandee;
But France I always relish'd for its Brandy.

25.

I'd wish to spend a month in Italy
  For many reasons. There the wine is good;
The dark-eyed damas are all frank and free;
  But I am told they overboil their food.
In Switzerland they don't live jollily,
  And mountaineers‡ are somehow always rude.
But lest my readers should not like my taste,
Back to my tale I make all proper haste.

26.

The goose, as I remark'd before, had fled
  Some dozen leagues to sea, and Daniel gave
In thought at least his frame a wat'ry bed;
  When steering forward, dashing back the wave,
A ship along the foaming waters sped:
  Dan here began to bawl. "Oh! save, Oh! save
A Christian from a wat'ry grave," he cried
To those below, when he the vessel spied.

27.

She seem'd a cutter from the west of France,
  Seventy ton burthen, thirteen hands on board,
Which drove a trade 'twixt th' Irish coast and Nantz,
  With silks and lace, but most with brandy stored.
Close to the wind she lay; a single glance
  Would see 'twas Bantry she was making tow'rd.
Her sides were painted black, she lay quite low,
And both for reasons which perhaps you know.

---

* Either Whistlecraft stole this from me, or I from Whistlecraft. I leave it to the reader to decide.

† Charta impressorum maxima, lineæ, ubi
  Apparent raræ nantes in margine vasto.
  Epil. to Phormio at Westminster School.

‡ Witness the Gallovegian, and other Borderers.

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28.

In fact she was a smuggler. At that time
France did with us a great deal in that way,
But at this period when I pen my rhyme,
'Tis all given up—extinguish'd I may say.
The war has changed the taste, and we must chime
In with the times, and smuggle what will pay.
Instead of lace and silk for those who lack hose,*
What we run now is commonly tobaccoes.

29.

Dan roar'd, but might have roar'd for ever there;
None could have heard his wailing or lament;
He then address'd the goose in suppliant prayer,
And begg'd him to have pity and relent;
But he might just as well address the air,
For still the bird on wing expanded went.
"Then, since you'll neither travel down nor stop,
Will you be kind enough to let me drop?"—

30.

"Pray, don't be foolish, Dan!" exclaimed the goose;
"You can't be in your senses,—you'd be drown'd."—
"I do not care," quoth Dan, "I see no use
In staying here, and, if I fell on ground,
I must be dash'd to bits; oh! don't refuse;
The crew perhaps will catch me safe and sound.
So open just your claw and let me tumble!
I'll trust in God, with faith sincere and humble."—

31.

"Had you not better let some body fall,
To ascertain the spot whereon you'd light?
Some piece of money, though it were but small,
Would be sufficient."—Dan search'd left and right,
But not a farthing could he find at all,
Or aught to drop. "They're going out of sight,
I'll try my chance; oh! dear sir, let me go,
Or I shall never reach the ship below."†

---

* Silk stockings were a principal article of contraband trade.

† Here follows Buzzhun's account of the affair, for the benefit of the literati:

Fogartius homo erat tam modestus,
Ut finem verum carminis celaret;
Non videar (spero) parum nunc honestus,
Si narrem ut amicus mî narraret.
Est delicatis auribus infestus;
Fogartius igitur non eum daret;
Sed in Latina possumus loqui clare,
Quod non audemus Anglice susurrare.

Cum Daniel navem videt, missionem
Petit enixé a duce anserino;
"Hui!" dixit anser, "mox petitionem
Mœreres, si hinc cadere te sino;
Nisi in æquor velis mersionem;
Nam super ratem sumus non omnino.
Dejiciens aliquid experiare,
Utrum in navem caderes an mare."

"Nil habeo," inquit. "Nihil! O projicias
"Nummulum aliquem auri vel argenti."
"Aurum! Argentum! Unde has divitias
Mihi ne æs‡ æneeum habenti?"
"Rem aliam quæras."—"Odepol conficias
Si porto quicquid præter excrementi
Pondus haud parvum, quod contineat venter,
Et hoc in mare mitterem libenter."

Anser "Merdose" clamans veniam dedit:
Et braccas Daniel usque ad pedes solvit,
Strepitu multo atque vi pepedit,
Merdamque magni ponderis devolvit—
Territus hoc, somnium statim cedit,
(Nam somnium erat) oculos resolvit,
Et ait, "Quam fui astrò malò natus
Obdormio ebrius, surgòque cacatus."

The learned reader will remember a somewhat similar conclusion to a story in Poggio's Facetiæ.

‡ *Anglice*—a brass farthing.

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33.

The goose, on finding him so obstinate,
Stretch'd out his leg, and opening wide his paw,
Again dash'd Dan at his accustom'd rate
Down through the air. The goose above him saw
His body splash within the waves, and strait
A whirling eddy open'd its ravening maw:
But all Dan suffer'd from his evil luck
In upper air, was nothing to this duck.

34.

He felt the waters compass him about,
Ring in his ears, and gurgle in his throat;
And every wave would dash the luckless lout
Bump on a rock, or some long founder'd boat.
He flung his arms around him, sinewy, stout,
And to the surface oft essay'd to float:
While every monster of the deep, with grim
And fiery eyes, gaped awfully at him.

35.

At one time he was thrown upon the mud,
But the next wave upraised him in a dash;
He saw upon his arms the streaming blood,
Where fishes bit;—and now another splash
Would fling him back again to where he stood
But just before; when suddenly a crash
Of thunder bursts above; a known salute
Deafens his ear,—"Take that, and that, you brute.

36.

"You do not care how you desert your door,
You dirty, drunken, beastly-looking sot!
Oh! woe's the day I ever met you, sure,
And when I wed you, 'twas a bitter lot:—
Get up there, from that filthy, dabbled floor;
If served aright, you should rest there to rot."
Dan rubb'd his eyes, leap'd up, and, with a scream
Sung out, "Where am I, arrah? 'TWAS A DREAM."—

37.

The fact was, Mistress Rourke and Mistress Blake,
Who were as constant cronies as their mates,
And often at their cabins met to take
A cup of tea, when granted by the Fates,
This evening met; and having vowed to wreak
Their vengeance on their guilty husbands' pates,
Furnish'd with washing-tub, or pail quite crazy,
Follow'd our heroes to the MOUNTAIN DAISY.

38.

There, having fill'd their vessels to the brim,
Stout Mistress Blake, upon poor Daniel's head
Pour'd the contents, in which a man might swim,
And straight, to fill it for her husband sped;
But Dan, arous'd, leap'd up, with mug quite grim,
And at the monster (as he thought) he fled;
For he knew not the object of his fear,
His fuddled brain as yet not being clear.

39.

But when he saw 'twas neither shark nor whale,
  But Judy his own wife, in act to cast
Right on his dripping pate a second pail,
  A bumper just as brimful as the last,
He brush'd aside, light as a mountain gale,
  And 'scaped the waterspout, which by him past;
"Leave off," says he, "and better manners learn:
O Judy, Judy, why art thou so stern?"—*

40.

"How can you ask?" quoth she, "you drunken dog,
  Who never come beneath this wicked roof,
That you can move away, but like a log,
  Lie quite knock'd up, and helpless. Keep aloof
From Mountain daisies—that you shall, you hog,
  Next time I catch you this way, hand and hoof
I'll have you pinion'd smartly, I engage:
You know not yet what 'tis to rouse my rage."—

41.

"Och! peace!" says Dan; "I promise on my word,
  Never to drink as I have done to-night;
But 'twas no joke—or rather 'twas absurd,
  To souse me so with water: such a fright
I got as made me dream that things occurr'd
  Queerer than ever chanced to mortal wight:
So don't be angry any more, but come,
Come home, my heart, and do not look so grum."—

42.

This said he stagger'd forward, caught his wife
  Full in his arms, and smack'd her with a kiss;
(The plan most excellent, upon my life,
  Of stopping women's angry mouths is this;)
When Mrs Blake return'd, for mischief rife,
  Her hands of water full, of fire her phis:
But Judy, who had grown quite soft and loving,
Begg'd off poor Paddy in a style most moving.

43.

What points she urged—how Mrs Mulshenan
  Vapour'd about the honour of her house—
How Mrs Blake's well practised clapper ran,
  Reviling men addicted to carouse—
How she at last was pacified—how Dan
  Begg'd (but in vain) permission from his spouse
To take for fear of cold, but one more glass—
Being in haste I here beg leave to pass.

44.

In fine, they routed Blake, who stretch'd along
  The hearth was dreaming, but more pleasantly,
And sallying out, moved off the staggering throng,
  (For, *entre nous*, the girls had spiced their tea.)
But, spite of vows, next night, believe my song,
  The friends attack'd the grog, and gallantly
Got drunk again—the which I do attest:
I have it from authority the best.

MORAL OF THE WHOLE POEM.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ.

PINDAR.

MANKIND! ye learn from this with truth, that slaughter
Of brandy can't be cured by pails of water.

---

* See Milman's Samor, the Lord of the Bright City.
"O duty, duty, why art thou so stern!"
Somewhat similar. I prefer my own.

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Epilett.

Daniel O'Rourke is at length concluded.

The composition of this poem has beguiled many a weary moment, and, I trust, purified by the sweet sentimentalities of poetry many an hour which might else have been devoted to subjects less sacred. That it can make a deep and lasting impression on the morals of my country, is my wish, though my modesty forbids me to say my expectation: but if one reader rises from its perusal with a heart better adapted for the reception of the sublime and devotional—if one spirit has been refreshed by the inspiration of holy musings while reading it—if one better citizen, one better man, has been made by the work I have just finished, I shall not look upon my labour to have been in vain.

F. O'Fogarty.

SONNET.

FOGARTY! FRIEND AND PARTNER OF MY HEART,
GLORY OF BLARNEY'S CASTELLATED TOWN;
NOW THAT THY POEM, WORK OF HIGH RENOWN,
EQUALLY DEAR TO NATURE AS TO ART,
TO BYRON AS TO BOWLES, HAS FOUND AN END,
I HAIL THEE IN THIS SONNET, BARD DIVINE!
IN VERSE PERHAPS NOT DELICATE OR FINE,
BUT HONEST, SUCH AS FRIEND SHOULD WRITE TO FRIEND!
HIGH ABOVE EARTH, THY FAME SHALL MOUNT, AS HIGH
AS O'ER THE BOTTLE SHOOTS THE ASPIRING CORK,
WHEN GAS CARBONIC MAKES IT FORTH TO FLY
FROM THE CLOSE FLASK WHERE STREAMS OF SODA WORK,
LEAVING THE FIZZING FUME BEHIND, SO THOU
SHALT O'ER THE MURMURING CROWD TO ETHER PLOUGH.

Quoth Thos. Jennings,
Founder of the Soda-Water School of Poetry.

[In addition to the Sonnet presented to us by the great Bard of Soda, we have been favoured with the following lines from the able pen of a favourite Correspondent. We trust our friend Mr Fogarty's notorious and national modesty will not be put to the blush by the well-deserved encomiums contained in them.—C. N.]

TO FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

Bard of the West! thy lay shall still be read
Long as a mountain-daisy rears its head;
Long as the moon shall gild the glowing scene;
Long as her man shall o'er her surface reign;
Long as an eagle dwells near Bantry Bay;
Long as towards heaven he wings his airy way;
Long as a goose a cackling cry shall give,
(That is at least while Wood and Waithman live;)
Long as a wife shall chide her drunken lord,
When in an alehouse she beholds him floor'd.

While England's tongue survives—or, what's the same,
While North's great Work keeps flourishing in fame,
So long shalt thou, my Fogarty, impart
Ecstatic pleasure to the feeling heart.
And ages yet unborn, and lands unknown,
Shall chaunt thy verses in melifluous tone;
And pilgrims shall from far Kentucky roam,
Or from still farther Australasia come,
Or Melville Island, in the icy foam,
That they, with thirsty reverent eye, may see
The scenes immortalized by Fogarty!

Quoth Dr Dick,
Of the C. I. and S. S.

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BRIEF ABSTRACT OF MR O'FOGARTY'S JOURNAL

On looking over my journal I find it so barren of incident, that I do not think it worth my while to send it entire. Take then this short abstract. On the 5th ult. I rose after nearly four months' confinement to bed. I had experienced a sad randling during that time. My skin like a lady's loose gown hung about me—my jaws were drawn in—my face hatchety—my eyes sunk and hollow—and my clothes invested my once goodly person with as little congruity as a flour-bag would act the part of waistcoat to a spit. The entries for a week in my diary, consist chiefly of notes of squabbles with my doctors—who one and all seemed leagued in a conspiracy to starve me. I was firm, however, and succeeded in unkennelling them; from which day I got visibly better. I was soon able to despatch my commons with my usual activity. My person acquired its wonted amplitude—and my eye resumed its old fire. I could give a halloo with ancient fortitude of lungs, and in fact was completely re-established. On the 14th, while I was in the act of polishing the wheel of my salmon-rod, my old friend, the Earl of ******** called on me *en passant*. "The good-natured, black-whiskered," (to speak regally, for it was by this title, you know, the King addressed him on the pier at Howth,) was delighted to see me pulling up, and congratulated me on my recovery. He told me all the Dublin chit-chat about his Majesty, who, he said, was quite pleased at meeting him, and shook his hand with the utmost cordiality. I had many an anecdote from him which escaped the knowledge of the mere mob. The king's private parties were quite *au fait*—and he captivated those who had the honour of being admitted to his own immediate circle, as effectually as in public he by his demeanour won the hearts of the rest of the population. Our conversation then turned upon my poem, of which he, like every body else, spoke in terms of the highest commendation—but modesty forbids me to detail what he said on this point. But who the devil, says his Lordship, is North? I told him he was a gentleman of good family residing in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where his wealth, talents, and general virtues, render him the life of society, and the idol of Auld Reekie. He amuses himself, I continued, by conducting the greatest literary work of modern times—by which he makes about six thousand a-year,* (was I right?) which, as well as his private property, (a very considerable one,) he spends in such a bounteous hospitality, that he is in general suspected to be an Irishman. "Yes," said my noble friend, "my son, who was, you know, of Exeter, Oxon, told me he heard as much from a friend of his, Mr Buller, of Brazen Nose, who spent some days, a couple of years ago, with him on a party in the Highlands, when Lord Fife, Prince Leopold, and other distinguished persons, were part of his company. He had with him at that time a pleasant, and very prime poet, of the name of Hogg, in his train, of whom Buller told queer stories. My son, who was a crackman in Oxford, had an idea of contributing to North, but since he has been returned for this ruinous county, he he has not an hour to himself." In this way his Lordship and I beguiled an hour, chatting about the two prominent subjects of discourse in Ireland at present, his Majesty (if indeed it be proper to call the King a subject) and the Magazine. He pressed me hard to go with him to Myros, offering me his carriage, if I did not find myself well enough to bestride my chesnut, Donnelly, but I then declined it. I am, however, there this moment, and am writing this Journal in great haste in his library, on some of his best wire-wove. On the 15th, Father Buzzhun, with whom I have corresponded from the commencement of my poem, wrote me from Glangariffe, enclosing some Latin verses, narrating the catastrophe of the poem in a different manner. To oblige the old gentleman, I put them in my notes; they appear to me to be as good as Frere's, in his 3d Canto of Whistlecraft, which, after all, is the best and most pleasantly humorous thing in the *ottava rima*. From this to the 29th, I

* Considerably under the mark. C. N.

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spent my time in ranging the hills, glens, and bogs, to the devastation of the feathered tribes, and the demolition of the dinners of my friends. I am once more stout as buck or bear—Fogarty's himself again, as I displayed on the 20th, (the day of Crispin Crispian, as Harry the Fifth remarks,) at a great dinner party on the rocks, where I played a knife and fork to the manifest astonishment of the native trifles. We were quite jolly,—a boat-race in the morning, right well pulled, and a ball in the evening, flanked by a supper by no means to be sneer'd at. There was a good deal of singing,—none, however, equal to Braham's. I have a great mind to write a full account of this affair, as I think it would make a decentish article for the Star of Edina. Thorp sung, pretty well, a song of his own composition, in honour of the Coronation-day. It is well enough for one not yet hardened in the ways of poetry.

1.

"Come round me, ye lads, that I value the best,
From the mountains, the valleys, the east, and the west,
For this is the day that our monarch has been
Crown'd King of Great Britain and Erin the green.

2.

"Then why should not we, in a full flowing cup,
Drink a health to King George in a long choking sup?
For we are the lads can drown sorrow and spleen,
When we thus meet together to sport on the green.

3.

"This day is a glorious one, boys—let us quaff
Our primest of liquors, be merry, and laugh;
And when we have drain'd off our bottles quite clean,
We'll hop off to the girls, and we'll dance on the green.

4.

"Let Lords, Dukes, and Earls, keep feasting away—
Let the shrill trumpet sound, and the champion's horse neigh—
Let ladies in diamonds adorn the scene—
We'll have mirth here at home, and our dance on the green.

5.

"We have ladies as lovely and brilliant as they,
Though no jewels are borrow'd to make them look gay;
Their eyes are the diamonds that sparkle so keen,
When lit up by love in the dance on the green.

6.

"We have Princes in plenty among us, 'tis true—
Of good fellows, I mean, and but rivall'd by few;
The goblet's our star, and our ribbon is seen
Round the waists of our sweethearts, who dance on the green.

7.

"Then come, let us close with LONG LIFE TO OUR KING,
And then, each a champion, his glove let him fling,
To the fair one who rules o'er his heart as the queen;
And, till Sol's in the ocean, we'll dance on the GREEN."

It is superfluous to say that the evening was spent quite in a genteel manner, and that many gentlemen, of the most sagacious understandings, were highly indebted to the intellectual faculty of their horses in their return homeward.

On the 26th, I got the last Number by express, and a right good one it is. But what a sputter about personalities! If I were in North's place, I should not give myself a moment's uneasiness about the crying out of the whigs, who are the most personally abusive animals of the species. They only cry now because they are hurt. I perceive rather an impertinent allusion to my poetry, by Mr Trott of London. *I know* that shaver. I remember one night, or morning, after coming from the eccentrics, meeting him at the Cyder Cellar, in a state of civilation; and he was so impertinent about Hireland, that, to avoid disputes, I was obliged to throw him up stairs into the street. This is the meaning of his slap at Blar-

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ney—but I do not value him a handful of turf.* I am more annoyed at the news which I see in last night's paper, that Blarney Castle is going to the hammer, and that the breach old Noll made in its battlements, will be nothing to the gutting it will receive in consequence of the assault of the auctioneer. This is an unkind cut indeed, but I hope the new purchaser will be a man of soul. On the 27th, I seized my gun—buckled on my shot-pouch and powder-horn, whistled to my dogs, (I back Sheelah against any pointer in the county,) and set forward to look for a covey of partridges. I found it—shot seven—but made a better hit on my return—for I met the hospitable Lord of Barley-hill—one of the fairest fellows in the West-country. I dined with him—slept at his house—and next morning had a fine dash at a fox, with his famous pack. We found in high style, and he led us a chase of about sixteen miles. I cannot say that I came in for the brush, being, through some accident, thrown out rather early. I attributed this to my late illness, for Donnelly was in prime order. But though not distinguished at the hunt, I flatter myself I distinguished myself after dinner, by putting every man under the table, and retiring with head unhurt, at three next morning. On the 29th, I shifted my flag to Myro's Wood, where I still continue. The house is full of company, and we are all as gay as larks. I wrote my last canto in half an hour before dinner, in a room full of people, which is not to be done by your every-day bards. I read it in the course of the evening, and it was voted to be a "singularly wild original and beautiful poem," as Lord Byron says of Christabel. Lord Bantry was quite flattered that the scene of so fine a lay should be placed on his estate, and invited me to spend a month with him. I am beginning to think the Leg of Mutton School of Poetry is the only one which is worth the attention of a true poet. Its principles are *really* invariable. I shall consult Aristotle to see what he says about it, for I have a great mind to join the corps. On the 30th, we enjoyed a fine cruize in the Lord Exmouth, a noble yacht, and fitted up in great style. My noble host is a prime seaman, and handles the rudder well; he cruized round the harbour till dinner time, and took a few fish on our way—returned at six, just in ripe order for the venison.—This is the last entry in my Journal; for these last two days I have been too busy to write any thing; and, besides, I hear the dinner bell.

* We must interpose our authority to prevent this dispute between our contributors going any farther. There should be peace and good will between our men.—C. N.

THE YELLOW LEAF.

The yellow leaf has fall'n,
And the stubble braes are brown,
The mountain burns are roaring,
And the swallows a' are flown;
The school-boy with his fellows,
Cowers in aneath the lea,
And wide and wild o'er the bleak dry land,
Flies the grey gull frae the sea.

But its no that summer's fled the bower,
Nor the stubble fields are brown,
Nor for the hill-burns roaring,
And a' the birds that's flown,
Nor yet to see the schoolboys
Stand cowering in the lea,
That my weary heart is press'd with dule,
And the tear is in my ee.

But a' because I see no more,
By bower or burn, or brae,
The rosy look and the cheerful eye,
That sunn'd my summer day,
The fairest face that e'er I saw,
Lies with the gather'd flowers,
The leelest friends that e'er I knew,
Are gone like sunny hours.

The foreign turf in a far far land,
Grows o'er my brother's tomb,
My sister dear that lov'd me best,
Sits in a foreign home.
And low beneath yon lone grave stone
My kindly father sleeps,
And all alone in yon sad bower,
My widow mother weeps.

O ye may fill the cheery bowl,
And troll the catch and glee,
And spare na of your merry wine,
And merry ye may be;
But no a song that e'er was sung,
Nor bowl of merry wine,
Can cure the pain that's in my breast,
The pain, O Time! that's thine.

C. B.

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LETTER FROM MR SHUFFLEBOTHAM,

On Cheese, Civilization, North Country Ballads, &c.

[WE had, as Hamlet says, after our usual custom in the afternoon, seated ourselves, as majestically as our gout would permit, in our arm chair of state, to ruminate upon a little article, which we intend shall be cayenne to the palate of the public. Somehow or other, we were a little misty, and the struggle to screw our ideas "to the sticking place" ended, as such attempts sometimes do after dinner, in that state of quiescent pleasure, beyond the reach of opium, during which we read an almanack, or a newspaper nine days old, always returning to the top of the page, to save the troublesome duty of turning over the leaf. Our quiescence, however, was suddenly interrupted by one of those itenerant bands of musicians who play, after dusk, about the streets of our own "good town." As it happened, they struck up, within twenty yards of our window, a little simple air, which, deep as we are in Scottish and Irish melody, was entirely new to us. It struck through us with a thrill like the discovery of a new sense. We hobbled to the window, laid our ear to the pane, although a sharp current of air blew into our neck through a crevice in the sash, and drank until the liquid eloquence of the melody was drained to the last drop. We had hobbled back again to our fire-side, with a strong feeling of enthusiasm, and a chilliness about the small of our back, and had just swallowed a bumper of claret, by way of corrective, when the following letter was handed in. We have a good deal of respect at bottom, for old Shufflebotham, though he is sometimes given to prosing, and we were just in the humour for him. Indeed, the old fellow never writes so passably as when he is not, as he calls it, "upon his Ps and Qs," a state which inevitably renders him marvellously absurd and formal. We accordingly made up our mind to keep our little Crystal of *Merum Sal*, as a gem for the concluding number of this volume, and to insert the old boy's letter just as it was, "in puris naturalibus;" and we hereby give warning, that no one need read it unless he be as we were, in what philosophers call "a state of negative electricity." C. N.]

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

I dare say you'll be thinking that old Shufflebotham has fairly forgotten you; but I've only been out a brace of weeks, from a bout of my old complaint, at which—as we've had our turn for the muggy weather—you'll not wonder. I reckon, that on the rheumatic score, you and I are much of a muchness. I did not like very well to write neither, till I had the ewe-milk cheese to send; and if you have been thinking it long in coming, the fault is neither mine, nor Dinah's, nor Ralph Hepple's, who says he left it for Dickinson three weeks ago. It's to be hoped you'll think we are improving in the manufacture; and, doubtless, the improvement of all sorts of cheese is a proof of the agricultural progress of a countryside, as it were, just as ballads are of the mental. It requires a handing down, as I may say, from father to son, to establish a well-charactered cheese, and this, when done, not only betokens the improvement of the dairy, but likewise of the taste of the country round about, which encourages it. As for the ballads, Dinah says you only encourage me in my whims and nonsense; but nobody shall persuade me that they are not a barometer of the refined part of the manners of a district, just as the stocks in London are of the wealth that's passing from one to another. I've heard you say that yourself. There's nobody knows, Mr North, but people who have a natural feeling for these sort of things, what a hold some of them take of the imaginations of us country-folk, who have never been debauched by living in the smoke, and bustle, and finery of towns, as these conceited Londoners do, that ye're so hard upon, though, after all, some of them are clever chiels too; that's neither here nor there; you

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sir would hardly believe, on a time, what pleasure a body like me takes in looking over an old thumbed "Ballantyne." Roger sometimes brings one in from some of the hind-folk; and what a pleasant sensation the very sight of the poor awkward-looking duts, and the wore-doggrel, which bauld one of young days, can afford. The view of the "King and the Cobler," the "Young Man's Garland," or "Robin Hood," with their queer scrawls of men in odd hats, and broad tilled coats, upon chequered pavements, or amongst scrubby trees, brings up many a sweet dreamy recollection.

But we are wonderfully improved since these times. Burns and Bewick, as I sometimes say, have been the great reformers, the Luther and Calvin both of the souls and bodies of the "ballants." If you give a halfpenny to the lads now, they'll bring you in a neat leaf, with may be one of Burns's best songs, or some other, marvellously smoothed down, since the "*sixteenth* of May" used to be a crack song in every ale-house. And for cuts, may be a gay decent imitation of one of Bewick's best wil-pieces, with the beasts and birds looking something like Christians; for before his time one never knew what they were. But you'll wonder what has put all this ballad-singing into my head; and I should have told you before—however, I must begin at the beginning.—I went the other day to bring my nephew Roger home from school, which he was obligated to leave on account of a fever that had got among them; and a spent of rain staying down the river, we slipped at O——— to give the beasts a feed till the wet was over. The landlady had left the door ajar, so she was righting the table and setting me down a warm glass of rum and water, and Roger a sup of ale, when a callant in the kitchen began that song I've heard ye admire, Mr North,—at least when your cheery cheeked favourite, as we used to call her, poor little Miss Charlton sang it;—"He's far ayont the hills the night, but he'll be hame for a' that." The lad lilted well, and there's a charm even in the worst of these simple ballads, when sung with feeling and a clear voice. Mainow that most of the tunes I hear about me nowadays, are far behind your real Scottish airs—for Scotland and Ireland after all are the lands of song; but still they have a swatch of feeling about them, poor ditties though they be, and you may call them, if you like, a sort of *half way house* between your soul-stirring melodies and the fond modern things one gets deaved with, when one's feel enough to patter the, as they call it, the players at a race or college time. However, as I was saying, the lad sung gaily—"Whisht," says I to Roger, "set the door open, shut thy mouth, and cock thy lugs, for the life of thee—here's something to stop a gap with;" and accordingly they soon gave us another specimen. Both words and tune were new to me—and the last appeared to be Irish; but to my judgment, though I'm what your scientified folk would call no judge at all, I've heard worse stuff. Not that I would name it in the same day with your friend Mr Hogg, or Mr Cunningham, or Dr Scott, or Mr Jennings; but still, what with the fine feeling of the ditty, and what with the simplicity of the ballad, it went down.

1.

Though I must go to a foreign land,
And wait my leader's stern command;
Although my breast I must oppose
Unto my country's hostile foes,
The stormy seas—the battle's roar,
Shall never make my bosom sore,
If Nancy takes me by the hand,
Before I go to a foreign land.

2.

I've been in many a foreign land,
By many a dangerous reef and sand;
I've heard the Baltic billows roar
Among the mists of Elsinore;
But wheresoe'er he's forced to roam,
A jolly sailor's still at home,
Till Nancy takes him by the hand,
Even England is a foreign land.

3.

Though I must go to a foreign land,
The hour-glass shall run out its sand,
However distant be the clime,
Her William will come home in time;
Abroad, at home, where'er I be,
My Nancy there shall sail with me;
And when she takes me by the hand,
I'll think no place a foreign land.

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When he ended, some observations seemed to be making, probably of the sentimental sort, in their homely fashion; but you would have been pleased with the bold way in which the singer, who had really a fine manageable voice, broke in with an air that has been familiar to me ever since I was "penny-can-high," as the saying is, but of which I never was aware of the merit till now. I have forgot what we used to call it, but it goes now by the title of "My Love is newly listed." It is just one of those ditties which Gay would have put into the Beggar's Opera,—monotonous, yet original,—full of mannerism, yet with a vein of unexpected feeling. It embodies, in a faint degree, that mixture of passions, which is the top of what you call *musical expression*, and which is so wonderful in your Scottish air of "Dinna think," where bitterness and love, grief and contempt, mix and get the better of one another, as the colours do on a bit of *shot-silk*. The lad gave the emphatic places a touch of sarcasm half plaintive, half playful, particularly at the conclusion, and seemed to feel the intention of the tune in a way that pleased me mightily.

1.

O, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing;
And the corn it ripens fastest when the frosts are setting in;
And when a woman tells me that my face she'll soon forget,
Before we part, I wad a crown, she's fain to follow 't yet.

2.

The snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing;
And the swallow skims without a thought as long as it is spring;
But when spring goes, and winter blows, my lass, an ye'll be fain,
For all your pride, to follow me, were 't cross the stormy main.

3.

O, the snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing;
The bee that flew when summer shined, in winter cannot sting;—
I've seen a woman's anger melt between the night and morn,
And it's surely not a harder thing to tame a woman's scorn.

4.

O, never say me farewell here—no farewell I'll receive,
For you shall set me to the stile, and kiss and take your leave;
But I'll stay here till the woodcock comes, and the martlet takes his wing,
Since the snow aye melts the soonest, lass, when the wind begins to sing.

The next was an even-down ballad both in words and music; and, in its noble contempt of mood, tense, person, and propriety in general, might almost vie with the verse I have known you quote, Mr North, from the old ditty of Lord Derwentwater.

"Macintosh was a gallant soldier,
He carried his musket on his shoulder;—
Cock your pistols and draw your rapier,
And damn you, Forster, for you're a traytor."

Still, to my silly old notion, there was something redeeming about it.

1.

O, I'll cut off my yellow hair,
A musket give to me,
And wheresoe'er thou goest, there,
My love, I'll follow thee;
And when our foes we must engage
Upon some foreign strand,
Howe'er the bloody battle rage,
I'll stand at thy right hand.

2.

But when the battle's over,
Then soldiers will be gay,
And if I prove a rover,
What will my Nancy say?
If thou another win your heart,
What will your Nancy do?
She'll only weep, and stand apart,
And hear her talk with you.

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3.

Thou hast my heart, so take my hand—
My hand I give to thee,
And mes again be sure that hand
Another's e'er shall be.
And should my lovely Nancy share
The battle by my side,
The Power above that hears our prayer,
Would shield the soldier's bride.

Here the landlady made such a clatter with plates and dishes, that for a minute or two I could hear nothing. When the noise and dirdum had slackened a little, I could just hear a weak voice lilting carelessly a little air that, under many varieties, is common in Northumberland—

Your spinsters and your knitters in the sun,
And those free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it—it is silly, sooth.

Like most ballads, however, its vulgarity has a touch of the plaintive. I could only make out—

O! the weary cutters—they've ta'en my laddie frae me,
O! the weary cutters—they've ta'en my laddie frae me;
They've press'd him far away foreign, with Nelson ayont the salt sea.
O! the weary cutters—they've ta'en my laddie frae me.

You may think I was contented with this specimen, and as the noise continued, Roger made an errand into the kitchen to try to procure me some copies of the songs. Meanwhile a sprightly voice struck up, and in an interval I discovered that a fishing song was the order of the day. I could not collect the first stanza—the second ran thus:

Nae mair we'll fish the coolly Tyne,
Nae mair the oozy Team,
Nae mair we'll try the sedgy Pont,
Or Derwent's woody stream;
But we'll away to Coquetside,
For Coquet bangs them a',
Whose winding streams sae sweetly glide,
By Brinkburn's bonny Ha'.

In the next stanza that I heard, the spirits of the song had changed.

At Weldon brigg there's wale o' wine,
If ye hae coin in pocket;
If ye can thraw a *heckle* fine,
There's wale o' trouts in Coquet.
And we will quaff the red-blood wine,
Till Weldon's wa's shall reel,—
We'll drink success to hook and line,
And a' wha bear the creel.

* * * * * * * *

And O! in all their angling bouts,
On Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
Whether for maidens or for trouts,
May anglers still succeed.

By Till, or Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
In sunshine, or in rain,
May fisher ne'er put foot in stream,
Or hand in purse in vain.
Then luck be to the angler lads,
Luck to the rod and line;
Wi' morn's first beam, we'll wade the stream,
The night we'll wet with wine.

The chorus at the end of the third stanza seemed to be more noisy than the rest. When Roger came in, he told me that when he went in he found a pale-faced lad, in a blue jacket, blue stockings, and red garters, trolling the simple chant I mentioned. The fishing song, Roger said, was sung by a "bonnyish looking" young man, in a shooting dress. He willingly shewed Roger a copy of the song, but would not part with it. It was printed in better taste than ordinary, with a tail-piece of Bewick's at the top, and the initials of the author of the "Reed Water Minstrel" at the bottom. The sentimental now seemed to have given way to the comic; but by this time the day had cleared up, so we only heard a fellow with an Irish twang and a portion of sly humour, sing a verse or two to the tune of "The Pretty Maid of Derby, O," which you say

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Thomas Moore, Esq. has claimed for the Irish, though to my mind there go two words to that bargain. This last seems to hit Roger's fancy; for I since find he can skirl through it, from beginning to end, under the alluring title of the "Irish Captain's Garland." I give it you just to fill up the sheet.

There was a Captain bold
At Sunderland, 'tis told,
And he was a gallant gay Lothario;
So Irish was his air,
No one but did declare,
That he was the very Paddy Carey, O.

His ancle it was small,
His stature it was tall
As a camel, leopard, or dromedary, O;
And straight was his back,
And his whiskers were black,
Och! no one could mistake Paddy Carey, O.

His jacket it was laced,
A sash about his waist,—
By his side hung his Androferary, O;
With his spurs of polish'd steel
That jingled at his heel,
There was none could compare with Paddy Carey, O.

He loved a maiden tall,
Whom some call'd "Pretty Poll,"
Though her god-fathers only called her Mary, O,—
Her shape and janty air,
Soft eyes and sunny hair,
Play'd havock with the heart of Paddy Carey, O.

Though lovers would annoy,
This damsel still was coy,
And always to their suit was contrary, O;
And little did she dream,
When to Sunderland she came,
That ever she should sigh for Paddy Carey, O.

On Sunderland Parade
He saw her first, 'tis said,
And straight the gallant Captain so wary, O,
Said "Ladies, I request
The tune that you love best."—
She sigh'd, as she whisper'd—"Paddy Carey, O."

Then straight unto the band
The Captain waved his hand,
Having bow'd to his charmer so airy, O;
And, determined to engage her,
He order'd the drum-major
To play up the planxty Paddy Carey, O.

While the tune it was liking,
Sweet Polly's eyes so melting
Bewitch'd him, like an angel or a fairy, O;
And, when the tune was play'd,
He whisper'd her, and said,
"Have pity on your own Paddy Carey, O.

"I am a soldier tall,
An Irishman and all,—
I came all the way from Tipperary, O;
And, though I'm something frisky,
I'll love you more than whisky,
If you can love again your Paddy Carey, O.

"I fought at Waterloo,
Where Boney got his due,
And ran away from Pat in a quandary, O;
I've pocket-fulls of plunder,
So, joy, you cannot blunder
In striking up a match with Paddy Carey, O."

Her voice it was hush'd,—
Like the morning she blush'd,
And red unto white did she vary, O;
And though she hated violence,
She pocketed in silence
A squeeze and a salute from Paddy Carey, O.

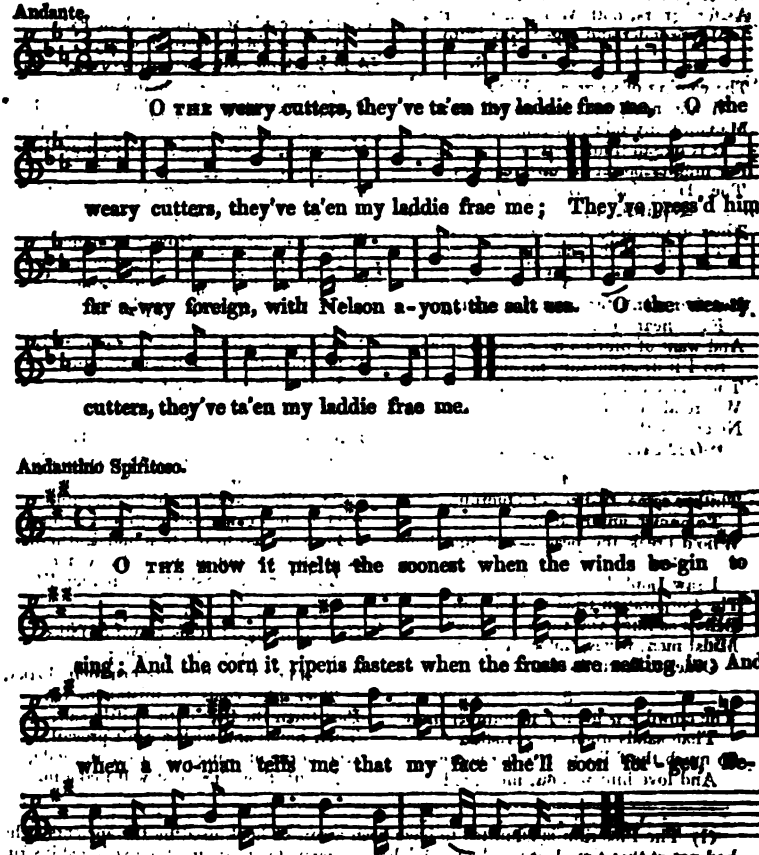
Now, good luck to the tune
That melts the girls so soon,
And puts them into such a sissorary, O;
Let us stick to the plan
Of being happy when we can,
So, piper, rattle up with Paddy Carey, O.

Many of the local songs of Northumberland are full of exquisite humour; but these, as you know, Mr North, would require an interpreter. They say the Lord Chancellor's very fond of them; but I am getting to the end of my tether. Dinah begs her dutiful respects, and so does Roger. You will be sorry to hear poor Mr Charlton of Heatheryside is dead. He stinted himself, latterly, to three or four chearers; but would never hear any thing against the malt-liquor, and the Doctor said it was just as bad for him. With much respect, I am, honoured Sir, your servant to command,

JOSIAH SHUFFLEBOTHAM.

Gowk's-Hall, Oct. 27th, 1821.

P. S.—Your clearing receipt will be well hanselled, as John is brewing a double quantity this year. We are expecting the Lieutenant, Roger's brother, home, poor lad, by and bye. I knew you're just frightened at the name of a month, but cannot you spare us a fortnight, Mr North?—As I know you like these sort of nick-nacks, I got Stavely the clerk, who pretends to be very clever at music, just to prick down a couple of the wildest of the airs. Indeed, the last is so wild, that he says it is hard to tell what key it is in. It is so simple, however, on the whole, that I hope it may be intelligible; though I rather suspect his "sol-fa" knowledge is none of the deepest, and that he would soon be lost among the quirks and quavers, and *whatfor-whats* of one of the *Brussum* things, as the fiddler folks call them.



LETTER FROM CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. TO MISS CAMPBELL OF ARD.

From our Attic, 12th November, 1831.

DEAR MISS M'DERMID,—We received your note, stating that your brother Willy's version only gave you a distant glimpse of the merits which you justly supposed were latent to you in the *Adventus*. As it is quite right that the ladies should enjoy the joke as well as the learned, we wrote off to the Corker, who has dedicated his translation to you. You must come up to-morrow evening to your cookies and tea, and you shall see the first of it.

Yours affectionately, C. N.

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A TRUE AND PERFECT ACCOUNT OF THE LANDING OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH IN IRELAND.

(Translated from my own original by myself.)

DEDICATED TO MISS MINERVINE

Muse! take up your joyful fiddle,
And twang it *pizzicato*. (1)
But don't attempt the folks to diddle,—
A fib I've nought to say to.
Where's the use of telling stories,
When you're to sing of so great glories,
As foreigners, both Whigs and Tories,
May wonder and say "Nay!" to.

2.

The coming of so great a King
Would need some lore to tell on:
Madam! my tale's no common thing,
It's one to think well on.
For mighty powers it sure requires,
The Dukes and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Their grand processions and attires,
That graced that day, to dwell on.

3.

But fear won't further my design,
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,
And want of pluck's no crime of mine,
So I'll describe this gay day.—
There is a village called Dunleary,
Where all did crowd from far and near; I
Ne'er saw the like—so loud and cheery,
"God save the King!" they said aye.

4.

Thither came Justices of Quorum,
To punish any rash one,
Who'd break the peace—and just before
'em
I saw Lord Talbot dash on.—
The Corporation tried to wedge in
Bellies so huge you can't imagine!
Midst men, wives, tailors, in a rage, in
Order to turn the fashion.

5.

The crowd was great! in number more
Than sands upon the sea-shore!
So much the folks their King adore,
And love him without measure!
They came to see and know the worth
Of George the Good, of George the Fourth.
The roads were cramm'd from south to north
As full as they could be, sure.

6.

Ooh! ye can't read the Book of Fate
While standing there so weary!
And thinking sore, as it grows late,
The King must sure be near ye.
The King, whose much-desired arrival
Would give your wearied bones revival,
Has changed his mind! Off ye may drive all,
He won't come to Dunleary.

7.

There is a harbour, Howth by name,
That he'll for certain steam on: (2)
Stewart and Fate ye have to blame,
For this which ye ne'er dream on.
But pleasure oft comes after pain,
You shall be chastech'd o'er again; (3)
When he returns, he'll not disdain,
Your town his grace to beam on.

8.

But now the ships began to fly (4)
Like swallows through the sea, ma'am,
Or swim like fishes in the sky,
As swift as swift could be, ma'am,
And as they came still nigh and nigher,
Hope made our hearts beat high and higher,
And all cried out aloud, "I spy her;
That surely must be she, ma'am!"

9.

But, Murrahoo! This crowd of folks
Will get a mighty take in;
They might as well have worn their cloaks,
Their blue coats are mistaken. (5)
Past them the fleet doth swiftly sail,
Their hopes and wishes can't prevail,
And borne on wings of steam and gale,
Howth they their rest will make in.

---

(1) The Pizzicato is admitted to have been a sort of hook used by the ancients (who had not at that time learned the use of their fingers), for twanging their stringed instruments,—a mode of performance, called by our more accomplished musicians, "Playing *Pizzicato*."

(2) A distinctive instance of modern improvements, is the use of steam. To think that it was reserved for modern times to find out the use of fingers and hot-water! The latter discovery has introduced, and is introducing, great changes in all the departments of mechanics—in language among the rest. On board a steamer, instead of saying "Up with the main-sail!" the cry is, "On with the steam!" In like manner, instead of "sailing on a point," we must say "*steaming*."

(3) Dunleary was afterwards called Kingstown. George the Fourth stood sponsor at the ceremony.

(4) *Voilare Equore* cannot be translated in *English*. In *Irish* it signifies *as supra*.

(5) Blue coats were worn in honour of his Majesty's expected arrival.

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10.

Like hungry, disappointed Whigs,
In vain for places praying;
Like starving, desperate, gambling prigs
Losing each bet they're laying;
Like such, were all the doleful people—
Like them, the female sordid weep all,
When from their sight, they from the steeple
Saw George their King astraying.

11.

About two hundred Irish lads,
Were standing on Howth height, ma'am,
Whose heart sufficiently it glads,
Far off to see the sight, ma'am,
Of all the frigates, yachts, and steamers,
And royal standards, flags, and streamers,
About the King.—They were not dreamers
Which he'd be there that night, ma'am.

12.

But, when they saw, that to their town,
The Royal Navigator
Approach'd.—And when all bearing down
Came boat, sloop, ship, first-rater—
Lord! what a row the fellows raised!
And how his Majesty they praised!
The shout the very shores amazed!
No King e'er caused a greater.

13.

At length with fav'ring steam and gale, (6)
The Lightning safe did steer in;
The crowd the Royal Ensign hail,—
Each bright eye bore a tear in
Token of joy! The foremost ranks
Slid down a gangway from the banks;
With silk they carpeted the planks—
THE KING HAS STEPT ON ERIN!

14.

Could I write melodies like Moore,
Or ballads like Sir Walter,
Or any such great poet, sure
My strain should be no halter.
I'd sing a song without a blunder,
Should make posterity all wonder,
And George's praise should sound like thunder,
Before my voice should faulter!

15.

But since poor I am not the least
Like them, a wight rhetorical,
My reader's precious time to waste
With Blarney a damn'd bore I call.
But yet I needn't hold my tongue,
I'll tell how round the King they hung,
Although this story be not sung
In language metaphorical.

16.

Our gracious King to all the crowd
His willing hand extended,
And even the poorest Pat felt proud,
So much he condescended,
And *willing hands* the pockets picking,
Gold watches grabbing, brass ones nicking,
Made no distinction more than the King,
Lest folks should feel offended.

17.

Mounting the carriage steps with grace,
"My friends," he cried, "I thank ye!"
The coachman takes his reins and says,
"My tits soon home shall speakle ye."
Then came the horsemen on with pride,
Some of them their own chargers ride,
While some paid half a crown a-side,
And some had but a donkey.

18.

The crowd increased as they went on,
Because their hearts were loyal;
They ran so fast their breath was gone,
They scarce could speak for joy all.
But of their great politeness judge,
When they came to the Porter's Lodge,
They not one other step would budge,
Because the grounds were royal.

19.

But when the King cried "Come along,
My friends, pray don't be frighted;"
No sooner said than all the throng
Rush'd on to where he lighted.
Again, at stepping on the ground,
He shook the hands of all around,
And made their hearts with joy rebound,
When he with fine delight thus

20.

Exclaimed, "My soul is glad to day,
My own dear Irish nation;
I love you more than I can say,
So great my agitation.
I've loved you always—man and boy—
And here I'm come, and will employ,
To drink your health, without alloy,
Of whisky a libation."—

21.

Thus said the King, and then the stair
He royally ascended.
God save the King! through all the air,
With four times four was blended!
This being all I had to say,
About this memorable day,
Contentedly my pen I lay
Down—for my tale is ended.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

But as you tell me Miss M'Dermid
Delightfully can sing, Kit,
And has a voice like my mermaid,
I'm willing such to think it.
Ask her to find a tune, whose nature
May suit my ditty, and then say to her,
While I've a bumper of the creature,
To her and you I'll drink it.

---

(6) I don't remember whether I meant *Ignis* in the original, to signify "The Lightning," which was formerly the name of the steam-packet, which brought the King, (now the Royal George the Fourth,) or the fire which boiled the water, which made the steam which made her go. The fact is, I was engaged at the time in the two occupations of writing about George the Fourth, and drinking his health; and my aunt tells me, I never can do two things clearly at once. I never chuse to alter what my muse inspired; and, therefore, to be safe, I have preserved both meanings in my translation.

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"THE GOOD TOWN."

We have often resolved to call the attention of our Scottish readers to a very interesting subject, no less than the state capacious of the metropolis. In shewing, however, the unhedness of the capital, we have no insidious design of supplicating charity in behalf of "the good town," for it possesses funds abundantly adequate to do all that we would recommend, namely, to place the magistracy on a proper metropolitan footing. But to the point, for it is not our humour to deal in long prefaces.

On the 3d of September, our Magistrates were chosen, and the event was celebrated in the evening, (in the great room of the Waterloo Tavern,) at a sumptuous dinner. The entertainment was highly creditable to our friend Charlie, though he took a little longer time in setting down the ices of the desert than he should have done. We could have dispensed with the ceremony of having every dish for two hundred guests set upon the table by his own particular hands, even although it was intended to mark his patriotic and profound respect for the company.

But the great charm of the evening was the singular good sense, urbanity, and taste of Mr Arbuthnot (now chosen a second time Lord Provost,) in the short speeches with which he introduced the different standing toasts. We were exceedingly delighted at the felicity with which he pointed out the peculiar virtues and merits of the individuals who had claims on the applauses of their country, and the skilful tact with which he avoided every thing that might have impaired the harmony of the company, while he firmly and decidedly maintained the political partialities of our own friends. We were also particularly gratified by the unaffected manner in which the two sons of the late Chief Baron thanked the company for the distinction with which their father's memory and their family were regarded by the citizens of Edinburgh. It is impossible indeed to deny the possession of great talents and many virtues to a family who have so long held the most distinguished place in the public affections of their native town. Altogether, the entertainment of the evening was of a superior kind, and worthy in every respect of a metropolis that boasts of being one of the most enlightened in Europe.

It was, however, to be regretted that such a civic festival should have been held in a tavern; and we heard it justly observed, that the Great Hall of the Parliament House is the proper place for the banquets of the Scottish metropolis. Occasions of this kind ought to be rendered contributory to the fostering of national feelings; even national prejudices should be cherished at such solemnities, and it is on this account that the Parliament House should have been the scene of the city feast. The many ennobling sentiments associated with the venerable aspect of the Hall, the recollections of history, and the hallowing of the public principle that would naturally be produced by the genius of the place, all combine as so many reasons to make us wish that the Magistrates would hold their annual festival in that fine monument of the ancient independence of Scotland; and we hope that hereafter this will be duly considered. What other place, indeed, can be so appropriate for the celebration of those Scottish remembrances, which are necessarily recalled at a meeting calculated, both by the occasion and the guests, to partake in some respect of the august character of a tribunal? For public banquets, especially as they are conducted in this island, are analogous to the distribution of rewards at the Olympic Games of antiquity—at them, the statesman and the hero are singled out and shewn forth, adorned with their merits, and by the measure of applause bestowed at the mention of their names, they are enabled to appreciate the estimation, in which their characters are held among their fellow countrymen.

But the bad taste of the corporation of Edinburgh is not confined to holding their banquets in a tavern. The appointments of the magistracy are all equally mean. While many of the second rate towns, both in England and Ireland, have splendid establishments for their mayors, all the exhibition of the Lord Provost of the capital of Scotland consists of a narrowless pair of paltry gilded lamps before the door of his private residence in Charlotte Square. It

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said he is allowed a thousand pounds a-year for the expences of the office: it may be so; but we have heard that the citizens of the black and smoky town of Newcastle give their chief magistrate two thousand pounds, a splendid equipage, and a superb mansion. The very sight of the Mayor of Bristol, in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of office, would astonish the worthy deacons of the different crafts, who are so largely implicated in the object of our complaint.

Now we would ask why such things should be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder? For surely, saving and excepting London, there is no other town under such obligations to exhibit her chief magistrate, with appropriate splendour, as the ancient capital of the oldest of all the British monarchies. What makes the shame of the thing more striking is, that the whole of what is wanted might be easily obtained, and in a style too, which would even bear comparison with the corpulent and cumbrous magnificence of the London appointments. But, before stating them, we would beg to lay it down as a principle, that ALL PUBLIC OFFICERS SHOULD, IN THEIR OFFICES, BE APPROPRIATELY MAINTAINED, and therefore a judicious economy would discern between the paraphernalia requisite to the dignity of the provost, and the ministration to the personal pomposity or vanity of the individual occupying the station. Nothing, in our opinion, can, for example, be more absurd than the vulgar ostentation of the Mansion-house of London, where, for a year, every year, some honest, thrifty, and prudent family are afflicted with the necessity of mimicking the style and manners of the nobility. While we would therefore recommend a Mansion-house to be provided for the Lord Provost, we must beg to be understood not to mean a residence, but only a proper place where he could entertain illustrious strangers, or perform those hospitable courtesies to his fellow-citizens and assistants in the magistracy,—courtesies which constitute no inconsiderable portion of his public duty. For this purpose, it occurs to us, that, at an inconsiderable expence, a very splendid suite of apartments might be easily constructed within the same pile where the sittings of the Council use held, and in them, on all corporation occasions, the ordinary entertainments of the Lord Provost should be given. The inauguration banquet, as we have already said, should be held in the Parliament-house.

We would also seriously recommend the hint of our ingenious correspondent, Mr Christopher Columbus, with respect to a state-coach, to be gravely considered, though we disapprove entirely of his Tontine scheme, of sending our Provost to dwell so far from the centre of Auld Reekie. Can any thing, for example, be more ridiculous than a batch of elderly, well fed, perhaps gouty gentlemen, struggling against the wind, and grinnings if they would bite off the nose of Boreas, endeavouring to make their way towards the door of an inn, to give the freedom of the city to some renowned or illustrious character. The proper way of bestowing such honours—the most obvious and the most flattering, is to invite the personage on whom it is intended to be conferred, to meet the magistrates; but if circumstances render this inconvenient, as was the case when Prince Esterhazy was lately here, then, and in such cases, the Provost, with suitable officers, emblems, and ensigns of authority, should be enabled to represent the rank and dignity of the city. It is, we are aware, not very easy to speak gravely to many minds on such subjects, but our well-known free and desultory style had never a more suitable topic; and although many wise, many learned, &c. bodies of gentlemen have been accustomed to think with much levity of city usages, the gingerbread coach, and the big bellies of Aldermen and Bailies, the acquiescent homage paid in all ages to those invested with the trappings of visible grandeur, is a moral demonstration that the decorations of office are agreeable to the common sense of mankind. The great object is, to take care that they are in unison with the taste and spirit of the age in which they are assumed. But when once assumed, they ought to be preserved in their original state, as consecrated things.

The cause which essentially contributed to denude the magistracy of Edinburgh of their ancient costume and municipal pomp, was undoubtedly the removal of the court to Eng-

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land. Had the monarch continued to reside here, or condescended to pay us an occasional visit, we have no doubt, that, instead of those sable suits, in which so many of our esteemed friends appear, as if in constant mourning for some hanged thief or other, we should have seen them apparelled as in the days of Provost Macealzean, when the Town-council entertained Queen Mary; namely, in coats of black velvet, doublets of crimson satin, and hose of the same colour; for we hold the recommendation of the Council in 1718, by which the magistrates were advised to wear coats of black velvet, (and in consideration thereof, ten pounds Sterling were ordered to be paid to each of the Bailies, Dean of Guild, and Lord Treasurer, yearly,) to have been a corrupt job of modern degeneracy. And we beg, by the way, to know if the said ten pounds continue to be still regularly paid:—if so, where are all the velvet coats? The Provost is the only one we have ever seen so dressed.—Let the Reformers look to this.

In contemplating the probability of a visit from the King, we would advise Mr Arbuthnot, and his friends in the magistracy, to imitate their worthy predecessors in Queen Mary's time, and forthwith equip themselves accordingly, in order to give his Majesty some notion of the olden time of this his most ancient kingdom.

But alas! Scotland has survived her royalty. When the King comes, where shall we put him? We shudder to think of the squalour and misery that have thrust their pale faces and dirty lean hands into the most revered recesses of the palace. What an avenue must he pass to the well-sung towers of Holyrood, in his descent by the Canongate!

"There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The babe, finds no kind breast, first opens this
And bitter shriek, sent
Nor can he, mother, sex your children so?
Spread play some, some cack against the wall
And, as they crouchon low, for bread and butter call.
And, on the broken pavement, here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie
And brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by."

POPE.

The very thought of such a sight, to shew a King, and a King of such refinement as George IV; in hideous! For God's sake, Bailies and Deacons of Edinburgh, set to work instantly. Let all your shovels, barrows and besoms, be put in requisition. Commissioners of Police, Whigs, Tories, and Ridicules, up and at it. Though you should want drink for a month, wash the causeway. Seize every nocturnal vase, boyne, tub, and crock, or by whatever other name they may be known; and instead of the Flowers of Edinburgh, let them be filled with earth, and planted with fragrant shrubs and odoriferous balsams, and placed in rows, from the Tron Kirk to the Abbey gate, to subdue the irremediable odours—the breath of abomination, that taints the air from every wall and corner round the defiled and deserted home of royalty.

But though the magistrates of Edinburgh do their part ever so well, what is to be done with the palace itself? Had it been the property of any private nobleman, instead of belonging to the crown, is it probable that so fine a mansion would have been allowed to sink into such absolute decay? We know not how the Dukes of Hamilton have been able to reconcile to their honour, as men, the neglect and ruin which, without remonstrance, they have allowed to fall upon this venerable and interesting edifice, the more especially, as it is still required for several national purposes. The election of the Peers of Scotland is still held there, and the Chapel Royal is the place where the Knights of the Thistle can alone be installed. It is indeed inconceivable, how the royal residences of Scotland, from Dunstaffnage of immemorial antiquity, to Linlithgow and Holyroodhouse, should have been allowed to sink into ruin—the latter in particular, when the preservation of it might not only have been honourable to the country, but a source of wealth and of pleasure to the metropolis. The environs of Holyroodhouse are singularly picturesque, and, with very little trouble, the cliffs and the mountains might have been so adorned with trees, that the King's Park would have become one of the finest walks that the vicinity of any city could boast of;—as it is, nobody that is not actuated by some strong motive of necessity, or of antiquarian curiosity, can bear the thoughts of approaching a place so

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desolate, wild, and melancholy. We have often wondered that the spirited boys of the High School have never thought of laying out some of their pocket-money in buying hazel-nuts to plant the Salisbury Crags. The speculation would redound to the infinite profit of their successors; and by so simple a process as occasionally throwing a few handfulls of forest-tree seeds down the steeps, they might clothe those naked rocks, and create a woody and picturesque effect, of which the finest landscape painters only dream in their most poetical moods. It is, however, of no use to talk or to suggest on this subject, while those whose duty it is to attend to all that may be said, are seemingly alike insensible to the ancient renown and modern glory of their country;—who move as if they felt not the inspiring influence of hallowed places, and were incredulous to the power of that solemn and affecting genius which presides over the ancestral abodes of chivalry and patriotism.

And here we take liberty to controvert a notion that seems somehow to have got into circulation, that "the good town" shall not be able to give the King such a welcome as he received in Dublin. Certainly, if an attempt is made to follow modern devices, the thing will be a failure; but if we revert to the ancient customs of the kingdom, the Scots will beat the Irish out and out. Nothing, for example, in the King's public entry into Dublin could compare with a revival, but in a modern taste, of the ancient weapon-shawing *, for the occasion; which would have the effect of turning the attention of the people from radical nonsense, and of making them emulous in loyalty. With this view, we would therefore recommend to the deacons of the trades, and the heads of other public bodies, to begin, as soon as the period is ascertained when his Majesty is likely to come, to provide themselves with banners, and appropriate ensigns of their crafts and professions, to march in procession before the King. The very interest which such an occupation would give to the minds of the multitude, could not fail to cure thousands of those afflicted with the Radical distemper. The result, merely as a spectacle, would be one of the finest imaginable. It would, besides, afford the people an opportunity of seeing the King, in his state, as a monarch, in some appropriate balcony, rendering the procession, as it were, a levee holden to receive the homage of the hardy and industrious. Those who saw the King proclaimed will easily form some idea, though but a faint one, of the magnificent pageant which we contemplate. Let them suppose, for a moment, the fronts of the stupendous houses of the High Street all decorated with garlands and green boughs, and the windows filled with beauty,—the balcony in front of the Royal Exchange occupied by musicians, and the King, attended by his great officers and the magistrates, seated on an elevated platform in front of the Cathedral, commanding a view of the street to the Palace. Let them then paint to themselves the pavement, thronged with countless spectators, and the array of the citizens, glorious with waving plumes and banners, ascending to the foot of the royal platform, then defiling into the Lawnmarket, and counter-marching by the Parliament-Close back into the High-Street, with the clangour of all accorded instruments of sound, mingled with the shouts and acclamations of the people, and they must be convinced, that neither Dublin, nor any other town in Europe, can produce such a spectacle as that with which the loyal inhabitants of "the good town" might verify to their King their just right to that venerable appellation. Let Sir Patrick Walker marshall as he may the decorated orders and ranks of nobility and knighthood, and Sir John Sinclair get all the Highlanders, in all their tartans, that the mountains of the North may send forth, we will stake our crutch, which we cannot move without, that a procession of the honest trades and crafts of Edinburgh, closing with the time-honoured pageantry of King Crispin, will present a scene of popular splendour, unexampled in the annals of all similar shows and processions.

* We do not mean, that the revival of the weapon-shawing should extend beyond the different corporations and citizens mustering in their best, and forming a properly marshalled array, to give his Majesty some idea of their numbers and respectability.

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ON THE SCHOLASTIC DOCTORS.

Cork, Nov. 6th, 1821.

Dear Christopher,

I was some time ago looking over an old theological work, which, among many other curious things, expatiated considerably on the merits of the old Scholastic Doctors, and dwelt much on their several titles—such as *Irrefragabilis, Ponderosus, Subtilis, Profundus*, and twenty others of equal celebrity and import. But what the author seemed particularly to take delight in, and indeed what gave me the greatest pleasure, was the collection of their different epitaphs and celebrated sayings, and the concentrating in one place so many quaintly-devised and crabbed specimens of the distorted ingenuity of those ages, I could not help thinking, Kitt, how amusing it must have been to behold one of these worthies, Tostatus for instance, of whom it was said,—

Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile, discutit omne,

seated at work, in an easy-chair, with his doctor's cap pushed on one side of his head,—his cloak thrown backwards from absolute sweating through excess of thought,—his left hand pulling strongly his long grey beard,—his pen stuck for a moment in his inky girdle, —his right hand scratching the side of his head,—his feet striking rapidly against the ground,—and his long, thin, swarthy sour face contracted into as many wrinkles as your own round, fat, ruddy, good-humoured phiz would doubtless be seen forced into, in a fit of the rheumatism, if the mysterious veil which encompasseth it did not hide its features from mortal eyes.—Would not you laugh downright at seeing him in this curious situation? I am sure you would, Kitt, notwithstanding all you may say about humanity, &c. But if you knew that all his travail would be set at nought,—that his immense turmoil would be of no avail,—that the productions of his pen, which now reposes in his girdle, (untill suddenly pulled forth to indite the ingenious thought when arrived at maturity,) would sink into everlasting oblivion, I am sure your kind heart, far from indulging in mirth, would melt with grief on the occasion. At least mine would. It is with these feelings you must consider this letter, which is an attempt to rescue from forgetfulness some of the effusions aforesaid, by sending them to you. I am sure the ingenious writers will bounce with joy, when from the silent tomb they hear your mellow voice ordering Ebony to imprint their lays, and will cry out, in classic chorus, through the clay-cold caverns of the earth,—

Ecce, vir Septentrionalis
Extitit homo specialis,
Bonus homo validè!

Suo nam mandavit ore
Nostras res imprimatori,
Bona habeat edere!

which classic and appropriate chorus may be Englished thus, with equal elegance:—

Behold! the mightie man, Kitt Northe,
Hath shewn himselfe of speciale worthe,
A goodlie man indeede;

For with his owne mouthe he hath told,
Our verses that his prynter bolde
Should prynte: (welle may he feede!)

Already art thou celebrated *on* the earth by millions, and *above* the earth, in the garrets of hundreds. Be it your study now, to be celebrated and honoured *under* the earth, as infallibly thou shalst, by giving light to the productions of its inhabitants. But, besides these considerations of glory and humanity, they are really so curious in themselves as to deserve your notice, as you will perceive by the few following specimens. The first I give you is on Alexander Alensis, the celebrated Doctor Irrefragabilis. Here it is:—

Conditur hoc tumulo, famam sortitus abundè
Gloria Doctorum, decus et flos Philosophorum,
Auctor scriptorum vir Alexander variorum.
Inclitus Anglorum fuit Archilevita, sed horum
Spretor cunctorum, fratrum collega minorum
Factus egenorum, fit Doctor primus eorum.

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What beauty!—What's your epitaph on Sir D. Donnelly to this?—What a majestic succession of *orums!* not to speak of the pretty compliment to your Southron friends in the second last line. How the writer must have worked to make out these verses! I ought to know something of his trouble, as I had a pretty fair tug myself at a few lines you inserted in your last; but I must fairly yield to him in the ingenuity with which he strings together that noble succession of sonorous cadences. What can be finer than the third line, when, after having raised our expectation to the highest by his encomiums in the two preceding verses, he suddenly and sublimely declares who the subject of them is:—

"Auctor scriptorum vir Alexander variorum!"

All your modern nick-nacks are nothing to this! Lost in admiration as you doubtless are, at the above specimen, the next will far outdo both *it*, and all others I ever read, in quaintness, conceit, and moral instruction. It is written on Peter Comestor, (mind his surname,) the author of "Historia Scholastica." Read and admire!

"Petrus eram, quem petra tegit, dictusque Comestor,
Nunc comedor; vivus docui, nec cesso docere
Mortuus: ut dicat qui me videt incineratum,
Quod sumus, iste fuit, erimus quandoque quod hic est."

What do you say to that, Kitt? As a farthing rush-light, in the hands of an ancient maiden, yields to the brightness of the mid-day sun,—as the narrow defile of Faulkner's Lane, in our lordly city, is inferior to the spacious area of the Parade,—as the dry pages of Constable's shrink before those of Blackwood's as if before a parching fire,* so does every other epitaph appear nought, when compared with the perfect model you have just read. Not a member of the sentence but contains a point. "*Petrus* eram quem *petra* tegit." Which of your now-a-day scribblers would ever hit on such a thought? But, above all, "dictusque Comestor, nunc comedor." What a sublime idea of retribution does not this contain. He who was called Eater, (and, haply, for a good reason,) is now eaten,—by the worms, rats, &c. Also the continuance of his Doctorship in the grave, and the lecture he thence delivers to the world. Ah! the times are gone by when such things could be written. As for these degenerate days—Alas! I fear I may safely defy any one to match these lines, without the gauntlet being taken up!—I perceive I have not paper for much more; but I must give you one on a countryman, either of yours or mine, it is hard to say which, but he is

Richardus a Sto. Victore *Scotus*.

Moribus, ingenio, doctrinâ clarus et arte
  Pulvereo hic tegeris, docte Richarde, situ
Quem tellus genuit felici Scotica partu
  Nunc foret in gremio Gallica terra suo.
Nil tibi Parca ferox nocuit, quæ stamina parva
  Tempore tracta gravi rupit acerva manu:
Plurima namque tui superant monumenta laboris,
  Quæ tibi perpetuum sint paritura decus,
Segnior ut lento sceleratas mors petit sedes,
  Sic propero nimis it sub pia tecta gradu.

Although some of your very classic readers will probably admire this more than any of the others, yet I must beg leave to differ with them. What can equal the *concetti* in the two first of those epitaphs? Besides, I think that although in the fourth couplet it is prophesied that his writings will obtain for him immortal fame, it will be to your mention of his epitaph that

* A fact.

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he will be indebted for any portion of it in this his native country. I will conclude, my dear Kitt, with some advice of a contemporary of these men, which will be of use to you this cold weather, and may prevent your catching cold, which would be of great detriment to one of your rheumatic tendency:—

Mensibus *R* atis ne super lapidem sedeatis.

Never sit on a stone in a month that has an *r* in it.

Yours, &c.

JAMES DAP. COLLEY.

THE EMIGRANTS' VOYAGE TO CANADA.

I SAILED from Scotland for Quebec, in the beginning of summer, and had a great number of emigrants as fellow-passengers. Being all of the lower class, they occupied the steerage, which was divided into various small compartments, that different families might be separated from each other. At first this arrangement seemed unnecessary, for every one evinced the utmost good-will towards his neighbours,—novelty of situation having created a community of feeling among people who had no connexion or acquaintance with each other. Most of the emigrants were natives of Scotland; but the new circumstances in which they found themselves placed seemed to divest them of much of their natural caution and reserve. When they first came on board, they conversed freely about their private affairs, confided to each other the causes that had respectively induced them to leave home, and mutually offered to use their endeavours to alleviate the inconveniences and uncomforts which they expected to encounter during the voyage. Those who felt most afflicted at leaving their native country, employed themselves in anticipating the happiness which they supposed would await them on the other side of the Atlantic, while some, who apparently cared little about home, talked without intermission of the anguish they had suffered when quitting it. All idea of danger seemed to be studiously avoided by every one, and calm seas, cloudless skies, and favourable winds, were talked of, and looked forward to, as the inseparable attendants of a sea voyage.

For two days after we had put to sea, the weather was bright and beautiful. The waves scarcely rocked our ship, as we glided slowly down the Mull of Cantyre, and watched the Highland hills rising in majestic succession on each side of us, and gradually fading into undefined masses as we receded from them. The emigrants remained almost constantly upon deck. Men, women, and children, loitered about promiscuously, in a state of indolent good humour, and made remarks upon every thing they saw. Some pointed to particular hills, telling their names, and describing the country near them; others dwelt upon the advantages they had foregone in leaving home, and spoke of the wealth, influence, and respectability of their relations; and a few, who appeared to have weighty reasons for not talking about their own affairs, wandered among the various groups, and listened carelessly to what was passing. One man derived a great deal of temporary importance, from his possessing a small work which treated of North America. He placed himself in an elevated situation, and occasionally read such portions of the book as were best calculated to excite the admiration and astonishment of those around him. Many began to consider him a perfect oracle, and when any dispute took place about the new country to which we were hastening, it was invariably referred to his decision. An old woman and her daughter assumed the lead in the female circles. They enumerated the disagreeables of a sea voyage; lamented that they had not become cabin passengers; declared there was no one on board with whom they could associate; and made many allusions to the terrors and anxieties which they believed their friends would suffer on their account. Their auditors permitted them to talk without interruption; for every one seemed willing to let his neighbours exhibit their respective pretensions and characteristics, that he might be the better ab-

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to form a correct estimate of what they really were, and likewise attain some knowledge of the different persons with whom circumstances had placed him in such close contact.

On the evening of the second day, most of the emigrants appeared to think that they had already had large experience of a sea life, and that nothing worse than the past was to be feared or anticipated. Some affected to talk knowingly of nautical affairs; while others ridiculed all idea of danger, and expressed a wish that a storm might speedily arise, and afford them evidence of the exaggerated accounts which they believed sailors usually gave of the perils and terrors of tempestuous weather. The wind had been gentle and baffling all the afternoon; but, towards sun-set it freshened and blew a steady breeze. A small sea soon got up, and our vessel, being under easy sail, began to pitch and roll about a little. At first, the emigrants walked backwards and forwards unsteadily, and often caught hold of the ropes that hung within reach; but, after a little time, most of them stopped, and leaned upon the bulwarks. The conversation gradually became broken and disjointed—those who had taken the most conspicuous part in it said least, and total silence soon ensued. Every one looked scrutinizingly into the face of his neighbour, but seemed averse to undergo a similar inspection himself. The groups that had covered the deck slowly dispersed, and those who composed them could be seen stealing away one by one, and cautiously descending into the steerage. Before the night was far advanced, all were in their births except the seamen.

The wind continued to increase in violence, and next morning it blew hard, and there was a heavy sea and a good deal of rain. A few of the emigrants, who had ventured out of the steerage, were crawling along the deck on all fours, with looks of alarm and anxiety. One man ventured to ask the mate, if he had ever seen such weather before; and the latter gave a significant look, and said, he hoped not to meet with such again; but, that God was merciful, and, for his part, he never despaired as long as the planks of the vessel kept together. This reply was listened to with dismay by all who heard it; and several immediately went below, and informed their companions, that we were in imminent danger. In a moment the steerage became a scene of tumult and confusion; parents were heard calling their children around them; the old women asked for their Bibles; the young ones sought consolation from their husbands; prayers and ejaculations were mingled with inquiries which the questioners seemed almost afraid to have answered; messengers were sent upon deck at intervals, to ascertain the state of the weather; and some proposed that they should petition the Captain to make sail for the nearest harbour.

The mate distributed the provisions among the emigrants every morning after breakfast, and when the time for doing this arrived, he made the seamen bring the casks of beef and flour upon deck, and likewise a large pair of scales to weigh out the rations. The noise produced by these arrangements, made the people below conceive that the crew were in the act of putting out the boats, and that the ship was in a sinking state. Next moment confirmed their fears, for the mate called down the gangway, "All hands upon deck!" Males and females, and old men and children, began to ascend the stairs with furious haste, and the steerage was soon completely deserted. They all rushed towards the bulwarks, struggling to get as near them as possible, that they might have an early opportunity of embarking in the boats. But when their agitation had a little subsided, and when they saw the mate standing between two casks, and coolly weighing out their rations, they seemed at a loss what to think, and viewed one another with a mingled expression of shame and apprehension. The laughter of the seamen soon made them suspect that they had been imposed upon by imagination; and the mate bid them advance to receive their respective allowances, saying, it was not likely the vessel would go to the bottom till after dinner, and declaring, that the panic he had occasioned was for the purpose of bringing them upon deck for the benefit of their health. This explanation restored tranquillity, and every one good-humouredly bore the ridicule of his neighbours, because he could retort upon them whenever he chose.

In the course of the day, the wind became more moderate, and we entertained hopes of soon having fine wea-

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ther. Many of the emigrants resumed their stations upon deck, and began to amuse themselves in the various ways that their respective circumstances permitted, though they evidently were not so cheerful and confident as when we first set sail. But, towards the afternoon, the increasing violence of the wind interrupted their recreations, and it was not long before we had a strong gale from the west, which reduced us to our courses. The sea ran so high, that the Captain took the helm; and the passengers, on seeing this, thought that things had come to the worst, and manifested strong symptoms of terror and despair. Our ship pitched and rolled very much, and they could hardly stand without support; but, nevertheless, seemed unwilling to go below. The crew, being employed almost everywhere, hurried backwards and forwards, pushing them unceremoniously from side to side, and answering their questions and exclamations with oaths and looks of derision. At last a wave broke over the vessel, and they all, as if under one impulse, descended into the steerage; the gangway hatch of which was immediately closed above them.

A severe attack of sea-sickness obliged me to retire to my birth, which was separated by a thin partition only from the place where all the emigrants lay. I sought repose in vain. The sea beat against the vessel with dreadful noise, and made her timbers creak and quiver from one end to the other; and during the short intervals of external quietness that sometimes occurred, my ears were filled with the moans, sighs, and complaints of those who occupied the steerage. Much tumult, anxiety, and confusion, seemed to prevail among them; and every time the ship rolled more violently than usual, a host of ejaculations, shrieks, and screams, burst from the mouths of men, women, and children; while the rolling of casks, the crashing of earthen ware, and the noise of articles of furniture tossing from side to side, completed the discordant and terrifying combination of sounds.

While listening to the clamours which prevailed on all sides, the mate entered the cabin, and informed me that a man had fallen down the gangway, and was much hurt. I immediately forgot my sea sickness, and rose from my birth and went to his relief. On reaching the steerage, I found myself in the midst of a scene that was equally ludicrous and distressing; all the emigrants occupied their respective compartments, many of which were so crowded that their inmates actually lay upon one another; and each, at the same time, in his anxiety to retain his place, totally disregarded the comfort and convenience of his neighbours, and extended his legs and arms wherever he thought fit. As often as the motion of the vessel indicated that she was on the point of rolling violently, a general commotion took place among the emigrants—some clung to any objects that were within reach—others stretched themselves along the floor, and a third set tried to resist the anticipated shock by wedging themselves closely together. However, notwithstanding all these precautions, a sudden heave of the ship often dislodged whole families from their births, and hurled them headlong among their companions, who lay on the opposite side. Then screams, complaints, and exclamations of dismay, were exchanged by both parties, while the intruders crawled cautiously back to their former quarters, and began to fortify themselves against the recurrence of a similar accident. The pale countenances, dejected looks, and tremulous motions of the different groups in the steerage, were strikingly opposed to the ruddy complexions, confident deportments, and robust gestures, which they had exhibited when they first came on board. The ardour of enterprise was completely damped, and many of them inveighed bitterly against emigration, and vowed that if they could but once reach home, they would rather starve there than again endanger their lives by making a voyage to a foreign land. I observed one man staggering backwards and forwards, with clasped hands and eyes full of tears. He said he had left a wife and five children on shore, and was certain they would think we were all in the bottom of the sea; for a wind much less violent than that which now raged around us, had once blown down three stacks of chimneys in his native place. An old woman, whom some one was attempting to console with the hopes of favourable weather, replied, that it mattered little to her how things went, for all her best clothes had been spoiled by the breaking of a jar of honey, which she had

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foolishly put in the bottom of her trunk. A young girl went about inquiring what we would do when it got dark, for if the wind blew out the lights upon deck, the Captain could not possibly know which way the ship went; and her mother, who was a fisherman's widow, said that her experience of sea matters taught her to know that unless things were differently managed on board, our vessel would soon go to pieces. The man who had fallen down the gangway, met with no sympathy or attention; and I was obliged to order some seamen to carry him to his birth, otherwise he would have been totally neglected.—However, on examination, we found that he was but slightly hurt, and therefore consigned him to the care of one of his relations, and then left the steerage.

The gale continued without the least abatement, and as the violent pitching of the vessel rendered it impossible for one to sit up, or employ himself any way, I returned to my birth. It soon after grew dark, and the situation of all parties became doubly disagreeable and alarming. In the course of the evening I was started by loud cries, and next moment an old woman and her daughter rushed into the cabin, with looks of terror, and dropping on their knees, said that their time would not now be long, for the vessel had twice been half under water. I at the same moment, heard the brine trickling down the gangway, and consequently supposed we had shipped a sea, but endeavoured to remove their fears, by saying that such things occurred frequently, and did not prove the existence of danger. However, as they remained nearly speechless with dread, I got up, and having taken a bottle of brandy and a glass from the locker, gave the one to the mother, and the other to her daughter, telling them to revive their spirits by drinking a little cordial. They readily agreed to this, and the old woman was in the act of filling up a glassful, when an unexpected rolling of the vessel made her and her daughter slide suddenly over to the opposite side of the cabin. Next moment we swung tremendously in a contrary direction, and the two females were again hurled to leeward, along with a table, several chairs, and a large trunk. The noise was now distracting, and they increased it by loud shrieks, but still kept firm hold of the articles I had put into their hands; the mother gliding across the floor with the brandy bottle, and the daughter following close behind with the glass. At last, the trunk came into colesion with the back of the former, and hit her such a severe blow that she began to gasp for breath, and soon fell prostrate, on which situation she was firmly pinioned by the weight of a couple of chairs that happened to roll above her. The Captain now entered the cabin, and the scene before him seemed so ludicrous, that he could not refrain from laughter. He immediately released the old woman from her jeopardy, and then administered a liberal portion of brandy to both females, telling them that the worst of the gale was over, and that we would soon have fine weather. Consoled by these assurances, they returned to the steerage, and made the happy intelligence known there, and all we had hoped for was soon realized. The wind suddenly changed its direction, and abated to a gentle breeze, and long ere midnight, tranquillity prevailed both above and below decks.

Next morning we found ourselves sweeping along under the influence of favourable and moderate wind. Most of the emigrants having alike recovered from their fears and their sea sickness, kept the deck, and began to display their respective characters more fully than they had hitherto done. The person who seemed most inclined to take the lead, was a man named M'Arthur, and by profession a distiller. He was tall and raw boned, and had something very whimsical in the expression of his countenance, and in his whole deportment. He walked the deck constantly with his hands in his pockets, observing all that passed, and making remarks upon it to those around him, and whoever disputed his opinions was sure to feel the weight of his ridicule and sarcasm. The person next in importance, bore the appellation of Spiers, and was a thread-maker, according to his own account. He professed to be a man of education and knowledge of the world, and often hinted that misfortunes alone had induced him to abandon his native country and become a steerage passenger. He held, as it were, the situation of master of ceremonies on board, and adjusted all points connected with conduct and be-

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haviour. A cooper bore the third rank among the emigrants; however, he did not enjoy this elevation because he possessed any personal or intellectual superiority, but merely in consequence of his broad humour, want of perception, and undisguised vulgarity of character. Several other males of the party distinguished themselves in various ways, among whom was an individual who had a smattering of navigation and astronomy, and who usually made his appearance upon deck about mid-day, with a quadrant in his hand. Whenever he saw the Captain preparing to take an observation, he set about doing so likewise, and afterwards committed the results to paper, and remained absolved in the contemplation of them during some hours. He then strutted consequentially along the deck, and scarcely deigned to reply to his fellow-passengers, when they ventured to inquire in what latitude we were, or how many miles we had sailed within a certain space of time. The old woman and her daughter, who were named Burrel, took the lead among the females on board. Having resided in a small village, and been of some importance there, they seemed resolved to maintain the dignity they had once enjoyed, and to exact a proportionable degree of deference from their fellow-passengers. They usually sat near the companion, and entered into conversation with the captain and mate as often as opportunity offered. When they did address any other person, it was with an air of condescension and reserve, and they affected to despise, and undervalue all those things that astonished, amused, or interested, the other emigrants.

The gale of wind we had experienced formed a subject of conversation on board for several days, and almost every one expressed his opinion concerning it. "The hand of Providence alone preserved us from the deep," said an old man; "I warrant ye the best sailor in this ship never saw such weather before. I've been in the way of seeing Lloyd's list, and getting a notion of nautical affairs, but yesterday's tempest beats all I've yet read about."—"We're no accustomed to such adventures," returned another of the emigrants, "and so we think more of them. The Captain took little head of the weather—there was a greater stock of courage in his little finger than in all us passengers put together."—"Say nothing about the Captain!" cried a woman; "his behaviour made my blood curdle cold,—instead of saying his prayers, or thinking about the preservation of the Christian people on board his ship, he passed his time in turning round that bit wheel there," (pointing to the apparatus for moving the tiller.)—"You speak without knowledge," returned Mrs Burrel, "if it was'nt for that wheel it would be impossible to manage the ship."—"Ay, ay," answered the first, "I fancy the captain told you so; but I'm rather unfond of believing every thing I hear."—"Keep your tongue in order," cried Mrs Burrel; "have you the impudence to tell me that I speak an untruth? Well, well, I thank my stars the ship's no under your command."—"If it was," replied her enraged opponent, "I would give you a hot birth."—"I daresay that," interrupted Mrs Burrel; "and I half deserve such already, for demeaning myself by taking a place in the steerage—I'll be a cabin passenger the next voyage I make—my rich friends will never forgive me for *disconvenienceing* myself in this fashion."

"We have at least one comfortable reflection," said Spiers, stepping forward, and raising his voice, "none of us shewed the least want of courage during the hour of danger."—"There was a fine shew of pale faces, though," observed M'Arthur.—"Yes, because we were all sea-sick," replied a young man.—"Sea-sick!" exclaimed Mrs Burrel; "I don't know what you mean. I wasn't sea-sick. I never was sea-sick in my life, and I've made voyages before this."—"I wish I could say as you do, mistress," observed the old man who had spoken first; "however ill I was at the heart, I noticed some things that made me doubt our Captain's skill. I never was on the sea before, indeed, but then I've read Lloyd's List. The wind was direct ahead, but still he kept up the sails. Now, what could be the purpose of that? just to drive us back to the place we came from. In my notion, he should have taken down all his canvass, and cast anchor."—"I have my doubts if he could have found bottom to do that," said a sedate-looking man, who had not hitherto spoken.—"It is astonishing what mistakes prevail about the depth of the sea. It has betto-

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everywhere," cried Spiers.—"Ay, ay, your right," returned M'Arthur; "but the longest thread you ever wound off a pirn, wouldn't reach it where we are now."—"What are you all speaking about?" said Mrs Burrel; "we've been made acquainted with the depth of the water every two hours since we set sail. Haven't you seen the mate throw a cord with a bit wood at the end of it, over the ship's side, and let it run off a reel till it sinks to the bottom? He then draws it in and looks at it, and so finds out how much water we have below us. The last time he did this I asked what the depth was, and he said, eight miles."—"You are under an egregious mistake," cried the man with the quadrant; "the instrument you mention is used for the purpose of ascertaining the rate of the ship's progress, and is denominated the log-line. It was invented about the year ——" "Oh," interrupted Mrs Burrel, "it's a fine thing to have a greater share of lear than one's neighbours, or maybe impudence. I suspect the mate's wiser than you, notwithstanding the whirligigs you carry about the deck."—"My grandfather had great skill of the sea," said an old woman; "he used to tell me that it was fifty miles deep in some places, and had mountains of salt in the bottom."—"There's nae use of speaking here," exclaimed Mrs Burrel, angrily; "the less some folks know, the less they wish to learn."

On the first Sunday that occurred after we had set sail, the weather was calm, sunny, and delightful. The emigrants strolled about the deck in groups, or sat in different parts of the vessel reading their Bibles; and the seamen, having no duty to perform, participated in the general inactivity. About mid-day, a man who had often before attracted my attention, came up from the steerage, and began to look around him, as if desirous of ascertaining if all the passengers were present; he then mounted a large cask, and gave out a text from the Scriptures, and proceeded to expound it. A general commotion took place among the emigrants, most of whom seemed too much astonished to think of interrupting him; however, they soon became quiet again, and listened with undivided attention. The enthusiasm of the preacher became greater the longer he spoke, and he dealt in a species of eloquence that was well suited to the peculiarity of the scene, and the novelty of his situation. Indeed, the objects around him could hardly fail to have an inspiring effect. On every side a silent and unruffled expanse of ocean stretched to the horizon, which was skirted by long ranges of pyramidal-shaped clouds. These floated, as it were, upon the verge of the sea, and received the full radiance of an unobscured and almost vertical sun, while their serene and unchanging masses had an aspect of mute attention that harmonized completely with the religious impressions produced by the sermon which our orator was then delivering. The ship sometimes rolled gently from side to side, and made the sails flap against the masts, but the noise of this did not at all overpower his voice, which was strong, impressive, and melodious. His audience, consisting of men, women, and children, sat or stood around in various groups; and several ardent hearers had climbed up the rigging, that they might have a full view of him. After some time he brought forward, and endeavoured to support, a doctrine so new and extravagant, that many of the emigrants began to express their disapprobation by significant looks and gestures. However, he paid no regard to their implied censures, but continued to defend his opinions with additional vehemence and fluency of language, till a slight heaving of the ship made him lose his equilibrium, and he fell down the main hatch, and was followed in his descent by the cask upon which he had stood. Its head unfortunately came out, and a large quantity of flour dropped upon the ill-fated preacher, and whitened every part of his body so completely, that his audience started back, and scarcely knew him when he appeared upon deck again. The Captain, who had sat near the companion during the whole sermon, immediately rose up, and swore he would throw him overboard if he did not pay for the flour he had been the means of destroying. "Can ye expect good without evil, when human creatures are the agents?" said the preacher. "I am unable to pay for what is lost, but will gladly have it taken off my allowances during the voyage." This proposal was received with great applause by the emigrants, many of

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whom, notwithstanding their aversion to the tenets he had inculcated, offered to share their provisions with him; however, the mate succeeded in appeasing the Captain, and all further altercation ceased.

After this was adjusted, those who had stationed themselves in the rigging began to descend to the deck, but on getting a certain way down the shrouds, they were astonished to find their farther progress impeded by three seamen who stood in a line, and occupied all the foot-ropes. On requesting permission to pass, they were informed that it would not be granted, unless they agreed to pay the forfeit of a bottle of rum, which it was usual to exact from each person when he went aloft the first time. They all declared they had no rum, but the seamen informed them that the Captain would sell as much as they chose. Being unwilling to part with their money, they were puzzled how to act, and began to exclaim against the justness of the demand that was made upon them; however, their fellow-passengers, instead of attending to these complaints, laughed at their embarrassment, and encouraged the sailors to persist in requiring the customary tribute. Those who had ignorantly exposed themselves to its exaction, would not consent to pay it, and remained on the shrouds, exposed to the jeers and taunts of the spectators below, for nearly half an hour. At length a breeze sprung up, the sea became agitated, and the ship began to roll; their terror was then so great, that they seemed willing to agree to any terms rather than be forced to remain aloft, and therefore promised the sailors all they wanted. They were then permitted to descend to the deck, which they soon reached, amidst the derisive scoffings of their fellow-passengers.

The place in which the seamen slept and took their meals, was close to the bows of the vessel, and on a level with the steerage, from which it was separated by a wooden partition. The hold lay under all, but neither the crew nor the emigrants had any access to it except through the main hatch. About a week after we left port, the former began to complain that they were often disturbed during the night by noises which they could not account for, as they took place in that part of the ship where the cargo was stowed, and where no person could possibly be. A sailor asserted, that one dark morning, while at the helm, he had seen a white figure standing upon the bowsprit, and that he called to the people of the watch, who were lying about the deck half asleep, but before he could rouse them, the spectre had vanished. Another said, he sometimes heard voices whispering beneath him when he lay in his birth, but could neither tell what they uttered, nor from whom they proceeded, though he believed that the thing that made such noises was at least a fathom below the steerage floor.

The superstitious alarm produced among the seamen by these circumstances, was speedily communicated to the passengers, and the subject underwent so much discussion, that it soon reached the Captain's ears. He affected to treat the matter lightly, saying, there was no room for ghosts in a ship so crowded as ours, and at the same time remarked, that if the stories told by the sailors had any foundation, they were to be accounted for by supposing that some of the emigrants had been playing tricks upon their credulity. The mate, however, did not seem to be satisfied with this explanation, and he took me aside, and stated, that as a strange figure had been seen near the bows of the vessel the preceding night, he intended to watch for its reappearance, and hoped I would second his purpose.

About twelve o'clock we took our station near the companion; all the emigrants had retired to their births, and the helmsman and five of his comrades alone remained upon deck. The latter had laid themselves down apparently half asleep, and every thing was silent except the waves, which made noise enough to render our voices undistinguishable at the other end of the vessel. We therefore talked without fear of being overheard by the mysterious visitor whom we expected to see, and as our conversation turned chiefly upon sailors' superstitions, my companion related a story in illustration of the subject. "After making three voyages to the West Indies," said he, "in the capacity of a common seaman, I was discharged, the vessel having changed its owners. I could find no employment for some time, but at last got myself appointed to take charge of a large ship that had been laid up and dismantled during several years. My duty consisted in w-

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her decks, keeping her clean, and repairing any thing that went wrong about her works. She lay in a retired part of the harbour, and far from the rest of the shipping, and no one lived on board of her but myself. For the first few days, things went quietly enough, though I must confess I felt rather lonesome at night, particularly when the weather was bad, and often wished that some of the boats which I heard passing and repassing at a distance, would come alongside and leave me a companion. One morning, when in the hold, I observed an old rudder wheel lying among some rubbish. I took it up, and was shocked and astonished to find the skeleton of a man's arm, as far as the shoulder, bound to it with a rope. The flesh had completely decayed, but the sinews and bones remained entire, and the hand still grasped one of the spokes of the wheel, as if in the act of steering. A cold shivering came over me, and I threw the whole into a dark corner, and went about my usual occupations; however, my mind felt unsettled and uneasy, and I was continually thinking of the human remains I had seen, and wondering how they could have come there. The night that succeeded all this was a very tempestuous one, and the ship being crank and indifferently moored, laboured dreadfully. I lay down in my birth soon after dark, but the more I tried to sleep, the less did I feel inclined to do so; the wind made a wild and dreary sound among the old shrouds and dismantled masts, that was far more terrifying than its fiercer roarings round a ship in full trim would have been. At length I got tired of lying awake, and went upon deck to see how the weather looked. The moon was in the top of the heavens, but gave almost no light, in consequence of the immense layers of broken black clouds that swept along before her; however, they sometimes opened for a few moments, and then she suddenly blazed forth like a flash of lightning, and shewed every object around. The second time this happened I thought I saw a man standing at the helm; I shouted with terror, but no one replied, and I began to suspect that fancy had deceived me; however, on looking again, I was convinced of the reality of the appearance. He was dressed like a sailor, and stood close to the wheel, having his hands upon the spokes, and remained motionless, notwithstanding the violent and sudden labourings of the vessel. He had a pale and dejected countenance, and kept his eyes fixed upon the topmasts, like a careful and experienced steersman; and though I called out several times, he neither changed his position nor appeared to notice me. I took my station within a few yards of him, not daring to approach any nearer, and became, as it were, entranced by fear and curiosity. I gradually thought we were in the middle of a wide ocean, and scudding along before a gale of wind so tremendous, that the dismantled masts rung under its violence. The most terrible seas seemed to swell and burst around us, but the mysterious helmsman brought the ship safely through them all; and when I looked astern, I saw every thing bright, sunny, and tranquil, though black clouds, lightnings, and a hurricane frowned, flashed, and raged before us. On regaining my recollection, I found myself standing in the very place where I had first lost it, but the spectre had vanished, and no trace of him remained.

"I spent the next day in dreary expectation of again encountering my supernatural visitor; however, I was agreeably disappointed, and a week passed away without my having once seen him, though I regularly watched for his appearance. At length a gale of wind again occurred, and when midnight arrived, I observed him take his station at the helm in the same way as before, though I could not discover from whence he came, or how he got on board. I soon had a vision similar to the one already described, and on awaking from it, found myself alone. All this took place every night while the storm lasted. You may be sure I rejoiced in the return of fine weather, and subsequently dreaded a wild horizon as much as if I had been at sea.

"After this, the fear of the apparition made me so miserable, that I resolved to look out for another birth. One morning, while full of such thoughts, I saw a boat coming towards the ship, and soon recognized my old friend, Bill Waters, tugging an oar, in company with several other seamen. They soon got alongside, and asked how I did, and were just pushing off again, when I requested Bill to come on board, and spend the day with me,

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and take share of my cot at night, for I knew he had sailed in the vessel I then had charge of, and therefore supposed he would be able to tell me something of her history. He readily accepted my invitation, and, in the course of the day, I related all I had seen, and told him how anxious I was to change my quarters. He seemed very much astonished, and remained silent a few minutes, and then asked for a sight of the rudder-wheel and bones. I immediately conducted him to the hold, and he examined the withered arm with great attention, and, on discovering a small ring on one of its shrunken fingers, exclaimed, 'As I live, this limb once belonged to an old comrade of mine, called Henley! Now, I can tell you all about this business.—Oh that our captain were here! —What an infernal devil!—An angel couldn't have steered a whole watch in such weather as we had that night!—But I will explain every thing.' He now proceeded to inform me, that, about five years before, he had gone a voyage in the ship we were then on board of, Henley being one of the crew. Immediately after making land, they encountered tremendous weather, and had every thing washed off the deck by the waves. The gale continued almost a week without intermission, and the seamen at length became so much exhausted that they were hardly able to do duty. One night, when the vessel was scudding under bare poles, Henley, after steering her the usual time, gave the helm to the man whose turn it was to relieve him. The captain thought the former an admirable pilot, but had a pique at him for some cause or other; therefore, when he saw him abandoning his post, he ordered that he should immediately return to it. Henley protested against this; however, the captain became furious, and swore he would be obeyed, and the poor fellow, though worn out with fatigue, was obliged to take the rudder in his hands again. Meanwhile, the merciless tyrant got drunk, and stood watching lest any one should relieve Henley, who soon grew so weak that we were obliged to tie him to the tiller wheel, that he might not fall down, or be pitched overboard. However, an immense wave struck us a-stern, and the shock was so violent that he lost command of the helm;—a sudden jerk of the wheel tore off his arm, and he got entangled among the ropes, and received various injuries, of which he soon died. Next day they got into port, and shortly set about preparing for sea again; but when every thing was almost ready, the captain declined taking charge of the vessel, and her owners gave the command of her to another person, who made one voyage, and then resigned also. She was afterwards laid up, and they had always found great difficulty in getting any one to keep her, as those who undertook the charge usually begged to be clear of it before the lapse of many weeks, though they invariably refused to give a reason for such inexplicable conduct."

Here the story was interrupted by one of the seamen who came hurriedly towards us, and said he had been awakened by groans and loud noises, which seemed to proceed from some one beneath the place where he slept. The mate immediately procured a lighted lantern, and we all went down into the hold, and examined almost every part of it, without discovering any person, and were on the point of returning to the deck, when the candle flashed on a narrow recess between two rows of water-casks, and shewed a man sitting in it. We started back with horror at the sight of him. He was pale, cadaverous, and emaciated, and his countenance had a frighful expression of villainy and terror. His clothes hung around him in rags, and were marked with blood in several places, while his matted hair and disordered looks combined to render his whole aspect truly horrible.—"In the name of Heaven!" cried the mate, "who are you?—What do you do here?" The figure to whom these questions were addressed made no reply, but sat scowling at us in sullen silence, and we were in the act of advancing towards him, when the seaman who carried the lantern stumbled, and dropt it from his hand, and the candle was immediately extinguished. As none of us felt very willing to remain in the hold amidst total darkness, we all went up the hatch, and waited till our attendant procured another light, and then returned and resumed our investigations.

We found the mysterious intruder in the very spot where we had left him, and would have forced him to give an account of himself, had not our attention been attracted by the

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sudden appearance of another being of a similar kind, who was skulking among some bales of goods. His dress and looks betrayed every thing that was abject, depraved, and miserable, and he had a large bloody scar upon one of his cheeks. This second apparition startled us all; however, the mate seized a handspike, and brandishing it over the head of the first, ordered him to tell where he came from.—"I wanted to get out to America," returned he, in a hoarse and faultering voice; "I had no money to pay my passage, so I hid myself among the cargo."—"And who is that behind you?" demanded the mate.—"A friend of mine," was the reply—"He got on board in the same way as I did."—"Villains! devils!" exclaimed the mate; "they must have committed some dreadful crime and fled from justice.—Look what countenances! This is a serious business for us. But I shall inform the Captain, and likewise order down several of the crew to guard them."

He now hastened to the cabin, and roused the Captain, who, as soon as he was made acquainted with the affair, gave directions that the two men should be brought upon deck, where he would shortly attend, and oblige them to give an account of themselves. Meanwhile, the noise of our voices in the hold had awakened some of the emigrants. They easily learned the cause of the disturbance, and of course communicated it to their fellow-passengers, and the whole steerage was soon in a state of commotion. Both men and women got out of their births, and dressed themselves and hurried upon deck; and before the Captain made his appearance there, an anxious and gazing crowd had lined the bulwarks, and surrounded the two prisoners, who surveyed the whole assemblage with an expression of hardened indifference. A large lantern was placed in such a manner as made its light fall chiefly upon them; and different groups of passengers could be seen successively coming within the influence of its blaze, as they crowded forward to catch a distinct view of the disturbers of the public peace. Whisperings, surmises, and exclamations, passed from mouth to mouth, and every one seemed to exceed another in the uncharitableness of his opinions respecting the characters of the mysterious persons before them; while some thanked Heaven that they had not been killed and robbed by such desperadoes, and congratulated themselves that this was the first time they had ever been in the same place with murderers.

However, when the Captain appeared upon deck every one became silent, and listened attentively to what he said. The men being placed before him, he scrutinized them from head to foot, and then asked their names, and inquired what countrymen they were. "I am called Isaac Hurder," answered the one we had first discovered, "and was born in Ireland."—"My name is Michael Willans," said the other; "but I don't know any thing about my native place."—"And how have you lived since you came on board this vessel?" demanded the Captain.—"Just as well as we could, please your honour," returned Hurder. "We took all we found, and helped ourselves to any thing that was in the way."—"Did you intend to remain concealed till we reached Quebec?" inquired the Captain.—"No, no," replied the former, "we would have come up from our hiding place, and begged your pardon long ago, but we were afraid to do so till the ship had got out of sight of land; for you might have sent us ashore again in the boat."—"And what have *you* to say?" cried the Captain to Willans, who skulked behind his companion; "how came you by that wound upon your cheek?"—"May my soul be eternally damned," returned he, "if Hurder didn't give it me this very night!—I was nearly murdered by him. When we first came on board, we agreed to divide equally all the provisions that fell into our hands; but my friend there, curse him! stole two biscuits to-day, and refused to give me one of them. I was half dead with hunger, and so resolved to have my share right or wrong.—We fought about it, and he struck me on the face, curse him! and brought the blood, as you see, and would have killed me, hadn't them men with the lantern stopped him.—But may I be in hell to-morrow if we don't try another bout before long."—"Silence, brutal wretch!" cried the Captain. "What were your reasons for leaving Scotland?—answer this instant."—"Why, because we couldn't live there," replied Willans. "My friend, curse him! persuaded me to go with him to Ame-

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rica, saying as how it was a land of liberty."—"You tell me falsehoods!" exclaimed the Captain. "I know that you and your companion have committed some great crimes, and fled from justice. You are either robbers, murderers, or forgers; but you shall not escape, for I mean to deliver you over to the civil power the moment we reach Quebec; so either look to yourselves, or jump overboard at once. Get out of my sight; and, after this, take care how you come farther aft than the mizen mast."

The Captain now ordered that the two refugees should be strictly watched, and kept separate from the other passengers, and likewise bid the mate give them a small daily allowance of provisions. He then went down to the cabin, and retired to his birth. The emigrants immediately commenced a discussion upon the events of the night, and the proceedings that had recently taken place in their presence. They all seemed highly dissatisfied with the lenient treatment which the felons, (as they called them,) had met with, and unanimously voted that they ought to have been thrown overboard the moment they were discovered. "I daresay the like of this was never heard of," said a woman—"The ship is worse than a jail now—we may be robbed and murdered in our beds before morning—It's a shame that such vagrants should be allowed to dwell among Christians."—"Ay, ay," cried an old man; "we've seen the effect of having bad company among us already—What brought on the storm but these two Jonahs that now walk at large before us? If the Captain had read his Bible he would have used them very differently from what he has done."—"Don't speak of their usage!" exclaimed the female, "for it's too bad. Instead of hanging them, he has ordered that they should get provisions like us. Think of that! We honest folks are obliged to pay a heavy fee for our passage, while vagabonds like them get across the seas without putting down a stiver, and are served with meat besides. Nothing but wickedness thrives in this world."—"It's my private opinion," said a man who had not yet spoken, "that the Captain is no great things himself. I suspect these two fellows are friends of his own in disguise, and he has taken this method of smuggling them out of the country, to hinder government from getting air of the transaction. Things on board are not what they should be. It's useless to say much now, but I know what I know—mark my words!" He then walked away with a solemn shake of the head, while his fellow-passengers looked reverently after him, and appeared to suspect that he was acquainted with some important circumstances which he did not choose to communicate.

The preacher, already mentioned, delivered another sermon, on the second Sunday that occurred on board, and received much applause and commendation from his auditors. Encouraged by this, he began to imagine that he possessed greater influence over the emigrants than he really did, and accordingly presumed to interfere with their amusements, and to admonish them about their iniquities, whenever he felt inclined. They submitted to this for some time without openly rebelling, but his popularity diminished very fast, and his congregation often criticised his sermons among themselves, and occasionally hinted to one another that he was no better than he should be.

One evening, when we had calm weather, and a tranquil sea, a young man came from the steerage with a violin under his arm, and proposed to his fellow-passengers that they should have a dance. All parties agreed to this, and the decks being cleared as much as possible, a reel was soon formed, and the musician played a Scotch strathspey, which seemed equally to delight the dancers and the spectators. However, the preacher suddenly made his appearance, and interrupted the gaiety, by commanding the partakers of it to desist from such a profane and sinful amusement, if they valued their safety now, and their happiness hereafter. This speech excited universal disgust and derision, and a lively young woman rushed forwards, and seizing upon the disturber of the festivity, pulled him into the ring, saying she was resolved to have him for a partner. A loud laugh broke from the bye-standers; the fiddler began to use his bow; several couples joined in the dance; and the astonished offender was dragged through it, notwithstanding his violent resistance, amidst the shouts and excla-

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mations of those who witnessed the scene. However, he soon recovered his liberty, and darted into the steerage, where he remained during the whole of next day, but never afterwards attempted to preach before his fellow-passengers. On inquiry it was found that he was a tailor, and could neither read nor write. When this became publicly known, those who had at first been his attentive hearers ridiculed him most, and declared that they had always felt convinced of his incapacity, but were unwilling to lower him in the estimation of others by saying so, as long as he did no harm, and only declaimed against sin in a general way.

Meanwhile we were blessed with fair weather and favourable winds, and made rapid progress across the Atlantic. Most of the emigrants had become reconciled to a sea life, and those who still disliked it consoled themselves with the prospect of soon reaching the termination of the voyage. Though day after day passed in monotonous routine, no one seemed ever to wish for the arrival of the morrow, experience having taught us that nothing new was to be anticipated or looked for, while we remained on board. In the absence of all variety, the most trifling circumstances acquired interest and importance. The appearance of a piece of sea-weed, a flock of birds, or a shoal of fishes, excited the earnest attention of the passengers, and furnished them with subjects of conversation during many succeeding hours; and it was highly amusing to listen to the different theories that were brought forward in explanation of such phenomena, by the self-important disputants, as they strolled about the decks, or reclined indolently upon the hen-coops. Discussions respecting the distance we were from Quebec took place every day, and, as the captain and mate disdained answering any inquiries upon this point, the emigrants had recourse to the man with the quadrant, (as they called him,) for a solution of their difficulties. He seemed highly flattered by such marks of confidence, and always told consequentially what number of miles of ocean we had still to traverse, though his hearers, had they recollected his previous calculations, would sometimes have been startled to find, that, according to him, we were receding from our place of destination, instead of approaching it.

The two men who had concealed themselves in the hold soon ceased to excite almost any attention. The emigrants studiously avoided the least intercourse with them, and they generally kept near the bows of the vessel during the day, but walked fore and aft at night, when the former had retired to the steerage. They slept under the bottom of the long-boat, no place having been provided for their accommodation below decks.

While crossing the great bank at Newfoundland, the weather was so calm and favourable, that the Captain resolved to lie to for a few hours, that we might have the pleasure of catching some cod. The emigrants, the moment he announced this determination, began to prepare their fishing tackle. Some baited small hooks attached to hair lines, others brought out roads and pirns, and one man produced a pocket-book full of dressed flies, and asked the mate if any of them would do. However, they were soon convinced of the inefficiency of the angling apparatus which they had provided, and as the tackle belonging to the ship was distributed chiefly among the seamen, few of the emigrants had an opportunity of participating in the sports. But those who possessed the means of engaging in it, betrayed the most extravagant delight when they happened to catch any thing, and would not allow the fish they had pulled out to be mingled with those that had been caught by others, though the Captain informed them that a general division of the spoil would take place in the course of the day. After laying to some hours, the wind began to freshen, and we set sail. The mate then distributed the fish in equal portions among the steerage passengers, and although he observed the strictest impartiality, much dissatisfaction prevailed, and almost every one thought his neighbour had been more liberally dealt with than himself. Complaints and accusations were heard upon deck all day long, and the morning's diversion, instead of adding to the enjoyment of those for whose sakes it was projected, gave birth to discontent, envy, and recrimination.

While we were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Captain and mate began to be on very bad terms. The

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latter kept the key of the store-room, which contained the provisions, and daily weighed out to the passengers their respective allowances; but the Captain suspected that he was in the habit of abstracting an extra quantity, and afterwards privately selling it to the emigrants. Various articles had disappeared at different times, and he professed to be unable to explain what had become of them. This roused the Captain's attention, and, being a violent man, he one day accused the mate of fraud and peculation before all the emigrants, and stated, that there were three persons on board who could give evidence in proof of what he said. The former denied the charge with boldness, and a furious altercation took place between the two, which terminated in the mate's requesting permission to go forward among the seamen, or, in other words, to resign his situation. The Captain told him the sooner he did so the better, and, accordingly, he carried his trunk from the cabin that very day, and took up his quarters in the steerage.

All the passengers felt a deep interest in this quarrel, for they conceived, from the hints which the Captain had thrown out respecting the persons who could prove his assertions, that their characters were implicated in it. They therefore discussed the matter at great length among themselves, and almost unanimously agreed that the mate was innocent of the crimes laid to his charge. The females advocated his cause with much warmth; for his politeness, good looks, and misfortunes, had won their hearts completely. Some proposed to petition the governor in his favour whenever we reached Quebec, and a man, who had neither shoes on his feet, nor a hat on his head, urged that a subscription should be raised to compensate him for the loss of his situation. However, it was finally agreed that a certificate of his innocence and good conduct, signed by every one on board, would answer the best purpose. Several of the leading persons soon prepared this document, and went about requesting their fellow-passengers to put their names under it, none of whom made any objection, except the man with the quadrant, who, on the paper being presented him for signature, said he would have nothing to do with it, unless the longitude and latitude in which the events referred to took place, were inserted at full length. No one disputed the reasonableness of this demand, and the business was soon adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties.

The ship remained without a mate during two days, but in consequence of the favourableness of the weather, we suffered little from the want of him. The morning of the third set all things to rights again; for one of the emigrants informed the Captain that he had heard Hurder and his companion whispering together in the store-room the preceding night. On examination, we found that a considerable portion of the floor of the apartment was loose, and that the two fellows could have access to the provisions whenever they chose. They were immediately searched, and several articles being found upon them, the Captain had no longer any suspicion of the mate's integrity, and at once restored him to favour, and begged him to resume his situation, and forget the past. He willingly did so, and received the congratulations of all the emigrants, except those who had drawn up the certificate about his honesty, and who said, they thought the Captain ought to have made him prove his innocence before he reinstated him in his employment.

When a little way above the mouth of the St Lawrence, we were becalmed nearly a whole day within half a mile of a large ship. The emigrants indulged in various speculations about the port she sailed from, her place of destination, her tonnage, her crew, and her cargo; and had got deeply involved in hypothetical mazes, when they saw her jolly-boat let down. A number of men then stepped on board, and immediately began to row towards us. Our female passengers, on seeing this, descended into the steerage, but shortly came upon deck again, arrayed in clean caps, gaudy ribbons, and Sunday gowns; and endeavoured to attract the admiration of our expected visitors by talking affectedly, and leaning over the bulwarks; while the men stood eyeing them askance, with a repulsive, scrutinizing, and suspicious expression of countenance, very often assumed by the Scotch peasantry when they are on the point of coming into contact with strangers. The boat soon came alongside, and most of the party sprung on

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board our vessel, without salutation or ceremony. They proved to be Englishmen, but any observer would have instantly discovered this from their ruddy, comfortable-looking countenances, which appeared to much advantage when contrasted with the hard, spare, emaciated features, of the people on board our ship. Nautical inquiries soon took place, and our visitors informed us that they were emigrants bound for Upper Canada. This intelligence did not appear to be much relished by our passengers, one of whom immediately stepped forward, and asked if they had any coopers in their party. Being answered in the negative, he expressed great satisfaction, and said he was a cooper himself, and wished to be first in market. This speech excited a laugh, which, in some degree, removed the restraint that had previously prevailed, and rendered both parties more communicative. The Englishmen were then requested to mention what sort of trades-people and mechanics they had on board their vessel, and the emigrants assembled round them, and listened anxiously to the agitating enumeration. When it happened that persons of the same profession were shewn to be in both ships, a loud laugh of derision took place, and a number of uplifted fingers pointed out the unfortunate man who had, in a manner, encountered competitors before reaching the theatre of action; but an opposite discovery afforded delight to none, but the individual who was personally interested, and sneers about good fortune and lucky fools passed between those that stood around him.

The Englishmen, after having given a full account of themselves, and of their purposes and intentions, returned to their own vessel. At night, we got a fine breeze directly astern, and stood up the St Lawrence under all sail, much to the satisfaction of the emigrants, who were exceedingly anxious that we should reach Quebec before the other ship; for they supposed, that if she arrived first, her passengers would take all the land that was to be granted in the vicinity of the town, and render it necessary for the last-comers to settle far away in the woods. It was useless to attempt to combat this idea, or to state, that the ground destined for them lay in the interior of the country, for they shook their heads incredulously, and said, they derived their information from a man who had read books upon the subject, and knew all about the matter.

In the morning we found ourselves a considerable way up the St Lawrence, the gradually increasing narrowness of which now permitted us to have a more distinct view of its banks, the farther we advanced. The emigrants contemplated with delight, the fields, trees, cattle, and farm-houses, that occasionally presented themselves on both sides, and spoke enthusiastically of the pleasures of a country life, and wished they could get ashore, to drink milk, and lie on the grass. They seemed quite relieved to discover that the habitations, vegetable productions, and general appearance of Canada, were neither comfortless, extraordinary, nor revolting. Their spirits got up, and they began to anticipate the blessings and enjoyments which a residence in such a country would be the means of securing to them, and informed each other what particular branches of agriculture they intended chiefly to pursue, when they had cleared and improved their farms, and overcome their first difficulties. The conversation soon turned entirely upon crops, soils, and manure; and weavers, who, before embarking for America, had never been beyond the suburbs of Glasgow, talked about the management of land with the greatest confidence, and suggested the propriety of partially introducing the British system of agriculture into Canada.

We reached the harbour of Quebec late one afternoon, and immediately dropped anchor in front of the town. The emigrants gazed on the rocks, the tremendous battlements, the shipping, and the boats hurrying backwards and forwards, with deep interest; while those who had any knowledge of history, began to talk of the celebrated siege at which Wolfe was killed, and pointed out, to their admiring auditors, in what manner they conceived the city might yet be taken by an enemy. Others complained how much the prospects around had disappointed them, and said, Quebec was just like a Scotch town, and therefore not worth looking at. One man asserted, that the fortifications of Edinburgh Castle were much stronger than those they then saw, and this produced a dispute, which was interrupted by the arrival

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of the harbour-master, who came alongside in a beautiful boat manned with French Canadians. He ordered all the passengers to be mustered upon deck, and called them over, that he might ascertain if each individual answered the description annexed to his name in the Custom-house list. This being accomplished, the Captain desired Hurder and his companion to come forward, and then explained to the harbour-master how they had got into the ship without his knowledge or consent. The former bid the mate detain them on board until farther orders, and then took leave, after his crew had received a quantity of provisions as their usual perquisite.

None of the emigrants went ashore that night. They continued walking the deck till a late hour, and anticipating the pleasure they would have in rambling through Quebec next morning. Montreal was the place of our ship's destination, and the greater part of them meant to remain on board until we reached that city; in order to save the expence of going there in a steam-boat.

At an early hour on the succeeding day, all the emigrants were in motion. The Captain informed them that the vessel would lie at anchor for two days, and that those who chose might go ashore and visit the town, provided they returned on board within the time specified. This intelligence being promulgated, many of the females and young men hastened to dress themselves in their best apparel, that they might be ready to secure places in the ship's boat, the first time it was sent ashore. But some, who had talked much of the great connexions they had in Quebec, the letters of introduction and recommendation they were provided with, and the flattering attentions they expected to receive when they delivered them, seemed suddenly to forget all these things, and to become alike friendless and unknown. They never even proposed to visit that city, which had once been a place of such promise to them, although it lay directly before their eyes. Others, who were prevented by the deficiencies of their wardrobes from making a respectable appearance, declared that they would rather remain on board, than wander through dusty streets, where nothing at all remarkable or interesting was to be seen. Pride soothed the pangs of disappointment during the day, and at night envy found a balm in the triumph of ill-nature; for those who had been ashore came back weary, dispirited, and out of humour, and again took up their abodes in the steerage, and endeavoured to console themselves with the hope of finding Montreal a prettier, larger, and more entertaining town than Quebec.

I left the ship next morning, and on the succeeding day saw her bear up the St Lawrence, under the influence of a favourable wind. The emigrants waved their hats to me, and I accompanied my return of the salute with fervent wishes that the comforts, blessings, and advantages of the land to which they were hastening, might exceed their warmest and earliest anticipations.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OSSIAN.

Mr North,

With this I send you some specimens of translation from the great Northern Bard of antiquity, whose works—thanks to the fostering care and fatherly protection of some one or other—have come to us in tolerable preservation; yet whose very existence, (mirabile dictu!) is a matter of the strongest doubt. As to the authenticity of the works ascribed to Ossian, there is certainly abundant cause for scepticism; and from the days of Samuel Johnson, down to those of Malcolm Laing, Wordsworth, and the author of Waverley, it has furnished an inextinguishable subject for the exhibition of hypothetical conjecture and antiquarian research. But to the reader of poetry,—to him who loves beautiful imagery, sublime sentiment, and deep pathos for the corresponding feelings which they awaken in the bosom, wholly unconnected with their tendency to any particular bias, it must be a matter of moonshine whether the whole, or only a part, was generated by the son of Fingal, or if the entire structure was elaborated within the pericranium of our more modern friend, James Macpherson, Esq. Are the writings of Rowley destitute of merit, because we know them to be the composition of the boy Chatterton?

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It is curious to observe what an effect this rage for antiquity produces, and how it is capable of altering our estimation of the intrinsic value of things, as if either age or scarcity ought to confer true value on things which must have been, and ought ever to be considered as trifling; yet they do so, whether it be on a cracked Roman jar, or a Queen Anne's farthing. An additional eclogue of Virgil would weigh down, in our eyes, a whole bale of common-place Herculanean manuscripts, whether rolled or unrolled; so I suppose I have not the least chance of ever being numbered among the associates of the Antiquarian Society.

Verily, Mr North, the mind of man is a strange thing, and a heterogeneous compound. In confirmation of this particular tendency in our nature of which we are now speaking, we have almost uniformly found, that they who believe in the age and authenticity of Ossian, will award him no lower a station than among the Homers, Dantes, Miltons, and Shakespeares; whereas, such as consider him a modern fiction, will be contented with nothing less than a condemnation of the whole mass, as little better than rant, bombast, and fustian,—merely because it is written by Macpherson; as if there was no such thing as sterling merit, or as if a standard of real poetical excellence could exist only in the reader's imagination. We remember a speech of Lord Chatham's, which says, that "youth cannot be imputed to any man as a reproach;" nor can recent production, we should suppose in the same way, be considered a blemish, (as Mr Hazlitt would him have it,) in any work. It is surely no fault in Scott, Byron, or Campbell, that they have not lived and been gathered to their fathers some thousand years ago.

The works of Ossian, in the state in which they are served up to us by Macpherson, may be considered rather as the raw materials of poetry, than as exhibiting that art, condensation, and selection of thought, which are requisite to form a finished composition. There is a thronging, a profused assemblage of lofty and magnificent imagery, seen in the distance, rapidly shifting, shadowing, and indistinct. "The glory and the splendour of a dream," mixed with its obscurity and its perplexing remoteness. We hold not converse with human flesh and blood, but with heroic spectres, "who pace about the hills continually," and that come to us from the breast of the ocean. There are neither cities, nor civilisation, nor society; but the wanderings, and wars, the impulses of nature, and passion in its untamed empire. Mossy stones mark out the dwellings of the dead; the wind curls the wave, swells the sail, and agitates the forest; and the silence of night is broken by gibbering voices, and "airy tongues that syllable men's names on sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Yet, in the narration of the adventures, and in the construction of the fables, a wonderful stretch of invention is exhibited; and a method is visible, even in the most irregular and inconsistent parts, which is not a little surprising. The Epic of Fingal contains some passages of heroic beauty, which would thrill the blood of a coward, and make him long to be a soldier; while the Songs of Selma abound in touches of the most deep and the most artless pathos.

It is strange that Wordsworth, who has studied so profoundly, and so successfully, the philosophy of the material world, should make the never-ending delineation of natural objects and appearances in these works, the theme of his scepticism as to their authenticity, and of his non-belief concerning the blind Ossian, as if blindness is not affirmed of Homer, and known of Milton. If Wordsworth has ever dipped into the poems of Blacklock—who was born blind—he may there discover that a power of describing the material world, in all the variety and vicissitude of its presentations, may be attained, either from a successful mental effort in retaining the delineations of others; or, by a kind of intuitive perception,—though, after the experiment of Locke with that blind man, who thought scarlet colour like the sound of a trumpet, we would rather imagine not.

Moore, in his Introduction to his Irish Melodies, has thrown out a needless sarcasm in saying, that if Ireland could have Burns, she would willingly give up all claim to Ossian, as if there was one point of similarity in the constitution of their genius, or as if one point of comparison could be

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suggested between them. After these insulting taunts, it is but a poor set-off, that Madame de Staël could conceive the absurdity of Milton having possibly derived advantage from Ossian, in the composition of Paradise Lost; or that Buonaparte, in order to invigorate his martial spirit, slept with a copy of Fingal under his pillow, during his Italian campaigns.

Yours, &c.

CELTICUS.

Inverness, Nov. 1, 1821.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou, &c.—*Darthula.*

DAUGHTER of beauty, born of heavenly race,
Sweet is the silence of thy midnight face,
Fair in the east appears thy silvery ray,
The gems of evening hail thee on their way,
The bending clouds their darker tints destroy,
Smile in thy face, and brighten into joy.
Who, in the sky, can match the Queen of night?
The stars obscured are feeble in thy sight;
Far from thy glance a banishment they seek,
And hide their eyes, in low submission meek;—
Where, when thy face of beauty melts away,
Where dost thou fly, and whither dost thou stray?
Hast thou a hall like Ossian there to go,
Or dost thou dream within the shade of woe?—
Hath every sister lost a heavenly throne,
Or why, at eve, rejoicest thou alone?—
Yes, sweetest beam, their glories now are low,
And oft thou leavest heaven to tell thy woe!
But thou shalt also know eternal wane,
The twilight sky shall court thy steps in vain;
Thy sinking in the west no more to rise,
Will cause the stars to triumph in the skies;
They, whom thy lovely beams could once destroy,
Will lift their heads, and weave the song of joy!

TO THE SETTING SUN.

Must thou leave thy blue course in heaven, &c.
Carric-Thura.

And must thou leave thy azure course on high,
Bright child of heaven, with locks of golden ray?
Have the gates opened in the western sky,
That there to rest thou shapest thy weary way?
The waves their blue-green watery heads upreer,
And throng around to see thy glory shed,—
Approach thy paradise with a holy fear,
And view thy beauty, slumbering on its bed;—
Bright in the main thy beauty ear dimpley,—
Smile from the east, and all mankind are gay!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star of the falling night! fair is thy light, &c.
Introduction to Songs of Selma.

Fair in the west thy lovely light appears,
Serene, above the summit of the hill,
Soft Star of Eve, thy beaming chariot steers;—
What dost thou see? the burning winds are still,—

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The distant torrent now is thundering;
The rock is now besieged by the main;
The flies of evening, bourne on feeble wing,
Hum on their drowsy course along the plain:
Thou smilest on the home-returning swain,—
Heaven thou behold'st around, and earth without;
Thou sink'st,—the western wave surrounds thy train;
Thy hair the wave encompasseth about:
Daughter of Eve! thou glory of the dell,—
Star of declining Day, thou silent beam, Farewell!

ALPIN'S LAMENTATION FOR MORAR.

One of the Songs of Selma.

My tears, oh Ryno! are for the dead, &c.

TEARFUL, oh, Ryno, is my joyless day;
For those who flourish'd, and have pass'd away,
I raise the song,—Thou on the mountain tall,
And fair like Morar, shalt like Morar fall;
The pensive mourner, at the twilight gloom,
Will weep for thee, and rest upon thy tomb;
The hills forget thy voice,—in silent hall
Thy bow shall hang unbended on the wall!

Swift as the desert roe could Morar fly,—
Dread as the meteor of the stormy sky;
Thy wrath was like the raging of the main,
The bursting cloud, or lightning on the plain;
Thy voice, the stream by tempests render'd deep,
Like thunder echoing from the distant steep!
When war was on thy brow, ah! must I tell
How warriors trembled, and how heroes fell?
But, when the battle ceased, thy placid cheek
Could all thy heart's tranquillity bespeak:
Thy face was like the beaming Lord of Day,
When rain-swoln clouds have shower'd, and pass'd away;
Still was thy look, and gentle was thy sight,
As when the moon-beam silvers o'er the night,—
Calm as the lake, when scarce a zephyr blows,
And weary winds are taking their repose.

No hopes, no fears, across thy bosom roam,
Lonesome, and dark, and narrow is thy home;
Where now, oh, Morar! is thy generous heart?
With trebled step I compass all thou art.
How little now hath all thy glory wore,
Oh, thou so mighty, and so great before!
Four stones, with aged heads of mossy green,
Are all that tell to man that thou hast been!—
A shrivell'd trunk, with scarce one leaf behind,—
The tall rank grass that whistles in the wind,
Point to the passing hunter's haughty eye,
Where Morar, once so mighty, now can lie!

Oh, Morar, Morar, thou art truly low!
No female breast comes here to vent its woe;
Gone is thy mother to the realms of sleep;
No maid comes here to bless thee, and to weep!
Propp'd on the staff of age, who totters by,
The swelling tears hang heavy in his eye;

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His hoary locks bespeak his lengthen'd years,
Why quakes his step, or why gush forth his tears?
Ah! Morar, 'tis thy sire, in lonely age,
No son hath he his sorrow to assuage!
Weep, hoary father, he deserves thy tears,—
In misery weep,—although no Morar hears!

No dreams across the silent mansion roam,
The dust their pillow, for the grave their home;—
All in that dreary region is forgot;
Call on thy Morar—but he hears thee not!
When from the east shall rays of joy be shed,
To bid the sleeper leave his dewy bed;
Farewell to thee, the mightiest of the hill
Knelt at thy feet, and own'd thee greater still!
No son hast thou to imitate his sire,
Endued with all thy virtues, and thy fire!
No son hast thou, but still the song shall flow,—
Remotest ages thy renown shall know,
And wrapt in wonder at thy mighty name,
Admire thy valour, and preserve its fame!

ROUGE ET NOIR.*

The host of tourists who have marauded on the continent within these few years, have made us familiar with its sights, and weary of them. *Paris*, as the most accessible, has been the most infested; and its *caveaus* and *cafés*, its spruce theatres, and squalid churches, have been reiterated on us in every existing dialect, from *Mayfair* to *Whitechapel*. But after this cumbrous plunder, there are left rare *bijoux*, and the eye which will look into the interior of Parisian manners, may be pronounced to have entered, as old *Vestris* said of the *Minuet*, on a study extensive enough to last him his life. The author of the present poem has applied himself to a fragment of the *Palais Royal*, and from this has generated a volume of verses, alternately pathetic and jocular, moral and satirical. The mention of *Frescati*, and the *Salon*, is a mere digression; the systematic interest is gathered round the two apartments in the *Palais Royal*, where so many miserables of all ages and tongues are undone in the most expeditious manner every night of the year. His theme is the *Rouge et Noir* table, at which, he protests, that no man can win, and quotes an authority high among the mighty and undone gamblers of mankind.

"'Tis said, when any told Napoleon
That such or such a man had talents, or
Whose depth of head might be depended on
In mathematics, diplomacy, war,
Or any thing, in short, in which he shone—
He answered—'*Can he win at Rouge et Noir?*'
His keen eye finishing the phrase—'if so,'
He does what no one else can do, you know.'"

This is neatly expressed, and the description of the *Board*, probably a difficult task in poetry, our author has executed very cleverly.—P. 35-28.

The *Palais Royal* next comes under this pleasant pen, and its world of wicked wonders is described with unusual spirit. We are not exhausted by a toilsome and feeble recapitulation of the absurdities or allurements of a place, over which the spirit of the *Regent Orleans* seems still to hover; the poem strikes at once upon its characteristics, and then darts away in pursuit of the original topic.

"It forms an oblong square with a piazza,
Parterres and lime tree allays in the centre:
There's not an inch, I'm sure, from Ghent to Gaza,
Where youthful blood so much requires a Mentor:
Among a thousand other things, it has a
Superb *jet d'eau*, which strikes you as you enter:
But closely wedged *Boutiques* and *Cafés* lend it
An air, I think, much more *bizarre* than splendid.

"It is a focus where each principle
Of thought and act concentrate to a spot;
Where gold is most omnipotent, and will

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* A Poem; in six cantos, with other Poems. London. Ollier. Pp. 215. 12mo

Buy love or lace—there's nothing can't be bought:
A world in miniature, where equal skill
Is taught in sin and science—*both* are taught!
With dancing, fencing, metaphysics, cheating,
And other things which don't abide repeating.

"It is the heart of Paris, and impels
Warm poison through her wanton arteries;
The honeycomb of vice, whose thousand cells
Pour forth the buzzing multitude one sees:—
Loose-trowser'd beaux, and looser-moral'd belles;
With ancient quizzes underneath the trees
Reading the daily journals, or conversing;
And, here and there, a black-eyed *Grisette* nursing."

In the *Palais Royal*, the Nos. 109, and 154, have probably had a larger proportion of visitants of all nations than any other spot in *Paris*. Their charm is the possession of the *Roulet*, and *Rouge et Noir* tables. If there ever should be a general history of vice, the annals of those two suites of rooms may form the most pregnant and most original portion. Half the crimes, and all the suicides of Paris, are concocted within those walls. They stand in the centre of the most profligate spot in Europe, and they deserve to stand in its centre. The whole district is the classic ground of iniquity, but within those boundaries are the Campi Phlegræi.

From the *Palais Royal* the poet strays to *Frescati*, the fantastic name of a celebrated gaming-house on the Boulevards, the resort of the better dressed ruffians of Paris, and of London. Want of room prevents us from giving a number of other extracts from this clever and ingenious volume, which we understand is from the pen of a gentlemen of the name of Read, and which does equal honour to his head and heart.

The selection of the *Ottava Rima* was judicious, from the general facility of the measure, and perhaps from it having become popular through *Beppo* and *Whistlecraft*. But the use of any thing that has been used before, seems to sit painfully on the author's conscience, and he accordingly attempts to lighten his obligation to the moderns, by shewing that they were indebted to a remote ancestry. But *Chaucer* and *Fairfax* would, in all probability, have slept unthanked, but for *Lord Byron* and *Mr Frere*. After all, this is an idle delicacy, the stanza is free to the human race, "like a wild-goose flies unclaimed of any man." Imitation is of an altogether different family. If this were the place to trouble ourselves with laying down the law on this subject, we should say, that there is no imitation except where the *peculiarities* of an author are transferred. *Crabbe's* clearness of rustic description, his vigorous seizure of the form and pressure of village habits, and his shrewd and simple pleasantry on obscure ambition and petty vanity, may attract authorship to the investigation of rural life. But the similarity of subject is not imitation, nor is the encreased acuteness of inquiry, nor is the more pointed vigour of versification, nor is the mixture of seriousness and pleasantry; for all of those may have arisen naturally in the course of the general and individual improvement of poetry. It might as well be asserted, that every man who looks through a telescope, is a degraded imitator of Galileo; or that the whole rising generation, with their unshattered faces, are nothing better than plunderers of *Jenner*, and the Gloustershire milk-maids.

The true imitation of *Crabbe* would be in his pressure of trivialities into the service; in his sending out, stamped with equal labour, the unimportant and the valuable specimens of his *numismata rustica*; in the Dutch delight of his painted straws, and flies on tankards, and red-nosed Boors in extravagant frolic or maudlin repentance.

Lord Byron's strength of expression, and that decision of view by which he passes over the feebler features of the *terrain*, and seizes on the commanding points, are common property, neither his discovery nor that of any man living, but as old as poetry and nature. He may, like other men of talents, have assisted in leading the authorship of England back into the original track from which bad taste and evil times had turned it away, yet to which it was rapidly reverting. But he was not the earliest even of his day, who stood upon the hill and made signals to the multitude wandering through the shade and the valley. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," if we are to distinguish a peculiar agency, was the *morning star* of the modern age. But the transit of

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powerful and brilliant intelligences across the same region, is free and glorious still, and no invasion of the orbit of that glittering leader of the day.

The true doctrine is, that imitation cannot be laid to the poet's charge, but where there is an adoption of *defect*. Servility is the soul of imitation. It must be laid in the indictment that the author has been excited to the commission of absurdity by the instigation of some potential evil spirit that has made the offence prevalent over his feebler love of common sense. To convict him on the statute, proof must be brought not of excellence, but of error. Parnassus will throw out the bill, alleging that a writer has been guilty of Byronism, on no more substantive charge, than that he has force of expression and depth of thought—that his imagination is vivid, or his sensibility exciteable. To secure a conviction, it must be proved that he has a propensity to laud and magnify the bolder vices; to select for his heroes compounds of the desperate and the malignant; and to feel his triumph in making the ruffians of the earth estimate their talents by their prodigacy. The same induction may lead us to the imitators of the other prominent writers; but, in all cases, the conclusion is irresistible, that, as imitation is a literary crime, and as excellence is not criminal, deficiency must be the object of the charge. The imitator must imitate to the extent of losing his judgment—he must have to bow down before his *Pope*, that he cannot recover his posture, but must continue in a perpetual osculation of the pontific toe. He must swear that my *Lord Peter's* loaf contains the essence of bread, mutton, beer, and all other nutriments and condiments; He must gradually acquire the inverted taste, that loves the worst as well as, or better than the best of the enslaver's attributes,—not merely worship the jewels on his Sultan's day, but lick up the dust that lights from his slippers.

If he has *Childe Harold* on his table, and reads it at breakfast, he must sleep with *Don Juan* under his pillow, and make it the matter of his dreams.

The nobler genius will turn away from this prone idolatry, both because he cannot stoop, and because, if he could, he disdains to stoop. He will not insolently reject the inventions of other men when they can assist him in the common object of all the greater minds—the delight and instruction of his species. If on the height to which he had climbed by the vigour of his natural powers, he finds the wings which had been invented by some powerful wanderer through the brilliant realm that lies above the reach of ordinary mankind, he would not fling himself wingless upon the air. The noble invention would be turned to a purpose worthy of its nobleness, and some unconquered portion of the new region would be brought within the common dominion of the mind. The perfection of poetry consists in the problem, "to express the greatest number of thoughts in the smallest number of words." Condensation is power. The finest poetic mind is the most fertile of thought;—the most vivid poetic expression is the most compressed. Prolixity is in poetry what expansion is in physics,—the waste, the scattering away into an invisibility and feebleness, the mighty agency that wants only compression to move, or perhaps disrupt the frame of the world. But these truths are as old as Homer, or as man. Lord Byron has failed in dramatic writing, the first in dignity, by the want of this compression. The bonds of rhyme seem essential to his vigour. Blank verse suffers him to wander away into endless diffusion. He is thus still below the summit of poetry, and must be so until he shall have produced a drama capable of standing beside those of the other glorious time of England.

Epistle General.

NOTWITHSTANDING of our having given this month an extra sheet, we find that we shall be obliged to put Asmodeus again into the chest, to satisfy our numerous, kind, and ever-valued Correspondents. In fact, we are compelled to have recourse to this expedient, not only to satisfy Correspondents, but Patrons. Our worthy Subscribers, on binding up our ninth volume, stared with astonishment on seeing us not at all so jolly as we were wont to be. All our attempts to convince these excellent characters, that five Numbers never can be equal to six, have been quite ineffectual. In order to please all our Friends, whether Correspondents or Patrons, we shall indulge them with another extra Number, to crown their Christmas jollities, and Nos. LVIII. and LIX. will therefore appear together on the 31st of December.

In the meantime, although our Devil is one of the most impartial extant, and we have no doubt will give as much satisfaction as on the Coronation occasion, we feel ourselves constrained to say a few words to all whom they may concern:—

What an abominable hand Dr P*** writes! Here we have been half an hour trying to decypher half a page of compliments to us. Why, if a ram-cat dipt his paw in an ink-bottle, and dabbled it over a page, it would be more Christian writing.—We were horror-struck when we came to this passage, "Δ is a chamber-pot," but on more close inspection, it turned out to be "Δ is a charming poet;" and in the end he describes us as being what we, to our amazement, thought was Grand Lama, &c. but which in reality is "Grande lumen Scotiæ." What a sad thing this would be in the hands of a careless compositor. Indeed, most of our regular correspondents write awfully. Tickler is almost unreadable. We have a mind to give fac-similes of them all, and strike terror into the hearts of the writing-master population of the empire.

P. Q. (Manchester) R. S. (Norfolk) J. P. (Liskeard,) and many more alphabet men, are under consideration.

The first detachment of our Irishmen burst in on us this morning. What a kind-hearted people they are,—and what pretty modes they have of expressing their kindness! For instance, J. N. M. writes us to say, that "Our image shall remain deeply engraved on the marrow of his heart until the last moment of eternity!" How tender! and how true!

Our Sligo friend is too droll,—indeed we think Sligo men are in general most facetious. We know a president of a scientific society from that bonny town; and, good heavens, what a funny man he is!

Doctor U****** writes us from Limerick, that the dysentery raging there is much abated, principally in consequence of the good people there taking considerably to reading us. We have no doubt of the fact, though the trum-

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pery men of the faculty here may dispute it. But let them look to Galen, and then deny it if they dare. It gives us great pleasure to hear of the increasing health of that respectable brick-town.

"De arte Punnandi per Johannen Dominum Norburiensem, Libri duo," —we are afraid is a hoax.

The Rev. T. Kennedy, T.C., Dublin, has had good reason to be surprised at a notice of his edition of Homer, which appeared in one of our late numbers. This, we have ascertained, was a hoax played upon us, and cannot have affected Mr Kennedy in the opinion of any one who knows him.

We shall not publish the letter just received from Sappho the younger, of Blowbladder Street. It is too truculent. The people recommended for chastisement deserve it—but we must mix mercy now and then with our justice. True it is, that forty stripes save one, is infinitely too good for such poachers on the domains of tragedy as Haynes, Cornwall, Knowles, Dillon, &c.; but, gentle reader, we leave it to you, if the following verses do not breathe rather too wicked a spirit, against poor men in this unfortunate situation, to be inserted in our kind and benignant pages:

"Why do you slumber, Christopher the mighty,
While in old Drury or in Covent Garden,
People are venting tragedies terrific,
Brutal and beastly!

There's B**** C*******, alias Molly P*****,
With his weak slip-slop, all of milk and water,
Which petty critics, puffers for the papers,
Three-penny scribblers,
Laud to the skies as most delicious writing,
(As does Leigh Hunt, the King of all the Cockneys,
Link'd with the pretty prating Knight of Pimples,
Table-talk Billy.)
Haynes has no conscience, though he wrote about it,
Else he would never bore us with his verses;
As for Jack Dillon, give him Retribution
Just for his Drama.

(*We skip thirty-seven verses.*)

Tear 'em, don't spare 'em, into pieces share 'em;
Tomahawk, Kit, like Campbell's Outalissi;
Shatter and batter all these folks theatric,—
Skiver and slay 'em.

SAPPHO.

Merciful Heaven, here's a bloody-minded poetess. She mistakes us much. We would not forfeit the character of benevolence which makes us so universally beloved, with such unchristian punishment.

The Noble Lord's letter, relative to Anastasius, has just been received, and is under consideration. We had no idea that we travelled so rapidly beyond the Appennines. But what has become of our promised poetical packet?

Months ago we ought to have acknowleged the communication from our repected friend at John-o-Groat's, "Upon the Present State of Jeffrey's Edinburgh Review." But really that old concern is now a sickening subject; and, judicious as are our friend's remarks, he, as well as our million of readers both hemispheres, must rather wish to see our pages filled with such

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things as "Mrs Ogle of Balbogle," than with the exposure of the antiquated sophistry and unpatriotic effusions of the Blue and Yellow.

Our fair friends in East-Lothian may expect another slice of "The Widow's Cow" at Christmas.

The elegant poem, "Bombazeen," from Aimwell, is too personal for our columns. It may do for the Morning Chronicle.

Mr Brougham will see that we have lost no time in inserting "The Man in the Bell." He can best explain the true meaning of this most mysterious and appalling narrative.

We received Mr Alfred Beauchamp's polite note, for which we beg to offer him our best thanks. We rejoice to see he is doing so well, and wish him all manner of success.

"December Tales,"—"The Greek and French Tragedians,"—"Regulus to the Roman Senate," and several others, (by Correspondents from whom we hope frequently to hear) are in the chest.

A song beginning "Divinest of all earthly maids"—we have hardly patience with. Does the writer imagine we can cram our columns with stuff of this description? It would do very well for the ancient woman of the High Street; but to give it to us, is the coolest insolence imaginable.

We have a letter from Baillie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow, detailing a very mysterious and delicate transaction in the West Country. We are at present too merciful to publish it; but let the parties beware, or perhaps the benevolent fit may pass.

A very polite note from W. Wastle—the contents of which we must keep private.

"Parson Gobble of Kidderminster;" a spirited sketch, but too strong to be inserted without proper verification. We shall write to our Kidderminster agent about it.

East India mail arrived.—Several parcels for us. Our good friend at Calcutta writes in great spirits. Our last October number had just arrived, and he is quite gratified at the flattering account of our sale in the Hour's Tête a Tête. He sends us what he calls "jottings" of our progress in the Eastern World; and really we conceive we are doing an immensity of good by our increasing diffusion. We have a great mind to manufacture an article out of Mr * * * *'s hints, under the title of "Progress of Civilization in Hindostan."

Our respected Correspondent at Yeovil will see we have availed ourselves of his communication. We hope to have the honour of hearing from him frequently.

While we return a thousand thanks to "Carril," we regret we cannot give a place to his communications.

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WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr T. C. Hansard, printer, will shortly publish in one volume 4to. Typographia; an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Art of Printing; with details of the latest improvements, and practical directions for the mode of conducting the various branches of the Art, including the process of Stereotyping and of Lithographic Printing.

Mr Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy, announces a new work under title of the May-day of the Muses.

Tales of the Drama, by Miss Macauley, founded on the most popular acting plays.

Mr Peter Nicholson's System of pure and mixed Mathematics for the use of schools.

Dr Leach will speedily publish a Synopsis of British Mollusca; being an arrangement of bivalve and univalve shells, according to the animals inhabiting them, intended as an introduction to the study of conchology. Illustrated with Plates.

Mr M. Cary, of Philadelphia, intends to publish, in the ensuing spring, a new edition, revised, improved and enlarged, of Vindiciæ Hiberniæ, or Ireland Vindicated.

Berkeley Anecdotes: or Abstracts and Extracts of Smyth's Lives of the Berkeleys, illustrative of ancient manners, and of the Constitution, with a copious History of Berkeley Castle. By J. T. Fosbroke, M. A. author of British Monachism.

Mr Goörres, the author of some poetical works, is about to produce a new publication, entitled Europe, and the Revolution.

An Apology for the Freedom of the Press. By Rev. Robert Hall, A. M. of Leicester.

A new Metrical version of the Psalms of David. By the Rev. Basil Wood.

A Treatise on the Practice of Elocution, and on the Cure of Impediments of the speech. By Mr G. R. Clarke.

A third volume of the Tour of Africa. By Miss Hutten.

A new and improved Edition of Mr Henry Siddons's Translation of Engel on Gesture and Action.

The Wit's Red Book; or Calendar of Gaiety for 1822.

Dr John Mason Good will speedily publish The Study of Medicine, comprising its Physiology, Pathology and Practice, in four vols. 8vo.

Mr Savage's second volume on Decorative Printing.

Shortly will be published, a new and improved edition of the Rev. David Williams' Laws relative to the Clergy, including Instructions to Candidates for Holy Orders.

In the Press, Cicero de Officiis de Amicitiâ et de Senectute, printed in 48mo. with diamond type. By Corrall. Uniform with Horace and Virgil, recently published.

Memoirs of the Court of King James the First, by Lucy Aikin.

An Abridgment of a Voyage to Madagascar, by the Abbé Rochon, containing a description of that Island, its Manners, Customs, &c. with a Portrait of Prince Ratafia. By Thomas Toune.

On the 1st of January will be published, Part I. of a Technical Repository of Practical Information, on subjects connected with the present daily improvements and new discoveries in the useful arts. By Mr Gill, many years Member of the Committee of Mechanics, of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, assisted by mechanical friends.

Speedily will be published, the Glories of the Messiah; a Poem, in four cantos. By the Rev. Robert Moffat.

Miss Edgeworth will soon publish Frank, a sequel to her History on the Early Lessons.

Biblical Fragments. By Mrs Schimmelpenninch, author of the Narrative of the Demolition of Port Royal.

A Treatise on Cancer; in which will be detailed, a mild constitutional method of treatment for the alleviation and cure of this distressing malady. By W. Farr, author of a Treatise on Scrophula.

Original Tales of my Landlord's School, embellished with Engravings. By W. Gardner.

The third Edition of Rolle's Trader's Safeguard.

The Universal Traveller; containing an Abstract of the Chief Books of Travels in all ages. With one hundred Engravings.

A third edition of the Rev. T. Broadhurst's Advice to Young Ladies, on the Improvement of their Minds.

In the press, a General Index to the First Fifty Volumes of the Monthly Magazine.

Travels in the Interior of Africa, by William Burchall, Esq.

The Beauties of Ireland. By Mr J. R. Brewer, embellished with Engravings by Storer, after original drawings by Petrie of Dublin.

A new volume of the Annual Obituary.

In quarto, a General History of wines; containing a Topographical Account of all the principal modern wines, and a chronological History of the Wines used in England.

The Weald of Sussex, a Poem; by E. Hitchener.

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The Conveyancer's Guide; a Burlesque Poem. The second edition, considerably enlarged, with numerous Notes.

A Greek and English Prosodial Lexicon, with Synonymes and Examples, marked and scanned in the manner of the Latin Gradus. By Thomas Webb, author of Greek Prosody and Metre.

A Chronological Outline of the History of Bristol. By Mr Evans, printer, of that city.

In the press, the Eighth and concluding Volume of Howe's Works.

Dr Reade is preparing for publication a Treatise on Vision, founded on new and interesting experiments.

The Rev. Dr Evans, of Islington, has in the press a small volume, entitled Recreation for the Young and Old; an Excursion to Brighton; a Visit to Tunbridge Wells; and a Trip to Southend, with an Alphabetical List of all the Watering Places in the Kingdom.

A new edition of Neale's History of the Puritans, by Toulmin; 5 vols. 8vo. Carefully Revised by W. Jones, author of the History of the Christian Church.

A Short Treatise on the Summation of Series by Increments. By the Rev. E. C. Tyson of Cambridge.

Happiness, a Tale for the Grave and the Gay, in 2 vols. small 8vo. Price 12s. boards.

Mary Nelson, a Narrative, in 1 vol.

EDINBURGH.

Dramas of the Ancient World, by D. Lindsay, will appear in a few days.

Mr Stark is, we understand, preparing for press, a Biographia Scotica upon an extensive scale. It is meant to be printed in octavo, and published in volumes.

Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk, by the author of Annals of the Parish, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. will be published before Christmas.

In the press, and will be published about the end of November, a Treatise on the Covenant of Works, by John Colquhoun, D. D. minister of the Gospel, Leith.

A continuation of Sacred Harmony, for the use of St George's church, Edinburgh, is preparing for publication. In this continuation various alterations and improvements will be introduced. Besides the four vocal parts, accompaniments for the organ or piano-forte will be given on separate staves. Every tune will have appropriate words connected with it, taken chiefly from the Psalms, Paraphrases, and Hymns that are used in the church of Scotland; and while the first stanza will be engraven along with the music in the usual way, the whole passage will be presented to the eye of the reader on the opposite page in letter-press. The work will consist of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Sanctuses, Doxologies, Dismissions, and Thanksgivings; and great care will be taken to exclude every thing that is not recommended by real excellence. It is to be published in Numbers, for the convenience of subscribers. Each Number, price Three Shillings, will contain sixteen pages of music, and a proportionate quantity of letter-press. The first Number we appear in March next; and will be enriched with the productions of C. Bach, Beethoven, G. F. Graham, C. H. Graun, Handel, Haydn, Jomelli, Mozart, Rossini, R. A. Smith, &c.

Letters of Junius; with Preliminary Dissertations, and Copious Notes. By Atticus Secundus. In one neat pocket volume, with Seven Portraits and Vignette Title.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the Sixth Number of Dr Watts' Bibliotheca Britannica; price L.1, 1s. in bds.

Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature; improved and enlarged by George Fulton, author of a Pronouncing Dictionary, Spelling-Book, &c.: To which are subjoined, Vocabularies of Classical and Scriptural Proper Names; a concise Account of the Heathen Deities; a Collection of Quotations and Phrases from the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Languages; a Chronological Table of Remarkable Events from the creation of the world till the present time; and a brief List of Men of Genius and Learning, in one vol. 18mo.

The Philosophical History of the Origin and Progress of the European Languages. By the late Dr Alexander Murray, with a Memoir of his Life, written by himself, is printing in two octavo volumes.

Colonel David Stewart has in the press Historical Sketches of the Highlands of Scotland, with Military Annals of the Highland regiments, in two octavo volumes.

The Works of John Playfair, F.R.S.L. and E., late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; with an Account of the Author's Life. 4 vols. 8vo.

The Works of John Home, Esq., Author of Douglas, a Tragedy, &c. To which is prefixed, an Account of his Life and Writings. By Henry Mackenzie, Esq. F.R.S.E. 3 vols. 8vo.

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The Fairy Minstrel, and other Poems; by William Miller, Dumfries; in one vol. post 8vo. price 5s. to Subscribers.

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MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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A Treatise on the Smut in Wheat; the Nature of the Disease, and Effective Means of Prevention, without injuring the Germ of the Raw or Damp Seed. By Thomas Blakie. 1s. 6d.

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An Astronomical Catechism. By C. V. Whitewell. With 25 splendid Engravings. 8vo. 21s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*November* 12, 1821.

Sugar.—The Sugar market continues unsteady and depressed, particularly for the coarse descriptions. The stock in London is 2100 casks less than at the same period last year, and the average price about 6s. 6d. lower. The price of very fine sugar, compared to the inferior descriptions, is good; but the present state of the sugar market, taking it altogether, affords a very gloomy prospect for the planter. The accounts from all the different Islands, and in a more particular manner from Jamaica, are, as far as regards the ensuing crop, very unfavourable. Excessive dry weather, till a very late period in the season, has scorched the canes to a degree that they cannot recover; and in the Islands which had suffered less severely from that cause, severe gales of wind in the beginning of September have done great injury to many plantations. Provisions, also, are become very scarce in many places, and thus an additional expence, at a period when he can so ill afford it, is heaped upon the planter. The cultivation of the foreign colonies, from the increase of the slave trade, proceeds with great activity, and the French Government are now seriously turning their attention to a plan long since recommended to their attention, namely, to cultivate sugar and other colonial produce by colonies established in Africa.

Cotton.—In the London market the inquiry for the home market has been limited, but has increased for exportation. In Liverpool, the market has of late been dull, and prices declined about ½ per lb. The sales are, however, considerable, and in general well attended.

Coffee.—The market for Coffee, after a considerable decline, has become more steady, and a small advance has been maintained in the late sales. Havannah coffee is in request—St Domingo less so. The public sales in general go off briskly. In Liverpool, however, the coffee market is less brisk than in London.

Corn.—The price of grain has declined to nearly the level at which it stood before the late speculations and unnecessary alarm raised the market. Vast quantities of grain were bought up in Russia, Poland, and the Austrian States, upon the first alarm of a bad harvest in Great Britain, and on these purchases there must be a very great loss. The harvest is now completely concluded, and although the crops in some places are short, and in others have suffered a little from the weather, still upon the whole the crop may be stated as a fair average.

Rum.—The market for Rum is in a ruinous and depressed state. The stock in London is upwards of 35,000 casks, 15,000 more than at the same period last year. Sales can scarcely be effected at any price. Brandy has advanced considerably, and the market is more steady. Geneva is very flat. Indeed the immense quantity of this latter article smuggled into Great Britain has rendered the sales of the legally imported article altogether impracticable. Logwood remains steady. Pot-Ashes are in fair demand. The sales of Tobacco are limited. In Oils very little business is doing. Good Hides continue in demand. Palm Oil has declined in price. Dyewoods are steady. Carolina Rice is in limited demand. Other articles of commerce do not require to be particularly noticed from our quotations.

The advices from foreign markets are by no means cheering. The Mediterranean continues to be agitated by civil war and rebellion. Spain and Portugal, from prohibitory decrees, and a pestilential fever in the former, renders all commercial transactions doubtful, insecure, and unprofitable. Spanish South America is agitated throughout with political convulsions and changes; and in the Brazils the seeds of revolution are so thickly sown, as to leave scarcely any room to doubt that these will produce the most fatal consequences, and a state of anarchy and confusion. The agricultural interests in Great Britain are suffering so severely as to keep the home trade in a depressed and unprofitable state. The troubles in Ireland are also most detrimental to the commercial prosperity of that country.

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EDINBURGH.—*November* 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....36s. 6d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 6d.	2d,.....16s. 6d.
3d,.....24s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 6d.	3d,.....14s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : 10d. 6-12ths. per boll.

Tuesday, November 13.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d
Lamb, per quarter .	2s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d
Tallow, per stone .	7s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d

HADDINGTON.—*Nov.* 9.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....36s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.
2d,.....33s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d, ...15s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 35s. 0d.	1st, ... 24s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 6d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.
2d, ... 31s. 0d.	2d, ... 21s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.
3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 19s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 10s. 7d. 4-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended November 3d.

Wheat, 55s. 1d.—Rye, 24s. 4d.—Barley, 26s. 7d.—Oats, 20s. 1d.—Beans, 28s. 1d.—Pease, 31s. 10d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.

London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 6.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	38 to	45	Hog pease .	26 to	27
Fine ditto . .	46 to	50	Maple .	28 to	29
Superfine ditto	54 to	58	White . . .	32 to	33
Ditto, old . .	56 to	72	Ditto, boilers .	34 to	35
White, new .	40 to	46	New ditto, . . .	— to	—
Fine ditto . . .	48 to	55	Small Beans, new	28 to	30
Superfine ditto	60 to	64	Ditto old . . .	30 to	33
Ditto, old . .	66 to	78	Tick, new . .	21 to	25
Foreign, new . .	— to	—	Ditto, old . .	30 to	33
Rye	28 to	29	Foreign	— to	—
Fine ditto, . .	— to	—	Feed oats . . .	17 to	20
Barley	22 to	24	Fine	18 to	22
Fine, new . .	24 to	26	Poland ditto .	20 to	22
Superfine . .	27 to	30	Fine	22 to	26
Malt	52 to	62	Potato ditto .	22 to	25
Fine	63 to	66	Fi	27 to	30

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.	d.		s.	s.
Must, Brown,	8 to	12	0	Hempseed . .	— to	—
—White . . .	5 to	9	0	Linseed, crush.	44 to	50
Tares, new, .	— to	—	0	New, for Seed	— to	—
Turnips, bah.	30 to	36	0	Ryegrass, . .	25 to	28
—Red & green	— to	—	0	Clover, red cwt.	30 to	66
—Yellow,	— to	—	0	—White . . .	64 to	90
Caraway, cwt.	50 to	60	0	Coriander . .	10 to	16
Canary, qr. .	50 to	60	0	Trefoil	16 to	27

Rape Seed, per last, . £23 to £30.

Liverpool, Nov. 6.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					
Eng. Old	10	0	to	11	6
Foreign . .	4	6	to	6	0
Waterford	6	0	to	7	4
Limerick	6	0	to	7	4
Drogheda	7	0	to	7	8
Dublin	5	0	to	6	9
Scotch .	9	0	to	10	9
Irish Old .	9	0	to	10	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.					
Eng. . . .	5	0	to	6	0
Scotch . .	5	0	to	6	0
Irish . .	3	4	to	3	6
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. pota.	2	10	to	3	2
Irish do. .	2	9	to	3	11
Scotch do.	3	0	to	3	2
Rye, per qr.—			to —		
Malt per b.					
— Fine .	9	0	to	10	0
—Middl. .	8	6	to	9	0
Beans, per qr.					
English .	35	0	to	36	0
Irish . .	33	0	to	35	0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£30		to	31	
Pease, grey	28	0	to	33	0
—White .	42	0	to	44	0
Flour, English,					
p. 240 lb. fine	44	0	to	46	0
Irish . .	40	0	to	43	0

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.					
Sweet, U.S.—	0	to	—	0	
Do. in bond	28	0	to	30	0
Sour do. .	38	0	to	40	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.					
English	30	0	to	32	0
Scotch . .	26	0	to	30	0
Irish . . .	24	0	to	28	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	0	to	1	1

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, p. cwt.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Belfast, new	87	0	to	88	0
Newry . .	86	0	to	87	0
Waterford .	79	0	to	80	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	77	0	to	78	0
3d dry	70	0	to	—	0
Beef, p. tierce.					
— Mess	90	0	to	95	0
— Middl.	—	0	to	—	0
Pork, p. brl.					
— Mess .	52	0	to	54	0
— Middl. .	50	0	to	52	0
Bacon, p. cwt.					
Short mids.	30	0	to	32	0
Sides . .	28	0	to	—	0
Hams, dry,	50	0	to	56	0
Green . .	20	0	to	28	0
Lard, rd. p. c.	46	0	to	50	0
Tongue, p. flr.—	0	to	—	0	

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Course of Exchange, Oct. 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 14. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 11. Rotterdam, 12 : 15. Antwerp, 12 : 7. Hamburgh, 37. 16. Altona, 37 : 10. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 60. Ditto 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 90. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3 *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 18 *Eff. fo.* Trieste, 10 : 18 *Eff. fo.* Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 35¾. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 8½ per cent. Cork, 9 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d½. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

PRICES CURRENT, *November 6.*

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to	69	54	58	51	55	52	57
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	80	58	71	56	67	68	70
Fine and very fine, . .	80	80	—	—	74	81	71	78
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130	145	—	—	—	—	80	100
Powder ditto, . . .	106	110	—	—	—	—	86	100
Single ditto, . . .	100	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, ...	90	94	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	88	92	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . . .	44	56	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25 6	—	25	26	26 6	27	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90	95	88	102	93	105	96	103
Mid. good, and fine mid.	95	100	104	122	106	118	109	128
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	84	96	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	—	—	98	106	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	—	—	110	120	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	95	100	—	—
Pimento (In Bond,) . . .	7	8	7½	7½	8	8½	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 2d	2s 4d	1s 8d	1s 10d	1s 9d	1s 11d	1s 6d	2s 10d
Brandy, ...	4 3	4 6	—	—	—	—	4 2	4 6
Geneva, ...	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 6
Grain Whisky, . . .	6 10	7 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£60
Portugal Red, pipe.	30	42	—	—	—	—	30	34
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, ...	55	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	8 0	0 0	8 0	9 0	£7 10	8 5
Honduras, ...	8	—	—	—	9 6	9 10	7 15	8 5
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 0	9 10	8 10	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	6 10	7 0	6 6	6 10	6 10	7 10
Cuba, ...	9	11	8 5	8 10	7 15	8 5	8	10 0
INDIGO, Caracoas fine, lb.	7s 6d	10s 6d	—	—	—	—	9	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	3 0	3 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 1	0 10	0 12
St Domingo, ditto, . .	—	—	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	1 6	1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20	21	—	—	14 6	15	18	15
Archangel, ...	16	17	—	—	—	—	17 6	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 6	—
TALLOW, Rus. Y'el. Cand.	45	46	48	49	47	48	—	—
Home melted, ...	48	49	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	43	47	—	—	—	—	£44	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	41	42	—	—	—	—	41	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	53	54	—	—	—	—	£54	—
Dutch, ...	50	90	—	—	—	—	48	—
Irish, ...	41	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	12	—
ASHES, Potas. Pearl, . .	40	42	—	—	—	—	40	41
Montreal, ditto, . .	38	40	40	41	37	37 6	41	—
Pot, . . .	34	35	33	34	32	34	32	—
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.22		22	23	—	—	21	—
Cod.	—	—	20	—	—	—	21	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½	8	7½	8	0 5½	0 8	0 6d	7
Middling, ...	6	6½	5½	6½	0 4½	0 5	4½	5½
Inferior, ...	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	0 3	0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 9½	1 1½	0 7	0 10½	0 9½	0 11
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 4	1 7	1 2½	2 4
Good, . . .	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 1	1 5	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	1 2	1 4	1 1	1 3	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10	1 0½	0 11½	1 1½
West India, ...	—	—	0 9	0 11	0 8½	0 9½	—	—
Pernambuco, ...	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	1 0	1 0½	1 0½	1 1½
Maranham, ...	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 11	1 0½	1 0	1 1

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Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d October 1821.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	——	——	——	240¼
3 per cent. reduced,	——	——	77¼ ¼	77¼ ¼ ¾
3 per cent. consols,	76⅛ ¼ ¼ ⅛	77¼ ¼ ⅜ ⅛	78 77⅞ 78	78⅛ ¼ ⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	——	——	87½ ½	——
4 per cent. consols,	——	——	95⅜	96⅜ ⅛
5 per cent. navy ann.	109⅛ ⅜	110½ ⅜ ⅛	110⅜ ⅛	111¼ ⅛
India stock,	——	235½	239	——
—— bonds,	62 pr.	65 pr.	70 72 pr.	73 pr.
Exchequer bills,	1 pr.	3 1 2 pr.	5 4 pr.	6 4 5 pr.
Consols for acc.	76⅝ ⅛	77⅝ ¼ ⅜	77¼ 78	79 8¼
Long Annuities	——	——	19 7-16	19¼
French 5 per cents.	88 90	89 90	89 65	89 60
Amer. 7 per cent.	102	——	——	——

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of Sept. and the 20th of Oct. 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Arnold, J. H. Lanblethian, near Cowbridge, cattle-jobber.
Barnby, I. New Malton, dealer.
Barton, J. Blackburn, upholsterer.
Beeston, J. Drayton in Hales, Salop, mercer.
Belcher, I. Enfield, stone-mason.
Bower, J. Tothill-street, Westminster, grocer.
Bursey, I. jun. Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, stationer.
Butt, I. Tewkesbury, miller.
Clayton, J. Bury, Lancaster, undertaker.
Colyer, W. Broad-street, St Giles's boot-maker.
Dubois, J. and E. Copthall-street, merchants.
Dunderdale, N. Holbeck, Leeds, clothier.
Evans, T. B. Strand, wine-merchant.
Gardiner, B. Leigh, Worcester, maltster.
Gibson, T. jun. Liverpool, ship-bread-baker.
Gilbert, R. T. Stockbridge, Hants, coal-merchant.
Gird, H. Park-lane, saddler.
Green, T. Alfreton, Derby, grocer.
Hailstone, W. Mildenhall, Suffolk, grocer.
Hamelin, Peter, Belmont-place, near Vauxhall, plasterer.
Hancock, S. Judd Place, St Pancras, hardware-man.
Hole, W. M. Kingskerwell, Devon, tanner.
Harrox, W. Liverpool, dealer in corn.
Jackson, J. Lusted Farm, Kent, farmer.
Jones, T. St John-street, West Smithfield, rag-merchant.
Inman, I. K. Blackman-street, brazier.
Knowles, J. and Co. Salford, machine-makers.
Lavender, J. Leominster, mercer.
Llewellyn, J. and Co. Old Jewry, insurance-brokers.
Lowndes, W. Sloane-street, Chelsea, linen-draper.
Mead, T. Sandwich, victualler.
Mercer, H. Liverpool, merchant.
Moody, S. Frome Selwood, mealman.
Richardson, I. Manchester, dealer in cotton.
Rose, R. N. Holborn, bookseller.
Rowbotham, W. Oldham, Lancashire, machine-maker.
Rowley, M. Bear-street, Leicester-square, dealer.
Spear, J. Sheffield, merchant.
Steel, W. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, baker.
Stuart, H. Worcester, wine-merchant.
Surrey, I. and J. Mark-lane, mealmen.
Tate, R. Market Weighton, shopkeeper.
Thompson, T. I. Long Acre, coach-joiner.
Thompson, P. and C. A. Cornhill, wine-merchants.
Travis, J. Oldham, Lancaster, grocer.
Walker, F. Rippon, money-scrivener.
Ward, T. Seamer, York, maltster.
Wells, S. Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, green-grocer.
Whitehead, R. Wichnell, Lancashire, corn-merchant.
Williams, H. Lombard-street, merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th October, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson, M'Culloch, and Co. merchants and dealers in Glasgow.
Atkinson, John, currier and leather merchant, Glasgow.
Balfour, Ebenezer, merchant in Stirling.
Black, John, grazier and cattle-dealer, at Waltown of Crochies, Perth.
Caverhill, Walter, merchant, Galashiels.
Crawford, Wm. and James, coal-masters, Lochwinnoch.
Graham, Thomas, of Eastwood Park, writer, merchant, and builder, in Glasgow.
Ouller, James, grazier and cattledealer, at Memus, county of Forfar.
Rankin, Robert, merchant and grocer in Edinburgh.
Skinner, Thomas, merchant in Collinsburgh, now residing in Edinburgh.
Stenhouse, Andrew and George, merchants, agents, wharfingers, and ship-owners, Leith.

DIVIDENDS.

Adams, Alex. tanner, Falkirk; a final dividend 1st December.
Anderson and Brown, tanners, Glasgow; a final dividend 14th December.
Barr, Peter Allan, and Co. merchants and grocers, Edinburgh; a final dividend 19th November.
Clink, Robert, merchant, Perth; a dividend 6th November.
Galbraith, Wm. and Co. merchants, Greenock; 5d dividend 19th November.
Laird, John, and Co. merchants in Greenock, and Laird, Wm. and Co. merchants in Liverpool; an equalizing dividend to those creditors who have not received payment of the first.
Laird, James, jun. and Co. mill-spinners at Murthill; a final dividend 16th November.
Moodie, James, merchant, Dunfermline; a dividend of 6s. 6d. per pound on 10th December, if no objections are offered before that day.
Rae, John, merchant, Aberdeen; a dividend 6th December.
Robertson, James, merchant, Auchtruther; a 1st dividend 9th November.
Scott, Hugh, haberdasher, Greenock; a 2d dividend 6th December.
Scott and Balmanno, merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 16th November.
Smith, Ishmael, some time merchant, Aberdeen; a dividend 26th December.
Young, and Co. merchants and general agents in Edinburgh; a 2d dividend on 12th November, and an equalizing dividend to those who have received no share.

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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Oct. 1	M. 43½	28.913	M. 56	Cble.	Rain morn,
	A. 55	29.506	A. 54		fair day.
2	M. 42½	.834	M. 52	W.	Dull and
	A. 50	.721	A. 52		cold.
3	M. 41	.340	M. 53	Cble.	Rain.
	A. 51	.330	A. 59		
4	M. 41½	.351	M. 54	Cble.	Fair, but
	A. 50	.211	A. 52		dull.
5	M. 40½	.270	M. 52	W.	Dull and
	A. 47	.566	A. 50		cold.
6	M. 42	.411	M. 53	W.	Dull, with
	A. 53	.413	A. 54		showers.
7	M. 43	.442	M. 56	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 54	.401	A. 58		showers.
8	M. 45	.444	M. 55	W.	Sunshine
	A. 51	.834	A. 52		and showers.
9	M. 42	.865	M. 53	W.	Fair, with sn.
	A. 52	.798	A. 53		and warm.
10	M. 40	.755	M. 51	S.	Ditto.
	A. 50	.691	A. 54		
11	M. 40½	.629	M. 52	SE.	Dull, with
	A. 50	.590	A. 53		showers.
12	M. 41	.562	M. 52	NW.	Fair, with
	A. 48	.852	A. 54		sunshine.
13	M. 48	.999	M. 51	W.	Dull, but
	A. 49	.711	A. 52		fair.
14	M. 40	.895	M. 54	W.	Dull day,
	A. 51	.976	A. 50		rain night.
15	M. 41½	.925	M. 53	W.	Dull and cld.
	A. 49	.994	A. 49		rain night.
16	M. 35	.975	M. 47	W.	Sunshine
	A. 44	.999	A. 50		and mild.
Oct. 17	M. 38½	29.728	M. 50	W.	Dull and cld.
	A. 50	.638	A. 51		with rain.
18	M. 39	.555	M. 41	NW.	Fair sunsh.
	A. 45	.633	A. 49		but cold.
19	M. 39	.431	M. 49	NW.	Fair, with
	M. 45	.101	A. 49		sunshine.
20	A. 41	28.465	M. 50	SW.	Rain morn.
	M. 49	.468	A. 48		fair day.
21	A. 34	.618	M. 45	SW.	Fair foren.
	M. 40	.695	A. 45		rain aftern.
22	A. 54	29.687	M. 44	S.	Dull foren.
	M. 41	28.755	A. 46		rain aftern.
23	A. 58	.908	M. 46	S.	Rain morn.
	M. 45	.998	A. 45		fair day.
24	A. 35	.999	M. 44	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 42	29.330	A. 46		dull day.
25	M. 33	.426	M. 46	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 44	.471	A. 49		showers.
26	M. 0	.652	M. 47	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 47	.603	A. 52		dull day.
27	M. 50	.603	M. 58	W.	Very mild,
	A. 58	.603	A. 51		with sunsh.
28	M. 48	.905	M. 51	W.	Dull, but
	A. 48	.905	A. 56		fair.
29	M. 48	.950	M. 56	SW.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 53	.962	A. 54		very mild.
30	M. 46	.676	M. 53	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 51	.559	A. 52		
31	M. 40	.372	M. 53	SW.	Foren. shrs.
	A. 51	.415	A. 52		fair aftern.

Average of Rain, 1.432 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

2 Life G. Assist. Surg. Broughton, to be Surg. vice Moore, ret. July 25, 1821.
E. Cutler, Assist. Surg. do.
9 Dr. W. C. Smith, Cornet by purch. vice *Lord* G. Bentinck, prom. Sept. 12.
10 *Hon.* J. Coventry, do. do. vice *Lord* J. Bentinck, prom. do. 13.
14 Lieut. Trevillian, from 1 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Townsend, prom. do.
19 E. W. Sewell, Cornet by purch. vice De Lisle, ret. do. 20.
33 Lieut. Forlong, Capt. do. vice Rist, ret. do.
Ensign Halford, from 43 F. Lieut. by purch. do.
43 J. Hare, Ensign by purch. vice Halford, 33 F. do.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Ar. 2d Lieut. Mathias, from h. p. 2d Lieut vice Jellis, res. July, 1, 1821.
Capt. Cobbe, from h. p. Capt. vice Major Holcroft, h. p. do. 21.
1st Lt. Lethbridge, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Boghurst, h. p. Aug. 1.
2d Lt. Wynne, from h. p. 2d Lt. vice Homfray, dead July 2.
Gent. Cadet J. Deschamps, 2d Lieut. Aug. 1.
Lt. Gen. and Col. *Sir* Edw. Howorth, K.C.B. Col. Com. do. 6.
Bt. Col. and Lt. Col. Pritchard, Col. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. and Maj. Tobin, Lt. Col. do.
Bt. Maj. and Capt. Brome, Maj. do.
Capt. Gordon, from h. p. Capt. do.
1st Lt. Durnford, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Elliot, 1st Lt. do.
——— Welsh, from h. p. 2d Lt. do.
1st Lt. Somerville, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Earle, h. p. do. 10.
2d Capt. Cheeney, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Robertson, h. p. Oct. 10.
2d Lt. Warren, from h. p. 2d Lt. vice C. P. Jones, h. p. do.

Royal En. 1st Lieut. Lewis, h. p. 1st Lieut. April 13, 1821.
2d Lt. Randolph, do. do.
——— Trevelyan, from h. p. 2d Lt. June 19.
Capt. Hustler, from h. p. Capt. do.
1st Lt. Victor, 2d Capt. do.
——— Blackiston, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.

Miscellaneous.

2d Lieut. Kennedy, 1st Lieut. June 19, 1821.
——— Dixon, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.
Bt. Maj. Moody, from h. p. Capt. July 1.
1st Lt. Grierson, 2d Capt. do.
——— Bugue, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
2d Lt. Hope, 1st Lt. do.
——— Larcom, from h. p. 2d Lt. do.

Exchange.

Qua. Mast. Stewart, from 91 F. with Qua. Mast. Manley, h. p. 26 F.
——— Bryce, from 92 F. with ——— Callagy, h. p. 15 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel O. E. of Bradford, Shropshire Militia.
Capt. Rist, 33. F.
Cornet De Lisle, 19 Dr.
Ensign Burney, 87 F.
Surgeon Moore, 2 Life Gds.

Deaths.

General Cowell, late Coldst. Gds. London, Sept. 29, 1821.
Colonel M'Leod, 59 F. Dinapore, March 29.
——— Sankey, R. Dublin (City) Militia.
Major Giles, 53 F. Cannanore, Madras, May 2.
——— Biggs, ret. R. Mar. March 9.
——— Gordon, do.
——— Horlock, h. p. R. Mar.
Captain Manafield, ret. Invalids, Bath.
——— Roebe, h. p. 14 F. near Calcutta, Apr. 5

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Captain Carter, h. p. 22 F. Chester.
——— Saunderson, h. p. 89 F. on passage from India.
——— M'Pherson, h. p. Delaney's Cor. Oct. 1, 1820.
——— Sir Armstrong, h. p. Portug. Service.
Lieut. Mayer, 8 Dr. East Indies.
——— Lynam, 5 Vet. Bn. (formerly of Rifle Brig.)
——— Scates, late West Ind. Gar. Co. Curacoa, May 27, 1821.
——— Strangeways, 65 F. Surat, Bombay, Jan. 11.
——— Atkinson, R. Mar, killed in an attack on the Forts of Mocha, East Indies, Dec. 4, 1820.
——— Buchanan, h. p. 4 F. Newtown Butter, Ireland, Aug. 25, 1821.
——— Kelly, h. p. 39 F. Sept. 5.
Lieut. Hutchinson, h. p. 64 F. in Ireland, Sept. 26.
——— Whitaford, h. p. 84 F. Oct. 2.
——— Attwood, h. p. R. Eng. assassinated at Seville, Spain, July 2.
Ensign F. P. Grieve, 61 F. Maroon Town, Jamaica, Aug. 7.
——— Bovhier, ret. Invalids, Cavigny, France, July 23.
Quarter-Master Reardon, h. p. 8 Dr. Limerick, Aug. 28.
Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. C. S. Browne, Canada, July 9.
Staff Surgeon Roche, h. p. Ballriggan, Ireland. July 26.
Assistant Surgeon Bolton, 1 F. Trichinopoly, Madras, Mar. 29.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

March 30. At Bombay, Mrs Henry Oakes, of a son.

July 20. At Malta, the lady of George Ward, Esq. Deputy Paymaster-General to the Forces, of a daughter.

Sept. 16. At London, the lady of William Davidson, Esq. of Muirhouse, of a daughter.

29. At Tours, in France, the lady of William Downe Gillon, younger of Wellhouse, Esq. of a daughter.

Oct. 2. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Torphichen, of a son.

— At Portswood-house, Hants, the lady of William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq. of a daughter.

3. In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, London, the lady of Henry Brougham, Esq. of Brougham, M.P. of a daughter.

— At the Manse of Lauder, Mrs Cosens, of a daughter.

4. The lady of Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill, of a daughter.

5. At Pitrichie-house, Mrs Mackenzie, of a son.

7. Mrs Robert Thomson, late of 44, Gilmore-Place, of a daughter.

8. In York-Place, the lady of the Hon. H. T. Liddell of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, of a son and heir.

— At the Government-house, Jersey, the lady of his Excellency Sir Colin Halket, K. C. B. and G. C. H. of a daughter.

9. In York-Place, the lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, Commander-in-Chief, of a daughter.

10. In Great Cumberland-street, London, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Glammis, of a son and heir, who died the same day.

— At Hillhousefield, Mrs James Borthwick, of a daughter.

— At Drummond-Place, Edinburgh, the lady of Major Nickle, of the 88th regiment, of a daughter.

— Mrs Orr, 26, Albany-street, of a daughter.

12. At Boulogne-sur-Seine, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Lindsay Carnegie, of a son.

— At 51, Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Greig of Hallgreig, of a daughter.

— At No. 11, Gilmore-Place, Mrs Robertson, of a son.

13. At Selkirk, Mrs R. Henderson, of a daughter.

14. Mrs Tod, Charlotte-square, of a daughter.

— At Lathrisk, Mrs Johnston, of a son.

— At St Andrews, the lady of Captain William Playfair, of a son.

15. At Aberdeen, the lady of Major Henderson, royal engineers, of a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, of a daughter.

— Mrs Stoddart, Albany-street, of a daughter.

— At Loudam Hall, Suffolk, Lady Sophia Macdonald, of a son.

— At the house of Mrs Grant, sen. of Kilgraston, Mrs Fraser Tytler of Burdsyards, of a son.

18. At Arbuthnott-house, the Viscountess of Arbuthnott, of a son.

— At Harcourt-street, Dublin, the Countess of Errol, of a daughter.

19. At Campbeltown, Argyleshire, the lady of the late Dr Alexander M'Larty, physician, Kingston, Jamaica, of a posthumous daughter.

25. At 16, James' Square, Mrs M. Pattison, of a daughter.

26. At Orchardhead, Stirlingshire, Mrs Walker, of a son.

27. In Grosvenor-Place, London, Lady Emily Drummond, of a daughter.

29. At New Garden, Mrs Ramage Liston, of a son.

— At Paris, the lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of Harris, of a son.

— At her house in Park Place, St James's, London, the Viscountess Cranborne, of a son and heir.

30. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir William Jardine, Bart. of Applegarth, of a daughter.

— In St Andrew's-square, Mrs Graham, of a son.

31. At No. 42, North Hanover-street, Mrs Espinasse, of a daughter.

— Mrs James Simpson, Northumberland-street, of a daughter.

Lately. At Durham, the lady of Samuel Sproul, Esq. M. D. Member of the Medical Board, Bombay, of a son.

— At Agra, in the East Indies, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Leod, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the wife of Mr William MacDiarmid, printer, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 10. At Leghorn, the Hon. Arthur Hill Trevor, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Dungannon, to Sophia, daughter of George D'Arcy Irvine, Esq. of Castle Irvine, county of Fermanagh, Ireland.

Oct. 2. At Inver Dunning, Mr Alexander M. Anderson, writer, Nelson-street, Edinburgh, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Inver Dunning.

3. At Edinburgh, Henry Sibbald, Esq. writer to the signet, to Agnes, only child of the late James Edmond, Esq. Glasgow.

4. At George's-square, Edinburgh, Dr Robert Renton, physician, Edinburgh, to Miss Christina Adam, daughter of the late Dr Adam.

6. At Valleyfield, John Hay, Esq. younger of Smithfield and Hayston, to Miss Anne Preston, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel George Preston, of the Royal Marines, and niece of Sir Robert Preston, Valleyfield, Bart.

8. At the Manse of Urray, Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. of Kinnahard, to Margaret, only daughter of the Rev. Donald Macdonald of Urray.

— At Fountainhall, near Aberdeen, Alexander Murchison, Esq. M. D. of Jamaica, to Mary, only daughter of Dr Patrick Copland, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen.

9. At Kinning-house, Archibald Graham, Esq. writer in Glasgow, to Miss Barbara Lorieston, daughter of the late John Dixon, Esq. of Knightswood.

10. At Barnes Church, Surrey, Charles Stuart, Esq. of Rothsay, to Miss Leake, of Barnes.

11. At Elister, Island of Islay, Duncan Campbell, Esq. Kilelomen, to Anne, eldest daughter of Niel M'Niel, Esq.

— At Newington, Mr James Scott, *tertius*, merchant in Leith, to Miss Marion Smart, daughter of the late Captain Robert Smart.

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16. At St Andrews, Mr John Anderson, merchant there, to Miss Jean, second daughter of Mr James Clark, Balrymounth.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Wilson, plumber, Liverpool, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr William Bathgate, merchant, St James's Square.

— At Dumfries, at the house of Thomas Goldie, Esq. of Craigmuie, John Hyndman, Esq. advocate, to Maria Le Maitre, daughter of the late James Macrae, Esq. of Holmains.

17. At the Church of Overton, the Rev. Dr Dewar, minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, to Susan, youngest daughter of Edward Place, Esq. of Skelton Grange, Yorkshire.

18. At 42, Macvicar Place, Mr James Dowell, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, East Thistle-street, to Isabella, only daughter of Mr James Browning, merchant.

— At Greenock, George Noble, Esq. to Gella, only daughter of the late Andrew Donald, Esq. of Virginia, North America.

20. At Cairnsmore, the Rev. David Wilson, minister of Stranraer, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Peter Stewart, Esq. of Cairnsmore.

23. At Paisley, William Mercer, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Maxwell, Esq. Paisley.

— At St George's Chapel, Edinburgh, Captain J. Thornton, H. P. 78th regiment, son of J. Thornton, Esq. of Kensington, to Miss Helen Small, daughter of the late John Small, Esq. of Overmains, Berwickshire.

24. In the British Chapel of Leghorn, John Christie, Esq. of Hodderdon, in the county of Hertford, to Caroline, eldest daughter of John Falconer, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General for Tuscany.

25. At Edinburgh, William Johnstone, Esq. 30, Northumberland-street, to Mrs Reidie, widow of Dr Reidie, physician, Brechin.

— At Edinburgh, William Herries Ker, Esq. to Magdaline, only daughter of the late Colonel William Riccart Hepburne of Riccarton.

30. At St James's Church, Sir William Johnstone Hope, M. P. one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to the Right Honourable Maria, Countess of Athlone, sister to Sir Robert Eden, Bart. of Windlestone, in the county of Durham.

— At Edinburgh, Mr R. Scott Thompson, druggist, Prince's Street, to Isabella M. Cowan, eldest daughter of Mr William Cowan, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Dover, James Walker, Esq. of Dover, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Major James Murray Grant, of the Barrack Department.

Lately. In Maitland Street, William Fraser, Esq. of Madras, to Mrs Mary Turner, daughter of the late Captain William Bruce, of the Honourable East India Company's service, Madras.

— At Windsor, Nova Scotia, John M'Kay, of Berry Hill, Sutherlandshire, Esq. Captain 27th regiment of foot, to Amelia Isabella, third daughter of the late Benjamin De Wolf, Esq. of that place.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Rait, merchant, there, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Watt, Esq. merchant, Montego Bay, Jamaica.

DEATHS.

March 11. At Madras, of the cholera morbus, Mr Robert Stevenson, a native of Kilmarnock.

19. At Dinapore, in India, Colonel Alexander M'Leod, C. B. commanding his Majesty's 59th regiment.

April. In Elchipore, in India, Mrs Ogilvie, wife of Captain Duncan Ogilvie, 2d regiment Madras native infantry, and daughter of the Rev. Dr Duncan, Ratho.

10. At Cochin, East Indies, George Browne, son of the late Rev. John Browne, Falkirk.

May 8. Near Calcutta, aged 68 years, Colonel Colin Mackenzie, C. B. of the Madras Engineers, Surveyor-General of India.

12. At Madras, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Dalrymple, C. B. of the Madras Artillery.

July 15. At his house in Stromness, John Louttit, Esq. of Banks, merchant in Stromness.

Aug. 12. At Demerary, universally regretted, Patrick Macintyre, Esq.

23. At Demerara, of the yellow fever, Lieutenant-Colonel Nooth, C. B. of the 21st Royal Scots Fusileers, eldest son of Dr Nooth of Bath.

Sept. 23. Robert, and on the 5th Oct. Janet, infant children of Mr H. P. Macleod, teacher of music, Caltonhill.

27. At Peebles, greatly regretted, the Rev. Thomas Leckie, 27 years minister of the associate congregation there.

28. At Sloan-street, London, Mrs Sherringham, youngest daughter of the late Captain Gamage, of the East India Company's service.

— At Cray, Catherine Anabella, eldest daughter of Major James Robertson, of Cray.

29. At her house, 22, Society, Miss Margaret Aikman, daughter of the late Mr James Aikman, House of Muir.

30. At Frankfort, Lady Charlotte Hill, eldest daughter of the Marchioness of Downshire.

Oct 1. At East Dairy, Richard Shirreff, Esq.

— At Bellaberta, in the county of Berwick, Miss Veronica Hogg, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Hogg, minister of Roxburgh, aged 63.

— At Leith Walk, after a severe illness of three days, Mr James Allison, sen. gardener there, in his 102d year.

— At Noranside, John Mill, Esq. of Noranside.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Vallance, merchant.

2. Mr William Currie Lawrie, surgeon.

— In the south of France, after a painful illness, George Maxwell, Esq. younger of Curruchan, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Galloway militia.

— At the manse of Morebattle, Alexander, son of the Rev. Walter Morrison.

— At Greenlaw House, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, Lady Gordon, much and justly regretted by all who knew her.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Robertson, relict of the late William Smellie, Esq. printer, secretary to the Royal Society of Scottish Antiquaries, author of the Philosophy of Natural History, translator of the works of M. de Buffon, &c.

— At Dublin, Mrs Anna Maria Ivess, wife of Mr James M. Graham, surgeon of the Fifeshire militia.

— At Thornhill (Perthshire), William M'Ewan, Esq. writer to the signet.

4. At her house, No. 45, North Frederick-street, Mrs Charles Mackenzie, widow of the late Charles Mackenzie, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Dunkeld, Mrs D. Landale, of Kirkaldy.

6. At Cunninghamhead, Niel Snodgrass, Esq. of Cunninghamhead, in the 82d year of his age.

9. At Glasgow, in the 19th year of his age, David, and on the 11th, in the 25th year of his age, William, sons of Mr David Hamilton, architect, Glasgow.

10. At Gillespie's Hospital, Mrs Margaret Miller, aged 95, one of the persons who were first admitted into that hospital.

— At her son-in-law's house, Mylee, Mrs Hislop.

11. Of an enlargement of the heart, Horatio Nelson Matcham, second son of General Matcham, Esq. and nephew to Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson of the Nile, and of the present Earl, aged 18.

— At Perth, Mr David Marshall, of Manchester, youngest son of William Marshall, Esq. Perth.

— At her father's house, James's Square, Joanna Craig, aged 17.

12. In Doctors Commons, Elizabeth, the wife of Mr Richard Hope, of Luxted, near Down, in Kent, in the 73d year of her age.

13. At Ormly, Caithness, Captain Donald Sinclair, late of the 30th regiment of foot.

— Maria Matilda, wife of S. F. T. Wilde, Esq. of Sergeant's Inn, barrister at law.

— At Belfast, Major Andrew Pattison, late of the 29th regiment of foot and 8th royal veteran battalion.

14. At Cult Manse, Elizabeth Hunter, wife of the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, minister of Cult.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Esther Yellowlees, wife of Mr John Yellowlees, coach-maker, Mound-Place.

15. At the Manse of Killearn, the Rev. James Graham, minister of that parish, in the 86th year of his age, and 54th of his ministry.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Gall, wife of Mr John Moffat, engraver.

— At her house, in George-street, Edinburgh, Miss Grace Suttie, eldest daughter of the late Sir George Suttie, Bart. of Balgone.

— At Edinburgh, James Hay, Esq. W. S.

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16. In Tralee, (Ireland,) aged 75, after a protracted illness, Jerry Sullivan, leaving property to the amount of L.20,000, which he bequeathed to the inhabitants of Tralee, to be added to the sums already subscribed by them, for the purpose of making a fund to defray the expences of a lawsuit, about to be carried on in the ensuing term, against the Denny family, to open the borough of that town; and the overplus, if any, to form the commencement of a sinking fund, to secure the future independence of the borough, by defraying the expenses of the popular candidate at any future contested election, and thereby encouraging talents and independence in the country; and in case the inhabitants should decline prosecuting such suit, then the said sum to be applied in support of the different public institutions of the town, to be distributed as the grand jury shall think fit. The history of this man's life is as extraordinary as his bequest:—In the early part of his career he was for many years an attorney's clerk, in which situation, by persevering industry and rigid economy, he amassed a considerable sum of money, and, considering himself independent, he resolved to become a man of business; he did not hesitate long in making a choice—he commenced the trade of a stock-broker, or "advantageous money-lender," and in a few years his success outran his most sanguine expectations. At his death he had *liens* on the estates of several of the grandees in his neighbourhood. For the last twenty years he was the "Collective wisdom," of the "western empire;" his house was, at nights, the resort of all the *knowing ones*; and, as he had no family, their nocturnal orgies were not interupted by any apprehensions of a certain lecture, or any anxiety for an offspring, whose provisions those revels might lessen.

— At Wakefield, Mrs Cleghorn of Stravithy.

17. At Saint Madoes, Perthshire, Mrs John Smith.

— At Graysmill, Slateford, Mr William Belfrage, aged 72.

18. Dr David Mackie, of Huntingdon, aged 67. His death was occasioned by a fall from his chaise a few days previously.

— At Uppat House, Sutherland, Margaret Lacom, third daughter of Mr John Shaw, of the Customs, aged 16.

19. At Paris, John Astley, Esq. proprietor of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, London, aged 54 years.

— At Borrowstounness, Courtenay P. Shairp, youngest son of William Shairp, Esq. collector of customs.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Marion Steele, eldest daughter of Mr John Steele, confectioner, justly and deeply regretted.

20. At Naples, the lady of James Dupre, of Wilton Park, Esq. and second daughter of the late Sir William Maxwell of Monteith, Bart.

— At Keilhead, John, son of the late Mr John Irving, aged 77. His death was caused by a slight contusion on the shin-bone, which, being neglected, caused a mortification, and terminated his existence in a few days.

— In his 85th year, Henry Burt, Esq. of Barns, Kinross-shire.

— At Paris, aged 85, the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Talleyrand de Perigord. His Eminence was created Cardinal and Archbishop of Paris in 1817. Born of an ancient family, he is said to have united the dignity of rank with Christian humility, and the gravity of the Prelate with the purity of the priestly character.

20. At George's Square, Miss Eleanor Rutherfurd, daughter of the late John Rutherfurd, Esq. of Edgerston.

— At Dryiaw, Mrs Ramsay, widow of the late William Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton.

21. Miss Isabella Helen Sangster, only daughter of the late Mr John Sangster, Widewall, Orkney.

— At Edinburgh, Nathaniel Isbister, nephew of Mr Thomas Isbister, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Craigrothie, in Fife, Mr David Martin, road-surveyor.

21. At Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age, John Ewen, Esq. With the exception of various sums left to the public charities of Aberdeen, he has bequeathed the bulk of his property, (perhaps £15,000 or £16,000,) to the magistrates and clergy of Montrose, for the purpose of founding an hospital, similar to Gordon's Hospital of Aberdeen, for the maintenance and education of boys.

23. At Edinburgh, aged 60 years, Miss Margaret Clephane, relict of Mr Thomas Ker, late of Burntisland.

24. At Knowhead, Mrs Whittet, relict of John Whittet, Esq. of Paterhill.

25. At Bridge Road, Lambeth, Sophia, wife of David Allan, Esq. Deputy-Commissariat-General to his Majesty's forces, and of Portobello, near Edinburgh.

— In Queen Ann-street, London, Admiral Sir William Young, G. C. B. and Vice-Admiral of Great Britain.

26. At her mother's house, Dairy Mills, in the 22d year of her age, Mrs Torrance, widow of Mr Torrance, Hanover-street, and second daughter of the late Andrew Veitch, Esq.

27. Mary, daughter of Mr William Dunlop, Merchant-street.

— At Dalguise-house, Perthshire, Charles Steuart, of Dalguise, Esq.

28. At Millbank, Edinburgh, James Neilson, Esq. of Millbank, in the 69th year of his age.

29. Miss Colquhoun of Camstraddan.

— At Perth, Robert, youngest son of Mr R. H. Moncrieff, writer.

— At London, Cassander Agnes, Lady Hamilton, widow of Sir J. Hamilton, Bart.

31. At Croom's Hill, Blackheath, Mrs Campbell, wife of Colonel Campbell.

Lately. On his voyage home from India, Captain Robert Sanderson, of his Majesty's 98th regiment.

— At Nancy, in Lorraine, aged 87, Miss Jean Rollo, daughter of the deceased James Rollo, Esq. of Pow-house.

— At Dublin, Alderman Warner. He had been out taking the air in his jaunting car, when, finding a sudden numbness coming over him, he returned home, and shortly afterwards expired of a paralytic stroke.

— At Newport, Isle of Wight, aged 92, Samuel Bailey. This individual by excessive parsimony, amassed upwards of L.10,000, yet his appearance was always that of a beggar; and his manner of living was equally wretched. He has left a widow and four sons, between whom he has divided his property.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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&c. &c. &c.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LVIII. DECEMBER, 1821. Vol. X.

CHRISTMAS CHIT-CHAT.

1.

Farewell to Autumn, and her yellow bowers,
  Her waning skies, and fields of sallow hue;
Farewell, ye perishing and perish'd flowers;
  Ye shall revive, when vernal skies are blue.
But now the tempest-cloud of Winter lowers,
  Frosts are severe, and snow-flakes not a few;
Lifting their leafless boughs against the breeze,
Forlorn appear the melancholy trees.

2.

But deem not thou, that, like the shy Astræa,
  Joy has forsaken quite the realms of earth;
Upon the smooth swept ice, in bright array, a
  Trim jovial band of curlers shout in mirth;
And skaiters, in fur-bonnets, can display a
  Thousand fine attitudes, in which the dearth
Of sunshine is by exercise supplied,
Wheeling in splendid curve from side to side.

3.

Yet, we opine with Wordsworth and with Scott,
  That of the olden days we lack the heart;
The merry time of Christmas now is not
  As it hath been; why let old saws depart
For modern instances? For not a jot,
  Although we are call'd to play another part,
Superior to our sires are we their sons;
We think so, and we speak the truth at once.

4.

The ancient times were jovial times—at dine
  The table groan'd, the wine-cup circled free;
The ancient times were warlike times, divine
  With the bright glow of love and chivalry;
The ancient times were loyal times, decline
  Hath fallen on men—for such are scarcely we;
Heartless and grumbling, paltry plodders on,
With heads of adamant, and hearts of stone.

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5.

All are not such—but such the mass—a few
  Wear in their soul the spirit of their sires,
Keep honour, like their Polar star, in view,
  And triumph o'er all grovelling desires;
Not narrow minds, that griping paths pursue,
  But high heroic daring such admires,
The bright expansive soul, the generous mind,
That spurns at self, to dignify mankind.

6.

Come—this will never do—we are fearing much
  Our muse is getting too severe and critical;
But one can't help being querulous, when such
  Dull notions, and such maxims Jacobitical,
(We want a rhyme, and therefore use a crutch,)
  Are in the land, they shall not be prophetical
Of Britain's downfall; for, as seasons suit,
We are quite prepared to grub them by the root.

7.

Before our work came forth to cheer mankind,
  Society was wrapt in chaos dark;
Truth was to man like sunshine to the blind,
  Who, erring, wander'd far beside the mark;
The weak were toss'd like chaff before the wind,
  While the strong shudder'd, borne in shallow bark,
Through Time's tumultuous and troubled sea,
On to the whirlpools of eternity!

8.

Know ye the cause of this strange miracle?
  A Serpent had the power to charm the land;
In dark unnoticed cavern did it dwell,
  Yet with weird might, and fascination bland,
It drew the pilgrim to its inner cell,
  And there transform'd his heart, unnerved his hand;
The crested back was azure, and its head
Yellow as saffron, flowering in the mead.

9.

Sharp were its eyes, and flippant was its speech;
  Watching—detaining—and deluding all;
Making them tools of mischief; prone to teach
  Sophistries dark, and plans chimerical;
Deeming itself above destruction's reach,
  It grew and prosper'd, waxing strong and tall,
Till from the thick black wood a Panther came,
With claws of sharpness, and with eyes of flame.

10.

A moment on each other did they gaze,
  Measuring, belike, the quantum of their power:
The Serpent, fold on fold, itself did raise,
  Lancing its tongue, and threatening to devour.
But the bold Panther nought of fear betrays,
  Before its enemy disdains to cower,
And forward strode, with white fangs grinning wide,
Lashing, with supple tail, its speckled side.

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11.

Round him, with lightning haste, the Serpent wound,
  Coil after coil its length, with strangling might;
But, unsubdued, the Panther, turning round,
  The yielding texture of his throat did bite;
And, slowly disentangling, to the ground
  Fold after fold he fell, exhausted quite;
Living, but lingering ever near Death's portal,
For men have seen—will see—the bite is mortal.

12.

Then, in the forest, save the Panther, none
  Durst walk, or cower'd before his steps of beauty;
For beast and bird he ruled o'er every one,
  Conducting them, or forcing to their duty;
Many in love were to his empire won,
  And those who question'd his proud strength were mute; ye
Who yet at distance hide your heads, and bay,
Death is your doom, and on no distant day.

13.

This is an allegory; if we chose,
  We could decipher it with perfect ease;
Some will see through it clearly; but to those,
  Who stupidly suppose the moon green cheese,
For half a minute, by the ear or nose
  We'll hold them, and explain it—if they please;
For, as a bard, we think the practice eligible,
Even on minutest points to be intelligible.

14.

Imprimis then, the wily Serpent strong,
  Means nothing but the Edinburgh Review,
Which scatter'd venom through the nation long,
  Striving Religion's gold links to undo;
Doing to Liberty and Reason wrong,
  Praising the rabble herd, and scoffing crew;
And, in the days of danger, doubt, and death,
Darkening, with borrow'd shade, our nation's path.

15.

Now for the Panther;—what was it, you say?
  Why nought but this, the peerless Magazine,
Which scatter'd, like a wind, these doubts away,
  And cloudless left old Britain's sun to shine
O'er realms where Freedom holds perennial sway,
  Where man is brave, and woman half divine.
Back to your dens, ye prowlers of the night,
Salve o'er your festering sores, and shun the light!

16.

For nobly hath the victory been won,
  And proudly hath our country's blood been shed;
And History will tell, from sire to son,
  The tale of those, who triumph'd, or who bled:—
Where now on earth its match or rival?—None!
  Shame to ye, then, base hearts, ignobly wed
To the low thought of noble Britain thrust
From her high throne, and trampled in the dust.

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17.

Wherein, ye Sophists, can stability,
  Can fixedness of power on earth be found,
Save in the land of moral Liberty,
  Save in the land with true Religion crown'd;
Where heart and hand, with an eternal tie,
  Are to these rights as to an anchor bound;
Yea! who esteem it no debasing thing
To worship God, and venerate their King.

18.

Then rant ye on, ye restless demagogues,
  Cobbetts, and Cartwrights, Woolers, Hunts, and Hones,
In concert chaunt, ye music-marring frogs,
  With your compatriots, Preston and Gale Jones;
Throw right and law like physic to the dogs,
  Worship Tom Paine, and hawk about his bones;
To gain your purpose every sinew strain,
And bring us jovial Chaos back again!

19.

England! indeed it is a fearful time,
  And dark unhallow'd spirits are abroad;
Thee to engulph in misery and crime,
  With shackles of deep guilt thy hands to load!—
Say, art not thou the land, where the sublime
  Milton did live, the land which Shakespeare trod?
And, so incurable is thy disease,
That thou must yield to miscreants such as these?

20.

That thou must yield to miscreants, void of all
  Honour, and moral faith, and hope divine!—
Stoop but to these, and dread no farther fall;
  The unfathom'd gulph of guilt will then be thine.
Shame to thee, Byron, that, in mental thrall,
  With such as these thy spirit can combine;—
Oh woeful plight! that thy resplendent name,
Born for thy country's boast, should prove her shame!!

21.

For thou wert form'd to soar, and not to sink;
  To picture all of wonderful and rare;
Quaff purest crystal at Castalia's brink;
  Gaze on creation's charms, and paint them fair.
But strong and untamed passion bade thee shrink
  From summer suns, and to the dark repair,
Where Night sits dismal on her throne of storms,
And spectres flit around, and beckoning forms.

22.

For fiery, fearless, passionate wert thou,
  Giving thy heart and soul to pleasant dreaming;
And musing on the sunlight, when heaven's brow
  Was dark with thunder clouds, and torrents streaming;
Then did'st thou turn disgusted, and avow
  That thou wert fall'n—wert lost beyond redeeming,
And, that thy star, by clouds so dark to view,
Was compass'd, that no ray could twinkle through.

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23.

Thy mind was form'd to seek the beau-ideal;
  Was form'd for beauty, love, and admiration;
Hoped earth was paradise, and found the real,
  Grief, anguish, pain, and baffled expectation;
'Twas thine the miserable fate, to see all
  Thy youthful prospects end in deep vexation;
Doubt then within thy bosom found receptacle;
A downright Whig, upon all subjects sceptical.—

24.

Enough—enough—we will change at once our theme.—
  Reader, we give you fatherly monition;—
The weather now is raw; and we don't deem
  That being colded is a safe condition
For either man or horse.—We do esteem
  (List to our words, we hate all repetition,)
For coughs and colds, that bathing of the feet,
And water-gruel, is prescription meet.

25.

If 'tis severer, lose a little blood;
  (Vide the axiom of Hippocrates.)
'Tis curious, that the men before the Flood,
  (Antediluvians,) little knew disease;
If they were form'd of clay, we are surely mud,
  For through death's pop-gun we are shot like pease;
In spite of ready nostrums vended daily,
Men are shut up in death—or the Old Bailey.

26.

Readers! in other words, Society!
  Time passeth on, and never cometh back;
Know then, if clouds o'erhang the mental sky,
  Or if the natural sky with clouds be black,
Your remedy doth at your elbow lie,—
  Open the page of Maga, be not slack,
And, in a jiffy, Care's low clouds will run,
Like morning mists before the rising sun.

27.

We are not too much given to partiality,
  And yet we say, (yes! all the world may hear us,)
We think our Magazine, in grave reality,
  The best the world e'er witness'd, none come near us;
Whether in wisdom, wit, conviviality,
  Learning, or humour, Britain cannot peer us;
So says America, and Hindostan
Reads none but North—he is their only man.

28.

Oh! for a draught of genuine inspiration,
  That I, in fitting strains, might chaunt thy praise,
Thou peerless Magazine, and bid the nation
  A monumental pillar to thee raise,
(Something resembling Melville's in elevation,
  Which now gigantic o'er the New Town sways;)
Where is the man refuse to build that stack would?
(Subscriptions may be left with Mr Blackwood.)

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29.

Look but to any other periodical,—
  What are the most of them but spoonies shallow,
Toiling for fame with pains the most methodical,
  Still in the mire of impotence they wallow;
We have tried it oft, nor do we deem it odd at all,
  That they our cast-off papers gladly swallow;
Without a change in verb, or noun, or particle,
We have seen such printed for a leading article.

30.

There is the Monthly frothing o'er, and swelling,
  With the bombast of Sir Pythagoras,
The knight who thinks his cabbage leaves excelling
  Roast beef, and glorious Newton a mere ass;
Within his leaves the eye is ever dwelling,
  (We wonder that such stuff can ever pass!)
On notes from Constant Readers, ditties soft,
Stuff algebraical, and Capel Lofft.

31.

Then the New Monthly in its pomp appears,
  But weak, weak, weak—the thing will never do;—
"Essay on Hats," and "Chapter on Long Ears,"
  "Sonnets," "The State of Learning in Peru,"
"Verses on Seeing a Lady Bathed in Tears;"—
  Oh, gentle Campbell! what a thick-skull'd crew
Art thou combined with!—it must surely grieve,
To have such ninnies pinn'd upon your sleeve.

32.

For thine is noble verse, and purest thought,
  And taste that seldom errs; thy glowing muse
From the bright rainbow has her colours caught;
  And into life's recesses can infuse
A soft romantic tinge, with beauty fraught;
  And Nature, on thy page, is bright with dews
Of earliest morning, while the hills and streams
Seem what bewitch'd us in our youthful dreams.

33.

Enough of this: then, monthly hobbling out,
  Comes, propt on staff, our ancient friend Sylvanus
Urban; we swear that only dread of gout,
  Worthy old fellow, doth at home detain us
From paying thee a visit; though, no doubt,
  Hobbing and nobbing much, do yet remain us;—
Long may'st thou, rare one, meet the public view,
With ruffles starch'd, toupee, and powder'd queue;

34.

For thou art sound and healthy at the core,
  And England's pure blood circles in thy veins;
Thou turn'st a deaf ear to the rabble roar,
  And faith and loyalty with thee remains;
Though not profound, thou hast good sense, and more
  Than such as bring forth mice from mountain pains;—
Keep yourself warm,—for sure you can't be reckon'd
Young, who wert born in reign of George the Second.

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35.

Then there's thy jumbled stew of goodish, baddish,
  Taylor and Hessy, monthly boiling up;
The Lion's toothless; Elia looketh saddish,
  Like an old spinster o'er her seventh cup;—
Poor Leigh, whom Izzard physick'd with horse-radish,
  And Bill, on lettuces who loves to sup,
Join with John Clare, and Janus, apt to stutter,
So Bentham says, his mouth's so full of butter.

36.

Well, let them fume away, and let them pass
  Onward, and downward, to oblivion's shades,
Quick as the phantom shapes of Banquo's glass,—
  Of modern literature the true Jack Cades;
Though pert and beauish-like they be, alas!
  Precise, and pinion'd, like a Knave of Spades—
With laughter horse-like, and with goose-quills nimble—
Each head is empty as a tinkling cymbal.

37.

Go to the deuce all others!—but the day
  Shall come not I forget thee, Maggie Scott,
Although in anger thou hast thrown away
  Thy blue, and ta'en a grass-green petticoat;
Decent old woman!—lovely in decay
  Art thou;—though toothless, we forget thee not;
We loved thee in our youth, and ne'er another
Shall steal our hearts from thee, good grandmother.

38.

Yet we must own (*sub rosa*) that a nap
  We sometimes take amid thy prosing stories;
With palsied head, that shakes beneath its cap,
  Thou tell'st us of thy youth, and youthful glories,—
How many gallant hearts thou did'st entrap,
  And how they all did rant and write in chorus;—
Forbid it, goodness, that we stain our page
With hits against the infirmities of age!

39.

Who would find fault with garrulous old age?—
  It is a thing to nature's failing common;
On thee let no harsh critic vent his rage,—
  The action would be wanton and inhuman;
Although (we speak aside upon the stage)
  We doubt you much resemble Duffle's woman—
The weak, weak woman, wearyful, who spoke
  All night and day, as regular as a clock;

40.

Who gabb'd, and gazed, and clatter'd without end,
  Though in the intellects as weak as water;
Good-natured, but to common sense no friend,
  Making of words interminable slaughter:
Oh! Maggie, do not so our ear-drums rend,
  You'll deave us all, each mother's son and daughter;
The boon is vain, she vows to table down
More stuff, if folks would proffer half-a-crown.

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41.

Children, the year hath waned away; a new
  Opens before us; we are as a pack
Which Time the pedlar, kindly to a few,
  And sour to thousands, carries on his back;
On as he jostles, daily, you may view
  Some on death's dunghill downward falling whack,
And others ——but we never saw our match!
We are always trolling at some dismal catch.

42.

Well, we intend—our guerdon be our word—
  This year to shoulder crutch, and do our best;
All other periodicals absurd
  Shall look, when out we sally primely dress'd
In Wisdom's great-coat, richly caped and furr'd,—
  In Learning's small-clothes, and in Humour's vest,
With Eloquence's flour-puff powder'd grand,
And Criticism's stiff rattan in our hand.

43.

Already Europe bows before our nod,
  And echoes back our dicta: India, too,
(Land by the umber-colour'd Bramin trod,)
  And wide America keeps monthly view
Of us, and loves us dearly; it is odd
  That even we please the democratic crew,
Who read, and wish us down to Tartarus hot;—
We are also relish'd by the Hottentot!

44.

But one thing we have omitted; we are sorry,
  That when the northern squadron last set sail,
We did not send out lots, by Captain Parry,
  Of Magazines, to civilize the whale,—
The Greenlanders we mean: We now must tarry
  Till the spring vessels scud before the gale;
For 'tis a crime laid at the door of Kit,
That these bleak realms in darkness still do sit.

45.

Farewell!—a word that hath been, and must be—
  Beloved friends, the best of friends must part;
Monthly to all our newest news shall flee,
  With comments on life's dim and mazy chart.—
As long as blows the wind, or heaves the sea,
  At least as long as life-blood warms the heart,
Believe, oh! gentle reader, among men,
You have no friend, sincerer than

C. N.

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VANDERBRUMMER: OR, THE SPINOSIST.

VANDERBRUMMER was a student at Leyden, where he had come to acquire the medical art. He was sober and retired in his habits. Being fond of reading, he often extended his inquiries beyond what pertained to his own department. Metaphysics also drew his attention, and led him to study the ancient writers. But he found them not according to his liking, for he thought them either too cold and definitive, or too devotedly contemplative of the beautiful, and neglectful of human affections. His mind, from the beginning, had inclined most towards thought concerning substantive existence, and he often wished to lose all differences of feeling, in the notion of an universal community of being, and relationship with nature. This filled his mind with a sort of absolute tenderness, but with no admiration for the beautiful, and with no aspiring wish; for he delighted to think his moving spirit was internally of the same feeling with the weeds which grew under his window, or the water which stagnated in the neighbouring pool. While his mind was forming these notions for itself, the writings of Spinoza fell into his hands, and shewed him how an endeavour might be made to prove, by logical deduction, what he wished habitually to feel.

But his medical courses being completed, the time came for him to return home to his father, a thriving merchant in Amsterdam. This was not displeasing to Vanderbrummer; for, before coming to Leyden, he had been deeply attached to a young lady in his native city; and his love remained undiminished, and was cherished by him with every probability of success. Therefore, when the term for his departure was at hand, he cheerfully packed up his books, and bestirred his mind in expectation of exchanging the college modes of life, for the dissimilar habits of a physician practising his art in a town. At this time, he received a letter from his father, directing him not to return to Amsterdam, but first to go to England, Scotland, and France, for farther insight into his profession.

Vanderbrummer prepared to obey this order. But, one evening before he left Leyden, he gave a small entertainment in his apartment to two other students. One of them was a German named Kroetzer, a man given to the study of the ancient languages and philosophy. The other, whose name was Laet, was educating for a Dutch clergyman. Their conversation turned on the separation of friends and associates, and how it might be regarded by persons of different constitutions or opinions. Vanderbrummer, taking his two companions by the hands, said, "Although I esteem you both, I feel something at leaving you; I am convinced in opinion that such throbbings come altogether from delusive appearances; for nature is one, and whenever, in future, I meet with an affectionate honest clergyman, I meet again with the very being of Laet, the same that now speaks to me, though appearing in another place, and in a different form; and also, whenever I meet with a man of pure intellect, I find again the rest of Kroetzer meeting me there."

Laet replied,—"Now this is bringing in metaphysics where I would scarcely have expected them; but I do not, on that account, question the truth of your feelings towards me. I never can think of any one of my friends but as remaining always in his individual self; nor can I take any other person for his essence, which, to my feelings, is always his and no other's."

Vanderbrummer replied,—"Ah, Laet, I see you will not take the whole of nature as cautioner for its parts."

Here Kroetzer observed,—"Your doctrine, Vanderbrummer, sounds like an abstraction, but, in truth, is the very reverse. For, when you say that you expect to meet elsewhere with what is here in Laet, you do not speak of similarity of kind, but universality of essence."

To which Vanderbrummer answered,—"Yes, and what I seek after is the feeling of that universality amidst its differences of appearances. But, I fear that Laet, when he has once got settled for life in some country place, or on some milk and cheese giving pasture, will forget any thing general that he has learnt here, and will see nature only in the form of his house, of his wife and children, or his church steeple."

To which Laet replied,—"Estima-

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ble is learning, and beyond all price is religion, but dear is true attachment. And if I, as clergyman, were to know and be personally concerned for all of my flock, would not that be enough?"

"No," said Vanderbrummer. "Not although you knew the name and concerns of every person in Holland; for, so long as you see nature in the form of individuals, you are as far as ever from what I seek to feel."

Kroetzer then said,—"I dissent from both of your opinions. For my mind desires most to feel relations which it may always be able to find again, the same as before, since that gives fortitude, confidence and certainty. Therefore, I neither would wish, like Laet, merely to be placed in a situation for enjoying always the neighbourhood of the same individuals, and the same things; nor, on the other hand, would I hope to find contentment by endeavouring to recognise in all nature a fluctuating universality. In parting with friends, I think that some regrets of human tenderness are not out of place; but wherever we go, or whoever may be left behind, the love of truth need suffer no change, it being the same everywhere." Such was the general tenor of their conversation with Vanderbrummer, with whom they remained till a late hour.

Next morning, the Student went to take leave of the different Professors whom he knew, and came past the house of the Professor of Mathematics, who had become blind, and was partly superannuated. He was sitting at his door, smoking in a wheeled chair; and on hearing footsteps, he said, "Salve fili, quorsum vadis?" Vanderbrummer answered, "In Angliam." The Professor, thinking he was going into some of the courts of the college, replied, "In angulum? Immo in quadrangulum, vel aream publicam, et forum doctrinæ dixisses." Vanderbrummer answered, "Minus acute audiveras. Non in angulum, sed in Britanniæ partem dicebam." The tendency of Vanderbrummer's opinions was known in the college, and the Professor, who hated them, recognising the Student by his voice, said, "Vah! Brummerium ex voce. Tuarum sententiarum, fili, haud ignarus sum. Me non sordido auctore, credas, quod Spinosismum omnium angulorum imparissimum invenies. Ranas, etiam, in aqua paludum, sese lavantes, Spinosisticas putarem. Et sonos qui, Belgicum concentum, inter nationes, appellari solent, tibi magis gratos crediderim quam verissima harmonia. Si omnia communis substantiæ sint nihil diutius abominandum, vile, aut immundum erit." Vanderbrummer said, with some bitterness, "Quæ non munda sunt, mundana tamen erint." The Professor answered, "Apage hæc turpissima, et scientiæ maxime contraria." The Student went away without making any reply; and, every thing being ready for his departure, he soon left Leyden.

Vanderbrummer felt mingled sensations of pleasure and regret when he stepped on board the vessel which was to convey him to England. He had not as yet crossed any part of the ocean in the course of his travels, and to the idea of a sea voyage he attached that of a total separation from his native country. Formerly, in travelling through Holland, he had daily met with objects which awakened associations connected with home; and he had found that the chain of local affections which bound him to the place of his birth, extended itself, and acquired additional links in proportion as he moved forwards, and receded from the spot where it commenced. But, on his losing sight of land, its continuity seemed to be suddenly broken, for the heaving expanse of ocean around presented no objects that could restore those ideas to which it had hitherto owed its existence.

The weather was gloomy and boisterous, and Vanderbrummer soon became sea-sick. Every thing then appeared hateful and distorted, and he thought with contempt and aversion on the pursuits he had formerly delighted in. All his opinions seemed erroneous and unfounded; and he began to despise himself and his fellow-creatures, as beings who were incapable of resisting causes of pain, and unable to evade the degrading influence of adventitious circumstances. Before he landed in England, a fit of sea-sickness had given him a sort of insight into his own mind, which he did not previously possess, and with which he would gladly have dispensed..

However, on shore, a good dinner and a comfortable night's rest revived his spirits, and he spent the ensuing day in strolling round the small seaport town where he had disembarked,

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and in forming plans for the future. His father had supplied him liberally with money and letters of credit, and he resolved to take advantage of his bounty, and live and travel in whatever style he happened to find most agreeable.

Vanderbrummer, on turning over his letters of introduction, found one addressed to Dr L——, a medical man, who resided about twenty miles from the coast. He determined to visit him immediately, and therefore took a place in a mail-coach that passed through his place of destination. It was about six in the evening when Vanderbrummer reached the Doctor's house, which was situated in the outskirts of a small town. A servant ushered him into an apartment, fitted up like a study, and Dr L—— soon entered, wiping his mouth with a table napkin, and said, "What do you want?" Vanderbrummer made no reply, but presented his letter of introduction, which the former having read, he cried, "Oh, I beg your pardon—I had no idea who you were—I'm so tormented with consultations—I rejoice to see you—I'm afraid you have dined—I hope you havn't."—"Yes," replied Vanderbrummer, "I had dinner on the road, and supposed that meal would have been over with you before I reached this."—"Then," said the Doctor, "you shall go into the drawing-room, and I'll send up my daughter Caroline to entertain you."

A servant now conducted Vanderbrummer into an elegant apartment, where he was soon joined by Miss L——, with whom he conversed till her father and mother came to them. Dr L—— was a short, stout, corpulent man, bold and assuming in his manners, and impatient of contradiction, though very liberal in using it towards others. He delighted to keep his wife and daughter under controul, and was anxious to convince every one that he was completely master of his own house. He had once practised in the village near which he now resided, but having acquired a competency, he had given up business, that he might live at his ease, and be at leisure to decry the labours and characters of his professional brethren.

When the evening was pretty far advanced, a servant announced supper. The supper-table presented, among other things, a dish of pastry, which Mrs L—— had no sooner cast her eyes upon, than she exclaimed to the servant in attendance, "Thomas! Thomas! what have you been about? why did you bring this here?—carry it away before the Doctor comes down stairs." Thomas did as he was ordered; and Mrs L——, turning to Vanderbrummer, said, "You will be at a loss to understand the meaning of all this. The truth is, my husband has the greatest aversion to all sorts of pastry—we dare not present it when he is at home. He is very particular in his notions about diet."—"What is this I hear about diet?" cried the Doctor, entering the room abruptly—"Mr Vanderbrummer, you may fearlessly sit down at my table, for I never allow any article to be placed upon it that is of an injurious nature. My wife and daughter would have had us all dead long ago, had not I interfered. I don't exactly know how you live in Holland, Mr Vanderbrummer, but I believe you deal chiefly in oleaginous substances—these I rather disapprove of; but when you see my countrymen hurrying on towards premature death, by making their stomachs a receptacle for deletereous substances of all kinds, you will begin to understand my feelings, and also sympathize with me."

At a late hour, the party separated for the night. The window of Vanderbrummer's room overlooked a rich shrubbery, through which a rivulet glided with gentle murmurings; a level expanse of cultivated country stretched all around to the horizon; and the white cottages scattered upon its surface gleamed unassumingly in the moonshine, which was bright, but at the same time mellow. There was no appearance of animation, except when a light happened to gleam for a moment through the windows of some of the rural abodes that diversified the prospect. Vanderbrummer sat down to meditate, and recurred to his favourite metaphysical notions, but could not help feeling a degradation in believing that the lowest, stupidest, and basest individuals were entirely of the same stuff as himself; for hitherto he had not been displeased to own an alliance with inanimate nature. His retired life at Leyden had prevented him from witnessing instances of human ignorance, grossness, and depravity. He remained at the window nearly an hour, and finding it impossible to sol-

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his doubts for the time, he retired to sleep.

Next morning after breakfast, Dr L—— led Vanderbrummer through his garden and grounds, and endeavoured to shew that he was happier and more comfortable than any other being in the world. He was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, who requested him to visit a dying person at a cottage not far off. The Doctor, accompanied by Vanderbrummer, went to the house, where they saw a man stretched on a bed, in the last stage of a consumption. His family, friends, and relatives stood around him. A genteel looking young man paced backwards and forwards at one end of the room, and returned a contemptuous glance to the consequential nod which was directed to him by Dr L——, who, seizing the patient's arm, held it for a few moments, and then dropped it carelessly, and shook his head. The people looked at him with an expression of anxious inquiry, but he turned towards a table, and began to examine some medicines that lay upon it. A cry from the attendants soon announced that the sick man was no more. This was the first time Vanderbrummer had witnessed death, and it seemed to him different from what he had believed it to be. As he gazed on the corpse, he felt sensations of horror, uneasiness, and gloomy fear, which he could not account for. Dr L—— touched him on the shoulder, and told him it was time to return home.

Their walk was rather an unsocial one, for Vanderbrummer allowed his companion to support the conversation himself, his mind being entirely engrossed by what he had recently witnessed. Dr L—— informed him that he had for some time past been making experiments to shew how small a quantity of nutriment was sufficient for the support of the animal economy; and that he had discovered a way of supplying the lower classes with food, at a cheap rate, during times of scarcity or famine. He then alluded to the substances in use as articles of diet among various nations, and mentioned some northern savages, who lived upon moss and the bark of pine-trees. He concluded by asserting that such productions would form very good substitutes for bread and animal food in this country, when occasion required, as he hoped to prove at dinner that same day.

Accordingly, when they sat down at table, Vanderbrummer was presented with some soup made from the sawings of beech timber, which had been first baked three several times in an oven, and then boiled fourteen hours and a half over a gentle fire. Doctor L—— stated that a dog had been fed upon the soup during three days, without any loss of flesh, strength, or spirits. He then directed the attention of his guest to a pudding, which consisted of powdered ox bones, and a small proportion of plum-tree gum, declaring, at the same time, that it was highly nutritious, and even agreeable to the taste. "All articles are equally nourishing, and equally convertible into chyle," said Doctor L——. "Some are indeed more quickly so than others, and this has given rise to the prevailing mistake respecting diet.—This turkey, and the knife that cuts it, are both equally calculated to afford nourishment to the human frame; but the flesh of the turkey will do so a few hours after it is swallowed; while, on the other hand, the knife would require to remain in the stomach several years before it could be of use in a similar way." On hearing this, Vanderbrummer said, "Allow me to remark, that your practice seems inconsistent with your theory. If all substances are equally capable of affording nourishment to the human frame, why have you such an aversion to pastry?" This led to a dispute concerning diet. Vanderbrummer combated the Doctor's assertions and arguments with such success, that the latter lost temper, and began to abuse Dutch people and Dutch physicians. Vanderbrummer at first bore these attacks with patience; however, Nature soon asserted her rights, in spite of him,—he retorted upon the Doctor, and such reciprocations ensued, that he found it necessary to take leave of his entertainer early in the evening.

He went to the neighbouring village, with the intention of immediately proceeding on his tour, but found that he could not obtain any means of conveyance till the following morning. He therefore secured accommodations at the tavern, and then sauntered out, and entered a small bookseller's shop on the opposite side of

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the street. Here he met with the young man whom he had previously seen at the cottage, and found him to be of the medical profession. Vanderbrummer informed him, that his chief object in coming to England was to inquire into the state of medicine and medical practice there. "You will learn little that is to our credit," said his companion, whose name was Winter; "medical science is at a low ebb in this country. There is no such thing as theory now. When any dispute occurs, a man instantly refers you to his practice. When any of his prescriptions appear to produce good effects, he instantly sets them down as being suitable in all similar cases, and administers them accordingly, often to the cost and destruction of the patient, without knowing how, why, wherefore, or whether they are right or wrong. Dr L—— is one of the practitioners I have endeavoured to describe. Thank Heaven, I cannot be classed with them. I never was in an hospital in my life, yet I flatter myself I know more of medicine than hundreds of those who have the charge of such establishments."—"Theory is valuable," replied Vanderbrummer, "when a man is capable of applying it to practice. May I ask where you were educated?"—"At Edinburgh, sir," answered Winter. "There the science of medicine is taught in all its purity. I would strongly advise you to visit that city; you will find the medical students every way superior to what they are any where else."

Vanderbrummer now took leave of Mr Winter, but while walking back to the tavern, reflected upon what he had heard, and determined to go to Edinburgh. He accordingly engaged a place in the mail-coach that same night, and went off next morning.

After reaching Edinburgh, his first business was to deliver his letters of introduction, most of which were addressed to medical men. A young physician, named Dr Practic, volunteered his services in shewing him the University, and conducting him to the different Lecture-rooms.

During a visit to one of these, Vanderbrummer was a good deal astonished at the levity of deportment which the students exhibited, and which was a strong contrast to the solemnity and sedateness that characterized the same class of persons at Leyden. They beat and shuffled with their feet, threw pieces of paper at each other, and leaped over the benches, while waiting for the entrance of the Professor. When he did appear, a general hiss took place. Vanderbrummer was horror-struck, and inquired of his companion what it meant. "Oh, this is nothing remarkable," replied Dr Practic. "They are offended at the Professor because he yesterday gave notice that he intended lecturing on Saturday, in order to enable him to complete his course within the prescribed time. The students conceive this plan to be an encroachment upon their hours of recreation, and express their resentment in the manner you have just witnessed." However, the tumult soon subsided, the Professor commenced his lecture, and his auditors drew out their paper books, to take such notes as they could. After the lapse of an hour, Vanderbrummer was startled by a loud ringing. All the students sprung from their seats by one impulse, clapped on their hats, run along the benches, and rushed out tumultuously towards the class-room door, near which they became so closely wedged, that no one could move faster than another; while occasional groans, screams, and exclamations, proved that some individuals were threatened with suffocation. "Dreadful! dreadful!" cried Vanderbrummer; "what can have happened. Is the building on fire?"—"No, no," returned Dr Practic, laughing, "don't be alarmed. Professor ——'s lecture commences at this hour, and the students are hurrying out, that they may secure front seats in his class-room." The two friends waited till the door-way became tolerably clear, and then went out. While passing through the area in front of the College, they observed a crowd of young men tumultuously encircling some one, and stretching out their arms as if they were aiming blows at him. He appeared to be driven from side to side, and forced to stagger along at the will of those who surrounded him, while he spoke at intervals in a tone of entreaty, which his persecutors entirely disregarded. "Incredible!" exclaimed Vanderbrummer; "are such inhuman assaults permitted within the courts of the University? What has the man been guilty of? Will no one step forward to his assistance?" Dr

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Practic laughed again, and then told him, that the person for whom he felt so much concern, was a street porter in the act of distributing hand-bills among the students who encompassed him.

In the evening, Dr Practic carried Vanderbrummer to a meeting of the members of the Royal Medical Society, that he might shew him the state of medical disputation in Edinburgh. There were about ninety persons present, and the President sat in a sort of pulpit, holding a hammer in his hand. He proceeded to read an Essay that had been written by one of the members of the Society. Having finished it, he said he would be happy to hear observations upon the subject from any gentleman in the room. A dead silence ensued, and continued nearly half an hour. He then flourished his hammer, and cried, "I will be *particularly* happy to hear some observations upon this important subject." A tall young man then stood up, and having requested the indulgence of his auditors, proceeded, with a strong Irish accent, to criticize the production that had just been read. Several of his fellow members soon rose from their seats, and advanced to a table where a number of visitors' tickets lay, and each taking one, they returned to their places; they next pulled out their pencils, and Vanderbrummer saw that they were preparing to take notes of what the speaker said. A long debate ensued, but those who engaged in it, generally wandered from the subject; while the President was evidently too ignorant to perceive this, or to correct them when they did so. All that was advanced by the disputants on either side of the question, had evidently been gleaned from books; and he who remembered most, enjoyed the reputation of speaking best. Vanderbrummer soon became tired of hearing plagiarisms, absurdities, and commonplace remarks, and left the Hall, accompanied by Dr Practic, who joined him in ridiculing the assembly in which they had spent the evening. "I am indeed a member of the institution," said the latter, "but became so that I might have the use of its library." He had scarcely made this remark when a confused thundering noise struck their ears; and, next moment, twenty or thirty young men rushed impetuously past them.—"What can this mean?" cried Vanderbrummer; "I wish we had stopped one of them to inquire."—"He would not have answered you," returned Dr Practic. "These are members of the Medical Society. You must know, that, at the conclusion of the debate, the secretary calls over the names of all who ought to attend its meetings, and any one who is not present to answer is fined a sixpence. Those who lately passed us have been out amusing themselves. They now hurry back to the Hall, that they may be in time to save their sixpences."—"I would rather pay many sixpences," said Vanderbrummer, "than again pass such a wearisome evening as this has been."—"All who can afford to do so will agree with you," returned his friend.

Next day was Saturday. In the forenoon, Dr Practic and Vanderbrummer walked along Prince's Street, and there met a young man genteelly dressed. He immediately entered into conversation with Dr Practic, and said, "I saw you at the Hall last night—What an excellent debate we had!—Chair well filled—many new theories started. Your friend must become one of us—He shall have my interest."—"He is much obliged to you," returned Dr Practic; "but I believe he, at present, has no intention of soliciting for admission into the Medical Society."—"Indeed! why that's strange," cried the young man. "He must have heard of us abroad,—we made one of the most celebrated Dutch physicians an honorary member, and I wish you had seen his letter of thanks,—he was very grateful for the honour;—but, good bye.—Will you and Mr Vanderbrummer sup with me on Monday night?" Dr Practic had a previous engagement, but Vanderbrummer accepted the invitation. "Behold a specimen of an Edinburgh medical student," said Dr Practic, when their acquaintance had left them. "He is miserably poor, but vain and assuming. While attending the classes during five days of the week, he dresses so shabbily that I am ashamed to speak to him; but this day being Saturday, he has got on his holiday clothes, and thinks himself a man of fashion. He now struts along the public walks, and courts the observation of every one.

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On Monday he will not be met with, except in back lanes and retired streets. I suspect he did not attend Professor ——'s lecture this forenoon, for the fear of getting dust upon his new pantaloons. I'm glad you accepted his invitation, for I'm sure you'll have some amusement at his lodgings."

On Monday evening, at the appointed time, Vanderbrummer set out for Mr Walnut's lodgings, and reached them after ascending half a dozen flights of dark stairs. The house-door was opened by an old woman, who ushered him into a small apartment, where he found Walnut sitting alone, reading the fourth volume of Peregrine Pickle. He had thrown off his coat from motives of economy, but apologized to his guest for having done so, and immediately put it on again. A violin with three strings hung in one corner of the room, and one number of Neil Gow's strathspeys lay upon a small side-table. Vanderbrummer began to speak of medical subjects, and inquired what theory of life was then most prevalent among Scotch physicians.—"To tell you the truth," replied Walnut, "I know nothing about the matter.—I expect to learn all these things from my *grinder*.—I haven't read ten pages about medicine these six weeks past.—I have even ceased taking notes.—Confound the classes! —I wish the session were over!" Vanderbrummer was hesitating what reply he should make to these declarations, when his ears were assailed by a singular noise which seemed to take place in the stair, out of doors. A tumult of voices echoed through its recesses, and regular concussions proved that something was rolling down the steps. Presently two young men entered the room, and began to explain the cause of the disturbance, which was in consequence of their having, when near the top of the stair, come into collision with a servant girl who was carrying two pitchers of water. The three individuals had fallen above each other, and received the contents of the pitchers upon their clothes, and had got broken shins into the bargain. Walnut affected to commiserate the condition of his guests, but all the while made signs expressive of derision, to Vanderbrummer.

Supper being soon brought in, little conversation took place till it was removed. Vanderbrummer expected to hear some professional or scientific discussion; but his companions had no relish for any thing of the kind. They made their studies a subject of merriment—boasted of their medical ignorance—ridiculed the Professors—mentioned how often they slept during lecture,—and censured many of the most eminent practitioners in the city. They at last became so noisy, and riotous, and disagreeable, that Vanderbrummer took leave of them and went home. Next morning he received a letter informing him that a change had taken place in his father's circumstances. He was desired immediately to return home, and, therefore, had suddenly to leave Edinburgh, and embark, at Leith, in a vessel bound for Amsterdam.

On arriving at Amsterdam, he found affairs even worse than he had expected. Total ruin had come upon the mercantile company in which his father was the chief partner; and the old man had been so much chagrined at this reverse of fortune, as to be seized with a lethargy or stupefaction, terminating in an illness of which he died. Vanderbrummer had lost his mother many years before, and only a few distant relations remained to him in Amsterdam. They condoled with him, and assisted him in gathering together whatever little remnants could be found of his father's property. These were sufficient to preserve him from want. But a different kind of grief seized the student on another account; for he had not in any degree forgotten his early attachment; but no longer stood in the same favourable circumstances for a suitor as at first. He visited the lady, and found that change which he expected. Although deeply wounded, he could not help admiring the propriety of her behaviour, and that compliance with the vicissitudes of the world which sits better upon women than upon men, since the female sex ought to be more in bondage to society. When he was shewn down stairs, he found, at the door, a carriage, from whence came a gallant and gaily dressed Frenchman, and passed Vanderbrummer with a look of perfect suavity. This was a more fortunate wooer going up to visit the young lady.

The friends of Vanderbrummer pity-

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ing him for the circumstances of his lot, advised him to retire from Amsterdam for some time, and to seek for a quiet residence in the country, where he would be more able to recover the equilibrium of his feelings. He, approving of their suggestion, sought for a place at a considerable distance from town, and hired a lodging in a small farm-house. Hither he conveyed his books, with his seldom-used case of instruments, and a few medicines, which he meant to afford gratis if any illness should occur among the country people.

When settled in this place he recurred to his college habits of life. For, having no other thing to do, he was induced to occupy his time with study, which led him again into metaphysical thought. His mind became again interested in the old chain of argument which had formerly pleased him at Leyden.

SEA-SHORE REFLECTIONS AT SUN-SET.

Thou, mighty ocean, whom I now behold
Kissing, with murmur bland, thy shores of gold;
Often, at eve, as thus the vernal day
Closes its eye, and melts in peace away,
I love beside thy broad expanse to walk,
And hold with Meditation silent talk.

Fresh blew the matin breeze; and cloud on cloud
Veil'd the blue heavens with melancholy shroud;
Moaned the deep woods, as shower succeeding shower,
Bedim'd the glory of the noontide hour;
And, on thy breast, the bark was seen to brave
With difficult repulse the crested wave;
While, borne with fleet wing to its rocky home,
The wailing sea-bird shot athwart the foam,
And left to winds, and waves, and pelting rains,
The solitary shore, and joyless plains.

But now the breeze is calm'd; o'er cloudless skies,
The crimson Day smiles forth before he dies;
The vallies lie in peace—and, on the hill,
Spreading their leafy arms, the woods are still.
From budding copse the blackbird's mellow lay,
With a deep tone far inland melts away;
And, yet remoter far, the cattle's low—
Mayhap from flowery meads returning slow;
Hush'd is the landscape—still as still can be,
As if the eve held silent jubilee!

Why then, when Nature's pulse subsides to rest,
Sleep not the passions of the human breast?
Why does the throbbing sense of inward pain
Oppress the heart, or shoot athwart the brain?
Do Misery's clouds, with melancholy roll,
Float o'er, and shade the regions of the soul;
And visions crush'd, and hopes that wan'd to nought,
Disturb the spirit, and oppress the thought?

O! fragile man—thou pageant of a day,
Whose painted splendours dim, and die away;
Thou thing, whose grasping aspirations soar
To realms, where glory reigns for evermore;
But findest, yearning with a downcast soul,
Thy tiny means unfit to reach the goal.
Still in thy sight the rays of beauty flash,
Sublime thou listenest to the torrent's dash—

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Pantest in dreams, still foil'd, and still renew'd
For perfect bliss, and unsubstantial good;—
Till, finding hope a visionary gleam,
A rainbow light, the splendour of a dream,
Friendship a tie, that, prone a while to bless,
Yields to the wizard touch of selfishness;
And earth a home, where vice and sorrow meet,
The realm of shame, the palace of deceit—
Man views his brightest prospects melt in air,
Yields up his sinking bosom to despair;
And as he turns from earth with loathing eyes,
Proclaims that all is vanity—and dies!

Yet droop not thou, my soul, but turn thine eye
Beyond this earth, that perishable sky,
And when the clouds come o'er thee dark and deep,
And melting sorrow veils her face to weep—
Let the celestial glow of upper spheres,
Gild with reflected light thine earthly years.

So, when the noon of life in toil and care
Hath pass'd, its evening may be soft and fair;
All thoughts unholy banish'd from the breast,
And every ill that presses, lull'd to rest—
Bright then, as July sunset, shall decay
The earth-born spark, and with as pure a ray,
Till vanishing on earth's extremest skies
It sets, in other worlds renew'd to rise!

Δ

THE PRIMROSE.

I saw it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower—
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarl'd root, to roof the cave,
With Gothic fret-work sprung,
Whence jewell'd-fern,* and arum leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,
From an old tree's fall'n shell,
A little rill, that clipt about
The Lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,
She seem'd to sit and look
On her own maiden loveliness,
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew
Beside my pensive maid;
She dwelt alone, a cloister'd nun,
In solitude and shade.

No sun-beam on that fairy pool
Darted its dazzling light;
Only, methought, some clear cold star
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there—
No eye, methought, but mine,
Or the young lambs that came to drink,
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness to me
In such belief—cold eyes
That slight dear Nature's loveliness
Profane her mysteries.

Long time I look'd and linger'd there,
Absorb'd in still delight;
My spirits drank deep quietness
In with that quiet sight.

C.

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* The flowers of the *Osmunda Regalis*, or flowering-fern, are set like two rows of jewellery on the under sides of the leaves. This elegant plant blows in July and August, and is generally found on or about the holes and twisted roots of old trees.

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SPECIMENS OF A FREE AND EASY TRANSLATION,

In which HORACE *is done (for) into English, and adapted to the Taste of the Present Generation.*

PRELIMINARY LETTER.—*Private.*

DEAR NORTH,

I AM sorry to learn, by your last, that you have had such a severe twitch this time; keep warm in Welch flannel, live soberly, and no more desperate attempts with the Eau Medicinale d'-Husson. It will be no farce, I assure you, if the gout fly bolt into your stomach, like a Congreve rocket into the ditto of a whale, and carry you off in the twinkling of a walking-stick. Then there would be wiping of eyes and blowing of noses; crape, weepers, and long cravats, throughout the land. Then there would be a breaking up of the glorious divan. Wastle would leave his High Street lodgings, and retire to his "airy citadel;" Morris would sell his shandrydan, and keep house at Aberystwith for life; Kempferhausen would pack up for Allemagne; Eremus would commence grinder to the embryo divines at Aberdeen; The Odontist would forswear poetry, take a large farm, and study Malthus on Population; Delta would take parson's orders; Paddy from Cork would fall into "a green and yellow melancholy," toss the remaining cantos of his epic to Beelzebub, and button his coat behind; Mullion would sell butter and eggs at his provision-warehouse, Grassmarket, and sedulously look forward to the provostship; while poor Odoherty (alas, poor Yorick!) would send his luggage to Dunleary harbour, and away to the fighting trade in South America. Then would there be a trumpeting and tantararaing among the Whigs,—"Quassha ma boo! our masters are no more!" would be echoed by every lip among them; and then, but not till then, with some shadow of hope might they look forward to their holding the reins of government, though, after all, most of them, if they did not hold well by the mane, would fall off the steed's back into the mire, they are such shocking bad riders; while the Radicals would press forward, and tread on their ribs in turn; Glasgow weavers would spin ropes to hang up whoever was obnoxious to them; Sheffield cutlers would grind razors to cut throats; and the Ribbonmen of Erin, and all "the ragged, royal race of Tara," would look forward to seats in the Cabinet. Then, indeed, would there be a complete revolution in Church and State; churchmen would be cut shorter by the head, the national debt washed out with a dishclout, and taxes abolished; and then, instead of election being fettered, and parliaments septennial, there would be universal suffrage, and no parliaments at all. Then would the Saturnian age return to bless the world; then would Lucifer hawk about his golden pippins, and find abundant sale for them; then would all property be common, and pickpockets left without a trade; while no person would have any thing to do—at least, any right to do any thing, except smoking his pipe, draining his mug, and snoring in his hammock.

My dear North, take care of the damp weather, and I warrant, that for many a long year to come, you shall keep death and the doctor at complete defiance—behold the cause of true freedom and loyalty prospering around you—and, were it not that you are a bachelor, rejoice in the caresses of your children's children.

From you, my revered friend, I shall descend to a humbler topic, "one on which," to use the words of Byron, "all are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable—self."

1stly, With regard to health, I find myself as well as I wish all others to be. My sprained ancle is now quite convalescent, poor thing; and, by persevering in rubbing a tea-spoonful of opodeldoc upon it every morning, it will soon be as strong as a bedpost. I occasionally take a Seidlitz powder to keep my stomach in order; for, depend upon it, the stomach of a literary man is almost of as much consequence as his head. Talking of the top-piece, I have an occasional headach; that is to say, after being too late out at night; but which I effectually remove and rectify by a bottle of soda water—our friend Jennings' if possible; for it excels all others, as much as his poetry the common run of verses, and stands, in relaion to every other compound of

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the kind, in the same degree of excellence and superiority, as Day and Martin's patent blacking to that made with soot, saliva, and small beer.

2dly, With respect to my intellectual pursuits. Pray, what makes you so earnest to learn what a retired and obscure man like me is about, and whose poor contributions to literature are but a drop in the bucket, compared with what you every day receive from the bright luminaries of the age? But I value your partiality as I ought; and, though I am to these as a farthing candle to a six-in-the-pound, you generously dip my wick in your own turpentine, to make it blaze brighter.

I blush scarlet, (God bless the army, and their coats of scarlet!) when I confess, on my knees (by the bye, there is no need of kneeling, when you cannot see me,) that I have been for some time notoriously idle. Salamanca is such a noble beast, that I could not resist taking him out to the hounds; (I have won the brush thrice) and then, partridges were so plenty, I said it would waste little powder and shot daily to fill and replenish my bag;—and then, there was sometimes cricket in the morning—and loo in the afternoon—and blows-out at night, and all that. *Horresco referens.* I have been shamefully idle; but I am determined to stick to it like rosin this winter; and, hang me if I do not astonish the natives; I shall make some of them gaze up to the clouds in wonder, and others to shake in their shoes. In the interim, I enclose specimens of a new, free, and easy translation—I should say, imitation, of Horace. I have got finished with the Odes, and am busy with the Satires, writing at the rate of four hundred lines a-day. Let me know, when convenient, what you think of them;—make a church and a mill of them afterwards;—give my best respects to Mr Blackwood, when you see him; and believe me, while I have breath in my nostrils,

Your's devoutly,
MORGAN ODOHERTY.

Dublin, 2d Dec. 1821.

HORACE, BOOK FIRST.

ODE I.

Ad Maecenatem. — *To Christopher North, Esq.*

Maecenas, atavis edite regibus,
O et praesidium et dulce decus meum!

HAIL! Christopher, my patron, dear,
Descended from your grandfather;
To thee, my bosom friend, I fly,
Brass buckler of Odoherty!

Sunt, quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos, evehit ad deos:

Some are, who all their hours consume
With well-train'd horse, and sweated groom,—
Who, if the Doncaster they gain,
Or, coming first, with lighten'd rein,
At the St Leger, bear away
Elate the honors of the day,
Pull up their collars to their ears,
And think themselves amid the spheres.
Such art thou, Lambton, Kelburne, Pierse,
And more than I can name in verse.

Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus:

Another tries, with furious speech,
The bottoms of the mob to reach;—
Here on the hustings stands Burdett,
With trope and start their zeal to whet;
While jackall Hobhouse, sure to tire on
Tracking alway the steps of Byron,
Stands at his arm, with words of nectar
Determined to out-hector Hector.—
Preston, with rosin on his beard,
Starts up, determined to be heard,
And swears destruction to the bones
Of those who will not hear Gale Jones:
While Leigh Hunt, in the Examiner,
About them tries to make a stir,
And says, (who doubts him?) men like these
Shame Tully and Demosthenes.—

Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros,

A third, like Sir John Sinclair, tries
To hold the harrow to the skies;
And thinks there is no nobler work,
Than scattering manure with the fork,

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	Except (as Mr Coke prefers,)
	To catch the sheep, and ply the shears:
Attalicis conditionibus	Although you'd give, in guineas round,
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria	A plum, (*i. e.* one hundred thousand pound,)
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.	You could not get these men, I know,
	Aboard the Northern ships to go,—
	Through frozen latitudes to stroll,
	And see if ice surrounds the pole;—
	They wish success to Captain Parry,
	But yet, at home would rather tarry.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum	In slippers red, before the fire,
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi	With negus to his heart's desire,
Laudat rara sui: mox reficit rates	The merchant sits; he winks and snores,—
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.	The north wind in the chimney roars;
	Waking, he bawls aloud—"Od rot 'em,
	"I fear my ships are at the bottom!—
	"The crews are trifles to be sure,
	"But then the cargos a'n't secure:
	"'Change will be changed for me tomorrow,—
	"Alack! for poverty and sorrow!"
Est, qui nec veteris pocula Massici,	Men are—I know them—let that pass,
Nec partem solido demere de die,	(Who crack a joke, and love a glass)
Spernit	Whether, like Falstaff, it be sack,
	Champaigne, Old Hock, or Frontiniac,
	Or Whisky-punch, which, jovial dog,
	Is true heart's-balsam to James Hogg;—
nunc viridi membra sub arbuto	Like Wordsworth, under pleasant trees,
Stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.	Some take delight to catch the breeze;
	Or lie amid the pastoral mountains,
	And listen to the bubbling fountains.
Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubae	Many in camps delight to hear
Permixtus sonitus,	The fife and bugle's music clear,
	While hautboy sweet, and kettle-drum,
	Upon the ear like thunder come.
bellaque, matribus	Though youngsters love a battle hot,
Detestata.	Their anxious mothers love it not;—
	While in the fray a son remains out,
	Some erring ball may knock his brains out.
Manet sub Jove frigido	O'er hedge and ditch, through field and thicket,
Venator, tenerae conjugis immemor;	With buck-skin breeches, and red jacket,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,	On spanking steed the huntsman flies,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.	Led by the deep-mouth'd stag-hounds' cries:
	Meanwhile his spouse, in lonely bed,
	Laments that she was ever wed;
	And, toss'd on wedlock's stormy billow,
	Like the M'Whirter, clasps her pillow,
	And sighs, while fondling it about,
	"Thou art my only child, I doubt!"
Me doctarum hederae praemia frontium	—For me a laurel crown, like that
Dis miscent superis;	Used for a band to Southey's hat,
	(Not such as Cockney Will abuses,
	And Leigh Hunt for a night-cap uses,)
	Would make me, amid wits, appear
	A Sampson, and a grenadier!
me gelidum nemus,	Then, many a nymph, with sparkling eye,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori	Would crowd around Odoherty;
Secernunt populo:	Swift at the tune, which Lady Morgan
	Would play upon the barrel organ;
	MacCraws, and all my second cousins,
	And light-heel'd blue-stockings by dozens,
	With nimble toe would touch the ground,
	And form a choral ring around.—
si neque tibias	Oh! that James Hogg, my chosen friend,
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia	His glowing fancy would me lend,
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.	His restless fancy, wandering still
	By lonely mount, and fairy rill!
	That Dr Scott, with forceps stout,
	Would draw my stumps of dulness out;

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Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Exalt my heart o'er churlish earth,
And fill me with his fun and mirth;
Then, Anak-like, 'mid men I'd stray,
Men, that like mice would throng my way,
Rise high o'er all terrestrial jars,
And singe my poll against the stars.

ODE FIFTH, BOOK FIRST.

Ad Pyrrham.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urguet odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis? heu! quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,
Sperat, nescius aurae
Fallacis! Miseri, quibus

Intentata nitet! Me, tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat, uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

To Molly M'Whirter.

WHAT Exquisite, tell me, besprinkled with civet,
With bergamot, and l'huile antique a la rose,
Now presses thee, Molly, (I scarce can believe it,)
To march to the Parson, and finish his woes?

For whom do you comb, brush, and fillet your tresses;—
Whoever he be has not sorrows to seek;
Thou daily shalt bring him a peck of distresses;
Then kick him, and kiss a new gallant next week.

He trusts that you'll love him, and doat on him ever,
And thinks you a goddess reserved for himself;
But, Molly, there's too much red blood in your liver,
And antlers shall soon grace the poor silly elf.

To some Johnny Raw thou wilt shine like a planet,
For lecturing Magnus has left thee behind;
And since I have escaped thee, (oh! blessings be on it,)
I will hang up an old coat in St Mary Wynd.

ODE NINTH, BOOK FIRST.

Ad Thallarchum.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvae laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thallarche! marum diota.

Permitte divis cetera; qui simul
Stravere ventos aequore fervido
Depraeliantes, nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et,
Quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone; nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et areae,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora:

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellae risus ab angulo,
Pignusque deceptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.

To Dr Scott.

LOOK out, and see old Arthur's Seat,
Dress'd in a perriwig of snow,
Cold sweeps the blast down Niddry Street,
And through the Netherbow.

Sharp frost, begone! haste send the maid,
With coals two shovels-full and more;
Fill up your rummers, why afraid,
And bolt the parlour door.—

Leave all to Fortune, Dr Scott,
Though tempests growl amid the trees,
While we have rum-punch smoking hot,
We sha'n't most likely freeze.

A fig about to-morrow's fare!
A twenty thousand prize, my buck,
(Nay, do not laugh,) may be my share,
Wont that be rare good luck?

Doctor, I'm sure you'll toast the fair;
Shame to the tongue would say me nay;
You'll toast them, till the very hair
Of your peruke turn grey.

St Giles's spire with snow is white,
And every roof seems overgrown;
Sharp winds that come, at fall of night,
Down High Street closes moan;

There, battering police officers,
Hark! how the mad jades curse and ban,
While Polly cuffs some spoonie's ears,
And cries, "Sir, I'm your man!"—

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ON THE PROBABLE INFLUENCE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION ON THE CHARACTER AND SITUATION OF SEAMEN.

No. IV.

In tracing the consequences of that current of improvement which we noticed in our last Number, as at present fast setting the Navy to windward of its old habits and maxims, it is proper to observe, that most of them are already in progress, got under way, as by common signal, by the spirit of the times. We shall notice, therefore, under each head, both what is already done, and what we think likely to be yet achieved, by the springs actually now at work; but as, in arranging the subject, there is, properly speaking, no first or last point, we shall be guided in the classification chiefly by the relative importance of the parts, and their dependence on each other.

Thus determined, the first place is unquestionably due to the improved moral and religious education now in course of dissemination among all ranks in the navy, officers as well as men; and the progress of which is exemplified in a great many ways. In the years 1802-3, some little improvement in morals, or rather, perhaps, in manners, had already commenced; but as yet religion was unthought of, only a few line-of-battle ships being supplied with chaplains, such chiefly as had admirals' flags on board, or were commanded by pacing old captains, who loved the parade of a Sunday sermon. Their duty, when they were on board, was exclusively this sermon,* with perhaps an occasional visit to a sick or dying man in his birth; and any interference on their part beyond this, would have been taken very ill, if attempted. Nothing like schooling at the same time went on in the navy, except a few lessons in navigation given the young midshipmen, by a schoolmaster who messed with them, and whose appointments were so small, the place was scarcely ever filled by a man of real talent or education, or even by one whose habits were respectable when off duty. Sunday was either familiarly said 'to keep the excise limits, and never come over five fathoms water,'—or if noticed at all, was *honoured* by being exclusively devoted,—in the morning to a muster of the men in clean clothes, and reading the Articles of War,—in the afternoon to idleness, and, in some sort, dissipation. What became of the Bible Society's Bibles at this time, we do not profess to know; but even down to a very much later period, we never saw them in circulation. The scene is now different in a great many particulars,—not very much, it is true, as yet in morals, which always mend more slowly than opinions, but in those things which will improve them also, in their turn. Even during the war, almost every line-of-battle ship was supplied with a chaplain, and now even some frigates have them; they have been encouraged, besides, to qualify themselves to do the duty also of schoolmasters, by which means the young midshipmen have come to be considered as in some degree under their care in every thing; and their sphere of general duty has been equally extended. The ship's boys are in almost all cases formally instructed by them; their presence is beginning to be felt as a restraint on swearing, and other immoralities of a grosser and more seducing kind, which it was once

* The ringing-in bell to this was also a picture worth preserving.—"Aft to church there, away aft to church," shouted out a boatswain's mate, "d'ye hear there, on both sides the deck, away aft to church. I'm sure you have all special need to say your prayers, you need not be so slow about it." "And if they want it so much," might perhaps insinuate a privileged quarter-master, favourite messmate, or the poor fellow's own thoughts, "how do you stand yourself, Jack?"—"Me! God help me, I'm bad enough, that's certain; but it's my business to swear at these fellows, and they're enough sometimes to make me forswear father and mother, and turn Turk at once," &c. This last is a common phrase among seamen; and although we willingly spare our readers the expletives with which, on these and other similar occasions, whether as dialogue or soliloquy, it was doubtless garnished, we could not spare them the distinct perception of the objects contemplated in Divine service, and the vein of reverence for religion, and specially for Christianity, which a minute and indulgent, not precise, observer could always detect, at their worst, in sailors' conversation, and even jests.

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expected that they should at least overlook in others, if they did not themselves indulge in them; and the custom is rapidly extending, for them to visit the men both in sickness and health, and do something more than merely discharge the formal duties of their office in respect to them. In ships on board of which no chaplains are embarked, the difference is chiefly perceptible in the observance of Sunday, dissemination of the Scriptures, and instruction of the ship's boys; this last in a very considerable degree brought about by a regulation of the Admiralty, not originally destined to this purpose, but which provided that such of them as were not officers' servants, should be distributed and placed under the particular care of the chief petty officers in the ship, to be brought forward both as seamen and artificers, two-handed fellows, as they were called, instead of being left, as formerly, to glean instruction as they could, in the mizen top. This order was issued, if we recollect right, as early as 1809, and with the most marked good effects in every way. Service, however, and very frequently also a sermon, is, in almost all cases, read to the people by the captain, or one of the officers; a liberal allowance of Bibles and Tracts is to be found in every ship; the men are encouraged, and the boys constrained, to read in them, even the masters of these latter beginning to take an interest in their instruction, and very frequently recommending them, for this purpose, to the care of an old quarter-master or seaman of good character, with whom they oblige them to mess. And there is no doubt that this machinery will yet further improve, and be successful to a certain point, which we shall presently endeavour to mark, *because* it is not set in motion merely by the zeal of a few individuals, whose sphere of action, whatever their worth, must necessarily be limited, but is in exact accordance at once with the spirit of the times, and the wants of the service; and thus, as we have just seen in one instance, works in many points, in conjunction with, and assisted by, regulations and circumstances which have no immediate or necessary connexion with it. The *rationale* appears to be as follows:—

The great temporal purposes of religion in the abstract seem to be, first, to raise men's thoughts above this world, fixing them on the next, and thus giving them views, and motives, and principles of conduct above the vacillation of immediately surrounding circumstances; and, next, to serve thus as a cope-stone to society here, a cement, so to speak, by which its elements are kept together, and prevented from being dissipated at every breath of men's passion or caprice. It is very well worthy of observation, however, account for it how we may, that every modification of it, true and false alike, produces these effects almost equally well, so long as it is believed in; and for their sakes merely, therefore, the value of different religions seems to depend, not altogether, perhaps, but certainly very much more, on the progress of society, than on any abstract quality in any creed. For example, the religion of Homer's heroes had an infinitely deeper influence on their minds, than the very same mythology had on those of the poets and philosophers of the court of Augustus; it was, therefore, a better religion in the one case than the other, and was, accordingly, suffered, under Providence, to maintain itself until it lost this character; for it is sometimes strictly philosophical to reason from consequences. On the other hand, when Christianity was first introduced into the world, it was a great deal too good for its age; it seems to have been a portion of the plan of its Divine Author, that other times should be instructed, and present ones benefitted, by its corruption, for certainly but for this, neither should we now know the futility of theological controversy, nor could Christianity ever have become an universal religion,*—

* The point of the wedge behoved to be first driven, the name first bestowed, and, in the fulness of time, the substance was to follow. In modern times, as is well pointed out in a late Number of the Quarterly Review, Missionaries lose a great deal by not adverting to this progression, (which was better understood by the Jesuits); but in some cases, even their theory on the subject, which is strongly opposed to ours, gives way before their tact. We remember, in the last Church Missionary meeting in this city, that a story was told with great pleasure, of some of the Ceylon tribes, who had

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and it was corrupted accordingly. As society went back in the dark ages, it fell more and more, still keeping pace with the deterioration of the other, never a piece of new cloth patching up an old garment, but always in due harmony and proportion with every thing around it;—until at length, men began to awake from their slumber, after the revival of letters, when its gradual purification became necessary, that it might maintain its place in the world; and it has been gradually purified accordingly. And, in like manner, in consonance both with reason and prophecy, as civilization spreads, it will spread in name and in purity, doubtless; not faster, but a little slower:—even as it will be found, on examination, to have done in all times past, instruments having been raised up, and success given to them, or withheld, in exact accordance with the wants of the age and country in which they have appeared.

But sailors, within the last forty or fifty years, have come to want an improved religious education, very much for their own sakes, and within the last twenty, as we have seen, for their officers' sakes also; and they will thus surely get it. They are essentially and by profession, we have elsewhere observed, a devout race of men; and, in addition to the enumeration there given of the different avenues by which devotional feeling is calculated to reach their hearts, and which ascertains the *probable* accuracy of this remark on them, we may now observe further, that very many of their popular songs, their superstitions, some even of their vices, and a portion of their history, demonstrate it. Their habits of profane swearing, for example, were unquestionably in the beginning misguided and abominable, but yet devout imprecations; and it is even recorded of Columbus, and the fact is quoted by his son as a proof of his piety, that when irritated, his familiar oath was "God take you," and no more. But this etymology of a great many expressions of very different import, has been now long forgotten; in like manner, the zeal for reformation which Lord Clarendon states as, in his day, especially characterising the fleet, has some time merged in a mere traditional contempt for Popish and Heathenish rites and ceremonies; sailors no longer now desire to sail on a Sunday "that they may have the prayers of the church with them," nor scruple to sail on a Friday from immemorial custom, because it was once a Fast-day. Even the more modern of their songs have lost that devotional character which made almost psalms of their earlier ditties, and still gives a character to the music most in vogue with them; and, in a word, they were really growing very fast out of the *form* of religion altogether, however a vague feeling of it might still abide with them, an occasional comfort and support in danger, but scarcely ever a restraint on them; when circumstances were overruled to renew it in them, purified and improved; when the long arm of power, which, as far as this world is concerned, had kept them steady without it, was shortened, the conscience of some of their officers was roused, the prudence of others alarmed, and even general society, which meanwhile had got a long start, was called in to contribute to the entire effect.—All working together in the most beautiful manner for the benefit of these poor fellows, who otherwise seemed outcast, both of heaven and earth; and all calculated to be successful, *we think*, thus far.

All proper means of religious instruction and *communion* will, in this way, come, within no very distant period, to be extended to seamen on board of men-of-war, as already every external respect is paid by them to its observances; and these will, on the whole, have fully more effect on their minds, than on those of the average population on shore, although certainly some careless tempers will find aliment from the circumstances, generally unfavourable for this purpose, in which seamen must be placed. Profane swearing has already much gone out among them, and it will do so yet

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expressed an inclination to embrace Christianity, "because their own god had been unable to give them the victory over us;" and the motive is a very intelligible one, and a great deal may and ought to be made of it, and others similar. But the good clergyman who boasted of it, most certainly forgot his abstract argument when he quoted it; for it is but the name of Christianity, if even that, which could be received on it.

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more. The present generation will not part with their habits of sensual indulgence, to any material extent at least: it must be remembered that they are separated from their families, and constrained to certain long abstinencies by their situation; that besides this, early habit, and ignorance of better sources of enjoyment conspire to fetter them; and that thus circumstanced, not only is it sheer wildness to *expect* to turn them over in mature years, by any external impulse whatsoever, but the attempt has in sundry cases, in which it has been suggested by an indiscreet zeal, been attended with the very worst imaginable consequences. The rising generation will, however, be better taught; and disgust, together with some other assistances to be afterwards noticed, will so far aid conscience in their case, that we think it probable a most material change may thus in time be effected. On the other hand, however, we are persuaded that our men-of-war never can be made conventicles of, in any way: seamen will never be allowed to set themselves up as preachers or leaders of prayer in them; nor will the casuistries of religion ever become topics of deep or common conversation among them in such a scene. The impressions made in this way on some of them while idle on shore are mere delusions; indeed we have no hesitation in saying, that a number of the examples of this kind quoted in the reports of the Bethel Society, bear internal marks of downright imposture, the nautical imagery contained in them being either incorrect, or wire-drawn beyond the habits or taste of a genuine seaman. The truth is, however, that the spirit of the times, and much more the spirit of the place, are against such extremes in the case before us. There are no prayer-meetings any where else, however they are insisted on by the very zealous, for soldiers and sailors; there is too much good sense now afloat in the world to be drawn aside from the private feelings of devotion to its mere exhibition. In like manner there is little or no separation at present ashore, nor any great attachment to dogmas, unless either hereditary, or founded on a mere preference of one preacher to another: men walk too firm now to trip at the mole-hills over which their fathers stumbled,—they are too busy and too enlightened.—And although sailors have yet to pass through that state of society in which, while knowledge is in its infancy, these things are most to be apprehended, there are peculiar disabilities in their situation on board of men-of-war, which promise, we think, certainly to exempt them from them. They can have no choice of pastors at any time in such a scene:—did their habits of obedience and submission to those over them suffer them even to make the attempt, they never could be permitted there to raise their voice above that of those entrusted with their instruction and command,—not on any subject, but much less on this, in which, it not being an exact science, babbling may so easily pass current with the half-educated for wisdom. It is chiefly with a view to reinforce discipline that it is now brought before them at all;—(we mean in fact, not in theory; not is this the only example in the world of the servant being greater than his lord,—the means being more valuable than the end:)—and it will never be suffered to minister occasion for its breach. At least we think this; and deem, indeed, that already we see the homely sense which never deserts practical men, and which, under the name of tact, we have noticed as having carried naval officers in safety through the vicissitudes of past times, declaring itself among them against these extremes in the present.* And we are persuaded that did they appear more manifestly, it would yet more strongly express itself; although we think at the same time that there will never be much occasion for this, there are ingredients enow in the caldron to prevent, without its being necessary formally to suppress this effervescence.

The second effect already, in a de-

* At the last Naval and Military Bible Society meeting held here, a gallant officer, who bears on his person many marks of severe service, expressly said, that, in encouraging the society, he by no means wished sailors to be made, through its means, "too religious," &c The expression was blunt, and scantly fitted, perhaps, for the *general* audience to which it was addressed; but it was good sense, perhaps rather the more for that, as it was meant, and was so received by his brother officers.

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gree, brought about in the navy by the causes we have named, or rather by the progress of society, of which they may all be considered features, is the more extended general and professional education now also disseminating among its members, and of which we equally see the traces in its institutions. We have already adverted to the state of tuition on board ship in 1802-3; besides which, however, there was even then an establishment at Portsmouth, in the nature of a college, for a limited number of boys, chiefly officers' sons destined to follow their fathers' profession. But the root of the evil lay in the examination for lieutenants having become a mere form. It had once been strict, as to the practical branches of seamanship; these, however, were found, in time, so easy, that nobody was puzzled about them; theory was, as yet, neglected; on no branch of science was there, accordingly, any desire to excel; the ordinary level of information was low; and those who entered above it, in most cases speedily sank to its neighbourhood. Candidates to pass as lieutenants are now, however, subjected to two examinations—each in their way strict, on the theory and practice of their profession; the stimulus thus given is everywhere felt; and but one thing seems to us yet wanting to complete the effect, viz. the institution of an advanced college, such as is possessed in the army, which should be a certain avenue to distinction and promotion, but into which only decided talents and previous attainments should be able to enter.* Such an establishment would improve the service as much by the exertions made by unsuccessful as successful candidates; and we think that it will ultimately be given to it. Meanwhile, the scientific spirit of the age is doing a great deal in this way; and we ought to add, that already a class is formed for the special instruction of shipwrights in every branch of theory, even to hydraulics, connected with their department; this being among the many recent institutions in the navy, to the general spirit of which too much praise cannot be awarded.

The entire prospect thus held out, however, is not uninteresting, even as regards science itself; for, habits of application once formed among naval officers, will speedily diverge into many tracks not strictly professional; and the number of competent observers and investigators of Nature thus sent to every part of the world, will be incalculably increased. Its moral influence on the situation of sailors, and prospectively on their characters, is, however, most to our purpose. The tastes and pursuits thus given to the officers will, in time, descend, in a degree, to the people under their command: *their* time will be thus employed, their minds enlarged, their thoughts occupied, their pleasures varied and purified, and the whole tone of their character raised. And there is a collateral effect also calculated to be thus produced on their mere situation as seamen, not quite so obvious in theory as these, which yet is already shewing itself in no inconsiderable degree; and, like every genuine result of a real, not merely an apparent change of circumstances, is capable of being traced to several causes at a time. Hitherto, in the navy, or at least up to a very recent period, the spirit and activity of temper which are indispensible in the composition of a good officer, have had no fields of exertion, except either fighting, when it could be had, or very minute internal regulations. The consequence has been, that the state of order constituting efficiency, was, in a great many instances, particularly where the service engaged in was inactive, considerably overstated. Some officers whose tempers were mercurial, deservedly rating promptness of manœuvre very high, laid their watches on the binnacle-head, and demanded almost impossibilities of their people in this way. Others carried their notions of neatness to a similar excess, others those of uniformity, respect, &c.; and as failure was, in many cases, unavoidable, so punishment was certainly, in some, capricious and severe. Much of this, however, was stopped, as these last came to be progressively restrained; and when liberal information shall be generally disseminated through the navy, it will all terminate in the easiest and best manner possible for both parties. The superabundant en-

* Our readers will find a paper on this subject in our 4th Volume, p. 345.—C. N.

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engies of officers will have other fields on which to expand; and the intelligence of seamen will be raised, so as to understand the value of order, uniformity, promptness, and regulation, within their just limits. And thus, as the power to punish gets gradually more and more restricted, (for we do not believe this to have gained even yet its lowest point) the occasions of offence will be reduced in number; and it is only when the just balance between these is deranged, that any real inconvenience is sustained.

We now assume, that a system of discipline, founded on influence, and not merely coercion, will gradually modify those institutions in the navy which impede its march, as having been established on other principles; and will thus, in time, perfect its own machinery. It would do this, even supposing that we continued to work in the dark, as in times past; but much more will it effect it, as men's eyes open progressively to the real nature of the task in hand. And there is much to do, in this way, on minute points on which we cannot now condescend, because the navy, having been hitherto ruled chiefly by force, its institutions are either entirely remedial, or very arbitrarily and repulsively preventive. But there is one department of its regulations—that relating to the people's pay, which is worthy of special notice from its importance, and which will illustrate in some degree also, the nature of the remainder.

In all times past, even quite down to the present day, pay has, in the navy, been considered due only every six months; but when a ship is first commissioned, two months advance is issued, and subsequently, six months are always kept back. That is to say, at the end of the first year, four months more are paid, and ever afterwards, six months, as they successively fall due, *provided* the ship remains on the home station, and can be spared at each interval, from the service in which she is engaged, to repair to a port where there is a resident commissioner. The balance is ultimately settled only when the crew are paid off and dismissed. But if the ship goes abroad at any period of her service, not a farthing more is advanced till she returns, nor is any interest allowed on the arrears. And if no prize-money is made, the people must clothe themselves upon credit with the purser, and furnish themselves with pocket-money, which they will not want, by selling their clothes to Jews and pawnbrokers, at the certainty of being cheated by them, and in most ships until lately, of being punished besides, for the unavoidable offence.

The several pleas made for these regulations in times past have been; that it was wise to keep long arrears in hand, to secure against desertion; that Government gained very much by the use of so much money without interest, and by the numerous confiscations of parcels of it, when men did desert, notwithstanding their arrears; and that the people were much better without their money than with it, they only squandered it, and besides, *they had prize-money*. These pleas, however, it is plain, will not now all apply, admitting that they were founded on good policy formerly, which, at the same time, we partly deny. We scarcely think that a man was ever kept from deserting by his arrears merely; the motive is too distant a one for sailors, as they have been hitherto constituted. But in addition to this, such of them as still remain are notoriously unjust, and that, if our former reasoning be correct, is now a serious consideration. A labourer has a right to his hire; if he squanders it, it is his own; and if we wish him to do so, the certain way to succeed is to suffer him to take on goods to account, and be uncertain of the remaining balance; to feed his imagination thus, first, with a belief that it is greater than it is, and then, after all, to give it him, when, however reduced, it is a sum beyond his faculties, which our caution has prevented from expanding, to manage. Such a system might answer tolerably well—that is to say, its inconveniences may not have been very much felt, when it was possible to *punish* men for the irregularities into which they were thus betrayed; but it must become intolerable, as the rod progressively escapes from their officers' hands.—Or rather, as a matter of fact, such as we have described it, it has of late years become intolerable, and has received sundry modifications accordingly, and will receive yet more.

During the vigour of the old system, ships were currently kept abroad, under these circumstances, an inde-

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finite length of time: Sir Edward Hughes' fleet, in particular, may be said, many of them, to have lived and died in the East Indies, ten, twelve, and even fourteen years' wages being by no means an uncommon arrear at that time due to them. There was no system then either, enabling seamen to assign a portion of their current wages to their families at home; even pursers' charges for slops were not looked after as they should have been; tradition accuses them accordingly, we hope without foundation, of having given into many abuses; and, on the whole, it is certain that seamen then served, in many cases, merely for their clothes and prize-money—they died, or deserted, before returning home. The commissioned-officers were the only individuals exempted from these hardships; they drew their pay quarterly, then as now. Of late years, however, much of this has been reformed. No ship is ever more than three years abroad—men are allowed to assign half their current pay to their families—it is impossible for irregularity or imposition to creep into a purser's accounts without detection—slops are both very cheap and very good,—and the warrant-officers and mates draw for their pay quarterly, under the same testification by the captain, as the commissioned-officers.* But this will go further yet, and probably in the following gradation:—The resident commissioners abroad will first be authorized to pay seamen's wages, as well as those at home—the periods when these are considered due will be shortened—and ultimately the captain, and other signing officers, as they are called, of each ship, will be empowered, conjunctly, to draw for them, or for such portion of them as the men want, almost at any time. Books, of the nature of savings-bank books, will at the same time be opened, to account for the remainder, under the men's own eyes, and open to their familiar inspection. They will be enabled, without question, to draw every farthing, if they want it; and they will receive interest, on whatever they chuse to leave behind. They will thus feel their money to be their own, as though it were in their pockets—become familiarized with its possession; and the following are a few of the advantages which would be derived from such a change in their situation, which will be found to apply both to discipline and character, and to be both remedial and preventive.

Rating and disrating are new, and have long been, familiar rewards and punishments in the navy; but they are felt at present only as honour or disgrace, their consequences on emolument being so remote. Did these appear, however, at the conclusion of every monthly balancing, their effect, whether as stimulus or caution, would be increased many-fold.—To prevent the sale of clothes by seamen, a monthly inspection—in some ships it used to be even a weekly one—of their effects is constantly held, at the minute scrutiny of which the shy proud temperament, in particular of our north-country seamen, (the best in the world,) especially revolts; and it is their first ambition accordingly, when they become petty officers, to escape from it. In old times, officers did not care for their people's sulks—there were ways and means to bring them out of them, or carry through all; but they would mar completely the best possible system of influence; and the occasion in question for them would thus, in the way proposed, be altogether removed.—Again, the disposition of seamen to sell their clothes to raise the wind, is connected with some of the very worst circumstances in their situation, with regard to morals and good order; and this is the only way possible by which to overcome it, or even make it very reasonable to repress or punish it. It is one of several lures, (all growing

* It ought to gratify Scotchmen to be reminded, that a Scotch family, ennobled for this and other services, has had the high honour, and special good fortune, to preside at the Admiralty, father and son successively, almost the whole time that the improvements which we have endeavoured to trace have been in progress in the navy; and that its name is thus identified with them in the memory of every sailor. The truest political wisdom is to catch, in its infancy, the spirit of the age in which we live;—the highest political fortune is to be entrusted with its guidance; and to be able to bequeath the trust, as an inheritance, to a son, together with the maxims by which it was administered. This good fortune was the late Lord Melville's.

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out of the pay system which we have explained,) which make it a matter of course that sea-port towns should be the common resort of knavish brokers, who purchase seamen's tickets for long arrears, give them money on false assignments of pay, put a thousand falsehoods into their mouths, (of which, and the corresponding habits, they are not unfrequently themselves victims, it is true,) but which, when they come fresh from their mint, are designed to impose on the officers who take an interest in keeping their people out of their clutches; and finally, coax these to drink, and indulge in every similar excess, just on purpose to profit by their prodigality and distress. Sailors know very well that this is their character, and these their arts; and if they could touch their current pay, or even a part of it, as they wanted it, would never go near them. But they will not want money altogether; and, as matters stand now, they only make bad worse through this knowledge, by reconciling to their consciences accordingly, upon the approved principle of diamond cut diamond, every imposition which they can put upon them. And lastly, however small the arrears due to seamen at any time upon our plan, and its amount would always depend on themselves, it would in truth keep them from deserting a thousand times more certainly than any undefined and distant sum can possibly do. A sailor's balancing turns much more on present and future time, than greater or smaller emolument: "What's the use," says he, "of my hanging on here for this wage? I may be dead or ever I get it." And thus, although seamen seldom leave their ships with the intention of deserting, it is inconceivable how small a lure will sometimes spirit them away. The change in question, however, would first apply to their present character, and, as shall be afterwards noticed more at length, will ultimately modify it; and, we repeat it therefore, all these reasons together will certainly produce it in the long run. The rather, and we ought to notice this, that the mode of enabling seamen to touch a portion of their current pay abroad, by conniving at their selling their clothes taken up on credit, is now almost methodized in the service at any rate, in consequence of the circumstances in which it has been placed; and that thus all the objects contemplated by the present regulations are certainly defeated, and the only ones really gained are the plunder of the seamen by pawn-brokers, and *their* prosperity and multiplication.

The following anecdotes we subjoin, considering them important, as illustrating two points here insisted on; the one, the indifference of seamen, under ordinary circumstances, even to a very moderately distant pecuniary motive; and the other, their accessibility to it, notwithstanding their proverbial carelessness, when it is directly brought home to them;—they both occurred within our own observation. A seaman who was invalided on a foreign station, on his way home took a passage in the ship he had belonged to, from one port to another; but the vessel touching at an intermediate port on her way, he was permitted to go on shore with his comrades to take a walk. And he deserted,—that is to say, he got drunk, outstaid his time, was afraid to return, (the prospect of his money within a few months not even weighing down this,) and not appearing, was marked as "run," on the ship's books, the only way of disposing of him. Two years afterwards, however, when the shoe began to pinch, and he saw others getting their wages, while he was cut out of his, the same fellow walked 400 miles, from London to Edinburgh, and back again, to get his captain to speak for him that he might be forgiven; and as his case was certainly a peculiar one, and he never could have *meant* to desert, a representation was ultimately made to the Admiralty to this effect, and was successful. Again, a ship on the Halifax station, in 1815, received orders to proceed to Quebec, collect convoy, and return to England, with a tolerable certainty of being paid off. There was not a farthing among her crew, and accordingly, the officer who commanded her was familiarized with the system of clothes-selling, and allowed for it; but on the present occasion, on his way to Quebec, he acquainted his ship's company with their destination, and their near prospect, in consequence, of receiving their arrears. Meanwhile, he added, they should have leave as usual, and, he knew, would sell their clothes as usual; but

that those who wanted slops should, notwithstanding, have them, to the present diminution of their balance; and on coming out of port, he would make every man complete to two suits, to cross the Atlantic with, in further diminution of it, if it was necessary. The men could not resist the temptation of taking up some slops at the moment, that they might enjoy themselves while in port; but there they had leave till they would not go out of the ship even to take a walk, not one deserted, and on putting to sea, it was only necessary to issue four jackets among them all. Let us add, at the same time, with respect to their not deserting, that several of them had really no arrears at all, and were scarcely out of debt when they came home; these did not remain, therefore, from a pecuniary motive, but a much better one, a sense of obligation for sympathy with their feelings, and regard for their interests, peremptorily expressed, but cordially felt, and timeously extended. As it happens, there is nothing attaches sailors in their present state so much as this, and it retains their respect at the same time. In dealing with them, it is necessary to invert the old adage, and write, *fortiter in modo, sed suaviter in re*—using, perhaps, a strong invective, even while the action is benevolent, and the feeling most kind.* If they fancy themselves courted, like children, they cast all control behind them; but, like the same children, they are very sensible of real interest, although neither deceived by a soft nor a gruff voice; and when they feel themelves obliged, surrendering entirely to the *present* impulse, (it does not generally last long,) they will go through fire and water to indulge in it, and make personal sacrifices which calculators would never do. Only they will do just the same, as the whim moves them, in the opposite direction; and the strong bit which was once in their mouth being broken, we must ride them with the snaffle, and this spirit is therefore inconvenient. Their character, in one word more, is just Burke's character of Lord Chatham's last administration,—"a tesselated pavement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white, most beautiful to look at, but *now* utterly unsafe

* We do not mean here that it is ever absolutely *necessary* to swear on these occasions, although, no doubt, it is sometimes exceedingly convenient,—we only generally renew an argument on which we once before touched, that in a certain state of society men must be ruled peremptorily; and add, that in the same state, a bark does not offend their ears, and they are the better for being reminded by it, even when you are most kind to them, that a bite may follow, should they come to want it. There is no argument tempts us so much at all times as this,—we cannot bear to hear the old institutions of the navy sweepingly condemned, without a single reference to the change of times; and it most especially moved our spleen, only the other day, when we observed that the surviving relations of the late Admiral Burney could not even eulogize his memory without descending to this cant. People should have more sense than thus institute invidious comparisons, when they are in no degree called for, or conceive that they can only praise an individual by depreciating the profession to which he belonged. Admiral Burney was, unquestionably, an able and highly-gifted officer; every thing, in a word, which this eulogy, *abstractly*, calls him. What then? He early took to sea with him those literary accomplishments, the operation of which, in moderating the tone of discipline, we have already noticed. And, with them, he had a measure of the faults of the state of society to which he thus properly belonged. And be it said, with every proper respect to his memory, he would have been neither a worse man, nor a less eminent officer, had his failings been those rather of the age in which he lived.

To return to our argument, however, we may observe, that the *beau ideal* of a chief, in a rude people's fancy, is always a bluff speaker; and an anecdote occurs to us, tolerably in point, which seems to shew that this is not without reason. On the fatal morning of the charge on the American lines before New Orleans, on the 8th January, 1815, a brigade of black troops in the field hung back a few moments, half frozen, in truth, for the night had been very cold. An officer, thinking to encourage them, called out, "Come along, my brave fellows; come along!"—"Me no brave, massa, dis morning, me no hab rum," was the cool reply of one of their number; but which very naturally enraging the officer, changed his note; and, well rated, perhaps well cuffed, poor Mungo warmed forthwith to his task, and behaved well throughout the remainder of the affair.

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to stand on." We say *now*, for it once was otherwise; and as we write, the whole scene, like every thing else in this world, for which there is no longer a direct use, is shifting. It is not yet time to say all that occurs to us as we make the observation; nor to express the regret which, spite of ourselves, we feel, when we think that the romance of this character must pass away with its rudeness, and that what it gains in outward decency, perhaps in morals, perhaps in wisdom, it must lose in what are honestly worth them all,—generosity and feeling.

The next change in the situation of seamen on board of men-of-war, which we shall now notice as bringing about by the spirit of the age, relates to the limitation of their service. Formerly this was quite indefinite—once impressed, they were kept till worn out, and then dismissed without pension or allowance of any sort, unless they had the good fortune to be desperately wounded. Towards the close of the last war, however, those who had served twelve years, got their discharge, if they chose it; and, at the general dismissal, all retired pensioned according to their length of service above seven years. A sense of justice dictated these regulations: A sense of justice and policy mixed, will, we think, modify and improve them. We shall endeavour to state our own views on the subject.

The navy is not a profession by itself for seamen, it is only a branch, making a greater or less demand on the maritime population of the country, according to circumstances; and yet it is necessarily a very different school for sailors from the merchant service. So many men are required to work the guns of a man-of-war, the other duty on board her is comparatively lighter than in a merchantship; and habits of what are deemed in this last skulking, are thus speedily generated in her crew. But twelve years are too long to keep a man in such a service against his will, unless the country burdens itself with his entire future provision, which no scale of pension, hitherto proposed, at all pretends to; a seaman's pension, unlike the half-pay of an officer, being merely a contribution to his support, laying no restraint on him, debarring him from no means of ekeing out his livelihood, and being, therefore, calculated on a much more limited scale. We think, therefore, that in time, seven, or even five years, will come to be considered as entitling a man to his discharge; and a very reasonable tax such service will then be, considering that those who will pay it, will owe the prosperity and security which constitute their other means of existence, to the same navy which they will thus for a short period contribute to man.

On the other hand, however, such a system of pensions as was lately resorted to, was perhaps indispensible at the conclusion of a war like the last, in which we had forcibly detained the persons, and exhausted the manly vigour of a number of men, whom we could not, in common decency, abandon in the end without provision. Practically, however, it has its inconveniencies. Men enjoy their pensions only while out of the navy; if they rejoin a man-of-war, although their prolonged service gives them a claim to a higher rate of allowance when again dismissed, what they have at the moment, merges in their common pay, which has not, at the same time, been raised. It operates thus as a *bonus* against entering; and although we have not yet experienced much inconvenience from this, it has been in some degree felt, and on an emergency would be so yet more. Besides this, however, it in no material degree benefits the seamen, unless on occasion of such a temporary pressure on business as was lately experienced, when work was not to be had upon any terms. In ordinary circumstances, it merely enables merchants to lower the rate of their wages, for Jack asks no more than just to be able to live and work; and if his pension will keep his family, and give himself now and then a cruize ashore, he will go to sea for his *grub* (provisions,) rather than remain idle. In time, then, we think that this system will be thus far amended; pensions will be given even to those who have served the shortest time in the navy entitling them to their discharge, graduating, however, up to the longest; but they will be given to none until they retire, in old age or testified disability, from all active employment; when they will be made, in some degree, comfortable provisions for their entire support. The expence to the country of a sy

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tem like this, would not be more than it is now; were it substituted for the present bounty system, it would even be less—seamen do not usually live long. And we can conceive no higher light in which the navy of a country like ours could be placed, than that it should thus employ and protect the youthful industry of our maritime population, while it sustained the feebleness of their declining years;—on the condition only that a short period of their manhood shall be contributed to its own support.

We shall now state but one more change, which the springs thus at work in the navy and in the times, will yet produce, we think, in the situation of seamen with regard to it; which is, that thus the system of impressment will be virtually, if not formally, given up. While the fleet was ruled by force, it was *necessary* that it should be manned in like manner; and we repeat a sentiment, which we once before expressed on the same occasion—so beautiful is the structure of our nature, the wind was tempered to the lamb thus shorn, and sailors laughed and made jests on the one system, while they came to lean on the other as a guide. As coercion, however, ceases in the one case, and even its means are withdrawn, it *must* also cease in the other, for no man will be *influenced* to do his duty in a man-of-war, if the very scene is hateful to him, from a recollection of the violence, the anomalous violence, as it will then have become, which brought him there. The truth is, however, that when the whole system shall come to be matured and perfected—we shall not say, as we have attempted to sketch it, but as the elements of improvement, now at work, must make it in time, and which may be much better than we have divined—it will become a matter of competition for sailors to get into the navy, rather than a matter of dread. It will never be so to the present generation, we confess, but it will to others. They will be at all events well taught, well paid, kindly treated, not severely worked, and not *necessarily* long detained in it. Besides this, if we augur right, they will earn a provision for their declining years in it, greater or less, according to their perseverance, but always a comfortable addition to whatever they may amass besides. The power of ever afterwards going and coming on their avocations in perfect security from violence, will be connected in idea to them with a few years voluntary service in it; and this service will accordingly come to be considered by them all as a necessary debt, well over when discharged. They will enter young accordingly, *if they can*; the rather that it is in youth that the imagination is most struck by the tales of merry days and occasional sharp service, such as these will delight to tell whose time is over, and their battles fought. And even among *them*, should any sudden emergency call at a moment for an increased force, numbers will be found willing again to try their luck for a brief period, certain of increasing their rate of superannuation, in hopes probably of coming to blows, demolishing a Frenchman, blowing up a galleon, &c., all on the approved pattern of elder times; which, whatever may have been their hardships to those actually engaged in them, we may be sure tradition will paint to our posterity as days of life and spirit, which their own eras will never equal, far less surpass.

In drawing up this brief sketch of the future in the navy, such as we think we are able to read it, we have purposely omitted to mention minute points, relating to internal regulation; for example, to giving leave, breaking up men's chests on board, bringing their bags on deck through the day, &c., on all which, and many more, we see changes in progress, likely, in our opinion, to be limited only by what is physically impossible in the way of relief, but which might thus give occasion to difference of opinion, and bring in question the soundness of our views, on the very score that they are wire-drawn. We have tried to notice the spirit, rather than the particulars of innovation; and, in our next Number, we shall conclude the subject by a brief exposition of its last division, the probable effect of the whole on the character of our seamen.

R.

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PARINI'S GIORNO.

It is much easier to draw up an opinion of what we but half know, than of that which we are perfectly acquainted with. The whole truth concerning any subject is a most perplexing possession,—an unarrangeable mass of contraries and shades of difference, dove-tailed into one another beyond the power of criticism to distinguish. It presents so many faces and outlines, that we can seize but one or two, and in these merging the rest, endeavour to generalize, with these awkward exceptions sticking out in spite of us. For examples of this, we need but look at the criticisms on Shakespeare and the great epic poets, where the writers are tossed up and down the contraries of antithesis, like a ship on what mariners call a *chopping* sea. The first sentence—the launch is bold, and sent forth with confidence, after which it is all fret, *but*, and *although*, to the end of the chapter. Continually in dread of coming in contact with this fact, and that received opinion, they are compelled every moment to return upon their steps, explain away and contradict, till the sum of their opinions,—annihilating each other,—is nothing.

Far different is the happy course of those, who have to do with what they source know any thing about; young black-letter men of research and short-sight, recurring every second to their alphabets and glossaries; critics, and translators of foreign poets, with their grammars and dictionaries under their arms; and reviewers of political economy, deep in the first book of Adam Smith and Madame Marcet's "Conversations." These have the happy knack of assuring themselves, that what is new to them, must be new to all. And they deal out their crude opinions in the glow of unrepressed admiration, and in the confidence and singleness of first impression, while those who have long studied the works in question, and long digested their truths or beauties, hesitate and find it impossible to hazard one simple question concerning them.

The convenience of superficial knowledge, is nowhere more manifest than in criticisms on the literature of foreign languages. We are rarely troubled with too clear and extensive a view of the subject, and confining our observations to generalities, seldom become very absurd. But when people enter into exquisite dissertations on the beauties of foreign poets, as some wights in these countries have done, and in type too, we must confess, they weave terrible nonsense. Unable to define or mark out singly the character of the muse they contemplate, recourse must be had to comparison, which enables them to tell what it is not. Thus, for the most part, all the estimates and opinions of genius, which we gather from books, have no foundation but upon one another. We have no idea of Dante, but that he is more stern and sublime than Petrarch, and none of Petrarch, but that he is more tender than Dante. Their relative properties and distances are carefully marked out, but of their real excellence of any one of them, we are informed nothing. We see them twinkle, like the stars, above us, some bright, some dim; but of their substances, their outlines, or their laws, we are left totally ignorant. The superficial method, however, has its advantages,—it is light, airy, and unburdensome, and affords elegant matter for periodicals and conversation,—it makes literature popular, and refines and intellectualizes life; while the contrary method of theory and rational investigation would confine it to the closet, and make it altogether a scholastic pursuit. Nor would this be likely to produce much effect, since Alison himself has scarce left a vestige of influence on the criticism of the age.

But when unable to define the peculiar excellencies of our own literature, how can we be expected to appreciate justly those of others? For, in fact, a man can know but one language—that in which he *thinks*. These subtle links between words and ideas, which it requires such a length of years at first to establish, cannot be applied, when we will, to a new tongue. Dictionaries are cold and unnatural preceptors; we may gather, by their help, historical knowledge from plain narratives of fact; but to catch the spirit of poetry with such auxiliaries, is impossible. Words, in our own classic verse, come to our ears, conveyed in a tone, and accompanied

by associations, which it would be in vain endeavouring to explain to a foreigner. And this is much more the case with them;—read Petrarch's "*Zefiro torna*," and it is as common-place a piece of verse as ever was written: hear Foscolo repeat it, and the memory of its tone and feeling shall never fade from your ear. In the "Giorno" that lies before us, and which gave birth to this article, we dwell with delight on such lines as these:

"Quella rosa gentil che fu già un tempo
Onor de belle donne, all' Amor cara,
E cara all' Onestade: ora ne' campi
Cresce solinga, e tra i selvaggi scherzi
Alle rozze villane il viso adorna."

But translate them, and they are nothing.

If ever that sublime piece of extravagance,

——— "Oh! that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathless harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
With the blest note that made me;"—

if ever this was realized, it has been in the Italian Muse, of which Petrarch is the true father;—in philosophy contemptible, in feeling frigid, and in ornament pedantic, still his verse speaks—it has the *tone* of "a broken spirit," if it has not the *language*, and it *excites* poetical ideas, even where it *presents* none. If Dante had not been first, he had never been—at least not under his existing character. A language may become refined and enervated, but it never ebbs towards strength and rudeness,—once emasculated, its virility is not to be recovered. The followers of Petrarch are often happier than their great prototype, while the revivers of the school of Dante have utterly failed. For my part (in such hazardous assertions it is but fair to drop the plural,) I could never discover poetry in the dry compositions of Alfieri, whatever I might in his life:—like a contemporary of ours, he was a great poet in every thing but making verses.

It was with the anticipation of doing mighty things, that we pitched upon the Giorno of Parini. It is a *Day* spent by an Italian nobleman, to whom the bard acts as ironical preceptor, and describes the routine of toilette, visits, and gallantry, in all the minuteness and mock grandeur of the burlesque. It is interspersed with some sweet passages, and allegories, and at times exceedingly humorous, in spite of the dulness which necessarily attends a train of irony continued through five or six thousand lines. The poem is rather tedious and pedantic, its author being fond of displaying classical knowledge. Serious irony, verging upon bitterness, is not exactly the tone suitable to the ridicule of dandyism and effeminacy. On the whole, it would make but a very sorry figure, in comparison with Pope's "Rape of the Lock," or Luttrel's "Advice to Julia."

Our intentions of extract and translation were at first huge; but when we considered that all young ladies can translate Italian, and that wit in blank verse requires to be very poignant, we have without much reluctance confined ourselves to the following:

"Already do the gentle valets hear
Thy tingling summons, and with zealous speed
Haste to unclose the barriers that exclude
The garish day, yet soft and warily,
Lest the rude sun perchance offend thy sight.
Now raise thee gently, and recline upon
Th' obsequious pillow that doth woo thy weight;
Thine hand's forefinger lightly, lightly pass
O'er thine half-open'd eyes, and chace from thence
The curst Cimmerian, that dare yet remain;
And bearing still in mind thy delicate lips,
Indulge thee in a graceful yawn betimes.
In that luxurious act if once beheld
By the rude captain, who the battling ranks
Stentorian-like commands, what shame would seize
On the ear-rending boist'rous son of Mars?
Such as of old pipe-playing Pallas felt,
When her swoll'n cheek and lip the fount betray'd.

But now behold, thy natty page appears,
Anxious to learn what beverage thou would'st sip.
If that thy stomach need the sweet ferment,
Restorative of heat, and to the powers
Digestive so propitious—choose, I pray,
The tawny chocolate on thee bestow'd
By the black Caribb of the plumed crown.
Or should the hypochondria vex my lord,
Or round his tapering limbs the encroaching flesh
Unwelcome gather, let his lip prefer
The roasted berry's juice, that Moca sends,—
Moca, that of a thousand ships is proud.

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'Twas fate decreed, that from the ancient world
Adventurers should sail, and o'er the main,
'Gainst storm and doubt, and famine and despair,
Should have achieved discovery and conquest:—
'Twas fate ordain'd, that Cortez should despise
The blood of sable man; and through it wade,
O'erturning kingdoms and their generous kings,
That worlds, till then unkown, their fruits and flowers
Should cater to thy palate, gem of heroes!
But Heaven forfend, that at this very hour
To coffee and to breakfast dedicate,
Some menial indiscreet should chance admit
The tailor, who, alas! is not contented
To have with thee divided his rich stuffs,
And now with infinite politness comes,
Handing his bill. Ahimé! unlucky,
The wholesome liquor turns to gall and spleen,
And doth at home, abroad, at play or park,
Disorganize thy bowels for the day.

But let no portal e'er be closed on him,
Who sways thy toes, professor of the dance.
He at his entrance stands, firm on the threshold;
Up mount his shoulders, and down sinks his neck,
Like to a tortoise, while with graceful bow
His lip salutes his hat's extremity.
Nor less be thy divine access denied
To the sweet modulator of thy voice,
Or him for whom th' harmonious string vibrates,
Waked into music by his skilful bow.
But above all let *him* not fail to join
The chosen synod of my lord's levee,
Professor of the idiom exquisite:—
He, who from Seine, the mother of the Graces,
Comes generous, laden with celestial sounds,
To grace the lips of nauseous Italy.
Lo! at his bidding our Italian words
Dismember'd yield the place unto their foe;
And at his harmony ineffable,
Lo! in thy patriot bosom rises strong
Hate and disgust of that ignoble tongue,
Which in Valclusa to the echoes told,
The lament and the praise of hopeless love.
Ah! wretched bard, who knew not yet to mix
The Gallic graces with thy rude discourse;
That so to delicate spirits thou might'st be
Not grating as thou art, and barbarous.

"Fast with this pleasant choir flits on the morn,
Unvex'd by tedium or vacuity,
While 'twixt the light lips of the fragrant cup,
Is pleasantly discussed, what name shall bear,
Next season, the theatric palm away?
And is it true that Frine has returned?—
She that has sent a thousand dull *Milords*,
Naked and gulled, unto the banks of Thames.
Or comes the dancer, gay Narcissus, back,
(Terror of gentle husbands,) to bestow
Fresh trouble to their hearts, and honours to their heads?"

Our poet has all the Anti-Gallican humour of Alfieri; who carried it so far, as not to see any beauty in the Eloise, though of a nature, as he tells us, "*appassionatissimo.*"

The ironic preceptor continues.

"Remove yon glossy volume from the shelf,
And yawning ope at random; or where left,
The index ribbon marks the favourite page.
And thou, Voltaire, the Proteus wit of France,
Who knew so well to cater to the taste
Of simple palates; and to make mankind,
Like to thyself; o'er wise, do thou rehearse
The tale of her, the virgin, that in life
Did England's valiant Henry overcome,
And still more wonderful, untamed in death,
Thine own heroic Henry vanquisheth.*
And thou! Ninon, the new Aspasia,
Thais of Gallic Athens, to my lord
Proffer thy noble precepts;—feed his mind
With all that purity that made thee spurn
The license of Certaldo's bard,
And the wild poet of the furious Count.
Be these thy favourite authors; Gallic e'er
Should be the studies of the Italian lord.—
The sapient histories of crafty slaves,
Of turban'd Sultans, and of Persian Kings;
Of all forlorn and wandering Arab maids;
And these, that with a liberal pen bestow
Reason to dogs and couches; feasts to cranes
And turkeys, learned in the art of love."

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* The *Pucelle*, infamous as it is, is generally considered much superior to the *Henriade*, or to any other work of Voltaire's: such, indeed, was the opinion of the poet himself.

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ON THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

No. I.

On the Storia Pittorica of the Abate Lanzi, and the Works of Andrea del Sarto, and his Followers.

ALTHOUGH Italy was well provided with historical treatises on the lives and productions of individual painters, there was still wanting a general history of the art, disencumbered from the useless and idle trifles with which modern writers had loaded their biography, and which the ancients scarcely deemed admissible in writing the lives of their mightiest heroes; a history which, throwing the chief light upon the great professors of the art, and placing those of minor excellence in less prominent positions, would admit nothing more than a mere sketch of the inferior classes. Such history tracing at the same time the causes of the advancement or decline of painting in certain periods, would contribute to preserve the lustre of the fine arts, to which example is so much more useful than precept; and would greatly facilitate the study of the various manners, of which some are very similar, though by different hands, and others widely different, though painted by the same master. No other work held out such flattering prospects to the self-love of Italy, because, however equalled or eclipsed she might have been in the progress of ultramontane science, she was still, and for ever, to be regarded as unrivalled in the arts of genius. The difficulties of such an undertaking were, however, to be sufficiently estimated only by those who had devoted the greater part of their lives to the study of painting; for it must have included a period of more than six hundred years, and the history of fourteen distinct schools, regarding several of which scarcely any notices of real value, were to be found in the works of the earlier authors.

Our own Richardson had long ago desired to see united the various sources of information on painting which lay scattered here and there, and its progress and declension in every age, described and illustrated. This was slightly done by Mengs, in the letter in which he marks out the different periods of the art, and had its partial fulfilment in so far as regards the Venetian school in the work of Antonio Zanetti, *Sulla Pittura Veneziana*. But its final and complete accomplishment was reserved for the Abate Lanzi, in his celebrated *Storia Pittorica della Italia*.* This excellent work may be regarded as a luminous compendium of whatever was valuable in the guide-books, catalogues, descriptions of churches and palaces, and in the lives of the different painters throughout the whole of Italy. He divides his subject into the following schools, viz.: Florence, Sienna, Rome, Naples, Venice, Mantua, Modena, Cremona, Milan, Parma, Bologna, Ferrara, Genoa, and Piedmont, to the number, as already said, of fourteen, many of which are again subdivided into several periods, in which the various transitions from one degree of excellence to another, are carefully and clearly described.

Of the above mentioned schools, those of Lombardy are, perhaps, the most indebted to Lanzi, because, prior to his time, their history was the least known. That northern part of Italy, during the first times of painting, was divided into many states, each of which had its own capital, where flourished a different school of art; from whence it happens that the characteristic style of one place is often very different from that of its neighbours. Now, one great merit of Lanzi consists in his having detected the falseness of the principle by which these various styles had previously been considered and classed as the same, under the sweeping denomination of the Lombard school. He distinguishes each under its own proper head, or chief representative, and writes for it a separate history. Of these, he may be said to have extricated almost from utter darkness the school of Ferrara, of which, before his time, little or nothing was satisfactorily known. With the exception of the kingdom of Na-

* Storia Pittorica della Italia dal risorgimento delle belle arti fin presso al fine del xviii secolo. Dell' Ab. Luigi Lanzi Antiquario I. E. R. in Firenze.

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ples, Lanzi visited each and all of the Italian schools; and thus, besides the vast resources of his book-learning, he was enabled to judge from personal observation.

He gives the general character of every school, distinguishing the various epochs of each, according to the changes in taste and style, which he perceives it to have undergone. Certain illustrious painters, who in their own time exercised almost a new species of legislation, stand at the head of every period, and of these prime spirits the characters are usually drawn at greater length. To the history of the higher artists he annexes notices of their pupils and followers, referring at the same time to the nature and extent of the changes introduced by these into the style of their respective chiefs. For the sake of greater clearness, he usually holds separate from the painters of history, those of the less dignified classes, such as portrait and landscape painters, and the painters of animals, flowers, and fruit, and he presents us with occasional notices of those artful labours so nearly allied to painting, viz. engraving, inlaid work, mosaic, and embroidery. It was a matter of doubt with Lanzi whether he ought to introduce such inferior painters as may be said to have attained a place neither in the senatorial, nor the equestrian, nor the popular order, in the republic of painting; but he decided upon introducing them along with their superiors in brief outlines, with a view to maintain a greater continuity in his history—thus imitating the examples of Homer and of Cicero, who mention alike the "general camp," and the kings of the Greek confederacy—the orators of the Roman radicals, and the "lords of the lofty tongue."

Nor did Lanzi deem it just that such inferior artists should be excluded by the rigid maxim of Bellori, that in the fine arts, as in poetry, mediocrity is intolerable. Horace, I presume, was the first who gave currency to the expression, and he intended it for poetry alone, which perishes, if it does not delight. But it is far otherwise with the fine arts, which to pleasure join utility and convenience. Sculpture and painting exhibiting to us illustrious men, and glorious actions, and useful inventions, and architecture providing us with so many of the pleasant *agrémens* of life, will flourish for ever in a higher or less dignified state, according to the nature of the times, and the taste of the people; and their professors will accordingly, though in different degrees, deserve sufficiently well of society, as to have a place assigned them in the histories of their respective departments.

The plan adopted by Lanzi in compiling his History of Italian Painting seems to have been as follows: He places in the first rank of preference such few opinions as have been handed down to us by the great professors of the art—by Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raffael, Titian, Poussin, and others, because he concludes wisely, that he who performs in the highest style, will probably judge in the wisest manner. He relies, in the second place, on the judgments of Vasari, Lomazzo, Ridolfi, Boschini, Zanotti, and Crespi, regarding them as competent judges of their art, but having an eye, at the same time, when necessary, on their national partialities and the spirit of party. He estimates, in the third place, the authority of Bellori, Malvasia, Tassi, and others of the same class, who, although themselves dilletanti, united, as it were, the judgment of professors with that of the public. He has also collected the opinions of the intelligent, as related by the general historian, when such appeared to be authentic and impartial, and has not seldom availed himself of criticisms by authors of acknowledged judgment and ability—such as Borghini, Fresnoy, Richardson, Bottari, Algarotti, Lazzarini, Mengs, and others. Moreover, he requested the opinions of various living artists of Italy; subjecting his unpublished work to their inspection, and consulting them on the more difficult points of painting, concerning which a proper knowledge can exist only with those who are practically accomplished in the art. Finally, he conversed much with the most learned dilletanti, who, in some respects, from their better education and more general knowledge, see more clearly than the artists themselves.

It is remarked by Boni, in his *Elogio*, as a felicitous circumstance, that a history planned so skilfully, and conducted with such diligence and fatigue, should have been followed out to its completion by a man so temper

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by nature for the perception and enjoyment of whatever was beautiful and majestic. He whose mind was filled even to overflowing with all the images of antique grandeur and loveliness, as his numerous writings on the relics of ancient days bear ample testimony, could not do otherwise than write successfully on the more modern history of the art of painting, although he himself had never exercised it. "It was sufficient," says Boni, "to listen to him in familiar conversation, as I have often had the happiness to do, while he discoursed concerning some beautiful picture, to be convinced that the most practised artist could not have a higher relish of its beauties than he. The judicious opinions, the descriptions of the chief works mentioned by him in his history, the analysis of the great masters, such as Raffael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and many others, would do honour to the most accomplished painter, had such attempted to write a history of the art. Hence it comes, that he was so often consulted by professional men, not alone regarding the inventive part, which may be said to be the common property of the painter and the poet, with this difference, that the former is limited to the representation of a single circumstance or state of any fact, whereas the other may represent it under its changes and succession; but his opinion was also much sought for in all the other matters which compose the excellence of painting."*

The latest and most complete edition of Lanzi's work was published by Capurro of Pisa, in the years 1816-17, and consists, including the volume of indexes, of six volumes, 8vo. The first and second volumes embrace the schools of that part of Italy which, through the unrivalled talents of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raffael, was the first to exhibit the unclouded splendour of the art; these men were the chiefs of the two great schools, the Florentine and Roman, to which, on account of their proximity of place, our author has added those of Sienna and Naples. Shortly afterwards, the fame of Giorgione, Titian, and Coreggio, began to spread itself through Italy; they also obtained the highest celebrity; but the prime quality of their excellence lay in the splendour and beauty of colouring, as that of the former consisted in the grandeur and accuracy of design. The works of these great luminaries of Upper Italy, and the other founders and followers of the Venetian and Lombard schools, are treated of in the third and fourth volumes. To these succeeded the school of Bologna, which desired and attempted to unite in itself the characteristic excellencies of all the others; with it Lanzi commences his fifth volume, and adds to it that of Ferrara, and Upper and Lower Romagna. Then follow the school of Genoa, which, at a later period, acquired its celebrity; and that of Piedmont, which, without the succession of ancient masters of which the other states can boast, has, however, certain merits of its own, which render it worthy of a place in the history of painting. The sixth, and last volume, consists of three indexes, which greatly add to the utility of the work. The first contains the names of the painters, with the years in which they were born and died; the second presents a catalogue of the authors quoted in the body of the work, with the names of their writings, critical and historical; and the third is composed of an alphabetical arrangement of the subject matter, classed under different heads in common form.

Having now presented you with a brief view of the nature and contents of a work, which, by all who are in the habit of studying it, is admitted to contain the most valuable body of historical and critical information which has yet been given to the public on the subject of painting, I may ask how it happens that in a country like our own, where so many either feel, or affect to feel, so deep an interest in the fine arts, no translation of it has yet appeared? This is the more to be wondered at, when we consider the deplorable ignorance, even of our cleverest artists, concerning both the true character and occasional variation of style observable in the works of Italian painters. We find people in abundance who are sufficiently versed in all the details of the Dutch and Flemish schools; but a real and substantial knowledge of the

* Elogio dell' Abate Don Luigi Lanzi tratto dalle sue opere del Cavaliere Onofrio Boni di Cortona. Pisa, 1816.

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rise, progress, and decline of the art in Italy, where alone, with few exceptions, it is much worth thinking about, is nearly as rare as if the number of students and travellers who visit that divine country, corresponded with the amount of those Dilletanti who winter in Kamschatka, and *summer* in Timbuctoo. Perhaps in Italy the very facilities afforded the traveller may, in some respects, tend to check the progress of his knowledge, more especially when we consider how much more gratifying to vanity and self-conceit is the display of superficial knowledge, quickly acquired, which glances from point to point without entering into any, than that more substantial information, which, carrying along with it its own reward, and conscious of the difficulty with which it is obtained, is usually regardless of the multitude, who speak much, think little, and know less.

In fact, any young gentleman of this country who has been for some months in possession of a copy of Pilkington's Dictionary, and has once or twice read over the works of Richardson, Barry, Reynolds, Opie, Fuseli, and a few more English writers, with perhaps a translation of Fresnoy, or Du Bos, and some extracts from Winkelmann, Mengs, and D'Argenville, and who having a most extraordinary memory, may possibly remember to have heard the names of Vasari, Borghini, Baldinucci, looks upon himself as all accomplished in the history of ancient and modern art, and sets out like another Don Quixote, "conquering and to conquer." The first great collection he arrives at is entered with all the confidence of a perfect adept. Galileo himself never gazed with more tranquil assurance on the brightness of a starry sky, than does our accomplished practitioner on the surrounding luminaries of his favourite art. But, alas! for the weakness even of one so well appointed; for the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong! He blunders out one unfortunate name after another; makes an artist die before his father was born; calls another into existence about a hundred and fifty years after his parents had been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets; distinguishes the style of Cigoli from that of Ludovico Cardi, who were one and the same person, and all this, and a thousand things more, in the presence of some grey-eyed pensioner of the palace, whose sole occupation, for three quarters of a century, had been the silent and heart-felt study of those masterpieces of the art, and who would as lief mistake a grashopper for a crocodile, or Lady Morgan for a connoisseur, as the production of one age for that of another.

Our young man of genius having tried in vain to distinguish himself by an "original observation," endeavours to express, by signs, to his Valet de Place, how pleasant it would be to have a copy of a printed catalogue of the collection; but he is informed that none such exist. By this time he feels himself completely *dumfoonder'd*, and is sensible of a dizziness in his head, such as Jupiter may have experienced when Minerva, "a goddess armed," was working her way out of his ear at the point of the bayonet, or Satan himself, when a somewhat similar accident befel that great author of evil. He is now obliged to have recourse to other resources than his own; he finds familiar names assigned to pictures executed in a style quite opposite to that in which he had supposed such artists ever painted; and, what is still more perplexing, many of the noblest pictures are alleged to be the productions of men of whose very names he had till that moment remained in ignorance. What is to be done when Mr Tims and his party shall have arrived? He had anticipated the pleasure of enlightening their benighted intellects, as an electric flash brightens the darkness of a thunder-cloud, and he has just discovered that he is himself too deeply enveloped in the mists of error to be able to exhibit even his ignorance. But as it is the semblance rather than the substance of wisdom for which he searches, and as his character might suffer an irreparable blow were he found incompetent to answer all the questions which the said Mister and the Misses Tims should please to put to him, he rouses himself, like a lion awakening from a trance, "shaking the dew-drops from its mane," and addresses himself manfully to the work. The famed prescription of Medea accomplished no greater change on the enfeebled body of Æson. In ten days he becomes a perfect Cicerone, a walking Index of dates and names, and in ten years he is nothing more

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But, to come at last to the point.—I propose, for my own amusement, and the edification of your readers, to devote two or three evenings every month, during the course of the ensuing winter, to the translation of such passages in Lanzi, and other Italian writers on the art, as hit my fancy, and which have not, as far as I can ascertain, been as yet presented in an English dress to the reading public of Great Britain and Ireland. It might perhaps be better if the Storia Pittorica were translated *in toto*, as a separate work; but in so far as regards myself, I have not sufficient confidence either in my own perseverance, or ability for such a task. Neither can it be denied that many hundreds of its pages are occupied in tracing the history, and in discussing the merits, of artists, who, though deservedly esteemed in their own country, where their works are known, are by no means objects of equal interest in this, where they are unknown; and therefore, however useful such criticism may be deemed in a general history of the art abroad, its introduction, for the benefit of the English lovers of painting, might be likened unto the sowing of grain in barren places. In as far, therefore, as my hitherto untried judgment will yield me safe conduct, I shall for the most part confine myself to subjects of general interest, to the lives and productions of the great masters of colouring and design, to the criticisms on the comparative merits, or characteristic excellences or defects, of the different schools, and to the observations on the origin, progress, and decline of the art. In so doing, I trust I shall render no unacceptable service to the young students of my own country, whose attention to the more practical part of their profession, may have hitherto excluded the attainment of the Tuscan language. I shall occasionally too, for the sake of contrast, bring together the opinions of the German, the French, and the English critics, in comparison with those of the Italian authors.

May you live for ever,

THOMAS GEDDES.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

Here follow sundry observations on the doings of Andrea del Sarto. He is not, indeed, the first of the Florentine series, whether we regard time or quality; but we are anxious to bring him forward at an early period, because we think justice has not been done to him, either in this country or his own. Whoever has seen the Madonna del Sacco of Florence, will not deny him the praises of a beautiful imagination, and most chaste design, and his merit as a colourist has never been denied. It was a hasty and unjust criticism by Forsyth, that he had "neither poetry in his head, nor pathos in his heart." It has been quoted and referred to, rather, I should hope, through its pithiness and alliteration, than its truth. The picture above mentioned proves that he possessed both.

T. G.

Andrea Vannuchi,* from his father's trade, (which was that of a tailor,) called Andrea del Sarto, is praised by Vasari, as one of the heads of the school, for having worked "with fewer errors than any other Florentine painter, for having excellently well understood light and shade, and for having painted with a lively sweetness; besides shewing the method of painting in Fresco, with the most perfect union, and without the necessity of re-touching, so that each of his works appear as if painted in one single day." Baldinucci criticises him as "niggardly in invention;" and without doubt there is not in him that elevation of sentiment which forms the heroic in painters as in poets. Andrew had no such gift—by nature modest, gentle, sensible, he seems to have expressed a similar character wherever he exerted his pencil. The portico of the Annunziata at Florence, by him converted into a gallery beyond price, is the fittest place in which to form a judgment of his merits. Those pure contours of the figure render him worthy of his surname

* A Florentine, born 1488, died 1532.

Vasari.

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of *Andrea senza errori*—those elegant countenances, in the smile of which one is so often reminded of the simplicity and grace of Coreggio; the well arranged buildings; the garments adapted to every condition; the graceful draperies; the popular effects of curiosity, of wonder, of faith, of compassion, and of joy, are united with such perfect decorum, that all is intelligible at first glance, and penetrate the heart without disturbing it. He who feels, says Lanzi, what Tibullus is in poetry, may feel what Andrea is in painting.

In this artist we may see how much stronger is the force of genius than of precepts. Whilst a boy, he was directed by Giovanni Barile, a good carver in wood, who, with the designs of Raphael, worked among the pews and at the gates of the Vatican, but he was nameless as a painter. When a young man, he was assigned to the care of Pier di Cosimo, a practised colourist, though not distinguished in design or composition; in these latter qualities he formed his taste on the cartoons of Buonarotti and Da Vinci; and, as appears by many tokens, on the frescoes of Masaccio and of Ghirlandajo, among which were subjects more allied to his mild genius. I know not in what year he visited Rome, but it is certain that he did so—nor do I see how it can be disputed, as has been done in regard to Coreggio. I do not argue on this point from his style, which, though certainly less ideal, has been regarded by Lomazzo and other writers, as so Raffaelesque, for he and Raffael had studied together in Florence from the same models, and independently of such circumstance, nature may have provided them with a similarity of sentiment in their selection of the beautiful. I go on the statement of Vasari. He asserts that he was in Rome, and saw the works of the scholars of Raffael, and being, through his timid nature, inspired with no hope of imitating them, he quickly returned to Florence. If we credit so many other proofs of the pusillanimity of Andrea, why should we discredit this? or how shall we rely on the faith of Vasari, if he errs in a fact regarding his own master, written in Florence shortly after the death of Andrea, while his scholars, his friends, and even his wife, were still alive; and maintained in the second edition, from which the author had withdrawn such things as had been erroneously affirmed in the first?

The professional success of Andrea, and his passage from one excellency to another, were less sudden than in certain others, but rather seem to have been attained gradually at Florence in a course of many years. "There," says Vasari, "reflecting by little and little on that which he had seen, he made such progress that his works have been held in high estimation, and admired, and imitated more since his death, than when he was alive." He may have been indebted to Rome for his advancement to a certain extent, but more however to his own nature, which seems to have led him by the hand from one step to another, as may be seen at Florence, in the Fraternity of the Scalzo, and in the convent of the Servi, where there are works painted by him at different times. At the Scalzo he painted in chiar' oscuro some passages of the life of St Giovanni, the cartoons for which are in the Palazzo Rinuccini, and in these works there are several noted imitations, even some figures of Albert Durer. In the story of the Baptism of Christ, we see his first manner; his advancement in others, as the Visitation, painted some years after; and finally, as in the birth of the Baptist, his most excellent and grandest style. Thus too, in the lesser cloisters at the Servi, the histories of the life of St Filippo Benezii, are very graceful, though among the first movements of his genius; a greater work in the same place is the Epiphany of our Saviour, and the birth of the Virgin; but above all, and the greatest of his productions, is the Holy Family in repose, painted over the door of the greater cloister, which, from a sack of grain on which Joseph supports himself, is commonly called the Madonna of the Sack—a noble picture in the history of the art, and equalled by few others. Several prints have been taken of it, and after the lapse of two centuries and a half, it has found an artist worthy of itself, having been recently engraved by Morghen, along with another analogous composition taken from the *Camere* of Raphael. These two prints form part of every rich cabinet, and to him who has not visited Florence and Rome, they would induce the belief that Andrea was rather the rival than the follower of the first mas-

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ter of the art. In beholding close by us the picture itself, we know not how to cease gazing upon it; it is finished as if it had been worked for a study; every hair is distinct, every tint graduated with the highest art, each contour marked out with a wonderful variety and grace. But amid all this diligence, there is expressed, at the same time, an ease and facility, which makes all appear as if it were natural and spontaneous.

At the Poggio of Cajano there is a representation of Cæsar, seated conspicuously in a place ornamented with statues, and presented as in tribute of his victories, with eastern birds and beasts of chase;—a picture quite in the antique taste, and sufficient of itself to render Andrea highly eminent as a perspective painter. The order to embellish this villa was from Leo the Tenth, and Andrea, whose competitors there were Franciabigio and Pontormo, made every effort to please the great supporter of the art, and to excel his rivals. But it appears that neither he nor they were encouraged to continue their labours in that place, for it is known that the great hall was some years afterwards finished by Alessandro Allori. Of Andrea's pictures in oil, the Sovereign Palace (Palazzo Pitti) is adorned with many. Besides the paintings of St Francis, the Assumption, the History of Joseph, and the other works collected by the family of the Medici, the Grand Duke Leopold purchased from the monks of Lugo a most beautiful Piety, and placed it in the Tribune, to sustain the character of the School. The Saints Peter and Paul being there represented together, contrary to the history, was not the fault of the painter who imagined them with such beauty, but of him who commissioned the picture. In the Dead Christ, the skilful have noted some defects, such as his appearing too much as if self-supported, and having the veins more highly relieved than is found in death. But what is that to the rest of the picture, designed, coloured, disposed in so astonishing a manner? The Supper of our Lord, in the Monastery of St Salvi, would be no less admired, were it not so shut up and concealed. Assuredly it was admired by the soldiers who besieged Florence in 1529, and destroyed the suburbs of the city. Having demolished the belfry, the church, and a part of the monastery itself, on seeing the picture, they remained, as it were, immoveable, and had no heart to proceed further in their work of destruction—thus imitating that Demetrius, who, having conquered Rhodes, shewed respect, it is said, only to a picture of Protogenes.

As Andrea painted a great number of pictures, he is well known also beyond his own country. His best work in the hand of strangers * is, perhaps, that which passed into a palace of Genoa, from the church of the Dominicans of Sarzana, who still have a fine copy of it. It is composed much in the taste of Fra Bartolommeo; and, besides the saints placed around the Virgin, and upon the steps, there are in front of the picture, and rising from its lower plane, two pretty large figures, seen only as far as the knees. I know that this division is not satisfactory to the critics, but it certainly there assists in placing variously so many figures, and renders more apparent the distance between the nearest and the furthest removed, by which the theatre appears to increase, and there is consequently a triumph of art. There is no scarcity of his Holy Families in the best collections. There are two in the possession of the Marchese Rinuccini at Florence, and others in the possession of Roman princes, all differing from each other, with this exception, perhaps, that the likeness of the Virgin, which Andrea was in the habit of drawing from his own wife, are almost always the same. I have also seen many in the cities subject to Rome and Florence, and not a few in Lombardy, besides those which one reads of in the Catalogues of the Ultramontane Cabinets. †

With so much genius, he certainly

* In Italy, the words *Stranieri*, *Foresticri*, &c. are frequently applied by the inhabitants of one district or dukedom to those of another.

† About eighteen months ago, an English gentleman, Mr B., equally versed in the theory and practice of the art, in journeying by an unusual route from Florence to Rome, discovered in an old convent a painting by Andrea del Sarto. He perceived, through the cobwebs and discoloured varnish by which it was obscured, that it was a picture in the highest style of the master. It was a Holy Family of great size—the

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deserved to be happy; yet, if a book were compiled from the calamities of painters, as has been done in the history of men of literature, no one would excite our compassion more than he. The poverty of Coreggio was rather exaggerated than true; the misery of Dominichino knew its bounds; the Caracci, though poorly paid, lived beyond scarcity; but Andrea, from the ill-fated day on which he married a certain woman named Lucrezia del Fede, remained in grief to his last sigh. Vasari, in his first edition, says, that, for having married this woman he was despised by his friends, and abandoned by his employers; so much was he the slave of her will, that he was obliged to leave off succouring his own father and mother; and that, on account of her arrogance and ungovernable temper, no scholar of Andrea's could remain with him for any time. In the second edition, Vasari has either repented of what he had told, or been appeased; for he is comparatively silent in such reproaches, though he does not deny that she was to her husband the source of perpetual sorrow. He relates, in addition, that Andrea was called to the Court of Francis the First of France, where, approved and pensioned, he might have raised the envy of every artist, had he not, induced by the womanly lamentations of Lucrezia, returned to Florence; and, breaking the faith which he had pledged by oath to the king, he unwisely preferred remaining in his own country. Repenting of this rash step, and desirous to re-enter into his former fortune, he was unable to obtain it. Thus, between jealousies, and the narrowness of his domestic circumstances, he daily pined away, till at last, struck by contagion, and abandoned both by his wife, and others, he died in 1530, in the 42d year of his age, and was buried with the most obscure obsequies.

The artists who came nearest to Andrea in their style of painting, were Marc Antonio Francia Bigi, called Baldinucci, or Franciabigio, and Pontormo. The first was scholar, for some months, of Albertinelli, and afterwards, it appears, formed himself upon the best models of the school; nor, according to Vasari, were there many equal to him in the anatomy, in perspective, in the daily exercise of drawing from the naked, or in his exquisite diligence in every labour. There was already, by him, in the church of St Pier Maggiore, an Annunciation, the figures small, and of the highest finish, the architecture beautiful, yet the picture was not wholly free from the old dryness. Andrea, with whom he had contracted a friendship, and formed a companionship in study, raised him to a higher style. Francia, (as he is called by Vasari,) from an associate became an ardent imitator; and, if not inferior in talent, yet he never could add dispositions so sweet, effects so true, or so much native grace to his figures. There is in the cloisters of the Annunziata, a Lunette picture of the Marriage of the Virgin, close by the works of Andrea; and we there

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figures as large as life. On more minute inquiry, he found its merits were quite unknown to the fraternity, and before his departure concluded a bargain for its purchase, at a sum not exceeding L.25 English money. Not anticipating any further difficulty, he was in no hurry to remove his treasure from its old abode, but prosecuted his tour as far as Rome, and then returned to Florence, from whence he issued the necessary directions for its removal to Leghorn for embarkation. In the meantime, however, he had been so unguarded as to mention the circumstance to some of his acquaintance, and it came to the ears of a person employed as a Commissioner, by the Grand Duke, in collecting and preserving the *capi d'opera* of the art. Application was immediately made to Government, and two peremptory orders obtained, one of which was despatched to the convent, to prohibit the sale of the picture, in the event of its being still there, and the other to Leghorn, to forbid its being shipped, and to authorize its seizure, in possession of whomsoever it might be. It was *apprehended* in the act of commencing its journey to the ocean, that "highway broad and free," which would so soon have carried it in triumph to England. It was shortly afterwards brought to Florence, where, cleaned, re-varnished, and set in a magnificent frame, it now graces an apartment of the Pitti Palace, and is looked upon as one of the chief jewels of that unrivalled collection. In this country it would have been worth two thousand guineas! We mention the anecdote as a warning to others. *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, says Ruddiman.

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perceive in what manner one painter strove to arrive, by effort, at the same degree of excellence which another had attained by his genius. This work is not yet completed, because, having been examined by the monks before due time, the painter felt so vexed, that he gave it several blows with his hammer, in order to destroy it, and could never be again prevailed upon to give it the last finish, nor did any one else dare to do so. In the painting of the Scalzo he also competed with Andrea; and he there executed two Histories, which certainly suffer little from the comparison. Thus, too, at the Poggio Cajano, in the same spirit of friendly rivalry, he undertook to represent the return of Marcus Tullius from exile; and although that work was left unfinished (*in tronco,*) it exhibits great merit. It is the chief praise of Franciabigio's pencil, to have so often coped with Andrea, and to have kept alive in him that emulation and industry, as if he had feared the possibility of being overcome.

Jacopo Carruchi, from the name of his birth-place, called Pontormo, was a man of rare genius, and admired, even in his earliest works, by Raphael and Michael Angelo. He had received a few lessons from Da Vinci, afterwards from Albertinetti, and was somewhat advanced in the art by Pier de Cosimo; finally, he gave himself as a scholar to Andrea del Sarto. Having raised the jealousy of his master, and been treated uncourteously, he was induced to take his leave, and soon became rather a competitor than an imitator in many labours. In the Visitation at the cloisters of the Servi, in the picture of various saints in the Church of St Michelino, in the two histories of Joseph, in a cabinet of the Great Gallery, one clearly sees how he follows his master without fatigue, and is guided almost in the same path rather by a resemblance in natural genius, than through any principle of imitation. It is an error to regard him as a copyist, like the *settarii*, of mere forms and faces. He has always an originality by which he may be distinguished. I have seen one of his sacred families in the house of the Marquis Carboni Pucci, along with others by Baccio, Rossi, and del Sarto; and however much he may have resembled or imitated these, he yet possesses a well-defined character of his own.

His style may be said to have been somewhat estranged from the natural, and he too easily became dissatisfied with one manner in order to attempt what he conceived as a better, though frequently with an unfortunate result. So it happened likewise to Napi, the Milanese, and to Sacchi, the Roman, and indeed to every one else, who, at too mature an age, has attempted to change his taste. The Certosa of Florence possesses a picture by Pontormo, from which the learned have deduced the three manners ascribed to him. The first is correct in the design, and powerful in the colouring, and may be regarded as the most allied to Andrea. The second is also good in the design, but the colouring is rather languid; it was this which seems to have served as an example to Bronzino, and others of an after period. The third is a true imitation of Albert Durer, not merely in the invention, but even in the heads and attitudes, a manner most truly unworthy of so beautiful a commencement. Of this style it is, however, difficult to find examples, except some histories of the Passion in the cloister of the monastery of Certosa, seemingly copied from the engravings of Albert, and from the effects of which he afterwards spent some years in endeavouring to free himself. We might have added a fourth manner if the great works at St Lorenzo with which he was engaged for eleven years, called the Flood, and the Universal Judgment, had been still in existence. They were his last labour, and afterwards white-washed for some ordinary purpose, without either regret or remonstrance on the part of the artificers. He had then wished to imitate Michael Angelo, and to leave some examples of what has been called the anatomical style, which in Florence was now about to be esteemed beyond every other. But the effect produced was very different from the object aimed at, and he only taught posterity how vain and fruitless it is for a man advanced in years to affect to follow the varying fashion of the day.

It was a custom of Andrea del Sarto, in common with Raffael, and others of the age, to conduct his works with the aid of painters practised in his style, who were either his scholars or his friends. This notice is not without use to those who, in studying his pictures, may sometimes detect the

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touch of another brush. It is known that he put the finishing hand to some paintings of Pontormo, and that he kept in his company Jacone and Domenico Puligo, two men born for the art, quick and docile in imitation, although desirous of more substantial rewards than those of honour. A highly commendable work of Jacone, is on the front of the noble Casa Buondelmonte, done in chiar' oscuro, with a beautiful design (in regard to which he was excellent) and entirely after the manner of Andrea; besides the painting in oil which he executed at Cortona, and of which Vasari talks with praise. Puligo, on the other hand, excelled less in design than in colouring. His style was mild, harmonious, and clear, though not without an idea of concealing the contours, and thus freeing himself from the obligation of rendering them more perfect. The character of his style of painting may be discovered in some Madonnas, and other pictures, which, probably designed by Andrea, appear at first sight as if they were also painted by him. Another intimate friend and scholar of Andrea was Dominico Conti, who became heir to his collection of drawings, and whose memory is eulogized under a bust erected to his honour beside the immortal works of the Annunziata. Vasari makes mention of another follower of Andrea, called Pierfrancesco di Jacopo di Sandro, by whom there are three pictures in the Church of St Spirito. He also makes honourable mention of two others who lived much in France, Nannoccia and Andrea Sguazzella, both of whom held a style allied to that of Del Sarto.

From the hands of the above-named painters more than from any other, proceeded the many beautiful copies which, in Florence and elsewhere, so frequently are made to pass for originals; but it does not appear credible that Andrea should have repeated so often or so punctually his own inventions, or should have himself reduced them from the great to the small proportions. I have seen one of his holy families, the Saint Elizabeth of which may be found in more than ten cabinets; and other figures painted by him may be found repeated in three or four houses. I have observed the picture of St Lorenzo, with other saints, which is in the Pitti, also in the Gallery of Albani, and the Visitation of our Lord, in the Palazzo Giustiniani; the Birth of our Lady, as painted at the Serri, is also in the house of Signor Pirri at Rome, all most beautified pictures, of a small size, by an ancient hand, and usually assigned to Andrea del Sarto. To me it appears not improbable that the best of so great a number were at least painted in his study, and retouched by himself, as was the occasional custom of Titian and Raffael.

HOWISON'S CANADA.*

We have no hesitation in saying, that this is by far the best book which has ever been written by any British traveller on the subject of North America; and we are quite sure it must not only attract a great deal of notice now, but retain its place hereafter, in every considerable library, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. It is written, as we are informed, by a very young man; but this is what nobody would be likely to guess from the style either of its opinions, or of its language: for it displays enthusiasm, without any trace of *the green;* and in the midst of much ornament, we have been able to discover nothing either of superfluity or of vanity. In short, it seems to contain a faithful and unaffected transcript of the workings of a mind alike active, reflective, fervid, imaginative, shrewd, upright, and generous. Mr Howison is entitled, by this effort alone, to claim no undistinguished rank among the English writers of his time; but nobody who reads his book, can doubt that it remains with himself to demand and obtain, by future exertions, such a high and eminent place, as it is probable his own modesty may have

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* Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local, and Characteristic: to which are added, Practical Details for the information of Emigrants of every class; and some Recollections of the United States of America. By John Howison. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. 8vo.

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hitherto prevented him from conceiving to be within his reach.

The subject of *Emigration* is perhaps the most important to which the attention of British politicians has lately been directed; and we earnestly recommend this book to the notice of all who love their country, and their country's welfare, because we believe more practically useful hints in regard to this great subject, may be gathered from its unpretending pages, than from all the treatises and travels that have appeared within the last twenty years. Totally free from the prejudices which have so offensively characterized the greater part of those who went before him—totally free, as it appears to us, from all prejudices, except a few, from which we hope English gentlemen will never be quite emancipated—Mr Howison writes like a man who loves his country, and respects her religion, but displays not the least trace of bigotry, either political or religious. He has not gone through a new region wilfully blinded. He has seen the good and the evil, and he has told what he has seen with the calmness of one who has thought too much of human life, either to expect extravagantly, or to judge uncharitably. His sagacity has not chilled his feelings, nor has his warm-heartedness unnerved his judgment. Our literature, in a word, has not for a long time witnessed a *debut* every way so promising, as this of Mr Howison.

It does not appear with what particular views or purposes Mr Howison crossed the Atlantic; though, from various passages in his book, we should be inclined to suppose he did not travel purely for amusement, but rather that he had entertained some thoughts of settling either in Canada or in the United States, in some professional situation. That he has received a medical education, we think highly probable, particularly from the excellent style in which he satirizes some of the transatlantic practitioners, and the felicity with which he occasionally discusses topics of chemical, mineralogical, and zoological inquiry; but with Mr Howison's personal views, we have nothing to do: It is sufficiently evident, that in the pursuit of them, he sought and obtained very extensive opportunities of observing the state of society, manners, and commerce, in all the districts through which he travelled.

Being a Scotsman, and of course acquainted with the actual state of his country, it was to be expected that Mr Howison should consider the subject of emigration, with a particular regard to the habits and necessities of those unfortunate countrymen of his own, who, in consequence of many untoward circumstances, are every day compelled to think of seeking the means of existence at a distance from their native land; and we shall not affect to conceal, that to our view the chief interest and value of his book consist in the admirable manner in which he has thrown together the result of inquiries instituted and pursued from the most patriotic of motives. This is not the place nor the time for investigating the short-sighted and heartless behaviour of certain great proprietors, whose miserable selfishness has been the chief origin of the necessity of emigration from the mountainous districts of Scotland. The day will come, and that full surely, when these persons, or their descendants, shall be compelled to repent in bitterness and vexation of spirit, of the policy which drives away a virtuous and devoted peasantry, for the sake of rearing a different species of farm-stock, and thereby increasing (perhaps precariously enough) the rental of a few overgrown estates. The whole of this subject is, we are well informed, about to be treated in the fullest and most masterly manner, by one whose name will afford the highest pledge, both for the accuracy of his statements, and the liberality of his views—and, therefore, we for the present shall be silent. It is sufficient to know, that a necessity for emigration does exist among the Highlanders of Scotland, and it is most consolatory to be assured by such a man as Mr Howison, that by emigrating to Upper Canada, it is in the power of any industrious man to purchase, by the labour of three or four years, the certainty of a comfortable subsistence for himself and the whole of his family, during all the rest of their days. Mr Howison's *precis* of the result of his observations on this head, is too valuable not to be given as it stands in his own words:

"Emigrants ought to embark in vessels bound for Quebec or Montreal. If they

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sail for New York, they will have to pay a duty of 30 per cent. upon their luggage when they arrive at that port; and, as there is very little water-carriage between it and Canada, the route will prove a most expensive one, particularly to people who carry many articles along with them. Those who have money to spare, should lay in a quantity of wearing apparel before leaving this country, as all articles of the kind cost very high in Upper Canada. A stock of broadcloth, cotton, shoes, bedding, &c. can be carried out at a trifling expence, and will prove advantageous to the settler. But no one should take household furniture with him; and if he cannot sell what he has in this country, he ought to leave it behind him. The conveyance of tables, chairs, &c. into the back-woods costs far more than their value; besides every thing that is necessary for the interior of a log-hut can be procured in the settlements. Good furniture is not at all fit for the rude abode that must at first be occupied by those who have newly emigrated.

"A passage to Quebec or Montreal can now be procured for about £7, provisions included. Half price is usually paid for children. Nothing is charged for luggage, unless the quantity is very great. Those emigrants who have but a small sum of money, should convert it into guineas or dollars, British bank-notes and silver not being current in Canada. If the amount is large, it should be lodged in the hands of a friend in this country, and such arrangements made as will enable its owner to obtain the sum he wants, by drawing a bill upon his correspondent at home.

"There are offices, both at Quebec and Montreal, where persons, by paying a small fee, may obtain some information about vacant lands, the expence of a grant, and the means of proceeding to the Upper Province. Emigrants should go to these whenever they get on shore, and make such inquiries as they may think necessary, and then immediately set out for York.

"When the emigrant reaches York, he should go to the Land Office there, where he will be informed concerning the steps that must be taken, before he can be entitled to a grant. It is unnecessary to detail these farther than by stating, that the chief object of them is, to make the applicant prove himself a British subject.

"Government gives fifty acres of land to any British subject, free of cost; but, if he wishes to have a larger quantity, he must pay fees to a certain amount. In Canada, fifty acres are considered as a very small farm, and therefore the emigrant should procure at least twice as much, if he can afford to do so; however, he will not easily obtain more than one hundred acres, unless he proves himself possessed of the means of soon bringing a larger quantity under cultivation. All lands are bestowed under certain regulations and restrictions. The settler must clear five acres upon each hundred granted to him, open a road in front of his lot, and build a log-house of certain dimensions. These settling-duties, if performed within eighteen months after the location-ticket has been issued, entitle him to a deed from government, which makes the lot his for ever; and are so far from being severe or unreasonable, that he will find it necessary to perform them in less than the time specified, if he propose to obtain a subsistence from the cultivation of his farm. The following is a list of the fees on grants of land exceeding fifty acres:—

100 acres	£ 5	14	1
200	16	17	6
300	24	11	7
400	32	5	8
500	39	19	9
600	47	18	10
700	55	17	11
800	63	2	0
900	70	16	0
1000	78	10	2
1100	86	4	3
1200	93	18	4

"The emigrant must now visit the settlement, or place, where he feels most inclined to take up his residence. Different persons will, of course, recommend different spots. But that tract of land which extends from the mouth of the Niagara river to the head of Lake Erie, combines a greater number of advantages than any other portion of the Province; and the emigrant will do well to choose his lot in some part of it. He may perhaps be told, that it lies too far from a market; but this is quite a temporary defect, and is fully counterbalanced by the richness of soil, comparative lightness of timber, fine water communications, and superiority of climate, which characterize its whole extent. Ancaster, Long Point, Talbot Road, &c. are situated in this fertile region, which contains many other settlements equally beautiful and inviting.

"Whenever the emigrant has obtained from government a location-ticket, which is a sort of certificate that empowers him to take possession of the portion of land he has selected, he ought to commence operations immediately. But it sometimes happens, that emigrants are too poor to purchase the provisions, stock, and farming utensils that new settlers require, when commencing their labours. Persons so situated must hire themselves out, until they gain enough to make a beginning. They will be paid for their work in money, grain, cattle, or provisions; all which articles will prove equally useful and valuable to them. They will, at the same time, be acquiring a knowledge of the manners and cust-

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of the country, the nature of the seasons, the mode of farming, and various other desirable particulars. The female part of the family may engage themselves as household servants, whose wages are always paid in money, and thus add a good deal to the general stock. Many, who are now independent settlers, came to the Province in absolute poverty; but, by pursuing the plan above described, were soon enabled to commence working upon their own lands; and to raise themselves beyond the reach of want.

"Some people choose to clear a few acres, and crop them, before they build a house, or go to reside upon their lots. Others erect a habitation first of all, and move into it at once with their families. The first plan is most congenial to the feelings of British emigrants; for the partial cultivation that has been effected, diminishes the wildness of the surrounding forests, and things are usually more comfortable and orderly within-doors, than they can be when the settler takes up his residence on his land before any trees have been cut down. But the expence of supporting a family, while clearing operations are going forward, is great, unless the idle members engage themselves as servants; and the work, particularly if hired persons are employed, does not proceed so fast as it would do, were the principal residing upon his lot, and superintending the business himself. Therefore, all settlers who have little money, ought to set themselves down in the woods at once, and boldly commence chopping. This plan may subject them to a few hardships, but it will assuredly be for their advantage in the end.

"Much of the immediate success of a settler depends upon the time of his arrival in the country. Should he not reach Quebec till the autumn, winter will be almost commencing before he arrives at York, and the badness of the roads, and inclemency of the weather, will then make it difficult for him to travel to the new settlements, and survey the lands that are open for location. Even were he able to fix upon a lot, and build a house before winter set in, he could not clear any land till spring, on account of the deepness of the snow and severe cold; while he would all the time be at the expence of supporting himself and his family in idleness. But if the emigrant reaches York in the month of July, he will find sufficient time to choose a good lot, erect a habitation, clear several acres of ground, and sow it with wheat or Indian corn, previous to the commencement of winter: thus getting the start, by a whole year, of him who arrives late in the autumn, and who would only be preparing his land for seed, when the other was reaping his first crop.

"I shall now suppose that the emigrant has made all necessary arrangements for the occupation of his land. His first object then is to get a house built. If his brother is a settlement, his neighbours will assist him in doing this without being paid a bill if far back in the woods, he must hire people to work for him. The usual dimensions of a house are eighteen feet by sixteen. The roof is covered with bark or shingles, and the floor with rough hewn planks, the interstices between the logs that compose the walls being filled up with pieces of wood and clay. Stones are used for the back of the fire-place, and a hollow cone of coarse basket-work does the office of a chimney. The whole cost of a habitation of this kind will not exceed £12, supposing the labourers had been paid for erecting it; but as almost every person can have much of the work done *gratis*, the expence will not perhaps amount to more than £5 or £6."

Those who think seriously of following Mr Howison's advice, will of course study his book with the serious attention it deserves; but upon the whole, it seems to be made out quite clearly and convincingly, that any industrious family, who can command a capital of L.20 or L.30, may safely embark for Canada, and nourish the hope of soon seeing themselves elevated into a situation of comfort and independence, altogether unknown among the poorer classes of our countrymen here in Britain—while the man who is in possession of twice as much money, cannot fail, unless through the most culpable negligence on his own part, to establish himself in the course of a very few years, in a manner far more than adequate to secure all the purposes for which any Scotchman ever emigrates, or thinks of emigrating from his native shores.

We have not room to enter masterfully into the merits of this part of Mr Howison's work, but shall now proceed to consider very briefly its merits of a purely literary character. These, it cannot be disputed, are of a very brilliant order. Howison (like Humboldt) seems to write of the forests, the rivers, the cataracts, the boundless and majestic wildernesses of the New World, as if his spirit were quite penetrated with the mighty and mysterious influences of elemental nature; nor have we met, for a long while, with any thing more charming in our literature, than the unstudied contrast continually presented

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by his quiet and temperate views of men and manners on the one hand, and his most rich and imaginative descriptions of external nature on the other. Neither Chateaubriand nor Humboldt has written any thing more truly beautiful and impressive, than his sketch of the voyage up the St Lawrence in the batteaux—Some of his descriptions of walks and rides through the primeval forests, which still skirt the shores of Ontario and Erie—His rich panorama of *the thousand islands*—or, above all, his visit to the cataracts of Niagara. We venture to quote a considerable part of the last description, and to challenge any one to point out any thing more powerful, or more chastely and tastefully powerful, in all the prose that has been written in our time.

"The Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract, on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

"At first, the sky was obscured by clouds, but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to over-arch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

"Any person, who has nerve enough, (as I had,) may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect having been in the posture above described.

"The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken, and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice, is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the Fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rocks, and loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

"The noise made by the Horse-shoe Fall, though very great, is infinitely less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles; nay much further when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amidst the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and a little only escapes from its confinement, and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

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"The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet, perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, over-arch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; for clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps,—rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, viz. that of uncontrollable terror.

"It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled around me; however, the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side, the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

"It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

"A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semi-circle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene. Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo; whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dew-drops from the trees that gracefully over-arched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds of spray, accompanied by thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract."

The next is a short but admirable night-piece in the wilderness.

"When it was midnight, I walked out, and strolled into the woods contiguous to the house. A glorious moon had now ascended to the summit of the arch of heaven, and poured a perpendicular flood of light upon the silent world below. The

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starry hosts sparkled brightly when they emerged above the horizon, but gradually faded into twinkling points as they rose in the sky. The motionless trees stretched their majestic boughs towards a cloudless firmament, and the rustling of a withered leaf, or the distant howl of the wolf alone broke upon my ear. I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie, by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first, I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me; however, on his waving his hand, and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. "Me watch to see the deer kneel," replied he; "This is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up." The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe. It was affecting to find traces of the Christian faith existing in such a place, even in the form of such a tradition."

Fine as these are, we think it would not be difficult to quote ten or twelve sketches of equal excellence, from the first part of the book; but we must now shew our readers, that Mr Howison possesses talents for composition, not less versatile than powerful. Throughout the whole of the book, are scattered little characteristic sketches of domestic manners, which exhibit a sort of quiet *tact* and native humour, which unfortunately has come to be of but rare occurrence in our modern English literature. We shall quote one or two of these little sketches, and then leave our readers to form their own conclusions. Mr Howison rests for a short time in the house of a comfortable settler on *the* (Canadian) *Thames*.

"In this house there was a woman afflicted with acute rheumatism. She had tried the mineral oil without receiving any benefit from it, and consequently had been induced to put herself into the hands of one of the doctors of the settlement. This gentleman happened to make his daily visit when I was present, and entered the room, carrying a pair of large saddle-bags, in which phials and gallipots were heard clattering against each other in a most formidable manner. He did not deign to take off his hat, but advanced to his patient, and shook hands, saying, 'How d'ye do, my good lady, how d'ye do?'—'Oh, doctor,' cried the patient, 'I was wishing to see you—very bad—I don't calculate upon ever getting *smart* again.'—'Hoity, toity,' returned the doctor, 'you look a thundering sight better than you did yesterday!'—'Better!' exclaimed the sick woman, 'no, doctor, I am no better—I'm going to die in your hands.'—'My dear good lady,' cried the doctor, 'I'll bet a pint of spirits I'll *raise* you in five days, and make you so *spry*, that you'll dance upon this floor.'—'Oh,' said the woman, 'if I had but the *root* doctor that used to attend our family at Connecticut; he was a dreadful *skeelful* man.' Here they were interrupted by the entrance of her husband, who was a clumsy, credulous-looking person. 'Good morning to you, doctor,' said he, 'what's the word?'—'Nothing new or strange, sir,' returned the doctor.—'Well now, doctor,' continued the husband, 'how do ye find that there woman?—No better, I conclude?—I guess as how it would be as well to let you understand plainly, that if you can't do her never no good, I wouldn't wish to be run into no expences—pretty low times, doctor—money's out of the question. Now, sir, can *you* raise that there woman?'—'Yes, my good sir,' cried the doctor confidently, 'yes I can—I offered to bet a pint with her this moment, and I'll make it a quart if you please, my dear friend.'—'But, doctor, are you up to the *natur* of her ailment?' inquired the husband. 'Oh, perfectly,' said the other, 'nothing more simple; it arises entirely from obstruction and constitutional idiosyncrasy, and is seated under the muscular fascia. Some casual excitement has increased the action of the absorbent vessels so much, that they have drawn the blood from different parts of the body, and occasioned the pain and debility that is now present.'—'Well now, doctor,' cried the husband, 'I swear you talk like a lawyer, and I begin to have hopes that you'll be pretty considerably apt to raise my woman.' The doctor now opened his saddle-bags, and, having set forth many small parcels and dirty phials upon the table, began to compound several *recipes* for his patient, who, when she saw him employed in this way, put out her head between the curtains of the bed, and cried, 'Doctor, don't forget to leave something for the debilitation.' When he had finished, he packed up his laboratory, and ordered that something he had left should be infused in a pint of whisky, and that a table-spoonful of the fluid should be taken three times a-day. 'Will that raise me *slick*?'* said the woman; 'I guess I had as well take it four times a-day.' As the doctor was mounting his horse, I heard the

* Soon.

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farmer say, 'Doctor, don't be afeard about your pay, I'll see you satisfied: money, you know's, out of the question, but I've plenty of good buck-wheat.'"

In the course of the journey to New York, the following incident occurs, as the reader will guess, after Mr Howison has passed the frontier of the United States:—

"About six in the morning we drove up to a small house, which appeared to be a sort of tavern. The landlord was at the door ready to receive us, and the following conversation took place:

"*Landlord.* Good morning, gentlemen.

"*Driver.* Good morning, mister.

"*L.* Very warm, but pretty considerable of air stirring.

"*D.* I guess so. Can we get any thing to drink?

"*L.* Well, I suppose you can. What liquor would you propose to have?

"*D.* Brandy, I guess.

"*L.* We've got nothing in the house but whisky, sir.

"*D.* Let us have some then—by God, I'll treat; but where's Bill?

"*L.* Cleared out, I guess.

"*D.* What an almighty shame! and where's his family?

"*L.* Cleared out too, mister.

"*D.* 'Tarnation! well, I vow one feels pretty damned cheap, when a fellow clears out without paying scores.

"*L.* By the life he does—but here's success to Bill, (*drinking*,) though he owes me for a pair of shoes.

"*D.* Bill owes me eight dollars, and fifty-seven cents and a half.

"*L.* Cash?

"*D.* Ho, good morning to you! no, no, I'll be satisfied with three hundred rails and some leather—(*a pause.*) Bill knows what he's about; did he clear out slick?

"*L.* Yes, mister, right off; but I guess he's still in the bush; and I swear I could find him if I had a mind.

"*D.* Bill will steer southward.

"*L.* I guess he will—howsomever, here's success to Bill, and damn the shoes."

The following is the last we shall quote:—

"About six in the evening we arrived at the village of Auburn, and I abandoned the stage there, intending to go to Utica by way of the Grand Canal. Having seen my portmanteau disposed of, I entered the tavern, and desired that water might be sent into a room. 'Water!' exclaimed the landlord, 'why, here's water and towels enough in the bar.—I guess all the gentlemen washes there.' I surveyed the bar from curiosity, and found things in such a state, that I would rather have worn the coat of dust I had received while in the stage, than attempted ablution in it. However, after some parley and hesitation, my apparently unheard-of request was granted, and soon afterwards they rang a bell to announce that tea was ready. I immediately obeyed the summons; and, on entering the public room, found eighteen or twenty people already seated at a table, which was abundantly furnished with beef-steaks, ham, fowls, preserved fruit, cake, cheese, &c. The hostess, who was rather pretty, stood at one end of the table, and poured out tea, gracefully enough, to those who called for it, and occasionally joined in the conversation, with the same ease as if she had been one of the guests. Most of the people were respectable enough in appearance, but very plain in their manners. A good deal of detached unconnected conversation passed among them; but some of it was in such extraordinary language, that I found no difficulty in remembering the expressions *verbatim*, until tea was over, when I wrote them down, and shall now give the reader the following specimens:

"'Take some beef, 'squire.—No, I guess not, I don't feel much like eating to-night.—'Squire, is your sip out?—It will be so right off, ma'am.—My tea is too strong.—I conclude you're nervous, sir.—I vow, ma'am, I can't sleep when I take much tea.—Indeed I like tea, it makes me feel good.—I agree with you, I never feel so spry as when I've got a good raft of tea aboard of me.—I calculate upon there being some electricity in tea, it makes one feel so smart.—An't you from Canada lately, mister? how are politics there?—Nothing stirring in that way, sir. I conclude to go there very soon, and hope to see you; and if I can rip out your quarters, I'll give you a damned blow up.—Well now, I shall feel pretty considerably tickled to see you.—You didn't stay long at Canandaguis?—No, I dined at full jump, and went right off in the stage, which carried me slick to this place.—I fear that little shiver (chill) is troubling on you, sir.—Not at all, ma'am, pretty considerable of a boy, I guess.—Yes, sir, only three years old, and knows his letters.—He was in the skies and skies last week.—He must be awfully smart!!!'"

We are pleased with the smartness and liveliness of these sketches; but we cannot allow ourselves to quote them without expressing our honest belief, that Mr Howison is quite wrong if he thinks such vulgarity, as they record, at all peculiar to transatlantic manners. The probability is, that this young author went abroad without having ever enjoyed any great opportunities of travelling through his own country, or at least, without ever having had occasion to mingle very closely with the lower orders of his own countrymen. If Mr Howison had visited Manchester, Paisley, Glasgow, and such towns,

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such as called for Canada, he would, it is likely, have regarded the exhibitions of Yankee petulance with a somewhat more tolerant eye.

At the same time, nothing can be more just and true, than the general conclusions which Mr Howison draws from his own observation of the state of manners on the New Continent, both in Canada and in the United States. Himself apparently by no means tinged with any deep aristocratical notions, he is constrained to acknowledge that the *equality* (as it is called) of American society, is the greatest curse of that society; that the manners of the vulgar are brutalized to a horrible degree by that almost total absence of superior models, which is observable in Canada more particularly; and, finally, that external manners, although not certainly in themselves the first objects of philosophical attention, *are* fit objects of very serious consideration, in as much as, be they good or ill, they cannot fail to re-act for evil or for good on the character (properly so called) of those who wear them. In these views, we have no doubt our intelligent readers in America will perfectly coincide with Mr Howison; and, altogether, as we have already hinted, we think his book will be a favourite one in America as well as in England.

Mr John Howison, the author of these Sketches of Upper Canada, is, we understand, the brother of that Mr William Howison, who has already excited so many bright expectations by his beautiful *Fragments and Fictions*, published under the name of *M. de Peudemots*; and by his *Essay on the Sentiments of Adaptation, &c.* We doubt whether there be another family in the empire that can boast the possession of two such rising lights of letters, and hope both brothers will exert themselves to keep up the hopes that have been formed, or, as we may more properly express it, to redeem the pledges that have been given.

CHRISTOPHE, LATE EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

To Christopher North, Esq.

Sir,—As Supplementary to an Article which appeared in your fifty-first number, relative to the late Emperor of Hayti, the subjoined Letter will perhaps gratify some of your readers. They will be glad to recognize, in an independent document, statements verifying the inferences, which I then considered as fairly deducible from the Imperial Rescript, addressed to Mr W., and which it would not be difficult abundantly to sustain by other collateral proofs. As it is, I feel a melancholy pleasure in thus offering to the once powerful Christophe, on the good old principle, my sacrifice after sunset!

It may, probably, create a farther interest in the fame of the Departed, if I add, that his daughters, (now, with their mother, in England,) are represented by their hospitable friends, as well-bred and simple-minded young women, characterized chiefly by their timidity, and a tinge of seriousness, which the recent events of their life have been but too well adapted to create. One does not, surely, readily derive such dispositions and habits from a bloody and luxurious parent,

Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant.——

But, if they pluck the "precious jewel" from adversity, they will have no cause to regret their fallen fortunes. The widow is said to be a good-humoured and pleasing woman; but less refined, as might be expected, and less accomplished than her daughters.

Out of the wrecks of their shattered greatness, it is trusted that enough has been collected to render them independent. If Christophe had been as rapacious for *private purposes*, as his calumniators contend, would he not have invested, out of his millions, large sums in foreign funds, for his family's use; in the contemplation of that ασλεδμητον τυ μεγαλουλος, which his own observation must so forcibly have impressed on his mind?

After the testimony, indeed, borne by Lord Byron to the *courtesy* of Ali Pacha, it may now, perhaps, be questioned, whether the civilities (hearty and unpretending as they appear to have been,) recorded in the annexed epistle,

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certain evidences of a friendly disposition or a kind heart. But, at the risk of being blessed among the dupes of a mock patriotism, or a spurious humanity, I am willing to regard the efforts of Christophe to purify the morality of his recently liberated and ill educated countrymen—particularly with respect to adultery and duelling, as establishing his magnanimity in its best acceptation. The concupiscible and irascible passions, which prompt the *Venerem et prælia*, more not likely to be easily controlled in bosoms drawing intensity of feeling of every kind, from the region which has supplied our stage with its Oroonokos, its Zangas, and its Othellos; warped as they must farther have been, by a sense of many wrongs, and stimulated, for the first time, by the intoxicating cup of sudden emancipation.

Neither does his unceasing zeal to introduce a better education throughout his new dominions, or the enthusiasm with which the toast, proposing his health, was received at the governor's table, naturally announce the savage or the tyrant.

I might also appeal to his excellent character, as a husband and a father; for, though instances of conjugal and parental affection are not wanting among barbarians and despots, they seldom show themselves in so rational and so consistent a manner as in the case of the Emperor of Hayti.

But I leave these, and other deductions, to the good sense of the public.—Yours, &c.

Yorkshire, Dec. 1, 1821. F. W.

IPHIGENIA, PORT ROYAL,
JUNE 6, 1819.
(*On board of which the writer was a Lieutenant.*)

MY DEAR *****,

ACCORDING to promise, I sit down to give you as full an account of our reception at Cape Henry, as my recollection will furnish me with, as I am promised a conveyance for it by a private hand.

The Admiral landed at six in the morning of May 16; his party consisting of Captains Parker and Cox, Lieutenant King of the Beaver, Mr Gahan, Dr Macnamara, surgeon of the Port Royal Hospital, and myself. Sir Home Popham was received at the landing-place by a guard of honour, where carriages were waiting to convey the party to the house allotted for our reception, which we found to be a very good one—uncommonly clean, well furnished, and provided with a library and plenty of servants; the lower part, with the exception of the kitchen and other offices, being fitted up as a temporary guard-house, which was occupied during our stay by a guard commanded by a Captain, who always turned out on the Admiral's going from or returning home. Two centinels were constantly posted at the door, and one at the head of the staircase. Baron Dupuy here received the Admiral, and did the honours during the first day, giving us all a most hearty welcome. The Baron is a Mustiferlo, (the fourth remove from black,) and though not immediately about the King, is said to have greater influence than any other man. The Admiral then waited on the Duke of Marmalade, governor of Cape Henry; after which we sat down to breakfast, and found a most sumptuous entertainment provided. The only difference between our breakfasts and dinners, was the addition of tea at the former, and more wine drank at the latter; in other respects they were quite the same; soup, fish, and all the other component parts of a splendid dinner being provided at both, together with wine of every description; in short, the greatest *gourmand* would have smiled at the succession of courses and the good things that constituted them. Sixteen places were provided for whatever guests Sir H. Popham thought proper to invite. Carriages and horses were constantly kept in readiness; but in consequence of the extreme heat of the weather, (the sun at this time being exactly vertical,) we seldom rode out, except early in the morning, and after dinner, when the cavalry by no means held sinecure places; his Haytian Majesty's champaigne promoting wonderful emulation among the horsemen.

In these excursions, we visited the places most worthy of notice in the neighbourhood of the town, particularly the scenes of several desperate battles fought between the natives and the French, during their struggle for emancipation from slavery. In some of these battles, the enthusiasm and

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devotion of the undisciplined negroes in the cause of liberty, overcame the best troops France could send against them; although they frequently were armed with no other weapons than a long stick with a spike-nail at the end. The Haytians feel an honest pride in pointing out these places, rendered sacred by their heroic achievements.

Cape Henry, when in possession of France, (then called Cape François,) was considered one of the richest, and certainly was the most splendid city in the West Indies—with a population of sixty thousand. It was so celebrated for its magnificence, luxury, and dissipation, that it bore the name of the "Western Paris." But with all this, scarcely any town ever fell so completely a victim to revolutionary fury. Not a single house or church escaped conflagration. Their ruins still denote their former splendour. The remains of the cathedral are among the most striking objects. These occupy one side of a large square, at the head of which the king's palace now stands. This square was the theatre for numberless inhuman spectacles, during the struggle between liberty and oppression. The French at that time made a practice, when they captured a black officer, of nailing his epaulettes to his shoulders; and, after allowing these unfortunate men a sufficient time to suffer under their tortures, they generally put a period to their lives by nailing their caps to their heads, by way of derision. The private men were tortured to death in various ways; the most common of which was, to boil them alive over a slow fire, or to consume them gradually, by commencing at their feet, and burning upward. In addition to these, whole ship-loads were taken outside the harbour, and there scuttled; and where they were not despatched by wholesale, four or five were sewed up in a bag together, and so thrown overboard. After suffering these horrible cruelties, can their present antipathy to their former tyrants be wondered at? Although at the conclusion of this inhuman war, the Haytians had an opportunity of visiting their oppressors with the same cruelties they had themselves suffered, they shewed much more moderation, and in the end suffered the remnant of the French to embark on board a British squadron. To the present time a native of Hayti never mentions a Frenchman without expressing a generous indignation. It is said to be Christophe's intention to restore the town to its former state, when the independence of his country is acknowledged by France, and guaranteed by England; for without Great Britain being a third party, such is their opinion of French perfidy, they will not even enter into a negociation with them. In the meantime, as he is in constant expectation of an attempt on the part of France to recover her colonies in St Domingo, he does not much encourage building in the sea-port towns; as it is his policy, in the event of an attack, to render them useless to the enemy, and retire to the inland fortresses or mountains, where their active harassing system of warfare, aided by their climate, (so fatal to Europeans,) will soon destroy any force France can send against them.

Individuals, however, have repaired and fitted up their houses in a very handsome manner, and all that are inhabited are of a very comfortable description.

In my humble opinion, an attempt to subjugate Hayti, would be perfect madness. The people have tasted the blessings of liberty and independence; and the obnoxious recollection of their former state is too fresh in every man's memory, to admit of their again submitting their necks to so galling a yoke. Their mountains and forests afford a natural defence, from which no human power can dislodge a people so devoted to their country. Besides this, the talents of the King as a general, as well as of many of his officers, are by no means despicable. This he has manifested during the revolutionary war, and in his wars with the republican part of the island. His army (which is uncommonly well armed, clothed, and disciplined) at present consists of three nominal, but only two complete regiments of cavalry, three nominal, and two complete regiments of artillery, one regiment of engineers, and nineteen complete regiments of infantry, each of two battalions; the whole amounting to 35,000. Their high state of discipline is admirable; in fact, the *minutiæ* of military duty are entered into with the same precision as in the British army. The arms are all of English manufacture, with the Tower mark upon them, purchased from the Austrians, Prussians, and

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Spaniards, who were so liberally supplied during the late war by Great Britain. The sentinels are obliged to stand like statues from the time they are posted, until relieved, without being permitted to move one way or other. Those at the palace have little pedestals to stand upon. Nothing, even of a very minor consequence, can occur without the King's knowledge. His memory is so good, that he is acquainted with every man in the army, as well by name and person, as by character.

The laws of Hayti are very severe; but, when it is considered that the King, on his accession to the throne, found his country in the utmost confusion, insubordination, and demoralization, the necessary severity of the "Code Henry" will appear obvious. This great and wonderful man, in the space of ten years, has corrected all the numberless abuses which he found existing; and his endeavours to establish morality have been eminently successful. The penalty for *adultery*, is death to both parties; but I understand there is not an instance of its having been rigidly put in force. On a recent occasion, however, the Countess of Rosiene (a white woman) was obliged to ride through the streets of Sans Souci in a state of perfect nudity, at noon-day, on the back of a donkey, with her face toward the tail, for a breach of chastity, her paramour suffering a still more severe punishment. A great proportion of the coloured women are kept mistresses. Some months ago, heavy rains occasioned a river to overflow its banks, and change its course, to the almost total destruction of several plantations. The King immediately determined to dam it up in its proper channel. To carry this into effect, he issued an order for all women of bad or doubtful character, of whatever rank, to be employed in carrying clay, and the other requisite materials to the workmen, which was strictly put in force under the inspection of black female overseers. *Duelling* is not allowed, without the King's permission being first obtained, which he very seldom grants. An infringement on this law is certain death to both parties, and imprisonment for the seconds. Every person has the privilege of appeal to the King, from the courts of law, if he conceives himself to have been unjustly dealt with. A short time ago, three Judges were sent to the Citadel Henry, to work as labourers, on being convicted of partiality, and were kept at hard labour for a month!

The King is in all things absolute. He is the sole proprietor of land, the produce of which is sold for the benefit of the State. No other person whatever can have a freehold: but tracts of land are granted by lease at a nominal rent, in reward for services, the King constantly retaining the royalty. Cattle and sheep are also a royal monopoly. The revenue arising from the above, and 10 *per cent* duty levied indiscriminately on all imports and exports, more than double the expenditure of the country. The whole treasure collected at Sans Souci is immense! Twelve millions sterling is considerably below the medium statement I heard respecting it. Whatever gold or silver is deposited in the treasury, never again sees day-light. All payments are made in produce, which the merchants are obliged to purchase with gold or silver, or European goods; so that money is constantly flowing into the country, without any leaving it.

Several manufactures are brought to considerable perfection. Mahogany chairs and tables, together with most other descriptions of furniture, are as highly finished here as in England. The magnificent palace of Sans Souci is almost entirely fitted up with things of native manufacture. What most surprised me were the carriages (one belonging to the King, the other to the Prince Royal) both built at Sans Souci, and finished with equal taste, lightness, and elegance with some that stood beside them of English build! All the ornamental parts were of solid silver; and that metal was substituted for iron wherever it was possible. The royal stud is very large, and the stables are kept in the most beautiful order, under the direction of an English groom, with a salary of 1600 dollars a-year. Gun-powder mills are working, also founderies for casting shot.

Among other things, the education of the rising generation is not neglected. Schools on the Lancastrian principle are established at all the principal towns, under the direction of English masters, whose language is to be introduced instead of French. An academy for instruction in geography,

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manufactories, and the chapel, is also established at Cape Henry, under the direction of an English clergyman. The national school these institutions, and was much pleased with their order and regularity, and with the proficiency of the boys, several of whom were examined for his satisfaction. The whole expense is defrayed by the King, who frequently inspects them in person.

The hospitals, both military and charitable, are not less admirable. The military is under the direction of Dr Stewart, a man not less to be admired for his professional abilities, than for his hospitality and gentlemanly manners. We went over them, and found as much method and regularity existing here, as at the Royal Hospital at Haslar. Dr Stewart has a *carte-blanche* from the King; and nothing is wanting for the comfort and accommodation of the patients. One thing appeared rather ludicrous and unnecessary, which was a pair of stocks fitted to every bed-place, in which the legs of the occupier are immediately put, on the least symptom of insubordination. Dr Stewart assured us, that coercive measures were absolutely necessary; as, from the great ignorance of some of the negroes, it was impossible to induce them to take their medicines by mild ones.

For this state Hayti has been brought in the sixteenth year of its independence, by a people whom some have the wickedness to reproach with being the link of affinity between the human and the brute creation.

The general residence of the King is Sans Souci, a palace built by himself near a town of that name, situated about fifteen miles from Cape Henry. It is said, that more than two millions sterling have been expended on this magnificent structure, which is placed on such an elevated position, that the thermometer seldom rises higher than 60°. Near to this is the Citadel Henry, which stands on the summit of one of the highest mountains in the country. From its natural strength of position, together with its very judicious and elaborate defences of art, it is justly nicknamed the 'Gibraltar' of the West Indies. Three hundred and sixty pieces of artillery are mounted on the ramparts; two years' provisions are constantly kept up for a complete garrison, which is the principal *depôt* for military stores of every description. During the latter part of the last year, it suffered very much from lightning; which, communicating with a magazine, occasioned a most terrible explosion, destroying a considerable part of the works, and blowing up 330 men, together with a vast quantity of stores, and some treasures. The flames were rapidly approaching the principal magazine, containing upwards of 400 tons of powder, and were probably only stopped by the King's great presence of mind and intrepid example. The instant he became acquainted with the accident, he repaired to the spot, and, in defiance of the prayers and advice of those around him, rushed through the flames, followed by many others, and, by dint of personal exertions, succeeded in removing or destroying the whole of the powder in time to save the citadel from total destruction. The flames were soon afterwards got under, but not before a very considerable damage had been done. It is now repaired and enlarged, and in other respects considerably improved.

With respect to his domestic character, I was assured he was a most excellent father and husband, and has spared no pains in giving his children a finished education. The Princesses have had the advantage of English governesses, and are said to be highly accomplished. The Prince Royal has been brought up by the Baron Vasti, an exceedingly clever and gentlemanly white man, author of several well-written publications. During our stay at the Cape, I had the pleasure to become well acquainted with him, and liked him very much. The Queen is a very amiable and charitable woman, quite destitute of the affectation, which generally accompanies so extraordinary a rise as hers. She is fond of relating her adventures during the revolution, the whole of which time she accompanied her husband, with her children on her back, often without any other food than wild fruit and berries, and generally exposed to the weather, sometimes half clothed.

During our stay, we were entertained every evening with balls, given for our amusement by the order, and at the expence of the King. The colours of the company varied from the black to the white. Some of the Creoles were uncommonly pretty, and agreeable; and

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the extraordinary good manners of the generality of the company (whether black, brown, or white) were truly admirable; which, in addition to their great attention and politeness to ourselves, made a most favourable impression. We danced quadrilles, (in the Creole style), and now and then an English country dance. The Haytians are excellent dancers; their manners and dancing are, I fancy, a legacy from their former masters. Count Onaminthé, a very distinguished officer, is one of the most elegant men I ever saw; and a very few minutes in his company made me forget the difference of colour. This officer received seven musket balls through his body, and five bayonet wounds during the revolutionary war. Every thing here is transacted by beat of drum; and at private parties centinels are placed to facilitate the approach and departure of company. At the third night's ball, some of the ladies shewed an inclination to move off at an early hour; which being perceived by the governor, orders were immediately given to the centinels not to permit them to pass, without being *franked* by an English or Haytian officer.

On Thursday the 19th, the governor gave a grand entertainment in honour of the admiral. We sat down, about fifty, to dinner. The entertainment was excellent, and conducted in very good style. The company consisted of the principal people in Hayti; among them was the Archbishop, a native of Cuba, of pure Spanish extraction. He wore a very becoming sort of dress, uncommonly well calculated for stage effect. It consisted of a long black satin robe, with an enormous gold crucifix suspended from his neck. As soon as dinner was over, the Duke of Marmalade, in a long speech, proposed the "health of the King of Great Britain, and perpetual amity with the great nation over which he reigns." This was drank with great applause. Sir Home Popham then, in a complimentary speech, gave, the "Health of the Good King Henry." The Haytians appeared to devour every word he uttered, and *received the toast with more enthusiasm than I ever witnessed.* This was followed by several patriotic songs, which my very slight knowledge of French did not permit me fully to understand. Count Onaminthé then gave, "The Prince Regent;" after which other complimentary toasts ensued on both sides. A band of music attended, and struck up a tune to every toast. The evening's amusement concluded, as usual, with a ball.

The King, being on the frontiers at the time of our arrival, was not able to reach Cape Henry before ten o'clock this night. His arrival was announced by salutes fired from the different batteries. At day-break on Friday morning, he proceeded to visit the hospitals and arsenal; and at ten, Sir Home Popham and party waited upon him at the palace, where we were received with every possible attention and respect by the principal nobility, the Archbishop, and a guard of honour of the *Gardes-du-Corps*, a very fine body of men, in uniform, with crimson facings and gold lace.

The entrance to the palace is both handsome and convenient. In the hall are the prints of distinguished British statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, together with several military and naval victories. We were conducted, through two lines of officers, to a large and splendidly furnished room, rendered delightfully cool by artificial means. The court-uniform of the officers is dark green, with crimson facings, and a profusion of embroidery; their pantaloons of white satin, embroidered with gold.

The more one sees of this interesting country, the more one admires the man, whose strong mind, indefatigable conduct, and great natural abilities, have brought his subjects (previously sunk in the most degrading slavery and ignorance) to so high a state of order, and even refinement; and not less ought we to admire the people who are capable of receiving such rapid acquirements.

In a few minutes the King and his son, the Prince Royal, entered the room, by a door opposite where we were placed. The ease and dignified elegance of his deportment did not fail to excite our admiration. He was dressed in a plain green coat, decorated with the grand cross of the Order of St Henry, white satin breeches, and crimson Morocco boots. Though covered upon his entrance, he soon took off his hat, and desired us to be seated. His hair is perfectly gray, his countenance very intelligent, and his

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whole person well proportioned; his manners are particularly pleasing, without the slightest appearance of affectation or arrogance.

He first addressed himself to the Admiral, congratulating him on his arrival, and expressing his hope that he intended to make a long visit; regretting, at the same time, that, on account of his distance from Cape Henry, he had been prevented receiving him before, but trusting that Baron Dupuy had done his duty in arranging every thing to Sir Home's satisfaction. He then complimented him on his well-known abilities, said he was no stranger to the services he had done his country, mentioned the Popham code of signals now used in the navy, and concluded by inviting us to his Palace of Sans Souci, which, I regret to say, the Admiral did not accept, being anxious to return to Jamaica, whence he had been absent about two months—a much longer period than he had made arrangements for at the time of sailing.

The King then spoke to each of us, quite in a familiar manner; his whole conversation was highly flattering to England. The Prince Royal, only fifteen years old, is one of the fattest fellows I ever saw, and, from his appearance, might easily pass for ten years older. His dress was as superb as gold, silver, and jewels could make it. In his hat he wore a large plume of ostrich feathers, which had a very becoming effect. I was told, he is a very good-natured boisterous lad.

After remaining half an hour, we retired, leaving the Admiral and the King *tête-à-tête*. Their conference lasted about two hours, during which we waited in a room below. All kinds of refreshments were handed in, by a profusion of servants, in green and gold liveries. By the time we had nearly talked ourselves asleep, the King and the Admiral came into our room. His Majesty began to speak in a witty strain, and laughed heartily at the malevolence of the French, who make a practice of inventing the most ridiculous stories about him. Amongst others, he mentioned one that lately appeared in their newspapers, of his having, in a paroxysm of rage, thrown the Prince Royal from a window of the palace for having disturbed his sleep. Pointing to his son, he laughingly observed, "These Frenchmen highly compliment my strength; I fear that it would require more than I am master of even to lift so stout a fellow." He then changed his note to a more serious subject, and talked of his eldest son, who had been treacherously strangled by the French; this he did in a very feeling manner, at the same time expressing his abhorence of their whole nation.

Shortly after this we took leave, the King assuring the Admiral of his great respect for magnanimous England! The same evening he set off for Sans Souci, as the heat of Cape Henry does not agree with him. Whether in a carriage or on horseback, he constantly travels at full gallop, and is capable of undergoing any degree of fatigue or privation; although, when at home, he lives in a luxurious manner.

On Saturday morning I breakfasted with the Archbishop, who received me with the kindest cordiality. It was his intention to have given the Admiral an entertainment, and he had made his arrangements for that purpose, which he took care to shew me. A large table was placed in his principal room, that would have answered for sixty people, and all his other preparations manifested great liberality. His house is ornamented with English pictures and prints. I particularly noticed several of Cardinal Wolsey, at the different periods of his extraordinary life. In his library, I observed a large collection of English sermons, presented by Mr Wilberforce. The same thing I remarked at Baron Dupuy's. In fact, a constant correspondence is kept up by that excellent man and several of the Haytians.

The Admiral's long absence from Jamaica induced him to embark this evening, much to the regret of us all; for I never spent a more agreeable week than at Cape Henry, and I never met with so much kindness and hospitality. On Sunday, the 23d, we sailed for Port Royal.

No man could be better calculated to make a favourable impression than Sir Home Popham; his engaging manners, and enlightened understanding, made him popular with every one.

If you are not heartily fatigued with this long story, my dear ******, I shall give you credit for more patience than generally falls to the lot of mortals; but I could go on for ever, so pleasing,

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my recollections of our amiable Haytian friends. I send you with this a Court-Almanack, which contains the same description of information that our Red Book does. You must not laugh at the Duke of Marmalade's and Count Lemonade's titles, as they take them from places that received those names from the French.

At our departure, the King made us liberal presents of wine, live stock, preserves, fruit, &c. which we found on board, without any intimation having been made of such an intention.

With my dutiful love to * * * * *, &c. &c.

Yours, &c.

G. W. C.

P. S.—On reading over this long letter, I find I have omitted to mention a rather singular corps, of which the Queen of Hayti is commander. It consists of fifty women, dressed after the fashion of Amazons, and armed with bows and arrows and sabres. I did not see them, but was informed their costume was particularly handsome and rich. These ladies are not intended for actual service, but merely as an addition to the queen's retinue, as well as a memorial of some female patriots, who particularly distinguished themselves during the revolution. The quarters of this troop are Sans Souci. They are, generally, ladies of rank. I heard a good deal of the beauty of their horses, which are selected for them throughout the whole kingdom. You will receive with this some Haytian publications and gazettes, together with a liturgy of the Church of Hayti, which a good deal resembles our own.

HORÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.

No. VII.

Tendre fruit des pleurs de l'Aurore,
Objet des baisers du Zéphyr;
Reine de l'empire de Flore,
Hâte-toi de t'épanouir!

Que dis-je, hélas? diffère encore,
Diffère un moment d'ouvrir:
L'instant, qui doit te faire éclore,
Est celui qui doit te flétrir.

Thémire est une fleur nouvelle,
Qui doit subir la même loi:
Rose, tu dois briller comme elle,
Elle doit passer comme toi.

Descends de ta tige épineuse;
Vien la parer de tes couleurs;
Tu dois être la plus heureuse,
Comme la plus belle des fleurs.

Va, meurs sur le sein de Thémire,
Qu'il soit ton trône et ton tombeau!
Jaloux de ton sort, je n'aspire
Qu'au bonheur d'un trépas si beau.

Tu verras quelque jour, peut-être,
L'asyle où tu dois pénétrer;
Un soupir t'y fera rendre,
Si Thémire peut soupirer.

L'Amour aura soin de t'instruire
Du côté que tu dois pencher;
Eclate à ses yeux sans leur nuire,
Pare son sein sans le cacher.

Si quelque main à l'imprudence
D'y venir troubler ton repos,
Emporte avec toi ma vengeance—
Garde une épine à mes rivaux.

BERNARD.

IMITATED.

Sweet nursling of Aurora's tears,
Whom Zephyr's balmiest kisses woo;
Whose hand the floral sceptre rears,
O haste and burst upon our view!

No: let me warn thee of thy doom;
A while those opening glories stay—
For ah! the hour which spreads thy bloom,
That hour shall urge thy bloom's decay.

Myra, herself a rose new blown,
With law as rigid must comply:
'Tis thine, like her, to charm and crown;
Like thee, 'tis hers to droop and die.

O leave thy thorny parent-tree,
And o'er her form thy beauties fling;
So shalt thou surely happiest be,
As loveliest, in the train of spring.

Go, and upon her breast expire—
Her breast, thy envied throne and tomb!
My fondest wishes soar no higher,
Than there to meet as blest a doom.

Haply some day, exposed to view,
Thy fair asylum thou shalt spy;
And with her sigh then 'tis thine anew,—
If she, indeed, can heave a sigh.

Thy silken petals Love shall guide,
Where best their fragrance to incline;
To deck her bosom, not to hide;
Delights, not dazzle her—be thine.

And should some rash hand madly dare
There to disturb thy soft repose,
In one sharp thorn my vengeance bear,
And wreak it on my rival foes.

X.

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L'Etranger en Province.

Deux citoyens harangueient que la place,
Montés chacun sur un treteau :
L'un vend force poisons, distillés dans une eau
Limpide à l'œil ; mais il parle avec grace,
Son habit est doré, son équipage est beau.—
Il attroupe la populace.

L'autre, ami des humains, jaloux de leur bonheur,
Pour rien debite un antidote :
Mais il est simple, brusque et mauvais orateur—
On s'en moque ; on le fuit comme on fou qui radote,
Et l'on court à l'empoisonneur.

IMITATED.

Two orators a gaping throng address,
Each from his tub : the first rank poison vends,
Whose treacherous crystal cheats the vulgar eye ;
And flowery are his tropes, and rich his vest,
And near, a gaudy equipage attends :
The concourse thickens round, to taste—and die.

Friend of his kind, and zealous for their good,
An antidote the other offers gratis :
But then his garb—Heaven knows how little gay 'tis ;
And for his speech, I'd almost call'd it rude—
"Dotard!" they cry, and round the poison-monger crowd.

X.

Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante ;
E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto.
Uno tien sù i ginocchi, un sulle piante.
E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aspetto
Lor voglie intende si diverse e tante ;
A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
E se ride o s'adira, è sempre amante—
Tal per voi Provvidenza alta infinita
Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede ;
E tutti ascolta, e porgi a tutti aita,
E se niega talor grazia o mercede—
O niega voi, perchè à pregar ne invita ;
O negar finge, e nol negar concede.

IMITATED.

As by her filial circle first we see
A mother gaze and yearn with love's fond throes ;
One's brow she kisses, to her bosom close
Clasps one, and this on foot and that on knee

Seats ; and while sign, or sigh breathed audibly,
Or look, their various vast ambitions shows,
Here she a glance, and there a word bestows—
But smile she, frown she—smiles, frowns lovingly :

So watches for man's weal high Providence,
Soothing now him that wants, now him that grieves ;
So heed and aid His succors to all dispenses—

And if some blessings unbestow'd he leaves,
He but withholds to wake the prayer intense ;
Or seems but to withhold, and in withholding gives.

X.

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Ancient National Melodies.

No. I.

Chantington, Nov. 25, 1821.

Dear Sir,

There is nothing more true than what is said in a certain good old song, viz. that

Our ancient English melodies
Are banish'd out of doors;
Our Lords and Ladies run to hear
Signoras and Signors.

It is no less true, that

These strains I hate,
Like a pig in a gate.

For which reason, I have resolved to go over Ritson's Collection, and Tom Durfey's Pills to purge Melancholy, selecting from these too much neglected works such genuine old National airs as may seem most worthy of revival, and soliciting from your all-powerful *imprimatur*, the most effectual patronage which they can need, or I myself desire. Occasionally it may be proper to alter the words a little, so as to suit the occasions and sentiments of the day; and thus it is that I choose to begin my *series* with the following *rifacciamento* of that excellent chaunt which stands 43d in the collection of Ritson's Miscellaneous Songs. See Vol. II. p. 156.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Thomas Pipes.

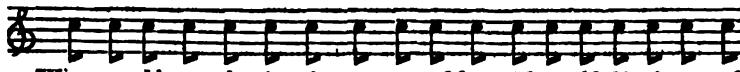
TO C. NORTH, ESQ.

Song I.

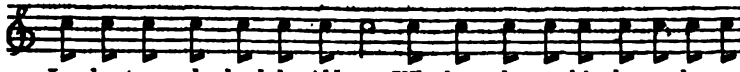
Comparisons are Odious. A Chaunt.

To the Tune of "*The Old Courtier and the New.*

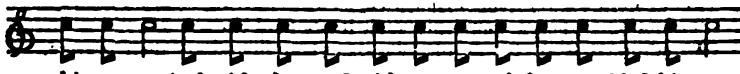
Ad libitum.



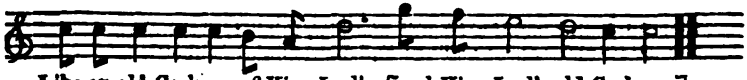
With an old song that is quite gone out of date, Of an old Ci-ti-zen of



London town who dwelt by Aldgate, Who kept close to his shop as became



his estate, And with plays and with po-ems sel-dom troubled his pate,



Like an old Cockney of King Lud's, [and King Lud's old Cockney.]

With an old song that is quite gone out of date,
Of an old Citizen of London town who dwelt by Aldgate,
Who kept close to his shop as became his estate,
And with plays and with poems seldom troubled his pate,
Like an old Cockney of King Lud's,
[and King Lud's old Cockney.]

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With a plain good woman, neither blue-stocking nor snarler,
Who had no objection to draw a cup from the barrel, or
Do any little turn about her neat back-parlour,
And thought it a long journey to Richmond-hill or Marlow,
Like an old Cockney, &c.

With a warm house, into which came neither belles nor beaux,
But worthy men of substance, in comfortable trunk-hose,
Who considered the Pope, the Pretender, and Monsieur as their foes,
But bore good will and amity to all mankind but those,
Like an old Cockney, &c.

With an old cupboard full of decent old books,
A great oak-boarded BIBLE, you might know it by its looks,
With an old Hollinshed fastened with copper hooks,
And Jane Shore, and the Children of the Wood, and such old ditties in the nooks,
Like an old Cockney, &c.

With an old fashion; when Sunday was come,
To walk to church with his prayer-book between his finger and his thumb,
But when service was over he had good roast beef and plum-
Pudding,—whereof every merry apprentice had some,
Like an old Cockney, &c.

With a good fashion, after dinner was done,
To drink a glass of Arrack-punch made by his wife or his son,
Whereof each filled a bumper that did almost overrun,
And then drunk to the King's health—jollily every one,
Like an old Cockney, &c.

But, in different times, more's the pity, different manners we find,—
This old man's descendant is to foppish courses inclined,
And, with newspapers and tavern-speeches, so corrupted is his mind,
That, not to speak the thing harshly, he is fit to be joined
With the new Cockneys of King Leigh's,
[and King Leigh's new Cockneys.]

Like a green Cockney, who dwells by Hampstead in a Box,
Whence he looks down on Pope, and Dryden, William Pitt, and Charles Fox,
And writes Essays, which he swears are better than Addison's or Locke's,
And filthy obscene sonnets withal, for which he should be set in the stocks,
. . . . . Like a new Cockney of King Leigh's,
[and King Leigh's new Cockney.]

Who, amidst a vile raffish company, is always giving of himself airs,
Thrumming upon a crazy spinnet, with fingers like a bear's;
Laughing at all decent people who go to church and say their prayers,
But don't consort with kept-madams, washer-women, and stage-players,
Like a new Cockney, &c.

Who thinketh himself a Homer, and placeth above Aristotle
A stuck painter, whose nose ten dozen swandrops do mottle;
Who would think it no harm the whole bench of Bishops to throttle;
And drinks green gooseberry wash out of a Champagne bottle,
Like a new Cockney, &c.

Who hangs his parlour with smutty prints, and makes a mighty fuss too,
About a painted book-case topp'd with his own down-looking bustos,
And jabbers all day long about *Brio* and *Gusto*,
And rails against Lord Wellington, Crib, Gas, and Little Puss too,
Like a new Cockney, &c.

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Whose mental vision squints so Morgan-like, so abominably oblique,
That he dares to publish translations from Italian and Greek,
Though of these he knows nothing; and even in English is sorely to seek,
Rhyming rhymes which all abhor, except little Jeffrey's little critique.
Like a new Cockney, &c.

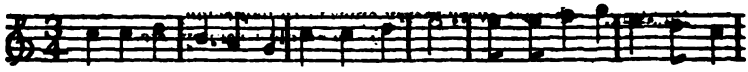
Now may Hazlitt, and Hunt, and Jeffrey, and M'Intosh, and Brougham,
Hold their tongues from henceforth ever, and their proper stations resume;
For, not one of them will write a history or poem till the crack of doom,
That any gentleman or lady would not hate to see in their room,
Like a new Cockney, &c.

If Hazlitt writes any more Stable-Talk he shall certainly be feruled—
If Hunt reaches forth his sceptre, his crown shall be peril'd—
If Jeffrey ever struts again, the Black Dwarf shall strut his herald—
And if Sir Jemmy talks of Histories, I'll dedicate my History of Gerald
To spotless Brougham and princely Leigh,
And King Leigh's new Cockneys.

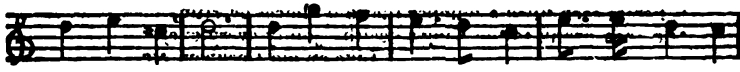
SONG II.

Cobbett's Complaint. A Dirge.

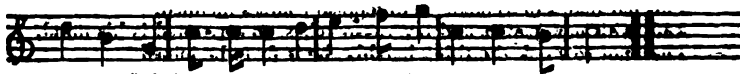
To the Tune of "O Hone, O Hone."



Now let no eyes be dry, O Hone, O Hone! Now let all lament and cry,



O Hone, O Hone! For Ca--ro--line is dead, And with her our



hopes are fled, For by her we all were fed, O Hone, O Hone!

1.
Now let no eyes be dry,
O Hone, O Hone!
Now let all lament and cry
O Hone!
For Caroline is dead,
And with her our hopes are fled,
For by her we all were fed,
O Hone, O Hone!

2.
Now *Chronicle* and *Times*,
O Hone, O Hone!
Are fill'd with rueful rhymes,
O Hone!
Mr Walter, Mr Perry,
Shall no longer be made merry
On her brandy, port, and sherry,
O Hone, O Hone!

3.
Sir Robert weeps his loss,
O Hone, O Hone!
He at last has got a CROSS,
O Hone!
The Bates's shuffler
Will look yellow, thin and queer,
When reduced to Lambton's cheer,
O Hone, O Hone!

4.
The nose of Harry Brougham,
O Hone, O Hone!
Had before the twitch of gloom,
O Hone!
But now he'll burst with spleen,
When brought back to bombasteen
By the exit of the Queen,
O Hone, O Hone!

5.
Her Majesty, 'tis known,
O Hone, O Hone!
He was willing to disown,
O Hone!
But my Lord of Castlereagh
For his purchase would not pay,
Therefore now he will say—
O Hone! O Hone!

6.
Now, Sir Jamie Mackintosh,
O Hone, O Hone!
Needs a cogie o' Fairntosh,
O Hone!
He well may take a sup
To keep his spirits up,
For with her no more he'll sup,
O Hone, O Hone!

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7.

But subscriptions may arise,
O Hone, O Hone!
Even out of obsequies—
O Hone!
To be busy about these
May restore a patriot's ease,
As when Gerald cross'd the seas,
O Hone, O Hone!

8.

For the Radical Review,
O Hone, O Hone!
My tears are not a few—
O Hone!
Little Goblin and his crew
Have nothing more ado
But strike up with Ullalooh,
O Hone, O Hone!

9.

Had Caroline gone forth,
O Hone, O Hone!
On her travels to the North,
O Hone!
What addresses, speeches, thanks,
What Sir Fiddles and Sir Franks
In Bartolomeo's ranks!
O Hone, O Hone!

10.

Now, like Patience in a Punt,
O Hone, O Hone!
Sits the majesty of Hunt,
O Hone!
Sure a thousand years may wing
Their flight, and never bring
Such a Queen for such a King,
O Hone, O Hone!

11.

Wolsely, Wobler, and Carlisle,
And Hone, O Hone!
And thou glory of our Isle,
Saint Hone!
Pour a bumper solemnly
Of infusion tea—
And sing delefully with me
O Hone, O Hone!

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, IN BLANK VERSE, BY BLAIRE FITZTRAVERTY, ESQ.

Proemium,

Dedicatory, Panegyrical, and Discursive,

To CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. *formerly the Veiled Conductor, but now the bare-faced and much-stared-at Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, Health, Wealth, and Good Spirits;*

CHRISTOPHER, Cock of the North, Prince of Periodicals, and Monarch of Magazinists, I dedicate to you the spoils of my first incursion into the territories of verse; and, at the same time, take the opportunity, too often let slip by pusillanimous dedicators, of praising you point-blank to your face. Man of monthly appearance in print, you have so changed the frame of the features of the universal literary countenance, and have put so much more meaning and expression into it, that the world of letters is not at all what it was—indeed it is no longer a republic, it is become an absolute monarchy, and you are the Despot of it. You have established a standard measure for the bulk of works; and authors are everywhere bringing in their Winchester bushels, to have them gauged and conformed to your decree; but, zooks, you will allow few or none of them to put forth a bushel of their stuff at a time—condensation is the word with you—and you insist on their winnowing away their husks, and so compressing into a quart-pottle what looked a big and bulky heap, and fit to fill a gallon. You will banish, I believe, the publication of separate treatises from the land. By the authority of your dictatorship, put in force against the stiff-necked, or where that is uncalled for, through the fascination of your example with the milder-natured, there is an end put at last to the infliction of all long-winded tractates upon us. All discussions henceforth are, I foresee, to come within the compass of a few hours' reading; and, indeed, most of the *viri clarissimi* are now convinced that a Magazine (or, more correctly, THE MAGAZINE) is your only commodious vehicle for delivering and ensuring the perusal of their lucubrations *de quovis omnium scibilium*—from Cookery up to the Law of Contingent Remainders, Isoperimetrical Problems, or the world.

wide difference between Objectivity and Subjectivity, or, indeed, any other like pleasant topic for fifteen minutes' pick-tooth chit-chat.

By the bye, touching the one I have put at the foot of the scale, Mr Murray having now established his claim to the best Cookery-book going, (not *going*, however, while Mrs Rundell's injunction lasted,) and the said Mr Murray having heretofore, foolishly, as I think, kneaded it up into one solid substance, a regular-made fat 12mo. with title-page, and tail-piece, and index, if not actually the puff-paste of Mr Murray himself, yet at least the dresser and rolling-pin were put in requisition under his specific direction for compounding it; having, as I said, unadvisedly sent it forth with too many good things, and too much of them, in one huge platter, he will, under your presiding auspices, find it his interest, I trow, to carve down the materials of his feast, and send them up to the snow-white monthly-spread table-cloth of Maga, in the form of *entremêts*, not over-much at once, but prettily dished and garnished by some of the tasteful *traiteurs*, who have demonstrated their excellence in your employ. This is the only way, indeed, to make many other things *go down*, as well as the ingredients of cookery. Metaphysics, which used to lumber into the world in all the solidity (not to say stolidity) of a 4to phenomenon of four or five hundred pages assigned to every mooted point, have had their day of triumphant humbug. Dissertations in that line, (according to the tenor of your conditional Veto), can no more shew their noses, unless they be content to shrink into the dimensions of a five or six page essay; and so the misty matter is settled without any more prosing about it and about it. But in other subjects, a good deal of the gift of long-windedness is contracted, particularly in the *belles lettres* or æsthetics, (if Mr C. will have it so), and here your voice is equally potent. Why, the Bowles and Byron controversy would have gone on for ever and a day, if you had not caught that interloper, Jeremy Bentham, and, after having slashed and carbonaded him, offered him up as an expiatory victim to the Goddess of Critical Discord.

That you are qualified for the high office which you assume, is on all hands agreed, and particularly by your skill in languages. Here, indeed, you are great—you have a whole jangling bunch of these keys of knowledge. It is not necessary to advert particularly to those in which you excel—an exception proves the rule—let me object then, that you do not speak the Timbucton tongue with urbane elegance. I presume your instructor was not familiarly admitted to Court, while he lived under the sway of King Woollo, and there alone the conversational tone of good breeding is readily acquired. However, with this exception, and the fault lies at the door of your instructor, (indeed it is difficult to get a good master of that tongue), you are highly accomplished in all—perhaps we may say you are most *au fait* in the Chaldee and Amharic, and certainly Mr Belzoni is greatly obliged by your reading to him at sight the copies of the hieroglyphics he brought home. Of politics I say nothing, the Radicals are eradicated, and the Whigs at a nonplus,—let him who would assign the degree of merit due to you in this business, reckon how far the sun's rays penetrate into infinite space.

In matters of wit and humour, all are taking the tone from you—one good and clear example is as well as a thousand. Hear, then, how contagious you are, facetious Christopher, and marvel. You are followed by your seniors. All the world knows that you have indelibly fixed the name of The Cockney School upon a certain captious breed of sentimentalists in the Strand, and ruralists in the Rotten Row; and have moreover sported the same sort of wit in classing others as belonging to the Leg of Mutton School, and others not contemplated by Bell or Lancaster. Now, in good sooth, this thy jocundity hath so bewitched Sylvanus Urban, that, in last month's Gentleman's, that "awfully ancient old square-toes," leaving his ordinary talk "of graves, and worms, and epitaphs," hath tried his hand in the same way, and hath conferred the appellation of the *Jessamy School* on a sect, in which Mr Hamilton, with his Garden of Florence, is the chief aspirant. Did you think the old boy had it in him at his time of day? For remember, he began his

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course of editorship on 1st of January, 1731, O.S.; and, from this, we may give a good guess at his state of senility. He was, there is no doubt of it, constitutionally staid and saturnine, and therefore better adapted to much of the mechanical, and eke the discretionary business of an Editor at 25, than you are, Christopher, (be it said without offence,) even at this present writing; seeing as how he never got into a scrape, or roused any heart-burnings, in near a century's supervision; while you, at your sober time of life, when you ought to be more prudent, can hardly repress the flashes and fiery out-breaks of your volcanic genius. Let him, then, have begun at 25, this brings him out to be at least 115 years old. Now, really, to make a convert of such an antediluvian, and to inspirit him with such near approaches to rejuvenescence, merely by the force of your bouncing animal spirits, is indeed somewhat to boast of.

But poetry, sweet poetry, is your *forte*. I have little to mention about that which you have written yourself, although it be greatly more than the world wots of. Let the Reading Public, when they are struck with wonder at the beauty of any anonymous *bijou*, or when they have puzzled their brains, and teazed one another, all to no purpose, in inquiring after the bodily owner of some likely, but imaginary name, affixed to a successful tale in verse, romance, idyll, ballad, or drama—which seeming author is not to be found under that deceptive appellation, from the Lizard Point, to John o' Groat's—Let them, I say, in defect of claimant for the laurel wreath, which the brows of the inditer thereof are entitled to, pay the tribute of their admiration to Christopher North—they will not often be in the wrong. Who wrote the Pursuits of Literature? A fig for Mr Mathias—he has never owned it, from A. D. 1792, down to this present 1821, being the first year after bissextile. Who wrote the Loves of the Triangles? Some whippersnapper replies, "Undoubtedly Canning, or Frere, or it was a joint concern of that witty set;" and if the hearer is contented—be it so—but, I say, it is a secret still. Who wrote the Rejected Addresses? Who wrote Whistlecraft? It was very cunning in the booksellers to put Sir Walter Scott's name to the Bridal of Triermain, after that exposed and parenthesis bantling had been nursed up by public applause, to a good measure of health and chubbiness, because it set the sale a-going again—but did Sir Walter write it? I doubt it; for he, honest man, is busy enough at Abbotsford, and little likely to trouble his brains with book-vending manœuvres; and I question if it has ever reached his ears, that this pretty imitation of him is now actually exposed to sale as goods of his genuine manufacture. It is confessed, that the Nithsdale and Galloway Songs are not all old; there are many modern ballads, surpassing the ancient perhaps, in that admirable Garland—Now, who wrote them? Does somebody say Allan Cunningham? Pooh, he has enough to do chipping marble at Chantrey's, without making rhymes to the clink of his hammer. Who wrote the Poetic Mirror? Who wrote Ellen Fitzarthur? Who wrote Henry Schultze, and others, divers and sundry, of various sorts and sizes? I do not pretend, Christopher, that you are positively the progenitor of all and every of these, but I confess my suspicions, that you are the writer of most of them, for I know it is not your way to be jealous of your own fame, provided that what you launch into the world has answered its end, in amusing or instructing your contemporaries, either by setting afloat the sacred fount of sympathetic tears, or by suppling those muscles about the jaws, which experience dilatation during mirth. I say then, that, provided whichever of these ends you may have intended, be answered, you let the gossips father the brat on whomsoever they please; and ascribe it to somebody or other they certainly will. Well, well, however sublime, picturesque, harmonious, spirited, humorous, or witty a poet you may be yourself, the *gist* of my present panegyric does not lie in that—it is, that you are the fosterer of the art in others. Like Falstaff, you are not only witty yourself, but the cause of wit in others; and, what he was not, you are poetical also, and the cause of poetry in others. Which genius of the present day is not indebted to you for encouragement, when he has done well—for direction, when he is sliding unawares into a wrong course—and for reproof, when he has quite deviated from good taste? Even your sharpnesses have be-

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wholesome correctives—and his Majesty, at Lisson Grove, (which is the Versailles, the suburban retreat of the Grand Monarque of Cockaigne,) has in consequence committed of late few or no versicular trespasses against sense, language, and metre. To be sure, Corny Webb has given us a "gross of green sonnets," in the New Literary Pocket-Book; but except that they are all along alarmingly alliterative, and hobble a little at times, as if they had corns, there is much pretty imagery in them; and, I hope, they will not be so useless to the publisher, as the "green spectacles," were to the Vicar of Wakefield, which Moses brought home from the fair. But, Christopher, this is not all that you have done—you are, like Jaques, "so full of matter," that the stray riches, which you pour out in your rambling way, set I know not how many artificers a working. Phœbus Apollo only knows the number of harps that lay unstrummed for want of subjects, till their possessors laid hold of some scattered thought of yours; and then made mayhap, a very passable set of verses, on the strength of it alone. You are like the wind, which bears about upon its pinions, abundance of plumed seeds, and recklessly lets them drop here and there, not at all mindful what may spring from the chance-given boon; whether it be a gorgeous amarynth, a *nemo me impune lacessit* thistle, or only a little diuretic dandelion—so is it with you, your winged words are tossed up, and go wherever Maga soars, and you little guess how germinant they are in many a soil, on which they alight. I freely confess to you, that I am one of those who take my catch-word from your pregnant compositions. Somewhere or other, you said, that you dreamed of having drunk up all the water in the reservoir on the Castle-Hill, (though, whether there be a reservoir or not in that place, I cannot tell.) Well, the hint set my brain fermenting, and raised such "yeasty waves" in the medullary matter under my bumps, of constructiveness and ideality, that I had no peace till the following poem was brewed, fixed down, barrelled, and shipped for the land where Ebony groweth—a tree of no unpropitious shelter! There is one drawback, however, to my satisfaction, for it turns out to have an unfortunate resemblance to the "Darkness" of his Ex-Lordship of Newstead, so that I am fearful that the originality of mine may be called in question. That said "Darkness" of the noble Baron, although it wears the physiognomy of a poem, may, if its physiology be narrowly pried into, be ascertained to have much more of the properties of a scientific paper. The problem he takes in hand may be thus enunciated:—"Given the practicability of popping an extinguisher over the sun, and of co-instantaneously stopping the increase of supplies which are known to augment in arithmetical ratio—find the length of candle light, and bonfire light, which will be afforded by the present stock of muttons on hand—(*vide* Surveys of the Board of Agriculture,) by the store already imported of timber, pitch, rosin, &c. (*vide* Monthly Commercial Reports, Blackwood's Magazine,) and by all other home-raised combustible and luciferous matter." And really it is very well worked, as far as it goes, and as it is in a branch of physics hitherto not much rummaged into, it was not to be presumed that any thing farther than an approximation to a solution would be hit upon at first. It much astonieth me, that the Cambridge Philosophical Society have not had it read at any one of their sittings, considering that his Lordship is a member of the Ultra-Mathematical University, in what that society is a tender Neophyte, and possibly in want of so subtle a calculator as my Lord has shewn himself to be, in this first *essor* of his talents into the regions of physical science.

Now, to conclude with a deprecation, for my say is almost said. You, Christopher, lighted the taper of my inspiration; beware then, that you do not quench it with that pair of snuffers of evil augury, which you use in snuffing off the wick of many a hapless contributor's rush-light. For, even though (in that unpleasant business of rejection) you wield the implement with infinite grace, and a sort of chirurgical avoidance of giving needless pain, yet all won't do; *rejeté* is not consoled in his state of obfuscation, even by such flourishes of the hand as these. "We return your 'Hints towards ascertaining the System of Ethics likely to be predominant in Botany Bay, towards the close of this Century,' and although we cannot deny the talent it evinces, yet allow us to sup-

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it is not adapted to our Miscellany"—or, to a bardling, it may run—"Pardon us for declining to insert your verses, entitled, To Fidelia; without any question, in 275 six-lined stanzas there must be many with original thoughts in them, even though we have not had the good fortune to pitch upon them, therefore," &c. In spite of the tenderness and ability of the operator, he, whose luminary is so put out, feels rather down in the mouth when he is left darkling. Be it not then the murky condition of him who here inscribes to you the first proofs of the developement of a poetic organization in his cerebellum, and subscribes himself—Yours assuredly,

BLAISE FITZTRAVESTY.

Nov. 29, 1821.

Ladle Court, near the Devil's Punch Bowl, Surrey.

DROUTHINESS.

I had a dream, which was not all-my-eye.
The deep wells were exhausted, and the pumps
Delivered nothing but a windy groan
To those who plied their handles; and the clouds
Hung like exsuccous sponges in the sky.
Morn came and went—and came and brought no rain,
And men forgot their hunger in the dread
Of utter failure of all drink—their chops
Were all athirst for something potable;
And they did swig, from hogsheads, brandy, wine,
Cyder, brown-stout, and such like, meant to serve
For future merry-makings—cellars dim,
Were soon dismantled of the regular tiers
Of bottles, which were piled within their binns;
Small beer was now held precious—yea, they gulp'd
Black treacle, daubing childish visages,
Gripe-giving vinegar, and sallad oil.
Nor were old phials, fill'd with doctor's stuff,
Things to be sneezed at now—they toss'd them off.
Happy were they who dwelt within the reach
Of the pot-houses, and their foaming taps.
Barrels were all a-broach—and hour by hour
The spigots run—and then a hollow sound
Told that the casks were out—and the Red Cow,
The Cat and Bagpipes, or the Dragon Green,
Could serve no customers—their pots were void.
The moods of men, in this unwatery,
Small-beerless time, were different. Some sat,
Unbuttoning their waistcoats, while they frown'd,
Scarce knowing what they did; while hopeful, some
Button'd their breeches-pockets up, and smiled;
And servant lasses scurried to and fro,
With mops unwet, and buckets, wondering when
The puddles would be fill'd, that they might scrub
The household floors; but finding puddles none,
They deem'd their pattens would grow obsolete—
Things of forgotten ages. So they took
Their disappointed mops, and render'd them
Back to their dry receptacles. The birds
Forsook the papery leaves. The dairy cows
Went dry, and were not milk'd. Incessantly
Ducks quack'd, aye stumbling on with flabby feet,
Over the sun-baked mud, which should have felt
Pulpy beneath their bills; and eels did crawl
Out from what had been ponds, and needed not
The angler's baited hook, or wicker-pot,
To catch them now,—for they who baffled erst,
Through aliminess, man's grasp, were still indeed
Wriggling—but dusty,—they were skinn'd for food.

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He who, by lucky chance, had wherewithal
To wet his whistle, took his drop apart,
And smack'd his lips alone; small love was left;
Folks had but then one thought, and that was drink,
Where to be had, and what? The want of it
Made most men cross, and eke most women too.
The patient lost their patience, and the sour
Grew still more crabbed, sharp-nosed, and shrill-voiced.
Even cats did scratch their maiden mistresses,
Angry that milk forthcame not,—all, save one,
And he was faithful to the virgin dame
Who petted him;—but, be it not conceal'd,
The rumour ran that he his whiskers greased
From a pomatum-pot, and so he quell'd
The rage of thirst; himself sought nought to lap,
But, with a piteous and perpetual mew,
And a quick snivelling sneeze, sat bundled up,
And taking matters quietly—he lived.
The crowd forsook our village; only two
Of the parishioners still tarried there,
And they were enemies; they met beside
(One only stood before and one behind,)
The empty settle of a public-house,
Where had been heap'd a mass of pots and mugs
For unavailing usage; they snatch'd up,
And, scraping, lick'd, with their pounced-parchment tongues,
The porter-pots a-dust; their eager eyes
Dived into gin-bottles, where gin was not,
Labell'd in mockery,—then they lifted up
Their eyes for one brief moment, but it was
To hang their heads more sillily, ashamed
Each of his futile quest;—but 'twas enough
For recognition,—each saw, and leer'd, and grinn'd.—
Even at their mutual sheepishness they grinn'd,
Discovering how upon each foolish face
Shyness had written Quiz. The land was dry;
Day pass'd, defrauded of its moistest meals,
Breakfastless, milkless, tealess, soupless, punchless,—
All things were dry,—a chaos grimed with dust.
Tubs washer-womanless, replete with chinks,
Stood in their warping tressels—suds were none;
And dirty linen lost all heart, and hope
Of due ablution—shirts were worn a month—
White pocket-handkerchiefs were quite abandon'd,
And so were nankin inexpressibles—
Yea, most things washable,—and Washing seem'd
To threaten that henceforth it must be named
Among lost arts. Water had fled the Earth,
And left no tears in people's eyes to weep
It's sad departure;—Drouthiness did reign
Queen over all—She was the universe!

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THE LEG OF MUTTON SCHOOL OF PROSE.

No. I.

*The Cook's Oracle.**

Doctor Kitchener, we are quite ready to take for granted, is a very hale and praise-worthy person indeed, possessing an excellent appetite and liberal mind, blending considerable knowledge with strong powers of digestion, and uniting the stomach of a horse to the nobler attributes of man. With all this, however, we do not hesitate to pronounce him the most unfit person in the world to write a cookery-book. Many of these qualities are certainly perfectly inconsistent with that delicate and refined discrimination of the palatal organs which forms the very basis of the philosophy of the stew-pan. They may indeed enable the worthy Doctor to appreciate with perfect accuracy the merits or defects of any given dish of beef and cabbage—to shine as a connoisseur on Yorkshire-pudding—a dilettante on bubble-and-squeak—or to descant with much precision on the scientific preparation of roly-poly dumplings, or the mystical union of goose and apple-sauce. But to all the nobler and more lofty aspirations of the art—to all its finer and more shadowy perfections—to that exquisite and transcendental "*gout*" which marks the most complicated dishes of a master, we take leave to consider him an utter stranger.

It is perhaps to be lamented that a person whose constitution affords such evidence of abdominal and mental power, displaying so rare and enviable an amalgamation of the spirit and the flesh, should have been led unprofitably to devote himself to the only pursuit in which these distinctions must contribute to impede his success. If ever there was a person marked out by nature not to cook, but to devour—not to study and explain the works of creation, but "inwardly to digest them;" one who is "*Fruges consumere natus*," and destined

"———in viscera viscera condi
Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus,"

the author of the "Cook's Oracle" is the man. Why then has the Doctor thus wantonly deviated from the orbit in which he was wisely destined to revolve?—why has he forsaken the safe and beaten track of physic, to wander amid the wilds and mazes of cookery?—why must he exchange the spatula for the carving-knife—the pill, the bolus, the electuary, for the rump, the cutlet, the ragout? Are there no boundaries to the erratic flights of genius in these days of universal acquirement, and are we destined yet to see the astronomer descending to the kitchen from his "watch-tower in the sky," squinting with one eye at the planets, and with the other at the spit, and simultaneously watching, with equal ardour, the transit of Venus, and the simmering of the turkey?

Whether such professional aberrations are ever to become common—whether we are destined to encounter Dr Baillie in a white apron, in the act of skewering a wild-duck, or Sir Henry Halford brandishing a soup-ladle in the kitchen, we shall not venture to predict; but regarding such encroachments with considerable jealousy, we shall certainly discountenance them as much as in us lies, till we find them sanctioned by higher names and weightier authority than those of Dr Kitchener.

It is an axiom, founded on experience, that strength in the digestive organs is never found united to delicacy of perception in the palatal ones; or, in other words, that nicety of taste is found to be uniformly connected with delicacy of stomach. The degree of vigilance exercised by the palate in the admission of intruders is constantly regulated by the tone and temper of the stomach. Where the latter is robust and vigorous in the performance of its various functions, the caution of the former is always proportionably relaxed; and the instant that a man's stomach becomes strong enough to di-

* The Cook's Oracle; containing Receipts for Plain Cookery on the most economical plan for Private Families; also, the art of composing the most simple and most highly finished Broths, Gravies, Soups, Sauces, Store-Sauces, and Flavouring Essences: The quantity of each article is accurately stated by weight and measure: The whole being the result of Actual Experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. The Third Edition, which is almost entirely re-written. London: Printed for Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Cheapside, London. 1821.

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gest horse-flesh, he will then consider horse-flesh no unpalatable food. Thus it is, that obtuseness of stomach can never be united to vividness of perception in the palate; and as the hands of a watch are found to indicate the existing state of the internal machinery, so is the acuteness of our taste dependant on the internal process of digestion. Of the relative duties of these two portions of our physical organization, Dr Kitchener appears to be considerably more ignorant than might have been expected from one professedly writing on the philosophy of cookery. The stomach, to adopt a simile, is a very hospitable gentleman, who is unfashionable enough to live in a sunk story, as his ancestors have always done before him since the memory of man; the palate is the footman, whose duty it is to receive all strangers at the top of the stairs, and announce their rank and quality before they are suffered to descend to the apartments of his master. The latter is occasionally rather irritable and cholerick, and, in such humours, scruples not to kick out his guests, when their company is disagreeable, who rush past the astonished footman at the landing-place, and make their exit with far less ceremony than precipitation. He also uniformly expresses the greatest horror at the very idea of receiving a second visit from the guests he had previously expelled; being, no doubt, in dread of the voluminous apologies which such a circumstance would render necessary, for his former rude and indefensible proceedings. But to return——

Whatever tends to moderate or increase the vivacity of our bowels, never fails to produce a corresponding influence on our taste. The viands which the state of our visceral temperament at one time renders most grateful to our palate, become absolutely nauseous at another. Is the revolution of the earth more complete than the change which takes place, and is continually taking place, in the taste and appetites of the same individual, "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve—a summer's-day?" In sickness and in health, in youth and age, at sea and on land, in rest and motion, in town and country, at home and abroad, in a state of repletion and one of inanition, in every possible alteration of external circumstances,—nay, in every moment of our lives, our tastes are changing; and though the palate be the compass which ascertains the variation, yet, like the compass, it only marks the consequences which a more active agent has produced. No man, we imagine, is so ignorant as to pretend that the change which is continually taking place in our appetites is produced by the *direct* influence of external circumstances on the palate. It is not so. They affect the palatal organs only by an indirect and reflex power; their primary action is on the stomach, and on that alone.

As a corollary from these general principles, we take it to be evident, that the vigour and vivacity of bowels, by which the Doctor is distinguished, are quite sufficient to incapacitate him for the task he has undertaken. A good cook must enter the kitchen in a state of body entirely the reverse of that in which a pugilist enters the ring. A month or two of Captain Barclay would ruin him for life. The Knight of the Fives, and he of the Smoke-jack, must proceed on very different principles. The biliary secretions of common men are not sufficient for the cook. In him, bile must be redundant; and if he is troubled with dyspepsia, or afflicted with a constitutional tenesmus, so much the better. Trust not thy dinner, gentle reader, trust not thy dinner in the hands of a muscular and healthy cook. He will poison you with suet and hog's fat—his dishes will be redolent of garlic and cabbage—all manner of abominations will assail your palate and your nose—your senses will become mere avenues of punishment;—farewell the balmy stew, the mild and savoury fricassee, the delicate, the stimulating ragout!—*There is death in the pot!*—Swallow his infernal preparations, and you will live the miserable and unwieldy victim of corpulence, or, by a more merciful dispensation, die at once under the dietetic inflictions of this culinary Hottentot. The introduction of the fatal horse into the walls of Troy produced not half the evils which the admission of the dishes of such a cook will occasion in your stomach. In vain will you have recourse to bitters, or court the assistance of the brandy-bottle—in vain will you seek relief from the peristaltic persuaders of Dr Kitchener, for *you* there is no virtue in materia medica—no tonic power in rhubarb, gentian, or

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quinquina, to fortify the suffering bowels, and enable them successfully to withstand the daily bombardment of so inhuman and detestable an assailant. A good cook, therefore, we repeat, should be of weak digestive powers, and of a bilious habit; and he who presumes to treat of cookery, without possessing these fundamental essentials, builds, like Dr Kitchener, on the sand, and, like the small erection of the Doctor, its foundations shall be swept away by the breath of reason and philosophy.

It has been truly stated in a former article on this subject, that the progress of cookery and civilization are uniformly coetaneous. The stages of its advancement, we believe, in all countries, to be nearly alike. It passes first from rudeness to simplicity, from simplicity to magnificence, from magnificence to comfort and refinement. The splendour of the entertainments of ancient Rome have remained ever since perfectly unrivalled. But the dinners of Apicius are not precisely such as a modern Gastronome would wish to partake of; the taste of the entertainment is at least questionable; and it is probable that the value of the dishes was estimated more by their rarity, and consequent expence, than for their flavour on the palate, and their fitness for culinary purposes. As connected with the advancement of philosophy and the arts, it were perhaps a curious and not unprofitable task to trace the progress of cookery in our own country. In former times, if we may trust the suggestions of our own gustatory glands, the eye was consulted more than the palate. We are by no means inclined to envy the magnificence of a roasted horse, a boiled porpoise, or a cat in jelly,—dishes which occasionally decorated the tables of the great in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The peacock, however, in all the graces of his plumage, was the dish which was considered as shedding the greatest lustre on the baronial tables of our ancestors. Daniel has quoted from a MS. in the library of the Royal Society the following receipt for dressing, in the most approved manner, a "Pecok enhakyl:—"

"For a feste royal, pacokkes schol be dighte on this mannere. Take and flec offe the skynne, with the fedures, tayle, and the neck, and the hed there-on. Then take the skynne and all the fedures, and lay hit on a tabel abrode, and strawe thereon grounden cornyn. Then take the pecok and rost him, and endore him with raw yoks of eggs, and when he is rosted, then take him off and let him cole awhile, and tak and sow him in his skynne, and gylde hys combe, and so serve him forthe with the last corse."

The swan, too, was a bird which our lordly forefathers took great pleasure in devouring. Such was the estimation in which it was held, that, by an act of Edward the Fourth, it was decreed, that no one "other than the son of our Sovereign Lord the King, should have the privilege of keeping any, unless he possessed a freehold to the clear yearly value of five marks," a rent-roll in those days of no inconsiderable amount. The following singular instances of gastric aristocracy are likewise to be found in the MS. from which we have already quoted. "Take conynyes par boiled, or elles rabits, for they are better *for a lord*." "A hole chycken *for a lord*." "An, if it be *for a lord*, put seven leches in a dyshe, and make a dragge of fine sugar." "When a pig is rosted, lay athwarte him over a bar of sylver foile, and anoder of golde, and serve him so all hole *to borde of a lorde*." &c. &c.

But, while the nobility fared thus sumptuously, their vassals appear to have had little reason to complain of their cheer. They were denied, it is true, the peacock and the swan, but the goose and the turkey compensated amply for their loss. If the horse was beyond their means, the bullock afforded them consolation; and the following poetical account of the domestic œconomy of a yeoman, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, will leave, we apprehend, but few claims to superiority in the score of eating to his descendants of the present day.

"Twelve sorts of meat my wife provides,
And bates me not a dyshe,
Foure are of fleshe, of fruite are foure,
The other foure of fyshe.

For the fyrste corse shee stores my borde
With byrdes that daintyes are,
And first a quayle, and then a rayle,
A byttern, and a jarre.

Mine appetite, when cloyed with these,
With fyshe she makes it sharpe,
And brings me next a lump, a ponte,
A gugeon, and a carpe.

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The second corse, of fruite well served,
Fyttinge well the seson,
A medlar, and a hartichoke,
A crab, and a small reson.

What's hee that having suche a wyfe
Upon her should not dote,
Who every day provides him fare
That costes him never a grote?"

Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the unprecedented diffusion of wealth and knowledge, and the consequent progress of refinement in all classes of society, but little improvement has taken place in the system of our national cookery. Strange that in the proud and glorious march of science and philosophy, amid discoveries which have rendered even the elemental principles of nature subservient to our power, that the art which, more than all others, contributes to our enjoyment, should alone have remained uncultivated and unimproved, a bare and barren spot, amid the universal verdure, and the golden fruits of industry and genius! But whatever reproach this acknowledged and palpable deficiency may tend to cast on our national taste, certain we are, that the work of Dr Kitchener will tend in no degree to avert its application. He is equally ignorant of the kind of work which the wants of the public demand, as he is of his own utter unfitness, to write on cookery at all. His, therefore, is a double failure. He has failed both in that which he has attempted, and in not attempting that which alone the public required at his hands. To come forward, in the present day, with a long and laborious treatise on roasting, boiling and stewing, (for prolix directions for these simple operations occupy four-fifths of the Doctor's book,) is mere trifling at best. In fact, our cooks, bad as they generally are, can roast, boil, and stew, as well as Dr Kitchener himself; or, if they do not, it is negligence, not ignorance, which occasions their failure. It is from practice, not theory, that accuracy in these elementary processes must be derived. All the necessary instructions have already been a thousand times repeated; and the republic of cooks, we trust, have too much taste and penetration to prefer the tedious prolixity of the Cook's Oracle to the simple and practical directions of Mrs Glass and Mrs Rundell.

We trust the days are now past when ancient prejudices can prompt us to reject the improvements of foreign artists, on what is vulgarly termed our national cookery. For the rich, there is no *national cookery*. The materials of our dishes are furnished by all the regions of the globe. In the compass of a single ragout are congregated the productions of every climate, and of every soil. The east, the west, the north, and the south, unite their treasures to increase its flavour, and of the cook, rather than of the poet, it is true that he has "exhausted worlds," and if he could discover new, would render them subservient to our greatest source of enjoyment, the gratification of the palate. It is only to the management of these extensive materials, to certain specific and customary combinations of them, that the term *national* can be applied. The diet of the poor, indeed, is, and must be, regulated by the productions of the country in which they live. For them, there exists no region but that which they inhabit. But this is the law of necessity, not of choice; and the reason why the Highland fisherman devours his spoil without the savoury relish of anchovy sauce, and the Lowland ploughman mingles no curry powder with his porridge, is merely that these articles are placed, perhaps for wise purposes, beyond their reach. But if the productions of our own country are insufficient for the gratification of more refined palates, why, when we borrow the productions of foreign countries to increase our pleasure, should we not likewise adopt those modes of preparation which can render them more subservient to our enjoyment? We have a national literature as well as a national cookery. But the former has been raised to its present eminence, not more by the gigantic efforts of our native genius, than by an intimate knowledge of the beauties and excellence of the literature of foreign nations. So it must be with our cookery. Our indigenous artists must appreciate and adopt the improvements which the science has received in other nations, before it can receive any considerable advancement at home. We cannot but consider it, therefore, as a consummate piece of impertinence in any man in these days of continental intimacy, and uninterrupted intercourse, who presumes to palm upon the public, a bald and unnecessary re-

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petition of elementary directions for the most simple and ordinary processes, as a new system of cookery. What is, and will be required of every future writer on this subject is, that he shall carefully study the cookery of the different European nations—that he shall make large and judicious selections of the best dishes they afford, thus enlarging the orbit to which the track of our native cooks has hitherto been confined, and opening a new vista of inexperienced enjoyment to the palates of their masters. Whoever publishes a cookery-book, without doing this, is a quack, and we warn the public not to trust to his pretensions.

We feel that we have been too prolix in these general observations. But cookery is a subject on which we love to gossip, and we might almost say, with regard to ourselves, that the next enjoyment to eating a good dinner, is to talk about one. But we must have done, and proceed to introduce Dr Kitchener to the more intimate acquaintance of our readers, by giving them a taste or two of his qualities, in the capacity in which he has offered himself to the public.

In the preface to the Cook's Oracle, the Doctor gives us the following piece of information.

"*He has not printed one Receipt—that has not been proved in His own Kitchen*—which has not been approved by several of the most accomplished Cooks in this Kingdom—and has, moreover, been eaten with unanimous applause by a Committee of Taste, composed of some of the most illustrious Gastropholists of this luxurious Metropolis."

Now we should really like to know of whom "the illustrious Gastropholists," thus vaguely alluded to, consist. If the Doctor will only tell us the names of the members of this illustrious committee, we promise never to dine with one of them should we live a hundred years. As a specimen of the taste of this club of foul feeders, we shall specify a few of those dishes which were devoured by them with unanimous applause. "Scotch Haggies," "Scotch Crowdie," "Ox cheek stewed," "Ox tails do.," "Black Broth of Lacedæmon." Or take the following receipt for a savoury mess, which the Doctor calls a "Fat Pudding."

"Break five Eggs in a basin, beat them up with a teaspoonful of Sugar and a table spoonful of Flour, beat it quite smooth, then put to it a pound of Raisins and a pound of Suet; it must not be chopped very fine; butter a mould well, put in the pudding, tie a cloth over it, tight, and boil it Five hours.

N. B. This is a very delicious composition, and is commonly called a MARROW PUDDING.

Now, it is surely not judging too harshly of Dr Kitchener's taste, and that of his Committee of illustrious Gastropholists, to assert, that if they, as the Doctor assures us, really considered this mass of unvarnished abomination as "a delicious composition," they are just about as well qualified to judge of delicacy of eating as an old Boar, (no personal allusion to the author,) and a Committee of Yorkshire Pigs.

On a diligent comparison, however, of the utter worthlessness of the book as a culinary manual with the shrewdness and sagacity which we believe the Doctor to possess, we think it probable that he trusted his hopes of success in his present undertaking rather to his jokes than his receipts; and looks for applause less to the originality of his discoveries, than from the facetious and sparkling garb in which he has invested them. Be it so. The Doctor's wit shall experience the same ample justice which we have already bestowed upon his cookery. In truth, the better half of his book is occupied, not by receipts for the composition of dishes, for in this respect it is meagre in an unprecedented degree, but by a treatise on the proper mode of issuing and accepting invitations to dinner, instructions to awkward gentlemen and ladies how to conduct themselves in company, directions for carving, friendly advice to cooks, and by various other matters, no doubt very interesting, but which very few of his purchasers have the smallest inclination to pay for. By the help of all this, and the frequent repetition of the same receipt in different parts of his book, the Doctor has certainly succeeded in making a volume of a very respectable size; and we are really inclined to consider him a better maker of a book than of a fricassee. The Doctor does not seem inclined to prize the joys of love so highly as the more enduring, and more easily repeated ones of the stomach. He is, therefore, rather ungallant to the ladies, and scarcely ever omits an opportunity of giving them r

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ly daub with his brush. We fear the fair sex will be rather out of humour with him for thinking it necessary, in the present day, to extract the following directions for their deportment, from a curious old work, entitled, "The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet of Varieties; or Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion."

"A gentlewoman being at table, abroad or at home, must observe to keep her body straight, and lean not by any means with her elbows, nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite; talk not when you have *meat* in your *mouth*; and do not smack like a *Pig*, nor venture to eat *Spoonmeat* so hot that the tears stand in your Eyes, which is as unseemly as the *Gentlewoman* who pretended to have as little a *Stomach* as she had a *Mouth*, and therefore would not swallow her *Peas* by spoonful, but took them one by one, and cut them in two before she would eat them. It is very uncomely to drink so large a *Draught*, that your *Breath* is almost gone—and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself—throwing down your *liquor* as into a *Funnel* is an action fitter for a *Juggler* than a *Gentlewoman*: thus much for your Observations in general, if I am defective as to particulars, your own *prudence*, *discretion*, and *curious observations* will supply.

"In CARVING at your own *Table*, distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear very comely and decent to use a *Fork*; so touch no piece of *Meat* without it."

We think in the following extract our readers will recognize, like ourselves, an equal proportion of delicacy, wit, and philosophy.

"The old Adage that "the Eye is often bigger than the Belly," is often verified by the ridiculous vanity of those who wish to make an appearance above their fortune—nothing can be more ruinous of real comfort than the too common custom of setting out a table with a parade and a profusion, unsuited not only to the circumstances of the Host, but to the number of the Guests:—or more fatal to true Hospitality, than the multiplicity of dishes which luxury has made fashionable at the tables of the Great, the wealthy, and the Ostentatious,—who are often neither great nor wealthy.

"Such excessive preparation, instead of being a compliment to our Guests, is nothing better than an indirect offence; it is a tacit insinuation that it is absolutely necessary to provide such delicacies—to bribe the depravity of their palates, when we desire the pleasure of their company—and that Society in England now must be purchased at the same price SWIFT told POPE he was obliged to pay for it in Ireland.—'I should hardly prevail to find one Visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of Wine.'—Vide SWIFT's *Letters to* POPE, *July* 10*th*, 1732.

"When twice as much cooking is undertaken as there are Servants, or conveniences in the Kitchen to do it properly, dishes must be dressed long before the dinner hour, and stand by spoiling—the poor Cook loses her credit, and the poor guests get indigestions. Why prepare for eight or ten Friends more than sufficient for twenty or thirty Visitors? "*Enough is as good as a Feast*," and a prudent provider, who takes measure of the Appetites, instead of the Eyes of his Guests, may entertain his Friends,—three times as often, and ten times as well.

"It is your SECOND COURSES—ridiculous variety of WINES, LIQUEURS, ICES, DESSERTS, &c., which are served up to feed the Eye—*that overcome the Stomach, and paralyze Digestion*, and seduce "children of a larger Growth" to sacrifice the health and comfort of several days for the Baby-pleasure of tickling their tongue for a few minutes with Trifles and Custards!!! &c. &c."

There is still one topic to which we have not hitherto alluded, but on which it would be unjust to the worthy Doctor to be silent. Aware, probably, of the coarse and abhorrent nature of most of the dishes detailed in his work, he has very judiciously recommended the exhibition of certain wonder-working drugs, to enable patients of weak stomachs to digest them. We recommend them particularly to the attention of all those who intend to subject their stomachs to the tyrannical sway of the Doctor. The following passage contains both full directions for their composition and their use.

"INDIGESTION will sometimes overtake the most experienced Epicure. When the gustatory nerves are in good humour, Hunger and Savoury Viands will sometimes seduce the Tongue of a "*Grand Gourmand*" to betray the interests of his Stomach in spite of his Brains.

"On such an unfortunate occasion, when the Stomach sends forth eructant signals of distress for help, the *Peristaltic Persuaders* are as agreeable and effectual assistance as can be offered; and for delicate Constitutions, and those that are impaired by Age or Intemperance, are a valuable Panacea.

"They derive, and deserve this name, from the peculiar mildness of their operation. One or two very gently increase the action of the principal viscera, help them

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to do their work a little faster, and enable the Stomach to serve with an ejectment whatever offends it, and move it into the Bowels.

"Thus *Indigestion* is easily and speedily removed,—*Appetite* restored,—(the mouths of the absorbing vessels being cleansed) *Nutrition* is facilitated,—and *Strength* of Body, and *Energy* of Mind, are the happy results."—See "PEPTIC PRECEPTS," from which we extract the following prescription—

To make FORTY PERISTALTIC PERSUADERS.

Take

Turkey Rhubarb, finely pulverised, two drachms
Syrup (by weight) one drachm.
Oil of Carraway, ten drops (minims.)
Made into Pills, each of which will contain *Three Grains of Rhubarb.*

"The DOSE OF THE PERSUADERS must be adapted to the constitutional peculiarity of the Patient—when you wish to accelerate or augment the Alvine Exoneration—take two—three—or more, according to the effect you desire to produce—*Two Pills* will do as much for one person as *five or six* will for another; they will generally very regularly perform what you wish to-day, without interfering with what you hope will happen to-morrow;—and are, therefore, as convenient an argument against Constipation as any we are acquainted with.

"*The most convenient opportunity to introduce them to the Stomach*,—is early in the morning, when it is unoccupied, and has no particular business of Digestion, &c. to attend to—*i. e.* at least half an hour before breakfast. Physic must never interrupt the Stomach when it is engaged in digesting Food.

"From *two to four Persuaders* will generally produce one additional motion within twelve hours. They may be taken at any time by the most delicate Females, whose constitutions are so often distressed by constipation—and destroyed by the drastic purgatives they take to relieve it."

If the subsequent directions are necessary, we cannot say we envy the circle of society in which we presume the Doctor forms the chief star.

"The Cloth should be laid in the Parlour, and all the paraphernalia of the dinner table completely arranged at least an hour before dinner time.

"The Cook's labour will be lost if the Parlour table be not ready for action,—and the Eaters ready for the Eatables—which the least delay will irreparably injure:—therefore, the GOURMAND will be punctual for the sake of gratifying his ruling passion;—the INVALID, to avoid the danger of encountering an *Indigestion* from eating ill-dressed food; and the RATIONAL EPICURE, who happily attends the Banquet with "*mens sana in corpore sano*," will keep the time not only for these strong reasons, but that he may not lose the advantage of being introduced to the other Guests. He considers not only what is on the Table,—but Who are around it;—his principal inducement to leave his own Fire-side, is the charm of agreeable and instructive Society, and the opportunity of making connexions which may augment the interest and enjoyment of existence.

"It is *the most pleasing part of the Duty of the Master of the Feast*, (especially when the Guests are not very numerous,) to take advantage of these moments to introduce them to one another,—naming them individually in an audible voice,—and adroitly laying hold of those ties of acquaintanceship or profession which may exist between them.

"This will much augment the pleasures of the Festive Board, to which it is indeed as indispensable a Prelude as an Overture to an Opera: and the Host will thus acquire an additional claim to the gratitude of his Guests.—We urge this point more strongly, because, from want of attention to it,—we have seen more than once,—persons whom many kindred ties would have drawn closely together, pass an entire day without opening their lips to each other, because they were mutually ignorant of each other's names, professions, and pursuits.

"To put an end at once to all Ceremony as to *the order in which the Guests are to sit*, it will save much time and trouble if the Master of the House adopts the simple and elegant method of placing the name of each Guest in the plate which is intended for him. This proceeding will be of course the result of consideration, and the Host will place those together who he thinks will harmonize best."

On the whole, the Doctor's wit is much better calculated for the meridian of a gentleman's kitchen than his cookery. We have no doubt it has excited many smiles among the nymphs of the scullery, and even in the more enlightened society of the housekeeper's room. To the *beau monde* of these regions, therefore, we consign it. It is there, we believe, the Doctor most wishes to be popular, and we are sure it is there only he will succeed. A good cookery book, in the higher sense of the word, is still a desideratum in our literature; and it is one which it will require an author of nicer palate and less indiscriminate voracity than Dr Kitchener to supply.

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ON EARLY RISING.

In a Letter to Mr North.

Mr North,

I hope that you are not an early riser. If you are, throw this letter into the fire—if not, insert it. But I beg your pardon; it is impossible that you can be an early riser; and, if I thought so, I must be the most impertinent man in the world; whereas, it is universally known that I am politeness and urbanity themselves. Well then, pray what is this virtue of early rising, that one hears so much about? Let us consider it, in the first place, according to the seasons of the year—secondly, according to peoples' profession—and thirdly, according to their character.

Let us begin with Spring—say the month of March. You rise early in the month of March, about five o'clock. It is somewhat darkish—at least gloomyish—dampish—rawish—coldish—icyish—snowyish. You rub your eyes and look about for your breeches. You find them, and after hopping about on one leg for about five minutes, you get them on. It would be absurd to use a light during that season of the year, at such an advanced hour as five minutes past five, so you attempt to shave by the spring-dawn. If your nose escapes, you are a lucky man; but dim as it is, you can see the blood trickling down in a hundred streams from your gashed and mutilated chin. I will leave your imagination to conjecture what sort of neckcloth will adorn your gullet, tied under such circumstances. However, grant the possibility of your being dressed—and down you come, not to the parlour, or your study—for you would not be so barbarous—but to enjoy the beauty of the morning,—as Mr Leigh Hunt would say, "*out of doors.*" The moment you pop your phiz one inch beyond the front wall, a scythe seems to cut you right across the eyes, or a great blash of sleet clogs up your mouth, or a hail shower rattles away at you, till you take up a position behind the door. Why, in the name of God, did I leave my bed? is the first cry of nature—a question to which no answer can be given, but a long chitter grueing though the frame. You get obstinate, and out you go. I give you every possible advantage. You are in the country, and walking with your eyes, I will not say open, but partly so, out of a country gentleman's house worth five thousand a-year. It is now a quarter past five, and a fine sharp, blustering morning, just like the season. In going down stairs, the ice not having been altogether melted by the night's rain, whack you come upon your posteriors, with your toes pointing up to heaven, your hands pressed against the globe, and your whole body bob, bob, bobbing, one step after another, till you come to a full stop or period, in a circle of gravel. On getting up and shaking yourself, you involuntarily look up to the windows to see if any eye is upon you—and perhaps you dimly discern, through the blind mist of an intolerable headache, the old housekeeper in a flannel nightcap, and her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, turning up the whites of her eyes at this inexplicable sally of the strange gentleman. Well, my good sir, what is it that you propose to do? will you take a walk in the garden and eat a little fruit—that is to say, a cabbage leaf, or a jerusalem artichoke? But the gardener is not quite so great a goose as yourself, and is in bed with his wife and six children. So after knocking with your shoulder against the garden gate—you turn about, and espying perhaps a small temple in the shrubbery, thither you repair, and therein I shall leave you till breakfast, to amuse yourself with the caricatures, and the affecting pictures of Eloisa and Abelard. In the intervals of reflection on the virtue of early rising in spring, I allow you to study the history of Europe, in the fragments of old newspapers.

March, April, and May, are gone, and it is Summer—so if you are an early riser, up you lazy dog, for it is between three and four o'clock. How beautiful is the sun-rise! What a truly intellectual employment it is to stand for an hour with your mouth wide open, like a stuck pig, gazing on the great orb of day! Then the choristers of the grove have their mouths open likewise; cattle are also lowing—and if there be a dog kennel at hand, I warrant the pack are enjoying the benefits of early rising as well as the best of you, and yelping away like furies before breakfast. The dew too is on

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the ground, excessively beautiful no doubt—and all the turkeys, how-towdies, ducks, and guinea-fowls, are moping, waddling, and strutting about, in a manner equally affecting and picturesque, while the cawing of an adjacent rookery invites you to take a stroll in the grove, from which you return with an epaulette on each shoulder. You look at your watch, and find it is at least five hours till breakfast—so you sit down and write a sonnet to June, or a scene of a tragedy;—you find that the sonnet has 17 lines—and that the dramatis personæ having once been brought upon the stage, will not budge. While reducing the sonnet to the bakers' dozen, or giving the last kick to your heroine, as she walks off with her arm extended heavenwards, you hear the good old family bell warning the other inmates to doff their nightcaps—and huddling up your papers, you rush into the breakfast-parlour. The urn is diffusing its grateful steam in clouds far more beautiful than any that adorned the sky. The squire and his good lady make their entrée with hearty faces, followed by a dozen hoydens and hobbletehoys—and after the first course of rolls, muffins, dry and butter toast, has gone to that bourne from which the fewer travellers that return the better—in come the new-married couple, the young baronet and his blushing bride, who, with that infatuation common to a thinking people, have not seen the sun rise for a month past, and look perfectly incorrigible on the subject of early rising.

It is now that incomprehensible season of the year, Autumn. Nature is now brown, red, yellow, and every thing but green. These, I understand, are the autumnal tints so much admired. Up then, and enjoy them. Whichever way a man turns his face early in the morning, from the end of August till that of October—the wind seems to be blowing direct from that quarter. Feeling the rain beating against your back, you wonder what the devil it can have to do, to beat also against your face. Then, what is the rain of autumn in this country—Scotland? Is it rain, or mist, or sleet, or hail, or snow, or what, in the name of all that is most abhorrent to a lunged animal, is it? You trust to a great coat—Scotch plaid—umbrella—clogs, &c. &c. &c.; but what use would they be to you, if you were plopped into the boiler of a steam engine? Just so in a morning of Autumn. You go out to look at the reapers. Why the whole corn for twenty miles round is laid flat—ten million runlets are intersecting the country much farther than fifty eyes can reach—the roads are rivers—the meadows lakes—the moors seas—nature is drenched, and on your return home, if indeed you ever return, (for the chance is that you will be drowned at least a dozen times before that,) you are traced up to your bed-room by a stream of mud and gravel, which takes the housemaid an hour to mop up, and when, fold after fold of cold, clammy, sweaty fetid plaids, benjamins, coats, waistcoats, flannels, shirts, breeches, drawers, worsteds, gaiters, clogs, shoes, &c., have been peeled off your saturated body and limbs, and are laid in one misty steaming heap upon an unfortunate chair, there, sir, you are standing in the middle of the floor, in *puris naturalibus*, or, as Dr Scott would say, in *statu quo*, a memorable and illustrious example of the glory and gain of early rising.

It is Winter—six o'clock—You are up—You say so, and as I have never had any reason to doubt your veracity, I believe you. By what instinct, or by what power resembling instinct, acquired by long, painful, and almost despairing practice, you have come at last to be able to find the basin to wash your hands, must for ever remain a mystery. Then how the hand must circle round and round the inner region of the wash-hand stand, before, in a blessed moment, it comes in contact with a lump of brown soap! But there are other vessels of china, or porcelain, more difficult to find than the basin; for as the field is larger, so is the search more tedious. Inhuman man! many a bump do the bed-posts endure from thy merciless and unrelenting head! Loud is the crash of clothes-screen, dressing-table, mirror, chairs, stools, and articles of bed-room furniture, seemingly placed for no other purpose than to be overturned. If there is a cat in the room, that cat is the climax of comfort. Hissing and snuffing, it claws your naked legs, and while stooping down to feel if she has fetched blood, smack goes your head through the window, which you have been believing quite on the other side of the room; for geography is gone—

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the points of the compass are as hidden as at the North Pole—and on madly rushing at a venture, out of a glimmer supposed to be the door, you go like a battering-ram against a great vulgar white-painted clothes-chest, and fall down exhausted on the unearpetted and sliddery floor. Now, thou Matutine Rose of Christmas, tell me if there be any exaggeration here? But you find the door—so much the worse, for there is a passage leading to a stair, and head over heels you go, till you collect your senses and your limbs on the bear-skin in the lobby. You are a philosopher, I presume, so you enter your study—and a brown study it is, with a vengeance. But you are rather weak than wicked, so you have not ordered poor Grizzy to quit her chaff, and kindle your fire. She is snoring undisturbed below. Where is the tinder-box? You think you recollect the precise spot where you placed it at ten o'clock the night before, for, being an early riser up, you are also an early lyer down. You clap your blundering fist upon the ink-stand, and you hear it spurting over all your beautiful and invaluable manuscripts—and perhaps over the title page of some superb book of prints, which Mr Blackwood, or Mr Miller, or Mr Constable, has lent you to look at, and to return unscathed. The tinder-box is found, and the fire is kindled—that is to say, it deludes you with a faithless smile; and after puffing and blowing till the breath is nearly out of your body, you heave a pensive sigh for the bellows. You find them on a nail, but the leather is burst, and the spout broken, and nothing is emitted but a short asthmatic pluff, beneath which the last faint spark lingeringly expires—and like Moses when the candle went out, you find yourself once more in the dark. After an hour's execration, you have made good your point, and with hands all covered with tallow, (for depend upon it, you have broken and smashed the candle, and had sore to do to prop it up with paper in a socket too full of ancient grease,) sit down to peruse or to indite some immortal work, an oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, or an article for Ebony. Where are the snuffers? up stairs in your bed-room. You snuff the long wick with your fingers, and a dreary streak of black immediately is drawn from top to bottom of the page of the beautiful Oxford edition of Cicero. You see the words, and stride along the cold dim room in the sulks. Your object has been to improve your mind—your moral and intellectual nature—and along with the rest, no doubt, your temper. You therefore bite your lip, and shake your foot, and knit your brows, and feel yourself to be a most amiable, rational, and intelligent young gentleman. In the midst of these morning studies, from which the present and all future ages will derive so much benefit, the male and female servants begin to bestir themselves, and a vigorous knocking is heard in the kitchen of a poker brandished by a virago against the great, dull, keeping-coal in the grate. Doors begin to bang, and there is heard a clattering of pewter. Then comes the gritty sound of sand, as the stairs and lobby are getting made decent; and, not to be tedious, all the undefinable stir, bustle, uproar, and stramash of a general clearance. Your door is opened every half minute, and formidable faces thrust in, half in curiosity, and half in sheer impertinence, by valets, butlers, grooms, stable-boys, cooks, and scullions, each shutting the door with his or her own peculiar bang; while whisperings, and titterings, and horse laughter, and loud gaffaws, are testifying the opinion formed by these amiable domestics, of the conformation of the upper story of the early riser. On rushing into the breakfast parlour, the butt end of a mop or broom is thrust into your mouth, as, heedless of mortal man, the mutched mawsey is what she calls dusting the room; and, stagger where you will, you come upon something surly; for a man who leaves his bed at six of a winter morning is justly reckoned a suspicious character, and thought to be no better than he should be. But, as Mr Hogg says, I will pursue the parallel no farther.

I have so dilated and descanted on the first head of my discourse, that I must be brief on the other two, namely, the connection between early rising and the various professions, and between the same judicious habit, and the peculiar character of individuals.

Reader, are you a Scotch advocate? You say you are. Well, are you such a confounded ninny as to leave a good warm bed at four in the morning, to study a case on which you will make a much better speech if you never study

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it at all, and for which you have already received L.2, 2s. Do you think Jeffrey hops out of bed at that hour? No, no, catch him doing that. Unless, therefore, you have more than a fourth part of his business, (for, without knowing you, I predict that you have no more than a fourth part of his talents,) lie in bed till half past eight. If you are not in the Parliament House till ten, nobody will miss you. Reader, are you a clergyman?—A man who has only to preach an old sermon of his old father, need not, surely, feel himself called upon by the stern voice of duty, to put on his small-clothes before eight in summer, and nine in winter. Reader, are you a half-pay officer?—Then sleep till eleven; for well thumbed is your copy of the Army List, and you need not be always studying. Reader, are you an Editor?—Then doze till dinner; for the devils will be let loose upon thee in the evening, and thou must then correct all thy slips.

But I am getting stupid—somewhat sleepy; for, notwithstanding this philippic against early rising, I was up this morning before ten o'clock; so I must conclude. One argument in favour of early rising, I must, however, notice. We are told that we ought to lie down with the sun, and rise with that luminary. Why? is it not an extremely hard case to be obliged to go to bed whenever the sun chuses to do so? What have I to do with the sun—when he goes down, or when he rises up? When the sun sets at a reasonable hour, as he does during a short period in the middle of summer, I have no objection to set likewise, soon after; and in like manner, when he takes a rational nap, as in the middle of winter, I don't care if now and then I rise along with him. But I will not admit the general principle; we move in different spheres. But if the sun never fairly sets at all for six months, which they say he does not very far north, are honest people on that account to sit up all that time for him? That will never do.

Finally, it is taken for granted by early risers, that early rising is a virtuous habit, and that they are all a most meritorious and prosperous set of people. I object to both clauses of the bill. None but a knave or an idiot—I will not mince the matter—rises early, if he can help it. Early risers are generally milk-sop spoonies, ninnies with broad unmeaning faces and groset eyes, cheeks odiously ruddy, and with great calves to their legs. They slap you on the back, and blow their noses like a mail-coach horn. They seldom give dinners. "Sir, tea is ready." "Shall we join the ladies?" A rubber at whist, and by eleven o'clock, the whole house is in a snore. Inquire into his motives for early rising, and it is perhaps to get an appetite for breakfast. Is the great healthy brute not satisfied with three penny-rolls and a pound of ham to breakfast, but he must walk down to the Pier-head at Leith to increase his voracity? Where is the virtue of gobbling up three turkey's eggs, and demolishing a quartern loaf, before his Majesty's lieges are awake? But I am now speaking of your red, rosy, greedy idiot. Mark next your pale, sallow early riser. He is your prudent, calculating, selfish money-scrivener. It is not for nothing he rises. It is shocking to think of the hypocrite saying his prayers so early in the morning, before those are awake whom he intends to cheat and swindle before he goes to bed.

I hope that I have sufficiently exposed the folly or wickedness of early rising. Henceforth, then, let no knavish prig purse up his mouth and erect his head with a conscious air of superiority, when he meets an acquaintance who goes to bed and rises at a gentlemanly hour. If the hypocrite rose early in the morning, he is to be despised and hated. But people of sense and feeling are not in a hurry to leave their beds. They have something better to do.

I perceive that all the letters that appear in your Magazine are numbered as if they belonged to a series,—I., II., III., and so forth. If you chuse, you may number mine, "On Early Rising. No. I." If I continue the series, my future communications shall all be written in bed in the forenoon, and will not fail of being excellent.

Yours, sincerely.

Sero sed Serio.

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THE LITERARY POCKET-BOOK; OR COMPANION FOR THE LOVER OF NATURE AND ART.*

If we were in one of our savage moods, we should take up this little red Literary Pocket-Book, and tear it into ten hundred thousand pieces, strewing the December gales with them like drifting snow-flakes. But we are not in one of our savage moods. We are sitting, with a pleasant smile on our intelligent features, and would not even hurt the Fly. Besides, we love the Olliers; and should we detect them in the publication of trash, we shall shut our eyes and pass on, pretending not to observe it. Impartiality is an odious vice in a critic. It shews he can have no heart. But our character, we trust, is too well established for partiality, for us to be under any apprehension on that other score. Where is the man of talent and of virtue, to whom we have not shewn the grossest partiality?—They are our friends, and we can't help it. If we are blamed for this, it is only by the pert and the peevish, the vain and the vile, the libellous and the licentious, the demagogue, the incendiary, and the traitor. These we have treated, and will treat, with the most rigorous impartiality; if we cannot amend, we will at least punish—if we cannot close the jaw, we will extract the fang—if we save the reptile's life, we will destroy his poison-bag. But why this burst of eloquence?—The Olliers are good men,—and, therefore, not only shall we treat them justly ourselves, but we shall see that they are properly respected by others. We have heard it whispered that Charles Ollier is the author of that clever and kind-hearted little volume, "Altham and his Wife." If so, he ought to review in this Magazine, instead of being reviewed;—for we like him, because there is nothing lumbering about his style. He does not write, like some others we could name, with a broad-nibbed pen, originally flourished by some clerk in a public office, and haggled at with a blunt knife, till it leaves every stroke about the thickness of a ram-rod. His mind writes a neat running-hand, and his mental manuscripta are not blurred and blotted. We love the Olliers, both C. and J.—and, therefore, we shall now praise the little red Literary Pocket-Book for 1822.

The prose, at the beginning of the volume, seems to be from the pen of Mr Leigh Hunt. Perhaps this conjecture is a stupid blunder of ours, and that gentleman may smile at our simplicity. If so, far better is it for him to smile at us than to frown. When he smiles, his countenance has always appeared to us rather engaging; when he frowns, we cannot charge our memory with so absurd looking a personage. The perk of his mouth, and the crispness of his chin, always incline us, when he sports wrathful, to pull his nose. But when he smiles, the case, as we said, is wholly altered, and we then feel disposed to invite him to tea. We wish some friend would tell him this—for he never sees Blackwood; and, as we know he has a true and keen relish of a compliment, we wish him to be made happy by our benevolence. In a late Number of the Examiner, he seems to intimate to the inhabitants of Cockaigne, that he once challenged "to mortal combat, or career with lance," a general-officer, well known in the military and literary world, for an article in this Magazine, supposed to contain some offensive matter. We allude to General Izzard. The General assures us that he has no recollection whatever of that alleged incident in the life of Mr Hunt, who must have been thinking of some other person, and some other work. Mr Hunt must refresh his memory with a cup of saloop, and he will be happy to find that he was mistaken in having supposed that he ever committed such a flagrant act of folly and infatuation as to challenge any gentleman connected in any way with this work, from C. N. ourselves, down to the lowest devil in the infernal establishment of Mr Ballantyne. We recollect, some years ago, that a little tailor challenged Tom Crib—in the newspapers,—and got himself bound over to keep the peace. Had this salutary precaution not been taken, no doubt he would have killed the Champion. In like manner, we do undoubtedly remember some sort of blustering in the Examiner a few years

* London. C. and J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street. 1822.

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ago, by a near relation of Mr Hunt's, now, we fear, in jail. But it could not be a challenge, surely, to General Izzard—for gentlemen do not communicate private messages of that kind through the medium of the public prints;—they are never sent on stamped paper.

Pray, what does Mr Hunt mean by calling all our contributors "men of the world?"—Many of us are so—Ourselves, Dr Morris, Wastle, Lawerwinkle, Odoherty, and some others. But can there be a more enormous absurdity than to call Kemperhausen, or Delta, or the two Mullions, or Dr Berzelius Pendragon, or Tims, or the many other old ladies, and young misses, who embellish and adorn our work, men of the world? Mr Hunt must see his idiotcy the moment it is thus pointed out. Yet granting that Blackwood's Magazine were, in some measure, written by *men of the world*, is it not generally reported that the Examiner is much more written by *women of the town*? Now, what would Mr Hunt think of our liberality, were we, on a mere malicious rumour like this, to assert that most of the articles on life and manners have been, for some years past, written by a Mrs Simmons, formerly the kept mistress of the late Lord Camelford, and who was the innocent cause of his fatal duel with Mr Best? Would it not be extremely illiberal in us to bring forward this report as an accusation against the character of the Examiner? Mrs Simmons' alleged articles seem, to our unprejudiced minds, often the most clever, and always the least indecent, of any in that work. And we should think meanly of ourselves indeed, if we were ever to taunt Mr Hunt with the profession of any of the fair writers, whose lucubrations gain him bread. We have no doubt, indeed, that Mrs Simmons has more regard to her own character than to write in the Examiner. But were she to do so, we confess that many allowances should have to be made for a woman of genius, placed in her peculiar circumstances, even while we lament that distress should ever have driven her from a life of error and misfortune, into a connexion which a harsh world might call one still more degrading.

Mr Hunt regrets that bad health has for some time past prevented him from putting down our Magazine. It grieves us to think that Mr Hunt should be so sorely troubled with the cholic, the gripes, and the mullygrubs. Is he sure that he regularly follows his doctor's prescriptions? We suspect he is a restive patient, and does not take kindly to his pills. However unpoetical a dose of salts may seem to be to his distempered fancy, let him make a mouth, and gulp them. A very sweet series of sonnets might, we think, be composed by the Centurion, entitled, "Series of Sonnets, on seeing my friend Leigh Hunt boggling at a Dose of Glauber Salts." How can we better illustrate our humanity, than by wishing to see Mr Hunt restored to sanity, both of mind and body, though we know that he is to leap up like a giant refreshed, and sally forth to our destruction? One single anecdoto of us, such as this, is a sufficient answer to all the calumnies that have ever wounded our peace of mind. The day on which Mr Hunt is able to sit up in his night-gown and slippers—may be that of our doom; and yet we not only wish to see him so sitting once more, but absolutely arrayed in his most formidable and terrific and irresistible garb, his yellow breeches, and flesh-coloured silk stockings. There is true magnanimity!—Why, if Mr Hunt has not a heart of cherry-stone, he will weep to think that he should ever have uttered one syllable in our dispraise. If, after this, he should persist in his attempts to destroy us, we shall, both by the law of nature and of nations, be justified in putting his majesty to death.

Mr Hunt informs the Public, in direct contradiction to her own knowledge, that our sale is diminishing. Has Mr Hunt nothing to do with his own private affairs—his own sales and purchases, that he must thus interfere with ours? We never boasted of our sale—17,000 is not such a sale as we desire, and deserve. But, as sales go, it is not so much amiss;—and even if Mr Hunt should have ascertained that it has fallen off a few dozens in his own kingdom, of which he has given no proof but his own assertion, (and that, to those who know Mr Hunt, would not, in a court of justice, greatly endanger either life or property,) yet, is the royal edict proclaiming the great fact somewhat premature. For our last quarter's revenue surpassed that of any previous quarter by nearly L.1500; so that, if a few subscribers in Cockaigne have, either from fear

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or favour, taken off their names from the list which contains those of all the talent, virtue, taste, and wealth in the country, the erasure, however portentous to our existence it may have been deemed by the poor creatures about the Court, has not been followed, instantly at least, either by gradual decay, or sudden annihilation, and we still continue to distress the Banks by our deposits.

But this is one way of reviewing a book—so to business.

Mr Hunt, (as we suppose,) indites his feelings and sentiments respecting the holidays that are still kept in the metropolis; and, with certain abatements and drawbacks, these little slim Essays are amiable and lively. There is in almost one and all of them a portion of sulky and senseless whining about starvation, taxes, money-getting, and so forth, which, in handling the description of a holiday, honest people ought not to be badgered with—it is disgusting and repulsive. Thus he says, before he has well opened his mouth, "Holidays serve to put people in mind that there is a green and a glad world, as well as a world of brick and mortar, and money-getting. They remind them disinterestedly of one another, or that they have other things to interchange besides bills and commodities. If it were not for holidays, and poetry, and such like stumbling-blocks to square-toes, there would be no getting out of the way of care and common-places." This is cockneyish and ugly. It checks the genial current of the soul before it has well began to flow. We see Mr Hunt beginning to bristle up, and put himself into a fume. He is an Indicator of the Examiner, and in that character he is most offensive. A little farther on, in alluding to the expression of "merry old England," he says, "We feel too truly that it is melancholy new England—as melancholy as a new jail, or a new cut from a canal, or a new light, or a new lease under a racking landlord." Now does our good and sensible friend Charles Ollier think that English people, who buy little red Literary Pocket-Books, will pick out such tid-bits as these, and smack their lips after them on a holiday?—He cannot. If England have the vapours and the blue devils—if she be as melancholy as a gib-cat, do not tell her so to her face, when she is exerting herself to be happy on a holiday. Soothe her—rub her gently with the hair—chuck her under the chin, and coax her to hold up her head—whisper into her ear that she is quite killing—squeeze her hand—give her a kiss, and treat her to a glass—not of bitters and blue ruin, but of double brown stout, with a beef-steak and a quartern loaf. So ought England to be treated on a holiday—and so she will be treated, in spite of Mr Hunt, and all those other dolorous swains, who make love in a whisper, and imagine they can win the affections of a jolly, bouncing, buxom wench like England, by impudently telling her that she is half starved, and has a face as shrivelled as an apple-John. There is also some bad wit in the Pocket-Book—but so is there in Blackwood's Magazine, which is some excuse for Mr Hunt, and all other men. However, in a few short essays, a considerable quantity of bad wit is more apt to attract attention than a small quantity in many long volumes. (That sentence, by the way, must have been quoted unintentionally from some work of Sir John Sinclair's). The following paragraph should have been scratched out of Mr Hunt's MS. with red ink, and a distinct DELE put upon it:—"We might as well trace a laugh or an appetite to a particular nation, as the rejoicing for a new year; we might as well deduce our noses from the Dog-ribbed Indians, or our wish to be comfortable from the Tartars, or our tendency to look sad in the toothache from the Hyperboreans, or yawning from the Celtic tribes, or lifting our hands to our heads (especially in putting on our hats) from the negroes, or our disinclination to be kicked from the Samothracians." This is pure nonesense, and can amuse nobody. Whatever be our other faults and deficiencies—and, God knows, they are not a few,—nobody has ever denied to us a nice perception of the humorous, the lively, and the witty. This is neither. It is like the pleasantry of a man with a numbness in his shoulder from the touch of a bum-bailiff's lily-hand. It might have been written in a spunging-house, as a specimen of non-chalance. But the smile of the poor gentleman is seen through. He himself feels a pain in the muscles of his cheek, as he strains to bring them into an effective position.

To be done with our objections at

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last—few as these sketches are, the writer has so little sense of propriety, so little feeling, that he more than once lets out that he is a deist; and seems to hug and pat himself upon the back for being so liberal as to speak flatteringly—of what?—of the Christian Religion, and its Divine Author. This is something in the same taste and spirit with Mr Hazlitt, who pronounced an eulogium on his Saviour, in a lecture, at the Surry-Institution, on the literature of the age of Elizabeth.—Coxcombs below the Cross!

But we have said that some of these little articles are amiable and lively. If Mr Hunt would but——however, it is in vain for us to hope ever to make Mr Hunt what he might be—So, for an extract, or specimen.—Why, really, on looking over these Holidays again, there is not one that is not disfigured—we had almost said polluted—by the peculiar vices of Mr Hunt's mind, more than, on the first glance, we had suspected.—So we beg pardon of him, the Messrs Olliers, and our readers,—but, positively, we will on no account whatever transfer any of them to our pages.

We therefore turn to the concluding part of the Pocket-Book, and present to our readers the following pleasant, picturesque, and well-written article, entitled, "Walks round London."

No. III.—KENSINGTON GARDENS.

And all about were walkes and alleyes dight,
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates and sundry flowering bankes
To sit and rest.

SPENSER.

"KENSINGTON Gardens have been objected to because they are flat, and planted in an artificial or formal manner. It is chiefly on those very accounts that we like them so well as we do; for we are of opinion that the present fashion of laying out this kind of gardens in what is called a picturesque, or wild, or natural manner, is by no means an improvement on the stateliness of the old English method, which is an imitation of the Dutch, without its clipped conceits. To say nothing of the absurdity of being industriously negligent, of making arrangements for accidental effects, or of cultivating little domestic wildernesses, a garden is perfect in proportion as it possesses every thing that art, in contradistinction to the untamed caprices of nature, can do for it,—wide and level terraces, clear perspectives drawn to a minute point,

——————"shades
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,"

fountains, statues, shapely groves, trim arbours, smooth-shaven lawns, &c. (We are speaking, of course, of gardens on a large scale of many acres.) Were it only for the sake of keeping the keenness of our enjoyment alive for the mighty irregularities of Nature, we would wish to have no imitation of them in gardens. Distinction is in itself a great source of beauty.

"How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection."

SHAKESPEARE.

"In the delight arising from the contemplation of uncultivated scenery there is something of melancholy; the mind is elevated, expanded, and tasked in speculation. But in a garden we seek recreation bodily and mental; we enter it idly, and are disappointed if we do not find in it luxury and repose. In open Nature there are many unenjoyable parts,—intricacies, sudden obstructions, and places of difficult access; imitations of all which are to be included in the new system; but in what are stigmatized as formal gardens every portion is dedicated to human pleasure. Nature is trained in happy discipline to be the servant of man.

"In other things we count Art to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well:
It over-rules, and is her master *here*.
* * * * * * * *
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command;
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleased to give?"

COWLEY.

"The old gardeners were, therefore, right in selecting flat spots in which to lay out their plantations, and where their avenues might stretch away uninterruptedly; for there are few objects in Nature finer than those old-fashioned long perspectives, and few accidental effects more grateful to the eye than remote figures in them, coming, as they must, so palpably in the line of vision, and yet looking so fairy-like in their size and noiseless footfalls. These are vistas, if we may speak profanely, finer than Nature ever made; nor is any inequality of ground equal to the wide and costly terraces of the old style of gardening, or so fit for the promenading of those courtly dames who used to undulate along them in all the triumph of their beauty and brocade. The garden festivities in the pictures of Watteau would lose nearly

* See the delicious inductions to the different books of the Decameron.

all their *gusto* were they surrounded by any thing resembling romantic scenery. The careless, amorous air of the gallants, and soft figures of the ladies, beautiful as they are, would seem impertinent amongst hills and tangled dells; and so would Boccaccio's holiday-party* of "seven honourable ladies, and three noble gentlemen," who, in the seclusion of goodly gardens, sing canzonets, and pace dances, and slumber under orange-trees, and banquet, and cluster round fountains, and tell the Hundred Tales of the Decameron. Groupes such as these require the pervading consciousness, indicated by the character of the garden, and always included by Boccaccio and Watteau, that the mansion, with all its luxuries is at hand. The ladies must have no fatigue in prospect to daunt the brilliance of their eyes; no chance of brambles or mire to sully the elaborate polish, or discompose the folds of their alluring satins; no dank overgrowth to muffle with cold the tones of their silver voices.

"The writer of these remarks has a picture, by *Cawse*, hanging over the mantle-shelf, in which this sentiment is exquisitely felt. It represents a southern Cavalier playing his guitar to a young Signora in a garden at night. The moon is rising behind some poplars; and in the girl's uncovered head a chaplet of flowers is just seen in the uncertain light; her little lap-dog is gambolling with his own shadow in the gravel-walks; the glimmering of the moon falls here and there upon the leaves of some exotics which stand about in garden-pots; a piece of sculpture is near them half in shadow, and the house is dimly discerned at a short distance. All is delicious, tranquil, secure from intrusion, seductive!

It has been observed of Milton, that he anticipated the present taste of gardening in his description of Eden; but it should be recollected, that Eden was *the whole world* to Adam and Eve, not a small spot inclosed out of it, for the purposes of careless pleasure. Let us see what his taste was when he has to allude to such. It is a part of the sublime invocation in his Penseroso:—

> "And add to these, retired Leisure,
> That in *trim* gardens takes his pleasure."

Warton's note on these lines is, in our opinion, hardly warranted; the passage he cites from Du Bartas is not a parallel one.

"Kensington Gardens, which are now three miles and a half in circumference, originally comprized only twenty-six acres. Queen Anne added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Mr Wise; but the principal addition was made by Caroline, consort of George II., who took in nearly three hundred acres from Hyde-Park. These were laid out by Bridgman, and afterwards much improved by the celebrated Brown, who did not, however, take from the Gardens the character we have attempted to vindicate. Brown, indeed, whatever might have been his practice in his art, did not hesitate to recognise the merits of the old style; for, when he had his late Majesty's permission to remodel the gardens of Hampton-Court, and introduce such natural effects as his imagination might suggest, he declared his opinion that they appeared to the best advantage in their present grand and regular state.

"The approach to Kensington Gardens through Hyde-Park, on the south side, is very fine and stately; the one on the north-east is, we think, the most *beautiful*. The Park hereabouts deserves to be so called, by reason of its extensive spread of pasturage, spotted with trees, and groups of cattle and deer. The massy line of wood on the confines of the Gardens is very magnificent, and full of announcement, which is well answered by the noble sheet of water near the entrance, with its willows and smooth shores. Whatever we have commended in our foregoing observations, excepting only fountains and statues, are here to be found in the utmost perfection. At the western extremity are some exquisite specimens of 'alleys green,' terminating in delicious retreats. The terrace in this part is bordered by deep-coloured yews, and commands a view of one end of the palace, seen through an avenue of tall elms, trained arch-wise. The chief prospect from the house is almost beyond praise. It is artificial, if you please; but when we look at that circular and ample-bosomed lake, round which those full-leaved groves stand as if to do it honour, it is impossible to restrain the burst of our admiration by the knowledge that what has excited it is nothing more than an instance of professional contrivance. The green-house which stands in this part of the Gardens, is a large ornate piece of architecture, in the manner of Vanbrugh; a spacious paved terrace is spread out in front of it: and a glorious place it would be for a courtly banquet and numerous revel in a moonlight summer's night.

"If we have a preference for any particular spot in the Gardens, it is for one of the semicircular nooks in the neighbourhood of this green-house. It is the largest of the recesses, and the most retired; it has its own leafy bower, its own lawn, green alleys, gravel walk, 'patrician trees,' and bushy underwood,—its own birds, 'almost its own sky.'

"A friend of ours, who lives in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gravel-Pits, having a party of musical professors and amateurs at his house one fine sultry night, proposed to them to try the effect of their

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concert in the Gardens. It was a late hour when they adjourned there, and the place was quite deserted. The nook we have just spoken of was chosen for the performance, and thither the instruments and music were brought, the part of the company who were not engaged in the harmony holding lights over the books. It was a fine thing to see the effect of the partially-illuminated group, and hear the graceful harmonies of Haydn rising and falling in that leafy covert. We ought not to omit mentioning, that the circumstance came to the knowledge of the late Dr Calcott, who resided on the spot; and that, in the midst of their second quartett, a strange individual was observed by the company walking at a short distance from them. When it was ascertained that this was the Doctor, the performers laid aside their instruments, and burst, with their skilful voices, into one of his best glees. It was a fine compliment, and we dare say the musician laid up the memory of that night-concert and unexpected homage among the trees of Kensington Gardens as one of the pleasant moments of his existence."

O. C.

Then follows the poetry, which is all excellent in its way. Nothing can be more comfortable than to see so much good poetry staring one in the face now-a-days, go where we will. We know upwards of 3000 people who write excellent verses; of these, about 1850 are very nearly first-rate poets. They all see deep into human nature—more especially that part of it known under the names of passion and imagination. Pope had little passion, we have been informed, and no imagination. We should like to know the reason of this. Are all these 1850 living gentlemen better poets than Pope? How foolish he would have looked, had he lived during our era! This objection seems to lie against modern poetry, that almost any one volume may as well bear the name on its title-page of any one author as another. Put Byron, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Scott, and Southey, aside, and all the other great living poets seem to us one flock of sheep. We mean no offence by this pastoral image—but really there is not much to pick and chuse between Coleridge, Montgomery, Hogg, Heber, Bowles, Millman, Shelly, Hunt, Wilson, Procter, and the other 1850. Now, this being the case, how can it be expected that we can make a guess even at the names of the anonymous bards of the Pocket-Book School of Poetry? The verses do, for the most part, run not only upon wheels, but as upon a rail-road. By this happy contrivance, indeed, of a rail-road, Pegasus can draw ten times as much stuff round Parnassus, at a canter, as would once have tethered him. What better poetry would a man desire than the following?—and ought not we all to be beyond measure or expression happy that such poetry can at the same time be produced by 1850 men, yet living, of the greatest genius?

TO A CONQUEROR'S WIFE,

On his Return.

"Divine lady, who hast been,
Like a young and widowed queen,
Pining for thy husband dear
Twice the months that fill the year;
And, as Dian wax'd and waned,
Ever to her light complain'd,
And to the Siderean North,—
Smile, and put thy beauty forth;
For, upon the wings of war,
Amidst pennons flying far,
Trumpets, and the stormy drums,
Armed with his fame, he comes
Homewards, having swept the seas:—
Homewards, for a little ease,
After all his toil, he comes,—
For thy home-sweet looks of beauty,
For the smiles that lighten duty,
For the love which absence measures,
And the hoarded wedding treasures,
Such as hang upon a kiss,
Tender words and questions,—pleasures
Where the last the sweetest is:
He cometh from the Indian shores,
Where the lashing lion roars,
By the tusked elephant,
And the cruel tigers pant
In the watery jungles near.

"Husband!—laurell'd conqueror!
To thy wife, who hath no peer,
Welcome!—welcome unto her
From the parched Indian shore,
From the land where lions roar,
Welcome to a peaceful clime!
Oh! how long hath patient Time
Waited for thee; and how long
Echo, with her silver song,
(Mocking all the notes of pain,)
Hath allured thee back again!
Husband! thou art come at last,
And the present and the past
Shall put out their blossoms, both;
And the future shall be loth
To look dark or perilous.
Joy alone shall tend on us;
Saving him, we'll nothing see
In the far futurity.

"Thou, to whom, thro' toil and war,
Thy great husband cometh far,
Fail not at this joy-bright hour!
Re-array thy holliest bower,

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Now with every fragrant leaf,
Every odour-winged flower,
That its life be full and brief,—
All which may be symbols fair:—
Pinks, in their many ranks,
Fit to wind thro' Juno's hair;
Violets, which, from southern banks,
Breathe into the languid air
Sweetness, when the morn is near;
And the yellow saffron, dear
To Hymen, and the poppy red;—
Let the last adorn his bed,
And the rich nepenthe's bloom
Fill his cup with strange perfume.
Haste then, Beauty! haste thee now,
Bind the myrtle on thy brow,
(Venus loved it,—so must thou,)
And with thy adorned charms,
In thy white embracing arms
Clasp him as the ivy,—no,
That doth prey upon the tree;
Never like the ivy be:
Like the green and curling vine,
In thy purest arms entwine
Him to whom thy heart was given;
And bid him (when upon thy breast,
Still a victor, he is prest,)
Welcome to his own sweet heaven.

This is a good specimen of the octosyllabycs. The purchasers of the Pocket-book, and they ought not to be few, will find a dozen bang-up sonnets on the months of the year; and, no doubt, if the year had continued two dozen of months, the ingenious Sonneteer could have had no difficulty in clapping a label round each of their throats. We have been at some pains to take a census of the Sonnets now in London and the suburbs, and we find them to amount to the unprecedented number of 27,695,780. Last year the births and the deaths were about equal. So that almost all the Sonnets now surviving, must have been born since the 1st of January 1821, and we offer a bet of a rump and dozen, that before the 1st of January 1822, of the 27,695,780 returned by the late census, not more than five or six thousand will be above ground. Of that number, however, may perhaps be the six following, for they are good strong, rough, rumbling Sonnets enough, and have a spirit of life in them that may perhaps carry them through the winter.

FEBRUARY.

The robin now, by hungry wants made bold,
Leaves the bare fields of leafless, grainless death;
For where fat Plenty doth unloose his hold;
The rural cottage from blackening ruin should
The cattle moan at the troublesome chill fall;
The dog that crouches on the blazing hearth,
Shivers to hear the bellowing winds' mad mirth;
The snows melt gradually, the rain thaws cold,
Yet soften the stiff soil for furrowing plough;
The faint, love-breathing violet, yellow-eyed Spring
Calls to the Dryads, who stir in their sleep now,
At the first woodlark's silken warblings;
And February prunes all youngling trees,
Whether excrescent, rude, or mated by snow or breeze.

MARCH.

Like as that lion through the green woods came,
With roar which startled the still solitude,
Yet, soon as he saw *Una*, (that white dove,)
Sister to Chastenesse,) straight soften'd his rude
Temper to God's gentleness, and melted tame
As petted lamb; so *March*, though his first mood
Was boisterous as Fear, feeling that Shame
Would follow his fell steps, if Spring's young brood
Of buds and blossoms withered where he trod,
Still'd his stern rage; and now both violets
Breathe their new lives; the tawny primrose sits
Like squatted gypsey, on the way-side clod;
And early bees are all day on the wing,
And work like Labour, yet like Pleasure sing.

MAY.

May, mother of Summer, sister of sweet Spring,
Now votive garlands, woven of infant flowers,
Festoon thy halls; and some true maiden towers
Above her peers as queen whose Love is king,
And, in the midst of lusty youths a ring,
Largess of smiles and blushful praise showers;
And virgins pure and young as thy white Hours,
(To passionate fretting of fast-fingered string,
And pipy reeds that pastorally play,
And on the incense'd air perfectly pure,
Sounds sweet as scents,) with sweet step, on the floor
Of primrose plots of green, dance light away.

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All winter-harms, and stir their stagnant bloods
To the fresh flush and beauty of thy red rose-buds.

OCTOBER.

Few flowers, October, coronal thy head,
And those are loathed by the love-kissing bee,
Who kisses cold as forced Satiety,
Now all the honey of their mouths is shed.
The Woodbine's tresses, like lured nets, are spread
To tangle the wind-god; she fain would be
As warmly wooed as she was wont, but he
(Now her green youth and wanton prime are fled,
And her life's winter cometh with death's fleetness)
Wings the wide air for the far bowers of Inde,
And the young Cassia's arms, and warmth, and sweetness:
The Violet, too, like an immortal mind,
Lives yet not breathes; and every nook and bower
The sun and poets loved, withers,—grass, leaf, and flower.

NOVEMBER.

Wrapt in dun fogs, which make the day seem night,
The hoar November treads unseen. We hear
His feet rustling through fallen leaves and sear;
We scent his yellow breath that chokes us quite;
We know he comes, that rheumy, wheezing wight,
And look for him with eyes grown dim and blear,
That pry for distant things, yet see not near,
For blindness stumbles less than doubtful sight.
Happy are they who in warm domiciles
Trim Learning's lamp, and Comfort's sparkling fire,
List'ning the while the hymning Muse's lyre,
Or Love's or Friendship's talk, which lightly wiles
The tedious and dull time with matters sweet,
That make the leaden hours as feetless moments fleet.

DECEMBER.

'Tis dark December now. The early eves
Are starless, long, and cold; the rain-winds moan
Like pined spirits; blind Night seems never gone;
Day is delightless; and grey morning grieves.
The robin perches most on household eaves,
Craving the crumbs he sings for from the kind;
The slim deer screen them from the bitter wind
Behind broad trees, couching on fallen leaves.
But, though all things seem sad without our doors,
Within sits Christmas at the board of cheer,
Heaped with large tithings of the months and year;
And Wit now hath his word, and Laughter roars,
Till Music breathes her voice; and Wealth's warm hearth
Hath its bright eyes, brave wines, brisk fires, dance, song, and mirth.

W.

Dec. 31, 1820.

On looking with a steady and spectacled eye on these six Sonnets, now that they are transferred into the pages of immortality, we suspect that in bidding them thus live for ever, we have been merciful rather than just. We suddenly discern that our old friend Cornelius Webbe is the man. We have been credibly informed, that we most irreverently laughed at this gentleman some years ago,—calling him Corney and Cockney, and other naughty names. As some satisfaction to his injured feelings, we have now printed his Christian name at full length—Cornelius. Did he ever read in Pierce Egan of one Whitaker, a pugilist, whose cognomen was the Jaw-breaker? Now Cornelius Webbe is a Jaw-breaker. Let any man who desires to have his ivory dislodged, read the above Sonnet to March. Or shall we call Cornelius, the Grinder? After reading aloud these 14 lines, we called in our Odontist, and he found that every tooth in our head was loosened, and a slight fracture in the jaw. "My dearest Christopher," said the Odontist, in his wonted fine classical spirit, "beware the Ides of March." So saying, he bounced up in our faces, and disappeared.

We have a proposal to make to the Olliers. Let them earnestly, but respectfully, request *us* to compose their next little red Literary Pocket-Book. We engage to make it out of all sight better than it has yet been. In our hands it will become a merry and gladsome companion; and, a young lady will know when she has it in her pocket, by the same sort of feeling

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that tells her, "that her bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne"—We say boldly, in her pocket, for if she has not hitherto worn pockets, she will get one made on purpose for our Pocket-book. It is too big to secrete like a love letter, within the folds that conceal her balmy bosom. So a pocket-book she must get for our sakes, and then she can never be without a true friend at her side. We shall not publicly notice the plan of our projected Pocket-book, for unless we were previously to obtain a patent, no doubt there would be a general piracy all over the kingdom.

To conclude. Mr Leigh Hunt deserves considerable credit for the idea, which, we believe, originated with him, of this little Affair. There is an ingenuity of mind and a warmth of heart about Mr Hunt very much to our liking. And as he has shewn decided symptoms of both, in his various contributions to the Red Book, with less than their usual alloy of vulgarity and impertinence, or something worse, we have been lavish of our praise to him on the present and similar occasions, and hope that he will not prove ungrateful. Whenever he behaves prettily, we give him a sugar-plum,—often as he is a bad boy, we apply the rod. And we can lay our hands upon our hearts, and declare in the face of the world, that, much rather would we visit the shop of the confectioner, than that of the dealer in brooms. *Ergo, venator benevole, euge et vale.*

SINGULAR RECOVERY FROM DEATH.

Sir,

I am about to detail the circumstances of an event which some years ago plunged me into unutterable horror, and of which I cannot even now think without a shudder. Unfortunately I do not possess those mental powers that might present to others a clear picture of the agonies I then endured; but there is often felt to be in the simple truth a power of awakening emotion beyond what belongs to the most skilful fiction,—and therefore it is that I shall attempt to describe some of my sufferings during that fearful and nearly fatal day, of which no portion can ever be obliterated from my memory. The incidents which I shall now narrate, are well known to the kind and sympathizing friends of my own small circle, but have never, I believe, been made public. Nor should I now obtrude upon the world any narration of an event in the life of an individual so perfectly obscure as I am, unless there belonged to it that which rarely belongs to stories of that kind,—a solemn and momentous moral.

It was on the afternoon of the 14th of August, 1811, that two friends called upon me whom I had not seen for several years. One was a clergyman, alike distinguished for his genius, learning, and talents, just returned from India, after an absence of seven years from his native country; and the other was an officer, who had served with distinguished reputation in Spain, and who was now forced to return home in consequence of a severe wound that wholly disabled him for actual service. I had scarcely recovered from a fever, which had some weeks before nearly brought me to the grave, and the effects of which were still felt by me, not only in extreme lassitude of body, but also in a certain weakness and wandering of mind. The least noise thrilled through me like the sound of a gong, and I would frequently burst into tears in cases of the most trifling emotion. But I was convalescent; and day by day was sensible of an improvement in the health both of my bodily and mental frame. Indeed, an acquaintance, who had not heard of my illness, would probably not have observed any thing about me more than ordinary, except a diminution of my usual energy, and a slight querulousness foreign to my previous habits, and, I believe I may with truth say, foreign to the original conformation of my character.

The sight of two dear friends, whom I had not embraced for years, operated upon me like a charm. We discoursed of a few important matters, and of ten thousand trifles; and though two or three times during dinner, and in the course of the afternoon, I painfully felt a sudden confusion among thoughts a moment before distinct, and a total forgetfulness of incidents and transactions of which my friends

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spoke, as not only familiarly known but interesting to me; yet, on the whole, I was well and happy, and the evening imperceptibly wore away in mirth, friendship, and affection.

There had been some conversation about the Comet that so long glorified the evening sky during that summer, and to decide a disputed question respecting its relative position to a particular star, I went into the little garden before my house, and then, for the first time, felt an indescribable emotion of perplexity, and I might say, almost of terror. The whole heavens seemed on fire—as if the stars were hurrying back and forwards athwart the sky, with long trains of flashing and sparkling light, fiercely illuminating the sable background of a troubled firmament. The moon seemed rolling on with prodigious swiftness, dashing all the stars aside, as a vessel dashes away the waves,—and yet never disappearing,—as if a boundless space were before me,—driven through by an object in incessant motion. It was one undistinguishable tumult of sound, colour, and form; while ever and anon the great Castle cliff, and all the lofty edifices of the City, seemed lifted up among the reeling clouds, and the fiery stars, and that red rushing moon, as if earth and heaven were commingled. I shut my eyes in consternation, with a hope that it was but a momentary distraction of the senses, arising from the effects of my late fever, and instinctively returned into the room where my friends were sitting, but aghast and speechless, and seemingly, as they have since informed me, struck by some sudden and mortal blow. I heard their voices; and, making a convulsive effort to speak, I at last joined my voice to theirs; but I heard its hollow and imperfect sound with a hideous conviction that it was the voice of death, and that I was hurrying into utter insensibility, struck, as I felt, with apoplexy.

I fell down, and suddenly one horrid image possessed my whole spirit,—that of a demon, partly human and partly bestial in its shape, that leapt upon me, and seemed to crush and grind me in its enormous arms. It fixed its fangs into my heart, with miserable pain,—while a deep growl, as of thunder, accompanied the mangling and macceration of flesh and spirit. A mortal sickness came over me.—I felt myself becoming pale as ashes;—the blood seemed ebbing back upon my heart, each drop becoming stagnant there, while a deep convulsion rended my inmost frame asunder, and filled my being with one continued pang of unabating pain. My ears did not ring,—that is a word altogether inadequate to express the rushing, wavering, sighing sound that oppressed my brain. It was like the fluctuating sound of trees in a storm. All the time a ghastly giddiness whirled me round and round, and then would leave me sinking slowly down a shelving rock, that seemed to lead down into a fathomless abyss, or suddenly falling over a precipice,—from which horrid imaginations, strong as realities, I ever and anon awoke only to undergo an endless and incessant repetition of the same dreadful punishment.

In this hideous condition I still dimly knew where I was, and strove to shriek to my family and friends to hold me from falling over that yawning abyss. But all their faces and forms seemed involved in a ghastly and glaring gloom,—and then we would, as it were, all sink together, in one wild shriek, down into that gulph of destruction. Then there arose in me a thought that I had expired, and that this was the world of spirits. There was no speech there—no smiles—no tears—no care for one another—no power of thought, or of motion—no feeling that the soul, though still a soul, belonged to an ordered world, in which it was fitted to dwell; but the countenances seen there but for a moment, and then shifting, scowled on each other like miserable things sent from a vast distance to meet in hatred and fear,—language that was not words, was heard, forced unintelligibly from blue and livid lips,—our eyes glared upon each other, why we knew not, except that our Evil Creator had made them so to glare; and as we were all borne against our wills violently up and down this silent and glimmering hell, I felt that our accursed existence was all bound together by some fiendish fiat, against which we were still all tempted to rebel, and which drove us to curse at once our own hateful selves, and our more hateful Tormentor.

In all this dreadful imagery there was a constant alternation of horrors.

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Now, the fiery firmament, with its blood-red moon driving along through the lurid stars, was all that I beheld,—all that tormented me with terror;—then, that single image of the demon, with eyes and aspect like a tiger, leaping from a jungle;—then the interminable sinking down, down into the depth of nothingness;—then the headlong fall over a precipice upon a shore of pointed crags;—then the wild rotatory motion, as if the earth were but one little spot, spinning round with invisible motion;—then that long-drawn, uncertain, wavering forest-roar;—then the pale, silent, glaring countenances;—then the hideous fiendish gabble of curses, execration, and blasphemy;—then the wild, hopeless, convulsive struggling against some unconceivable doom—These and a thousand other horrors alternately prevailed over me, leaving sometimes dull and deathlike instants of consciousness, in which I felt my own human existence, and from which I was hurried away into new regions of preternatural agony, and fear, and horror. All these hideous trials at last gave way to one. A vast fire, crackling and glimmering with intensity of hell-heat, suddenly burst forth, and drew my very being into its devouring entrails. I felt as if scorched into a cinder, though still in life,—the fiends, unscathed by the flames, kept dancing around me, pouring fiercer heat upon my shrivelled bones, and yelling out in mockery,—"A salamander!—A salamander!—Give him fresh fire!—A salamander!—A salamander!" In a moment all the fiends stood still and silent,—glaring on me, as if waiting for a signal,—and then, rushing on me, all at once I was driven out by the fiends, and the great door of the furnace closed. I was half restored to my senses, and knew for a moment the faces of my wife, my children, and my friends. Oh! that this long, lingering, convulsive, stifling death were but at an end! thought I, in my speechlessness, as the ghastly visions of my burning brain again came forward in a fierce procession to meet the familiar realities around me! I strove to collect my soul, that the coming horror might be repelled from it, as from a rock; but a horrid sympathy seized my dying spirit, and it longed at last to join that troop in their torments, and to mix itself with all that it dreaded and abhorred.

And now my heart was tried with a new agony. All that rueful spectacle disappeared, and I had no part in it. It seemed that my suffering was at an end; and that, after these clouds of matter had blown away, my spirit was to be released in peace. I knew where I was, and who were near me in their affection, and their grief. But, on opening my wearied eyelids, ghastly, indeed, was the change that struck my affrighted soul. They whom I had loved, and who once would gladly I have died for my sake, stood around me with wrathful countenance, and eyes flashing fire through the dark stains of blood. I knew the features of my children, in the grinning faces of the fiends that leered upon me with the young cruelty of demons enjoying the yet novel transport of their lust of guilt; and the dear image of her whom I knew to be their mother, stood over me like Sin, beautiful, but terrible, and pierced my heart with words of wrath, scorn, and blasphemy, while the mingled passion streamed like lava from her coal-black eyes. Oaths and execrations at one moment, delivered in scowls of black and stilling malignity, and, at another, in peals of fierce and furious laughter, like the gabble of an insane Fury, entered to the heart, while, through the whole of these denunciations seemed to run dark charges of an unintelligible crime committed by me, of which, innocent though I knew myself to be, I yet felt the shame, and the confusion, and remorse of some loathsome and incorrigible guilt. Before the pale glare of this merciless phantom, the images of my friends seemed, at first, to stand shrunken and transfixed, till, obeying some fell sign, they advanced towards me, and changing into violent but shrouded shapes, bore me down, as I thought, unto a chill floor of lead, and bound me to it with fetters, against which all my agonising convulsions were in vain. They clutched me round the throat with long bony fingers, while my eyeballs started from their sockets, and my tongue forced through my jaws, now locked in the last struggle of life, was felt to cover my corpse with foam and blood. I had been people in convulsions, on the wet pavement of the street, falling down in

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shot; and, by the power of their distorted faces, driving away the constantly filling crowd, as if some demon had become incarnate, to terrify the cruel in the moment of their enjoyment. I knew that I was now in that piteous, hideous, degraded condition, and I knew, moreover, that I was never to escape from that state while time endured; but that thenceforth, till the day of judgment, I was to be thus rended asunder in tormenting convulsions. It was my doom; and I came at last to be satisfied that I deserved it—that it was the righteous infliction of torment on a spirit deeply polluted with crime.

In a moment I was drenched in blood. It seemed that a sharp weapon like a scythe, at one sweep, from an unseen arm, cut off a limb, and miserably mutilated my body. The agony changed my swoon; and as I was sensible for a single moment of the transition from one swoon to another, a whole crowd of familiar objects drove by my soul, and then I was again plunged into the haunted darkness. My life now seemed to be ebbing away—slight glimpses of sense visited my soul—I tried to articulate—to stretch out my remaining arm to something alive, that seemed to be near me—but speech—motion—almost thought, and volition were gone, and I lay with palpitations and singultus at my heart, as if all my body were become insensible and a mere clod, except my heart, in whose out-pouring blood, consciousness, and torment were together growing fainter and fainter, and fading into annihilation.

Some change took place. There was a bearing along of my remaining life—there was motion and sound. They went united. It was I who was borne along—and a weeping, wailing, lamenting voice kept close unto me—the voice of love, and of grief. Something touched my forehead—it was repeated again and again. It felt like a tear!—and then a kiss seemed to drop upon my eyelids. But still I was wafted unconsciously along and along, and down and down intricate windings—and still the tears, and sobs, and sighs continued—and then, a small hand seemed to touch mine, and I thought of my children. Are they living still, thought I, or are we all hurrying down together, by some mysterious avenue, and on the wings of some mysterious power, into the dark bosom of eternity? There was then a grating as of a huge iron door on its hinges, but louder than any thunder, and I was flung down a gulph, and dashed into nothing.

But from this blessed insensibility I was too soon awaked, and what I afterwards suffered, though perhaps less hideous and terrific, was yet such as even now to make the drops of sweat to stand on my brow, and my blood to curdle. I seemed to be recovered into a sort of delirious stupor, in which I had just power of perception sufficient to discern the horrors of my situation. I beheld a figure clothed in white, like a ghost risen in its winding-sheet, standing before me, and on its breast a wide wound, from which the blood had issued in torrents, and stained all that part of the shroud from the heart to its feet. It fixed its hollow eyes upon mine, and when I started with horror, the phantom seemed to imitate my action with derision, and to bring its corpse-like features into a horrid likeness of mine. In the blindness of superstitious terror, I staggered headlong towards the object, and while it disappeared with a hideous crash, as if the earth, or the hell where I was imprisoned, were falling into pieces, I felt myself transfixed, as it were, with a thousand daggers, and recovering my voice through the agony, shrieked aloud. Then I thought there descended upon me, as from the angry heavens, a shower of such icy chillness, that the little blood left in my exhausted veins was entirely frozen, and I was conscious of life only by a feeling of the uttermost intensity of cold, as if I were some insect inclosed in a frozen globule of water in some great ice bay in the Polar Sea. This feeling gradually relaxed into a shivering fit resembling an earthly sensation,—my eyes opened of themselves, and there stood before me, my wife, and the two friends in whose presence this calamity had fallen upon me.

The truth is, Mr Editor, that I had got as drunk as an owl, and that the preceding narrative presents the public with a very slight and imperfect sketch of my feelings after falling off my chair, till I came to my recollection in my own bed-room, with a Kilmarnock night-cap on my head, and my good wife a dressing-gown on, to keep me from catching cold, my

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own having been sent to have a patch put upon the sleeve by Mr Nightingale, at whose shop, No. 72, Prince's Street, I purchased it some four years ago.

I am now nearly about 50 years of age—little addicted to the use of fermented liquors of any kind, and no member of the Dillettanti. During dinner, I had taken a single caulker of Glenlivet with Dr B. and the Captain; one glass of Bell's beer; and I am positive not more than three glasses of Campbell and Somerville's choice Madeira. After dinner, I had my share of four bottles of Port, and three of Claret. Now I feel persuaded, that a moderate dose, such as this, which is a mere flea-bite to what my excellent friend, the late Dr Webster, author of the Widow's Fund, used to take almost daily, could never have cut me so confoundedly as it appears I was cut, had I not, in an unlucky moment, gone to the door, either to look at the comet, as I said, or for some less celestial purpose, when a single mouthful of fresh air did the business. Where a man may get a single mouthful of fresh air in Edinburgh, between the hours of ten and eleven at night, is not so obvious; nor do I mean to give you either my real signature or address. Suffice it to say, I took a gulp of that deleterious fluid, the fresh air, and to that, like many a stronger headed man, have I to attribute that catastrophe.

I am informed, that on returning to my chair, I stared like a goss-hawk, and made a number of gross personal reflections on my clerical and military friend—the former of whom talked of challenging me. I then turned up my eyes to heaven, as if mimicking the Doctor in the pulpit, and fell flat upon the hearth-rug. On this rug was worked in worsted an exceedingly good portrait of a royal Bengal Tiger—the very same that devoured young Mr Hector Munro in that country; and as my face met his, my mind immediately commenced dreaming of a demon, with stripes upon his body, and, I presume, a tail. The tiger on the rug was scarcely so large as life, measuring only 5 feet 4 inches from the tip of the snout to the tip of the tail. But the tiger in the dream was much larger than life, though I had no means of measuring him, and seemed at least as large as the Mastodonton seen in America by Serjeant Pollock, man-servant to Dr Hodgson of Blantyre, and Natural Historian to the New Series of the Scots Magazine.

I shewed that I was extremely sick, and the noise of my fall, &c. brought down Mrs ——, who, though an excellent woman in most respects, is less remarkable than Griselda of old, for her patience. She flew, it seems, into a violent passion, on seeing me stretched, in a state of perfected civilation, on the rug, and had like to have thrown the parson's wig into the fire, and scratched the captain's remaining eye out. Drunk as I was, I saw the storm, it would appear, through my half-bunged-up daylights, and hence that phantom, of which I have now tried to make the most,—who might well seem like Mrs Duncan Davison, (well, the name is out—it can't be helped) being no other than Mrs Duncan Davison herself. She kept, I am credibly informed, yelling in my ear, for several minutes, "O Duncan Davison! you drunken beast, Duncan Davison! how dared you to behave thus to our new hearth-rug, Duncan Davison?" This explains the nature of the charge brought against me in my dream, which, at the time, was perfectly incomprehensible to me, but for the error involved in which, I now beg leave to express my most unfeigned contrition. It seems, however, that Mrs Davison's wrath was soon converted into consternation. For my neckcloth having been too tight, I had begun to get black in the face, and to froth at the mouth, like Mr Ward's picture of the Hydrophobia, now or lately exhibiting in Pall-Mall. She therefore, in a quandary, beseeched the gentlemen, (neither of whom, by the way, was quite steady, and who, had they swallowed a whole mouthful of fresh air, as I had done, might have fallen under it, as I did,) to untie my cravat, and open my vest. This they eagerly did—and during that tender act of friendship, they appeared to me, who was not in complete possession of my senses at the time, to be the fiends mentioned above, as threatening, and otherwise maltreating, the author of this article. As to the scene of the fiery furnace, it was nothing more than the blaze from my own register grate, which the Doctor had roused by a thump of the poker, that stirred up the Newcastle coals; and

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the fiends of my dream were merely the captain and my wife, and who, it seems, had used the word salamander, why I know not. In a fit I most assuredly was, and our maid was despatched for a doctor. He came in a jiffy—having been fortunately in the street, cutting off a neighbour's thigh from the socket—and bled me copiously in the arm. This not only throws an air of probability over that part of the previous narrative, in which I describe myself as having in a trance lost an arm from the sweep of a scythe, but also throws, unless I greatly err, much light on the whole theory and practice of dreaming. After I had filled a wash-hand basin with excellent, warm, pure, ruddy blood, I was lifted up on a seat formed of the interlineation of all the fingers belonging to my wife, the maid, the parson, the captain, and the doctor; and, with one arm over the shoulder of the church, and the other over the shoulder of the profession, I was borne along the lobby, and carried up stairs, with the view of being deposited in the stranger's bed-room. But it was not made down; so I was brought back again down stairs to our own room, where I understand the procession met our little Tommy, with his finger in his mouth, crying lustily, on the supposition that his daddy was dead. Grief being catching, Mrs Davison had also begun to blubber; and being sensible, I presume, that she had been too violent in the dining-room scene, during which I had never spoken a word, she burst into tears, kissed me just as I was, and hid her lovely face in her husband's bosom. The reader, by referring to that part of the narrative which describes the impression made upon me during my intoxication, by this touching little incident, will not fail to admire the singular coincidence between those wild and strange feelings, and the character of the cause which produced them. Having seen me put to bed in my wife's night-gown, as aforesaid, (which having been done rather violently, seemed to me like dashing me down on the pavement from a house-top,) the party left me, and went down stairs to take a check of supper. I had snored away for a couple of hours, till finding, I presume, from Mrs D. not being at my side, that something unusual had occurred, I reeled out of bed. A candle of about twenty to the pound had very considerately been placed in a bowl, and by its light, a large looking-glass, at which my wife admires her person, had reflected to me myself, standing in my wife's night-gown, which, I am sorry to say, bore testimony, by its sanguine hue, that I had been sick—very sick, after having been put to bed. In my very natural fear of that ghost, I broke my wife's looking-glass into shivers, and cut myself considerably in the concussion. The noise brought the family up, one of whom immediately threw a basin of cold water in my face, which made me think of the Polar Sea; and after mutual explanation and reconciliation, I marched down stairs, somewhat muzzy, and took my jug of hot punch with the rest. I had a slight headach next day; but the bleeding did me great good. I never was better than at the moment of now writing to you. As to the Moral, it is too obvious to be overlooked; and therefore I leave the world to profit by it.

Yours most sincerely,

D. D.

QUIP MODEST TO MR BARKER.

In a Letter to Christopher North, Esq.

Dear Sir,

Barker has shewn so much good temper in his Retort Courteous, that it would be unfair if I hit him hard in return. I forgive him his little jets of spleen, such as his accusing me of slander, &c. in consideration of his having made an effort to laugh, which is very commendable in a man situated as he is. Besides, I am in a mask, and he, with more chivalry than prudence, comes forth to the fight bare-headed, exposing his unhelmeted pate to the Andrew Ferrara of a champion whose brows are enveloped in the casque of Pluto. I shall not abuse his good faith; for whatever dog I may be, I am not so ruthless a bloodhound as his alarmed imagination depicts me. Nor am I the least angry with his quotations from old Caius, (whom I

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have read, and could quote too, if I were in the mood,) for I think them not destitute of fun, and quite well enough for a lexicographer; and my tranquillity is perhaps the more unruffled, in consequence of my perceiving that his hits, being all directed at Blomfield, do *me* no hurt.* With regard to my quotation from Persius, with which he waxes wroth, all I can say is, that I am sorry to see he labours under some unaccountable delusion, as to the common arrangement of a sentence; but I freely give up the false quantity in the line from Lucan. I can only allege in my defence, that it was the will of Messieurs the printers, to give *diis* for *deis*—an accident which will happen in spite of us, in the best regulated families; and I wish B. joy of his sharp, press-correcting eye. It is no mean qualification in a verbal critic.

I did certainly see the notice to which he refers me, but was afraid he was forgetting his promise, and thought a refresher to his memory would be no harm. I am glad he appears after Christmas; till which time I must look a-head for other jaw-relaxing matter. For, with deference to his gravity, I see nothing undignified in indulging in that inextinguishable laugh, which was not deemed unworthy of the tenants of Olympus, and, as Mr B. knows, is held, by the highest authority, to be one of the most distinctive propria of our species. There is something, I know not what, that strikes me as irresistibly comic about Alderman Wood, and that water-bladder, the ahoy-hoy Waithman, as Cobbet politely calls him, and the much injured knight of Maria Theresa, which, (and not any intention of connecting their politics with those of Barker, who is a loyal and honest Tory,) made me pitch on these three famous political W's. as prime butts for laughing at; nor is that general impression on my mind diminished by our friend *Thes.* comparing me most Plutarchically with Waithman, and panegyrizing the learning of that erudite star of Cockaigne. But he certainly is too clever in his hit upon the *tragedies*. For it is plain, my dear Christopher, that the tragedies I meant were not the doleful farces of Knightsbridge, &c. but the actual dramas of these droll gentlemen, commemorated by your hard-hearted correspondent, Sappho, in your last, "who, in old Drury, or in Covent Garden," made sport for me during last season. They were lovely in their lives, but alas! they are clean gone,

> The stroke of death did end their thing,
> And cut them off just in their prime,

as the tombstone poet has it—and memorial of them remains none, nor has any body arisen to supply their place, no one in fact, as yet, has put in his claim for the vacant situation of tragedyman, which certainly has diminished the quantity of "sportive matter" in this foggy city.

As I have a P.S. as long as my letter to write, I shall conclude by assuring Mr B., that when I *again* go through Thetford, I shall call on him as he desires it, hoping that he will allow me thicker potations than Spa-water—of which, or indeed any other kind of water, I do not profess myself an amateur. I expect more magnanimous fluid. Thetford, I imagine, can supply some of that famous ἐκ τῶν κριθῶν πεφαλαιωμένου ὑ πολυ τῆς περὶ τὸν οἶνον ἐνεδίας ὁ πα λαῖος ζῆθος,† of which I take Mr Barker from his honest beer-barrel metaphors to be a patron, and which is, at all events, better than gripe-giving mineral water. If I should see his MS. before he commits it to the press (a thing not very probable just now,) I shall give him in return for his advice to me, a couple of admonitions.—1st. Not to tease himself by answering jokes on *Thes.* or such mere trifles. He has a right to use that or any other intelligible abbreviation he pleases. If he think fit to shorten his own name to Mr Bark. or even to Mr Ba., I know of no act of parliament against it; but anxiously justifying such things, and quoting learned authorities, and writing whole pages about them, is ridiculous to the last degree. And, 2dly, Not to snarl so wickedly at Dr Blomfield, for every one sees the reason. We

* I asked, "What was a petulanti splene cachinno to do?" and he contends, that I should have included *eum*, as in the original. It would have been neat language if I had. "What is a *I am a laugher to do?*" Whatever may be the fashion of Thetford, I assure Barker, that such is not our mode in London.

† Diod. Sic.

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never heard from Barker or Burges a word of the Doctor's plagiarisms or other misdemeanours, until he had roughly handled *Thes.* in the Quarterly Review. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* I have not looked into Burges's Supplices yet, but I must candidly confess, I do not think much of the article in the Classical Journal, to which he refers me to laugh at. The most laughable matter about them is, Burges's having the face to introduce with a strong panegyric, the following puff direct on himself by Dobree. "Neque silentio prætereundus Georgius Burges, vetus et probatus amicus, qui multa e codicibus excerpsit, et alia *docte, ut solet, et utiliter* admonuit."—[C. I. No. 42, p. 371.] And a little higher up he calls himself "the Editor's (Dobree, editor of the Porsoni Aristophanica) *learned* friend, George Burges," which is droll enough beyond doubt.

Let me, however, borrow a joke from G. B. as it is a good advice to E. H. B.

Ἀπόκαμε [κάρτ'] ἐν στήθεσιν ὀργὴς
Δεῦρο κατεμολόχθω γλῶσσαν ΜΑΥ-ΤΑΛΚΤΑΝ.

"Mr Barker, drive anger away from your breast,
And to your mellifluous tongue be at rest."

Angry quarrels between scholars do no good. How would Mr Barker like to be retorted on by Mr Bloomfield in the words of rare Ben? "What hath he done more than a base cur? Barked and made a noise; had a fool or two to spit in his mouth; but they are rather enemies of my fame, than me, those *Barkers!*"

Wishing him nevertheless every success in the great work on which he is employed,—I remain, dear Christopher, yours sincerely,

A Constant Reader.

London, Dec. 2.

P. S.—I wish to say a few words about the Classical Journal. B. says I was actuated by a *peculiar* motive, to pour out the vials of my wrath on that periodical. Not I indeed. I only panegyrized Mr Cæcilius Metellus, for his ingenuity in authenticating your first Hore Scandicæ, by parallel passages out of Euripides, Milton, Job, and Saint Paul, adding, what was perfectly true, that he was nevertheless a very respectable scholar, and possessed of some fun. The thing was very fairly and good-humouredly taken in the Classical Journal, where I was described as one of "the minor γελωτοποιοί, in that Miscellany of Momus, Blackwood's Magazine." So far from wishing to disparage the Journal, I am a regular reader of it, and find always much to interest me in its pages. Sir W. Drummond's Essays are learned and ingenious. What Professor Dunbar writes, is always worth reading, in spite of the adverse criticism of your friend Hogg in the Tent. The Miscellanea Classica, and Adversaria Literaria, are generally amusing; and there are many correspondents who write well on their several subjects. They had, for example, a good series of articles in the late Numbers, on the Language and Literature of Cornwall. Besides, it is pleasant to have a place of refuge for the exercises of our Universities, which are sometimes—not often to be sure—worth reading for their own merits, but always deserve attention, as affording indices of the progress of classical learning among us. Of course the Journal has its Balaamitish contributors, *ex. gr.* Taylor the Platonist, and Bellamy the anti-Hebraist, who is a tremendous bore. How any body can give book-room to Taylor, I cannot conceive; but nevertheless you find him in *almost* every *number*, talking incredible nonsense. I take a random example. One of the numbers, containing Burges's assault on C. J. B. is before me, and in it we have from Taylor the following DISCOVERY OF A VERSE OF HOMER. "The following verse is ascribed by Proclus on the Timæus of Plato (p. 334.) to Homer, but is not to be found in any of the writings of that poet, which are now extant. The line is,

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* You see how merciful I am, in not translating μαὶ δ' λαλαγεῖν literally *vate* Barker, or in not adopting the appellation conferred on him by ὁ *βολαγεῖς*, and paraphrasing these lines of Sappho by the similar passage in Midas:—

"Pray, Gogy, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue."

I recommend this parallelism to my friend Cæcilius.

* Words marked * are not to be found in Thes.

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Αλλα Ζευς Πρωτιστος γεγονει, και πλεονα οιδε;

i. e. "But Jove was born the first, and more he knows." This verse is also alluded to by Proclus, in page 253 of the same Work. If Proclus had not, after quoting this verse, immediately added φησιν Ομηρος, I should have concluded, from the manner of it, that it was an Orphic line."—C. I. No. 42. p. 361. Should you indeed? I shall conclude from the remark, that a man more ridiculously ignorant of Greek literature does not exist. The line which he has *discovered*, and translated, and Orphicised, you will find, if you look for it, quietly reposing in its proper place, it being the 356th line of the 13th Book of the Iliad. What could have made Valpy admit such a *bêtise*? And yet this Taylor is one of the most arrogant revilers of real scholars extant.

I began this correspondence in jest, but I conclude it quite in earnest, by saying, that however I may agree with the Quarterly Review in his remarks on *Thes.* I was sorry and vexed to find him stigmatising Valpy, one of the most learned, upright, and enterprising booksellers in the kingdom, with the opprobrious title of the Curll of the present day. Nothing could be more ungenerous, or more unjust. I do not know any man who has done more for the cause of classical literature, by supplying excellent elementary treatises—by setting afoot great literary projects,* and by giving useful editions—than Valpy; and it is very unfair that he should be so abused, even although he has let Barker run riot "preaching on ηγαλμα," as a droll poet of your own phrases it—or has published various irritated growlings of ill-humoured scholars. This I must say, who know nothing of him but by his works. Will you let me add a word about politics?† Nothing to be sure can be more absurd than to praise or abuse any man's literary productions by the test of his political opinions; yet after all it must be annoying enough to Valpy to find himself attacked by the full weight of the Tory press, while he is perfectly conscious that had he the felicity of being a Whig, not an instrument of the party, from the cracked jewsharp of the Examiner, up to the Scottish bagpipe of the Edinburgh, would have breathed any thing but notes of gratulation, without regarding at all whether he was right or wrong. Verily, whatever may be Whig demerits, they have the merit of clinging to one another manfully.

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* The Reviewer has misrepresented the nature of Valpy's edition of the Latin Classics. It is *not* a mere reprint of the Delphin edition, for it contains the best Variorum notes on each author, and all the necessary *subsidia*. I confess, indeed, that I think it would have been much better if the trumpery of the Delphin commentators were entirely neglected, as, with few exceptions, they were very incapable people.

† Certainly.—C. N.

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WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Speedily will be published, by command, and under the especial sanction of his Majesty, the History of the Coronation of his Most Sacred Majesty King George IV. Containing a full and authentic Detail of the Ceremonies observed at that august Solemnity, together with the Proceedings and Adjudications of the Court of Claims and of the Privy Council, the Names of the several Princes of the Blood Royal, Peers, Great Officers of State, Members of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knights of the several Orders, and others who attended on this memorable occasion. The whole illustrated with Copies of the various Documents issued by the several Departments connected with the Ceremony, and with superb Engravings of the Regalia, as also of the magnificent Royal Robes worn by the Sovereign, the splendid Dresses of the Peers, Privy Counsellors, Officers of the Royal Household, &c.; together with Plates, from Drawings taken by the first Artists, of the Interior of Westminster Abbey and Hall, at the most interesting periods of the Solemnity. By Sir George Nayler, Clarenceux King of Arms, &c. &c. A more detailed Prospectus is in preparation, and will very shortly be ready for delivery, upon application at the principal Booksellers in London.

A new Poem, by Lord Byron, entitled Sardanapalus.

Mr Barry Cornwall's new Poem, The Deluge, relates to that event as described by classic authors.

In a few days will appear, The History of Lady Jane Grey and her Times. By George Howard. It will illustrate the Manners and Customs of former Days, with numerous Anecdotes of the distinguished Persons and Events of that period, and will embrace the earliest Records of the Reformation, drawn from sources hitherto unexplored.

The Encyclopædia Metropolitana having come into the hands of new Publishers, the Fifth Part of that Work will appear on the 1st of January, 1822.

The London Journal of Arts and Sciences, will, in future, be published on the 1st of every month, instead of every two months, making two Volumes annually, and the price will be 2s. 6d. instead of 3s. 6d.

The Carnival of Death; a satirical Poem. By Mr Bailey, author of 'What is Life?' and other Poems, will soon appear.

Mr James Townsend is preparing for publication a Translation of the Bachelor of Salamanca; a novel. By Le Sage.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Written by himself. Translated from the Italian. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Highlanders; a Tale. By the author of 'The Hermit in London.' In 3 vols.

The Hermit in London. A new Edition, with Additions. 3 vols.

Preparing for publication, in 6 vols. 12mo. The Preacher; consisting of Sketches of Original Sermons, from the MSS. of two eminent Divines of the last Century; with a Familiar Essay on Pulpit Composition, principally intended for young Ministers, and Lay Teachers.

A History of Cultivated Vegetables. By Henry Phillips, author of a History of Fruits known in Great Britain. In 2 vols. 8vo. To be published by Subscription.

The Pleasures of Conversation. In 1 vol. small 8vo.

The Art of employing Time, to the greatest Advantage—the True Source of Happiness. In 1 vol. Small 8vo.

Practical Wisdom; or, the Manual of Life. In 1 vol. 12mo.

A Dictionary of French Homonymes; or, a New Guide to the Peculiarities of the French Language. By D. Boileau. 1 vol. Small 8vo.

Woman; a Poem. By E. S. Barrett, Esq. 8vo. new Edition, with Engravings, from Designs by Richard Westall, Esq. R. A. 1 vol. foolscap.

Lollardy; a Tale, founded on the Persecutions which marked the opening of the Fifteenth Century. By the author of Mystery, Calthorpe, &c.

Professor Monk has been occupied for three or four years, in preparing a Life of Doctor Bentley; a work which, it is expected, will be sent to the press early in the ensuing spring. The biography of this scholar, the most celebrated of all who ever established a reputation in the department of classical learning, is intimately connected with the History of the University of Cambridge for above 40 years, a period of unusual interest, and with the literary history of this country for a still longer time. It has been frequently remarked, that such a work is a *desideratum* in English literature; and this it is the author's endeavour to supply. He has industriously sought for documents which may throw light upon the events of those days, or tend to elucidate the character, the conduct, and the writings of Bentley. For this purpose he has searched the voluminous manuscript collections of Baker, of Cole, and of Hearne, as well as other records preserved

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in the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Lambeth Library, &c. He has been indulged with an unreserved access to all the registers and other documents belonging both to the University and to Trinity College; which, in conjunction with various letters and private papers, and a full assemblage of legal records, have enabled him to unravel and explain the curious conflicts which Bentley went through in the course of his long academical life; and which, no less than his writings, brought him in contact with many of the most illustrious characters who were his contemporaries. Professor Monk has also availed himself of that very important correspondence between Bentley and the first scholars of his age, which has been spoken of in p. 403 of the Museum Criticum; as well as of a still more extensive assortment of papers, comprising letters of Bishop Atterbury, Bishop Sherlock, Bishop Greene, Dr Conyers Middleton, Dr Andrew Snape, Bishop Hare, Bishop Zachary Pearce, and many other highly distinguished characters, who were intimately connected with the leading events of Bentley's history; also the whole of the manuscripts left by Dr Colbatch, his principal opponent in Trinity College. He has omitted no means in his power of obtaining a sight of Bentley's letters, which are in private hands, having made applications to all quarters where he thought that such deposits were likely to be found. In several of these cases he has been successful: still he is persuaded that there exist other specimens of his correspondence in quarters to which he has not been able to discover any clue. Should this notice meet the eye of persons who possess such papers, or who can afford intelligence respecting them, the author will feel highly obliged by a communication upon the subject.

Early in January will be published, a Series of Engraved Portraits of the Deans of Westminster, from Drawings by G. R. Harding, to accompany the Memoirs of those Prelates in the History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St Peter Westminster. Written by E. W. Brayley, and Graphically Illustrated by J. P. Neale.

A new Portion of the World in Miniature, containing a Description of the Religion, Manners, Customs, Arts, Trades, &c. of the People of Hindoostan. In 6 vols. With upwards of a hundred Coloured Plates. Will appear early in the ensuing year.

An Appendix to Orfilas' General System of Toxicology.

A Romance, called Roche Blanc; or, the Hunters of the Pyrenees. From the pen of Miss A. M. Porter.

Shortly will be published, a Sentimental Tour to the South of France, illustrated with 18 Coloured Engravings.

The Ionian Islands. By Tertius Kendrick, Esq.

The Florist's Manual; or, Hints for the Construction of a gay Flower Garden. By the authoress of Botanical Dialogues, &c. New Edition, considerably improved.

The Mother's Medical Assistant in the Diseases of Infants and Children. By Sir Arthur Clarke. A new and improved Edition. 1 vol.

The Art of Preserving the Sight. A new Edition, enlarged and improved. 1 vol.

Miss Benger is preparing for the press, Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, which will be published in the course of the winter.

The Widow's Tale. By the author of Ellen Fitz-Arthur. Also, a new Edition of the latter.

An English Translation of Klopstock's Messiah, in verse, is now printing in Hamburgh. The First Part appeared in August last.

Memoirs of Self-educated Persons, who, by their own exertions, have arisen to eminence in Literature and Science. By Dr Watkins, author of the Biographical Dictionary.

Mr Rootsey is about to publish a large Map of the World, upon an improved projection.

A new Edition, being the Seventh, of Conversations on Chemistry, is preparing for the press, with considerable additions.

A new Edition of Baxter's Practical Works. In 16 vols. 8vo. To be Edited by Rev. T. Cloutt of Walworth. And a new Edition of Drew on the Resurrection.

Mr Charles Mills, author of the History of the Crusades, will shortly publish the First Part, comprising Italy, of Travels in various Countries of Europe, at the time of the revival of Letters and Art.

Preparing for publication, two Voyages to New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land, including a Description of the present condition of those interesting Colonies. By Thomas Reid, surgeon in the Royal Navy.

Practical Wisdom; or, the Manual of Life. In 1 vol. 12mo.

Professor Lee is preparing, in Persian and English, the whole Controversy of Mr Martyn with the learned of Persia, as a Manuel for Missionaries to establish the truth of the Scriptures against the Sophisms of the Mahomedans.

Shortly will be published the first two Volumes (besides an additional Volume, containing the Abstracts of the British Navy,) of Mr James's Naval History, comprising the whole of the War from 1793 to the Peace of Amiens.

In the press, the Genuine Remains, in prose and verse, of Samuel Butler, published from the original MSS., late in possession of W. Longueville, Esq. with

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Notes by R. Thyer, Keeper of the Public Library, Manchester. This work will contain many original pieces never before published, and will be carefully revised, with additional Notes and Illustrations. It will be embellished with a Portrait of Butler, from the original Picture by Sir P. Lely, in the Bodleian Gallery, engraved on wood, in the most highly finished manner, by Thompson; and a Portrait of Thyer, copied from a Painting by Romney, engraved in line by Worthington, and with numerous beautiful Vignettes, from original Designs.

Mr Danghson of Prescott is preparing for publication, a translation of Baron Larrey's new Work, entitled, "A Collection of Surgical Observations," with Notes, &c. by the Translator.

Dr Wilson Philip has just ready for publication, a second edition of his Treatise on Indigestion, with some additional Observations.

Shortly will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. A Summary of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, with Notes, Explanatory and Supplementary. To which is added, a Continuation of the Particular History of the Church, from the commencement of the Eighteenth Century to the year 1819. By the Rev. Charles Trelawny Collins, M.A. Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, and Lecturer of St Pancras, Devon.

Dr Forbes has just ready, in one volume 8vo. a Translation of a Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest, in which they are described according to their anatomical characters, and their Diagnosis established on a new principle, by means of Acoustick Instruments. With Plates. From the French of R. T. Laennec, to which Dr Forbes has added a Preface and Notes.

Mr R. D. Hamilton has ready for publication, in one volume 8vo. The Principles of Medicine, on the Plan of the Baconian Philosophy. Vol. I. On Febrile and Inflammatory Diseases.

In the press, Cases illustrative of the Treatment of Diseases of the Ear, including the affections of the Meatus Auditorius, also those of the Tympanum, viz. its Puriform Discharge, and the Obstruction of the Eustachian Tube, with the Operations; likewise the Diseases of the Labyrinth, whether Constitutional, as Nervous, Scrofulous, Syphilitic, &c. or local, as Paralysis of the Auditory Nerve, Defective Organization, &c. with Practical Remarks relative to the Deaf and Dumb. By John Harrison Curtis, Esq. Aurist to the King, &c.

EDINBURGH.

Sir Andrew Wylie will positively appear in the course of January.

A New Edition of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, with Mineralogical Notes, and an Account of Cuvier's Discoveries. By Professor Jameson. Will be published next month.

We have the pleasure to inform our readers, that we have the best authority for assuring them, that THE ODONTIST is in a state of great forwardness. This work will certainly make its appearance early in the spring.

Literature of the Church of England, comprising a Sketch of its Character and History, from the time of the Reformation; together with ample Notices with regard to the Lives and Writings of the most Eminent Authors that have arisen since that Period. 6 vol. 8vo.

A New Translation, with Notes, of Terence's two first Comedies, The Adrian and The Eunuch. By the reverend W. Gardiner, L.L.D. 12mo.

Early in January will be published, Neil Gow and Sons' Sixth Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, Slow Airs, &c. This Number consists almost entirely of Original Tunes; and contains also the last few compositions of Neil Gow, never before published.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

A Letter on our Agricultural Distresses, their Causes and Remedies, with Tables and Charts. By William Playfair. 8vo. 5s.

A Letter addressed to Agriculturists and to the Magistrates and Clergy, on the subject of Hiring, Service, and Character; to which are added, Forms of Contract between Master and Servant. By a Country Magistrate. 4to. 2s.

ANTIQUITIES.

Views of the Cathedrals of England and Wales; with Descriptions. By J. C. Buckler. No. VIII. and last. Royal 4to. 16s. Imperial 4to. £1, 3s.

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Letters on Architecture, comprising the History of the Art from the earliest Times to the Present Day. By James Elmes, Architect. 8vo. 12s.

A Historical and Critical Inquiry into

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the Origin and Primitive Use of the Irish Pillar Tower. By Colonel de Montmorency Morres. Royal 8vo. Plates. 15s.

ASTROLOGY.

The Authentic and Intelligible Almanack; or Annual Abstract of Celestial Lore, Calculated for the Year 1822, from the MS. of Sir William Lilly Brachm, R. T. R. A new Prophetic Almanack. 3s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

John Offor's Quarterly Catalogue of New and Second Hand Books, containing some choice Classics. No. VII.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT, *December 12th*, 1821.

Sugar.—The market for sugar has improved a little since our last. The consumption goes on, rather increased than diminished. As the whole supplies for the year are now at market, with the certain prospect of a reduced crop in Jamaica, and a late crop on the Leeward Islands, for 1822, and that in consequence thereof no great supply of sugar can reach Britain before next summer, there is every prospect of a considerable advance towards the spring. The holders both of raw and refined sugars are more firm, and less anxious to bring their produce to market.

Coffee.—The coffee market continues very languid, and the prices to decline, nor is it likely that there can be any alteration in the coffee market till the spring purchases for the continental markets take place, which will be next month and February. The great quantity of this article, however, which is now introduced into the continent from the colonial possessions of foreign powers, both in the western and from the eastern world, and also from a trade with powerful countries in the latter, carried on by the Americans and others, render any increase of the exportation of coffee from this country, and consequently any material improvement in the prices, an event by no means probable.

Corn.—The grain market every where continues dull, and the prices on the decline. Immense speculations in grain were entered into upon the continent of Europe, and in the United States, and in British North America, upon the unfavourable appearances of the harvest in England. On these speculations, very large sums of money must be lost, and we fear chiefly on British account. From every quarter of the world we hear of the same complaints of the cheapness of agricultural produce, and consequent agricultural distress.

Rum.—The rum market has rather been more steady of late. The price is low, that scarcely any thing can sink to a lower degree. Brandy, after a considerable rise, remains stationary; and in Geneva there is no alteration. The immense quantities of this article which is daily smuggled into this country, escaping detection, and the very large quantities that is detected and daily sold at revenue sales, renders all attempts at importation by the regular merchant hopeless and ruinous. We are not aware of any alteration in the value of other mercantile commodities, so as to require observation.

The cotton market is dull, but the consumption is undiminished. The quantity imported is fully equal to the demand. We subjoin a short abstract of the cotton trade of the world, which may not be uninteresting to our readers.

COTTON-WOOL AND FOREIGN TRADE.

One of the most valuable articles of commerce in the eastern world is cotton. Indeed this article ranks amongst the foremost in the commerce of other parts of the world: The quantity raised and consumed is exceedingly great, and the value of the articles into which it is manufactured beyond what we can accurately calculate. The consumption of the following countries may serve to give us a general idea of the quantity of the article annually produced and brought to market. The average weight of the bales may be taken at 300lb.—a pecul is 125lb.

Consumption of Cotton, 1819—20.

	Bales.	Total lbs.
Great Britain, - - -	520,000	156,000,000
United States, - - -	75,000	21,500,000
France, - - - -	300,000	90,000,000
Bengal and the Provinces adjacent, about	400,000	120,000,000
East Indies exported to Eastern Isles, -	6,278	1,882,556
	Peculs.	
China, imported from East Indies alone, -	323,842	40,460,256
		429,842,812

exclusive of what is consumed in China, the produce of that country—what is consumed and produced in the Levant, and in Africa, in the interior parts of which a very considerable quantity is produced, manufactured, and worn by the natives.

The more we consider the evidence taken before the legislature regarding the foreign trade of this country, the more we are gratified at the commercial information therein given, and the more the country is indebted to the present administration for the very proper manner in which they have taken up and investigated this business. The data they have obtained cannot fail to lead to the most important and beneficial regulations, and to secure the immediate extension and future prosperity of our trade.

To the Eastern world we ought to look for the accomplishment of our hopes and wishes on this head. The new world can only be rendered greatly serviceable when connected with the trade to China, India and the Indian Archipelago. The population

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in those parts which covet or would covet our manufactures, as soon as they become acquainted with them, exceeds 400 millions—nay, a greater number, for, we may say, all Asia and its Isles eagerly look after them. The field, therefore, is immense, and the returns are not only articles of the most valuable description, but such as our manufactures particularly require.

In the East Indies, the demand for and sale of our cotton manufactures continue to increase. To the opening of that trade is to be attributed the knowledge which the nations have acquired of them. It is only within the last three years that these have become known in China, where they were received from the overstocked markets of India. The moment they arrived they were readily sold at "a considerable profit—*a profit of importance.*" Cochin China also is a country amazingly populous, and which, being of the same manners, have the same wants as the Chinese. At present, however, it is little known, and must continue so to Great Britain, because only small vessels of 150 to 200 tons can approach the coasts with safety, until these become better known. The East India Company's ships are from 1000 to 1400 tons burthen, and no other British merchant ships are allowed to approach these parts.

The Malay trade, a name given by the Americans to all the trade carried on in the seas east of India, is well known to be very lucrative. These countries produce in abundance the raw materials used in our manufactures, such as silk and cotton, a considerable quantity of which is also consumed in their internal manufactures. For the European and American markets, Cochin China produces cotton, raw silk, gold, &c. and the Eastern Isles supply coffee, pepper, rice, various spices, sugar, tortoise shell, mother of pearl, various gums, ivory, camphor, cassia, cinnamon, musk, some gold, &c. Amongst the articles chiefly wanted in those parts, and which we could readily supply, are, iron, (there is none in the Indian seas,) crystal, glass ware, carriages, &c. From their cheapness, the British manufactures would supersede those of China in all the Eastern world. The Chinese carry on an extensive trade with those parts. Of the extent thereof some idea may be formed, when we are told that there are 40,000 Chinese, from the maritime provinces of that Empire, resident in Java, all of whom are engaged in mercantile affairs.

The whole trade of China is in the hands of the Hong Merchants. This is a body consisting of ten merchants, with powers and privileges similar to our East India Company. Without their advice the Chinese Government does nothing in mercantile concerns. Their support might easily be obtained. Interest would prompt them. Our trade in various branches of the cotton and woollen manufactures might be greatly extended in China, because, by means of water conveyance so general throughout that Empire, all these articles could be carried into the interior and northern Provinces, where they are much sought after, at two-thirds less expence than they can be obtained through Russia. Thus, at Kiatshka, what cost here 2s. or 2s. 2d. is there sold for 8s. or 9s.—The same could be landed at Canton for 3s.

Experience has shewn that gold and silver may be too dearly bought, and these metals are not the most valuable articles in course of trade. In every country these bear a high value. Bartering one commodity for another, particularly the manufactured for the raw material, will, in the present state of commercial relations with the eastern—we may say with every quarter of the world—be found the most profitable and eligible exchange. Thus, in the fur trade carried on by the Americans from the north-west coast to Canton, to dispose of these furs for specie, and to barter them for Chinese produce, according to the evidence of Mr Ellice, makes a difference in China of 25 per cent in favour of the latter mode, besides the profit which would be obtained upon those Chinese articles in the European or American market.

It is to this trade by barter, that we look for the greatest extention of our commerce in all those parts of the world, and which can only render South America, particularly Lima and Chili, advantageous thereto. Thus, a vessel going round Cape Horn may adapt all or part of her cargo to the latter markets, from whence she obtains in return for so much of her cargo as is disposed of, copper and specie, abundant in these places, and the first of which articles is particularly valuable in the Indian and Chinese markets. On specie the profit is great, even from the difference of exchange. In Chili, the dollar is 4s. to 4s. 6d., but in Calcutta, by the exchange, it is worth 5s. 6d. With this specie cargoes can be bought in Canton and in India to suit the British, European, and American markets,—nay, even such cargoes as will suit Chili and Lima, should the vessel return by these places, though certainly the least profitable route. Besides a great trade, partly in specie and partly in barter, (the latter the greatest) can be, and is, carried on by vessels going from South America to Calcutta, with all the numerous islands which lie betwixt these places. From Buenos Ayres and Chili alone, the capital already annually employed in this trade to the eastern world, is about £300,000, exclusive of the proceeds arising from the sales of British goods in the former places, and which may be, and are, employed in the same trade. The trade from Peru will become much more valuable than that from either, or from both of the viceroyalties mentioned.

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In this manner British commerce can be, is, and will be, opened up and extended by our merchant-ships rounding the world. This, when once the trade is fairly established, and the winds and seasons known and attended to, may be accomplished in 15 or 18 months. At present, however, no British ship of less burthen than 350 tons can go into this trade, except to India direct, without a license from the Board of Control, or the East India Company. Till such restrictions are completely removed, the independence of South America, particularly the S.W. coasts thereof, can be of little advantage to our trade, compared to what may be carried on when the East is laid open. The East India Company take no share, and wish to take no share, or have any concern with the trade we have been contemplating. The absurdity, therefore, by unwise regulations, of forcing this trade out of British into foreign hands is self-evident. Nothing can shew the absurdity of those regulations, and the loss which the country sustains by them, in a stronger point of view than the following fact, drawn from the evidence of Captain Powell, of the Eliza, a vessel formerly employed as a Berwick smack. This vessel went from Rio de Janiero to New South Shetland, where she arrived on the 29th November, and left it on the 7th January following, during which period the crew caught 18,000 seals. The skins were brought to the London market, as the master was forced to do, where they were sold for 4s. 9d. each skin, while American schooners, which were fishing alongside, carried their seal-skins to Canton, where they brought 4 dollars each in barter, and from their proceeds a cargo would be obtained, which, in America, or in Europe, would yield perhaps 100 per cent. additional profit. Volumes written upon this subject could not better shew the necessity of abolishing the restrictions which fetter British subjects and British capital in all those parts of the world, than the bare mention of this single fact.

EDINBURGH.—*December* 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,...34s. 0d.	1st,...23s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.
2d, ...30s. 0d.	2d, ...20s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d, ...27s. 8d.	3d, ...18s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 6d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 8 : 0d. 7-12ths. per boll.

Tuesday, December 11.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	2s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 8d. to 7s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*December* 7.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,....35s. 0d.	1st,.... 0s. 0d.	1st,..... 0s. 0d.	1st,.....15s. 6d.	1st, ...15s. 6d.
2d,....32s. 6d.	2d, ... 0s. 0d.	2d,..... 0s. 0d.	2d,.....14s. 0d.	2d,.....14s. 0d.
3d, ...31s. 6d.	3d,..... 0s. 0d.	3d,..... 0s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...30s. 6d.	1st, ...21s. 0d.	1st; ...17s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.
2d, ...29s. 6d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.
3d, ...26s. 6d.	3d, ...15s. 0d.	3d, ...13s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 8s. 3d. 9-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended December 1st.

Wheat, 51s. 11d.—Barley, 24s. 2d.—Oats, 18s. 5d.—Rye, 23s. 7d.—Beans, 26s. 4d.—Pease, 28s. 10d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d November, 1821.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	——	239	239½	239½
3 per cent. reduced,	76⅝ ⅛	77 6⅞	77¼ ⅛	77¼ ⅛
3 per cent. consols,	76¼ ¾	78 7⅞	78⅛ 7⅞	78⅛ 8
3½ per cent. consols,	——	87½	87⅞	88
4 per cent. consols,	95¾	96⅛	96⅛	96⅞
5 per cent. navy ann.	110¾	111	111⅛	110⅞
India stock,	——	240½	242	——
—— bonds,	68 pr.	69 pr.	72 pr.	68 pr.
Exchequer bills,	5 pr.	6 pr.	6 pr.	3 pr.
Consols for acc.	77⅞	78⅛	78⅛	78⅛
Long Annuities	19½	19 9-16	19 9-16	19 9-16
French 5 per cents.	90fr. 25c.	89fr. 65c.	89fr. 95c.	90fr.
Amer. 7 per cent.	102	102	102	102

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Course of Exchange, Dec. 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 13. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 10. Rotterdam, 12 : 14. Antwerp, 12 : 7. Hamburgh, 37. 6. Altona, 37 : 7. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 60. Ditto 25 : 90. Bourdeaux, 25 : 90. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburgh, per rble. 9. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 18 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 18 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 119. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 42½. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 8½ per cent. Cork, 9 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, *December 6.*

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to 60	54 58	53 57	53 60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 80	58 71	58 68	61 75
Fine and very fine, . .	80 80	— —	75 82	77 83
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	100 110	— —	— —	— —
Single ditto, . .	88 102	— —	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	88 92	— —	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	82 86	— —	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	44 56	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25 —	25 26	26 6 27	23 24 6
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100 110	88 102	95 108	85 107
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110 120	104 122	110 118	125 128
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	84 96	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 135	— —	98 110	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135 140	— —	112 120	— —
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	95 100	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	7 8	7½ 7½	8 8½	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 2d 2s 4d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 9d 1s 11d	1s 6d 2s 9d
Brandy, ...	4 8 4 6	— —	— —	4 0 4 9
Geneva, ...	2 0 2 3	— —	— —	1 4 —
Grain Whisky, . .	6 9 7 0	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45 55	— —	— —	£20 £60
Portugal Red, pipe.	30 42	— —	— —	30 34
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 32	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	55 65	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7 7	8 0 0 0	8 10 9 0	£7 10 8 5
Honduras, ...	8 —	— —	8 10 9 5	7 15 8 5
Campeachy, . . .	8 —	— —	9 10 10 0	8 10 10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	6 10 7 0	6 6 6 10	6 10 7 10
Cuba, ...	9 11	8 5 8 10	7 15 8 5	8 10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	7s 6d 10s 6d	— —	— —	9 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6 1 8	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 0	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 2 1 8	0 11 1 1	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 6 3 0	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20 21	— —	14 0 14 6	— —
Archangel, ...	16 17	— —	— —	20 6 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	11 8 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	44 —	48 49	44 45	— —
Home melted, ...	48 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	— —	— —	— —	£48 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	44 45	— —	— —	44 10 £45
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	55 56	— —	— —	£58 —
Dutch, ...	50 90	— —	— —	42 46
Irish, ...	42 48	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75 80	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	14 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40 42	— —	— —	41 43
Montreal, ditto, . .	38 40	40 41	37 6 38 0	41 —
Pot, . .	34 35	33 34	32 34	32 —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.21	21 22	— —	20 —
Cod.	— —	20 —	— —	— —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½ 8	7½ 8	0 5½ 0 8	0 7d 7½
Middling, ...	6 6½	5½ 6½	0 4½ 0 5	— —
Inferior, ...	5 5½	5½ 4	0 2½ 0 3	0 3 0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 9½ 11	0 7 0 10½	0 9 0 10½
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 8 1 10	1 4 1 7	1 2½ 2 1½
Good, . . .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 ¼ 1 5	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 2 1 4	1 1 1 3	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 0 1 1	0 10 1 0½	0 10½ 1 0½
West India, ...	— —	0 9 0 11	0 8½ 0 9½	— —
Pernambuco, ...	— —	1 0½ 1 1½	1 0 1 0½	1 1½ 1 1½
Maranham, ...	— —	1 0 1 1	0 10½ 1 0	— —

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London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 3.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	35 to	40	Hog Peas	25 to	26
Fine ditto	42 to	50	Maple	26 to	27
Superfine ditto	— to	—	White ditto, new	30 to	32
Ditto, old	55 to	60	Ditto, boilers	33 to	34
White, new	40 to	50	Small Beans	27 to	29
Fine ditto	54 to	56	Ditto, old	30 to	32
Superfine ditto	56 to	58	Tick ditto, new	20 to	25
Ditto, old	63 to	68	Ditto, old	25 to	28
Foreign, new	— to	—	Scotch	— to	—
Rye	26 to	28	Feed oats	17 to	18
Barley	20 to	24	Fine ditto	19 to	21
Fine ditto	25 to	28	Poland ditto	18 to	19
Superfine ditto	— to	—	Fine ditto	21 to	23
Malt	54 to	56	Potato ditto	25 to	26
Fine	58 to	63	Fine ditto	27 to	28

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.	d.		s.	s.	d.
Must. Brown,	8 to	15	0	Hempseed	— to	—	0
— White,	5 to	10	0	Linseed, crush.	44 to	50	0
Tares, per qr.	— to	—	0	New, for Seed,	— to	—	0
Turnips, bsh.	32 to	44	0	Rye Grass,	25 to	30	0
— Red & green	— to	—	0	Clover, red cwt.	30 to	75	0
— Yellow,	— to	—	0	— White	— to	—	0
Caraway, cwt.	64 to	68	0	Coriander	10 to	16	0
Canary, per qr.	45 to	52	0	Trefoil	12 to	24	0

Rape Seed, per last, £28 to £30.

Liverpool, Dec. 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					
Eng. Old	9	0	to	10	6
New	6	6	to	8	6
Foreign	4	0	to	5	6
Waterford	5	0	to	6	6
Limerick	5	0	to	6	6
Drogheda	6	9	to	7	3
Dublin	4	10	to	6	0
Scotch	8	0	to	10	3
Irish Old	7	6	to	9	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.					
Eng.	3	10	to	5	0
Scotch	3	6	to	4	0
Irish	3	0	to	3	3
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. pota.	2	8	to	3	1
Irish do.	2	3	to	2	10
Scotch do.	3	0	to	3	6
Rye, per qr.	30		to	32	
Malt per b.					
— Fine	8	6	to	9	0
Beans, per q.	7	6	to	8	0
English	31	0	to	33	6
Irish	30	0	to	32	0
Rapeseed, p. L.	£17	to		29	
Pease, grey	25	0	to	28	0
—White	38	0	to	40	0
Flour, English,					
p. 240lb. fine	24	0	to	44	6
Irish	38	0	to	40	0

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.					
Sweet, U.S.	—	0	to	—	0
Do. in bond	25	0	to	27	0
Sour do.	35	0	to	36	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.					
English	28	0	to	30	0
Scotch	24	0	to	26	0
Irish	22	0	to	25	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	10	to		1	0

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.					
Belfast, new	85	0	to	86	0
Newry	84	0	to	85	0
Waterford	80	0	to	81	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	80	0	to	81	0
3d dry	75	0	to	76	
Beef, p. tierce.					
— Mess	90	0	to	97	0
— p. barrel	60	6	to	—	0
Pork, p. bl.					
— Mess	48	0	to	52	0
— Middl.	40	0	to	48	0
Bacon, p. cwt.					
Short mids.	32	0	to	34	0
Sides	50	0	to	—	0
Hams, dry,	50	0	to	56	0
Green	22	0	to	28	0
Lard, rd. p. c.	47	0	to	50	0
Tongue, p. fir.	—	0	to	—	0

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Nov. 1	M. 43	29.454	M. 54	SW.	H. rain forn.
	A. 55	.551	A. 51		fair aftern.
2	M. 40	.192	M. 55	SW.	Fair foren.
	A. 55	.8,903	A. 52		H. rain after.
3	M. 37	29.422	M. 47	Cble.	Fair foren.
	A. 41	.102	A. 44		snow night.
4	M. 25	28.998	M. 37	Cble.	Snow morn.
	A. 32	29.657	A. 36		fair aftern.
5	M. 32	.762	M. 36	SW.	Sn. on hills
	A. 35	.856	A. 37		keen frost.
6	M. 32½	.960	M. 41	SW.	Fair day
	A. 40	.978	A. 39		snow on hills
7	M. 38	.910	M. 41	S.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.827	A. 40		
8	M. 38½	.909	M. 41	S.	Fair, but
	A. 40	.995	A. 44		dull.
9	M. 38	.876	M. 46	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 46	.950	A. 45		
10	M. 38½	.692	M. 44	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 47	.565	A. 49		
11	M. 38	.365	M. 49	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 51	.330	A. 49		and night.
12	M. 39	.251	M. 47	SW.	Dull, but
	A. 57	.252	A. 48		fair.
13	M. 39½	.455	M. 51	SW.	Dull day,
	A. 52	.168	A. 51		rain night.
14	M. 40	.265	M. 49	SW.	Fair, but
	A. 46	.221	A. 51		dull.
15	M. 38	.355	M. 52	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 53	28.922	A. 50		and night.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Nov. 16	M. 38½	28.583	M. 49	SW.	Heavy rain.
	A. 48	.895	A. 49		
17	M. 39	.998	M. 46	N.	H. rain day,
	A. 52	29.494	A. 44		snow night.
18	M. 30	.712	M. 40	N.	Fair day,
	A. 33	.894	A. 39		sn. on hills.
19	M. 34	.496	M. 43	W.	Fair foren.
	A. 45	.496	A. 44		rain foren.
20	M. 39	.142	M. 47	NW.	Fair aftern.
	A. 43	.153	A. 45		rain aftern.
21	M. 30	.271	M. 45	NW.	Dull, with
	A. 38	.457	A. 43		snow.
22	M. 31	28.994	M. 39	Cble.	Rains for
	A. 37	.998	A. 43		the day.
23	M. 34	29.221	M. 41	W.	Fair, with
	A. 48	.448	A. 40		sunshine.
24	M. 35	28.952	M. 42	W.	Rain morn.
	A. 40	.941	A. 40		fair day.
25	M. 32	.959	M. 39	W.	Fair day,
	A. 35	29.172	A. 37		rain night.
26	M. 35	28.985	M. 56	W.	Dull, with
	A. 48	.517	A. 45		showers.
27	M. 38	.534	M. 41	W.	Fair, with
	A. 41	.835	A. 40		sunshine.
28	M. 36	29.406	M. 40	NW.	Dull, with
	A. 46	28.908	A. 41		h. showers.
29	M. 35	.929	M. 43	NW.	Fair foren.
	A. 42	.928	A. 42		h. rain after.
30	M. 33	29.282	M. 41	W.	Fair foren.
	A. 38	28.998	A. 41		rain aftern.

Average of Rain, 4.217 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES announced between the 20th of Oct. and the 20th of Nov. 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Alexander, J. Old Bailey, coach-master.
Angel, J. Sculcoates, York, blockmaker.
Andrews, E. Worcester, bookseller.
Arther, T. Neath, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper.
Atkinson, T. Newgate-street, warehouseman.
Austin, H. Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone, builder.
Baker, W. Ticehurst, Sussex, blacksmith.
Baker, W. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance broker.
Bamber, W. and Co. Huyton, near Blackrod, Lancashire, calico printers.
Banton, W. Northwich, grocer.
Bentley, J. Shoreditch, hardwareman.
Bingham, R. Gosport, banker.
Binks, J. M. Minories, hay salesman.
Blythe, J. Newcastle-under-Lyne, draper.
Bright, R. sen. Nassau Place, Commercial Road, haberdasher.

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Bryan, W. Lowe and Co. Poultry, printers.
Bulmer, S. Oxford-street, woollen-draper.
Burrell, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.
Cable, W. Aldebergh, Suffolk, baker.
Callow, J. Prince's-street, Soho, bookseller.
Cameron, C. J. Gray's Inn Lane, hardwareman.
Card, J. Lloyd's Coffee-house, shipowner.
Cass, T. Ware, Herts, dealer in corn, &c.
Cattle, W. Hartlebury, Worcester, miller.
Chandler, C. East Stonehouse, Devon, master mariner.
Chubb, W. P, Aldgate, chemist.
Clifford, E. Chancery-lane, broker.
Clunie, J. Camberwell, baker.
Coutes, J. Weobley, tanner.
Cowper, W. Liverpool, draper.
Crump, J. Birmingham, money scrivener.
Dalton, F. Wakefield, liquor merchant.
Davies, J. Mitcheldean, Gloucester, draper.
Davidson, T. and Co. Liverpool, merchants.
Deeble, E. Welbeck-street, upholsterer.
Dicks, J. London-street, Tottenham Court Road, carpenter.
Dray, J. Great Windmill-street, Haymarket, dealer.
Embleton, R. South Shields, wine merchant.
Esden, J. Stangate-street, Lambeth, slater.
Eyre, W. Cockspur-street, trunk-maker.
Flower, G. York, victualler.
Forbes, J. and Co. Oxford-street, chemist.
Forster, C. F. Margate, coal-merchant.
Francis, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter.
Gage, M. A. Liverpool, tailor.
Gelsthorp, J. Molyneux-street, Mary-le-bone.
George, W. Haymarket, saddler.
Germain, G. Commercial Road, Middlesex, merchant.
Gibson, T. jun. and Co. Liverpool, ship-bread bakers.
Goodman, T. late of Witherley, Leicestershire, jobber in cattle.
Gosling, G. Chesterfield, wine merchant.
Gotobed, W. Southam, Isle of Ely, butcher.
Graham, Sir R. and Co. London, merchants.
Green, G. and Co. Sheffield, merchants.
Green, G. and Co. Sheffield, edge tool manufacturers.
Hall, T. Eagle-street, Red Lion-square, coach-maker.
Handsword, H. Winchester-street, merchant.
Hall, C. G. and Co. Grosvenor-street, West Pimlico, carpenters.
Hart, J. Bradford, Wilts, shopkeeper.
Hartley, R. Penrith, hardwareman.
Heppinstall, J. Doncaster, agricultural machine maker.
Haydon and Co. Welbeck-street, auctioneers.
Howard, C. T. Hartley Wintney, Hants, surgeon.
Hitt, T. Clist, St Lawrence, Devon, butcher.
Hubble, M. Tunbridge, victualler.
Hughes, R. Bangor, cheesefactor.
Hulse, S. Nottingham, silversmith.
Humphries, I. Witham Priory, Somerset, inn-holder.
Ingram, T. Lower Thames-street, fishmonger.
Jolley, N. Charing Cross, poulterer.
Johnson, J. Sculcoates, York, cornfactor.
Irving, N. Carlisle, innkeeper.
Kotland, T. and Co. Birmingham, gunmakers.
Kinner, W. **and S. Notting Hill, stage coach proprietors.**
Kippen, D. Lambeth, timber merchant.
Knibb, D. Billingborough, Lincoln.
Knight, J. Mile End Road, builder.
Lawrence, G. Evesham, victualler.
Lee, G. Bath, baker.
Lloyd, C. Thetford, bookseller.
Luke, W. Liverpool, merchant.
Macarty. J. Strand, spirit merchant.
Mathews, T. High Holborn, linendraper.
Medway, R. Beaminster, butcher.
Miller, A. Vauxhall Road, oilman.
Moody, J. jun. Egham, coach-master.
Morris, W. Wellclose-square, tavern-keeper.
Moss, T. Vauxhall, potter.
Murray, J. Sebirgham, Cumberland, dealer.
Needham, R. Brompton, silversmith.
Newcomb, F. Gadshill, Kent, dealer.
Newman. J. Clerkenwell, brewer.
Northcote, H. J. Lime-street, wine merchant.
Olding, J. Old Change, stationer.
Parsons, T. Castle-street, Holborn, jeweller.
Poole, S. G. Chelsea, brewer.
Pool, W. Smith-street, Clerkenwell, coal merchant.
Porter, J. Watlington, Norfolk, dealer.
Powell, J. sen. Windsor, tailor.
Railston, J. North Shields, ship-owner.
Rawlins, J. and Co. Leicester-square, tailors.
Richardson, T. Cheapside, warehouseman.
Robinson, J. Nicholas-lane, merchant.
Robinson, W. and Co. Worthing, common carriers.
Saintmare, J. Jaques and Co. City Road; rectifiers.
Sanders, J. Ipswich, ironmonger.
Savory, C. South Efford, Devon, limeburner.
Scott, T. Stoke-upon-Trent, earthenware manufacturer.
Sherwin, J. Burslem, ironmonger.
Simister, J. and Co. Birmingham, button makers.
Smith, W. Plymouth Dock, cabinet maker.
Smith, R. Howden, tallow chandler.
Snelgrove, R. Warningcamp, Sussex.
Spencer, T. Gray's Inn-lane, livery stable keeper.
Stephenson, R. and Co. Hull, merchants.
Stirling, J. and Co. Copthall-court, merchants.
Streets, W. Aldermanbury, galloon manufacturer.
Taylor, F. Adlington, Lancaster, shopkeeper.
Teasdale, T. Newington, Surrey, linendraper.
Tills, W. sen. Mistley, Essex, merchants.
Towler, T. and Co. Wakefield, woolstapler.
Tovey, F. R. East-street, Lamb's Conduit.
Trayhorn, R. Portsea, plumber.
Turner, J. Paddington, chinaman.
Twigg, J. Cheapside, warehouseman.
Ugart, D. Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, merchant.
Vincent, W. Stepney, ropemaker.
Ward, J. City, importer of foreign fruits.
White, S. A. Edingley Cotton Mill, Notts, cotton spinner.
Whitney, W. Ludlow, innkeeper.
Wilkinson, J. Wapping, oil merchant.
Wilson, J. S. and Co. Theobald's Road, coach makers.
Wood, J. Birmingham, broker.
Wright, J. Mill Wall, Poplar, anchorsmith.
Wycherley, W. Albrbury, Salop, farmer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th November, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitken, Andrew, manufacturer, Glasgow.
Bell and Sword, rope and sail makers in Leith.
Forman, George, & Co. merchants in Stirling.
Hutchison, John Davidson, formerly iron-merchant in Edinburgh, now spirit-dealer and merchant in Glasgow.
Milroy, Adam, china, glass, and earthen-ware merchant, Edinburgh.
Sinclair, James, merchant, Stromness.
Smith, John, youngest, merchant in Aberdeen.
Sutherland, James, merchant, Nairn.
Sword, James, jun. of West-thorn, merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Crawford, James & Andrew, warehousemen and merchants, Glasgow; a first dividend 23d Dec.
Drummond, John, architect and builder in Oban; a dividend 28th December of 3s. 6d.
Forbes, William, merchant and agent, Aberdeen; dividends after 19th December.
Galloway, Robert, merchant, Dundee; a first dividend on 19th December.
Hamilton, John, wright and builder in Lanark, and Hamilton, William, wright and builder there; a dividend 27th December.
Hardie, James, merchant, Glasgow; a dividend 1st December.
Macqueen, Hamilton, & Co. wine-merchants, Glasgow; a final dividend 4th December.
Moodie, James, merchant, Dunfermline; a dividend of 8s. 6d. per pound on 10th December.
Paterson, Richard, clothier in Edinburgh; a first dividend on 24th December.
Turnbull, John, skinner and wool-merchant, Galashiels; a first dividend 14th December.
Shaw & Ferguson, merchants, Glasgow; a dividend on 31st December to the creditors who have lodged claims under the sequestration, but no dividend to the creditors of any of the individual partners.

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APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Lt. Gen. F. *Baron* Hompesch, to be Gen. in the Army, Aug. 12, 1819
Capt. Cobbe, R. Art. Major do. do.
—— Gordon do. do. do.
—— Nicholls, 66 F. do. do. July 5, 1821
—— Longden, 33 F do. do. Nov. 1.
—— Wood, 2 F. do. do. Nov. 9, 1818
Col. *Sir* C. M'Carthy, Brig. Gen. on W. coast of Africa, Sept. 6, 1821
1 Dr. G. W. Cunningham, Cornet by purch. vice Lloyd, ret. Sept. 27.
Cornet Alcock, Lt. do. vice Trevillian, 14 Dr. Oct. 24.
—— Knatchbull, from 1 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Stephenson, Rifle Br. do.
2 —— Copland, Lt. by purch. vice Cuff, prom. Sept. 27.
T. Unett, Cornet do. do.
3 Lt. Rolland, Capt. do. vice Evans, ret. Oct. 10.
—— Methold, from 19 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Stracey, ret. do. 11.
Cornet & Lt. *Hon.* G. R. Abercrombie, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet W. Hibbert, from R. Mil. Coll. Cornet do. Nov. 15.
6 Cornet Brymer, Lieut. by purch. vice Dunne, 98 F. Oct. 24.
P. Wiss, Cornet do. do.
1 Dr. Lt. Green, Captain, do. vice Hoskins, ret. do.
Cornet Keating, Lt. do. do.
2 Bt. Lt. Col. Hankin, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Clarke, ret. do. 11.
Capt. Grey, from 10 Dr. Maj. do. do.
Cornet Clarke, Lt. do. vice Trotter, 19 Dr. do.
C. S. Smith, Cornet do. do.
4 Lt. Nepean, fm. 16 Dr. Capt. do. vice Norcliffe, prom. do. 4
6 Capt. Randall, from h. p. Capt. vice Douglas, dead, Nov. 7.
7 Cornet G. H. *Earl of* Belfast, Lt. by purch. vice Seymour, 41 F. Oct. 4.
—— *Hon.* E. S. Pery, fm. 6 Dr. do. do. vice Chichester, 2 W. I. R. do. 11.
8 —— Hewett, Lt. vice Mayer, dead, Feb. 26.
Cornet & Adj. Stammers, Rank of Lt. do. 26.
9 Cornet Scarlett, from 18 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* G. Bentinck, 50 F. Oct. 24.
10 Lt. Otway, Capt. by purch. vice Grey, 2 Dr. do.
Cornet R. S. C. *Visc.* Beauchamp, Lt. by purch. vice Burdett, 79 F. do.
Ens. F. G. D'A. *Marq. of* Carmarthen, from 69 F. Lt. by purch. vice Otway, do
Lord F. L. Gower, Cornet by purch. vice Beauchamp, do
12 Capt. Erskine, Major do. vice Bridger, ret. do.
Lt. Hay, Capt. do. do.
Cornet *Hon.* G. Hervey, from 19 Dr. Lt. by pur. vice Slade, 2 Cey. R. do.
15 —— Scott, from 18 Dr. do. do. vice Pennington, ret. do.
—— Montgomery, do. do. vice Nepean, 4 Dr. do. 4.
17 —— Pott, Lt. vice De L'Etang, dead, do. 7.
W. Penn, Cornet by purch. vice Raven, prom. Sept. 1.
Hon. N. H. C. Massey, Cornet, Oct. 7.
18 Capt. Laurd, Maj. by purch. vice Synge, prom. Sept. 27.
Lt. Bacon, from 13 Dr. Capt. by purch. Oct. 11.
Cornet Leslie, Lt. do. vice Nisbett, do. 18.
A. Shewell, Cornet do. vice Scott, 15 Dr. do. 24.
G. Lygon, do. do. vice Laing, 31 F. Nov. 8.
19 Lt. Gowdie, Capt. do. vice Hasamersley, ret. Nov. 1, 1821.
Cornet Meeham, Lt. do. vice Methold, 3 Dr. Gds. Oct. 11.
—— Dashwood, do. do. Nov. 1.
H. A. O'Neill, Cornet do. vice Meeham, Oct. 11.
Capt. *Sir* J. R. Eustace, Maj. do. vice Moultrie, ret. Nov. 9.
Lt. Duff, Capt. do. do.
Cornet Johnstone, Lt. do. do.
Gren. Gds. Ens. and Lt. Thornton, Lt. and Capt. do. vice Powell, ret. Oct. 11.
—— *Hon.* F. H. Needham, do. vice Gronow, ret. do. 24.
2d Lt. *Hon.* J. Amherst, fm. Rifle Br. Ens. and Lt. do. do.
Ens. Fludyer, fm. 44 F. do. do. do. 25.
Coldst. G. Ens. and Lt. Montagu, Lt. and Capt. do. vice Talbot, ret. do.
Ens. Hay, from 43 F. Ens. and Lt. do. Nov. 1.
1 F. Lt. Col. Armstrong, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Plenderleath, cass. Oct. 18.
3 Lt. Innes, Capt. by purch. vice Colclough, ret. do. 23.
—— Denham, from 64 F. do. vice Sutherland, ret. do. 24.
Ens. Hill, Lt. do. do.
Gent. Cadet W. Harris, from R. Mil. College, Ens. by purch. do.
5 Lt. Armstrong, Capt. by purch. vice Welsh, ret. do. 4.
7 —— Squire, do. do. vice English, ret. do 18.
Cornet *Hon.* J. Kennedy, Lt. do. do.
10 Lt. Levinge, Capt. do. vice Thaine, ret. do. 24.
Ens. Le Merchant, Lt. do. do.
12 W. Fothergill, Ens. do. vice Poundes, 55 F. Nov. 15.
13 Lt. Fenton, Capt. by purch. vice Wilkinson, ret. Oct. 11.
Ens. Rothe, Lt. by purch. do.
C. L. Wingfield, Ens. by purch. do.
14 Ens. Keowen, Lt. vice Newenham, ret. Nov. 11, 1820.
—— Wood, do. vice Akenside, prom. Sept. 6, 1821.
Lt. Ware, from 89 F. Lt. vice Jemour, removed from the Service, Oct. 18.
R. Nayler, Ens. vice Keowen, Nov. 11, 1820.
16 Bt. Lt. Col. Hamilton, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Vandeleur, ret. Oct. 24.
17 Ens. O'Halloran, Lt. vice De Moor, dead, Sept. 30.
—— Carruthers, do. vice Pickering, dead, Oct. 4.
R. C. Moffatt, Ens. Sept. 30.
W. S. Monerieffe, Ens. Oct. 7.
Gent. Cadet C. Forbes, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. Oct. 4, 1821.
19 Lt. Forbes, Capt. by purch. vice Macdonald, ret. do. 24.
Ens. Rose, Lt. by purch. do.
J. D. Cogan, Ens. by purch. do.
20 Col. J. Maitland, from h. p. 103 F. to be Lt. Col. Nov. 25.
Lt. J. Goldfrap, Capt. do.
Ens. T. Moore, Lt. do.
—— D. W. A. Douglas, Lt. do. 26.
Lt. J. Patience, from h. p. York Rang. Lt. do. 27.
—— C. O'Connor, from h. p. 100 F. do. do.
—— W. Watson, fm. h. p. 94 F. do. do.
—— A. Maclean, fm. h. p. 72 F. do. do.
—— T. H. Hemmans, from h. p. 14 F. do. do.
—— J. Maclean, fm. h. p. 43 F. do. do.
—— W. Kidman, fm. h. p. 8 F. do. do.
—— F. Robinson, fm. h. p. 19 F. do. do.
—— *Hon.* G. T. Keppel, from 24 F. do. do.
Ens. H. M. St. V. Rose, from 55 F. do. do. 28.

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F. Pitts, Ens. vice Moore, Nov. 25, 1821.
S. Robins, do. vice Douglas, do. 26.
Assist. Surg. M. Devitt, *M.D.* from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Assist Surg. do. 27.
21 Maj. Leahy, Lt. Col. vice Nooth, dead, Aug. 21. 52
Capt. Gordon, Maj. do. 53
2d Lt. Deare, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Bridgeman, 23 F. Oct. 24. 54
H. Daniel, 2d Lt. by purch. Nov. 15.
24 Ens. Murray, Lt. vice Schoof, 67 F. Sept. 1, 1820.
—— Hartley, do. vice Berwick, 13 Dr. Oct. 1.
—— Campbell, from h. p. 71 F. Ens. vice Murray, Sept. 1.
W. M'D. Hopper, Ens. vice Hartley, Oct. 1.
Gent. Cadet W. Buckley, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Hopper, canc. Oct. 4, 1821.
28 Lt. Bridgeman, from 21 F. Capt. by purch. vice Kidd, ret. do. 24.
29 Ens. Sitwell, Lt. by purch. vice Penrose, ret. do. 4.
S. B. Boileau, Ens. by purch. do.
30 —— Marechaux, Ens. vice Paton, 67 F. Dec. 9, 1820. 55
31 Lt. Taylor, Capt. by purch. vice Ryan, ret. Oct. 11, 1821.
Cor. Laing, from 18 Dr. Lt. by purch. do. 24.
33 Bt. Maj. C. Knight, Major, vice Grant, Nov. 25. 59
34 Ens. Stanford, Lt. vice Bower, 14 F. Sept. 1, 1820. 63
Gent. Cadet D. Costello, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. Oct. 4, 1821.
36 Lt. Snodgrass, from 52 F. Adj. and Lt. vice Mathew, res. Adj. only, do. 18. 67
Bt. Lt. Col. S. Hall, from 89 F. Lt. Col. Nov. 25.
Ens. R. Matthew, Lt. do.
—— Alex. Campbell, do. do. 26. 71
T. Kerr, Lt. do. 27.
Lt. A. Taylor, from h. p. 25 Dr. Lt. do. 28.
—— G. B. O'Brien, from h. p. 4 W. I. R. Lt. do.
—— Alex. Campbell, from h. p. 91 F. do. do. 72
—— J. Liston, from h. p. 47 F. Lt. do. 76
—— J. Buchanan, from 89 F. do. do.
—— T. Armstrong, from h. p. 2 F. Lt. do. 79
John Campbell, Ens. vice Matthew, do. 25.
F. Tudor, do. vice A. Campbell, do. 26.
H. C. Fraser, do. vice Kerr, do. 27. 84
Assist. Surg. J. Jobson, from h. p. 9 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. do. 25.
39 Lt. Speirs, Capt. by purch. vice Dundas, ret. Oct. 24.
Ens. *Hon.* H. R. Molyneux, from 85 F. Lt. by purch. do. 85
41 Lt. Townshend, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Tallon, ret. Nov. 1. 86
—— Dawson, from 53 F. Lt. vice Mompesson, h. p. rec. diff. Oct. 25.
Ens. Smith, Lt. by purch. Nov. 1.
L. Tallon, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Cochran, Adj. and Lt. vice Smith, Qua. Mast. Oct. 25. 87
—— Smith, Qua. Mast. vice Thrower, h. p. do.
43 A. Capel, Ens. by purch. vice Hay, Coldst. Gds. Nov. 8.
47 Lt. Dundas, Capt. vice Fetherston, dead, Nov. 16, 1820.
Ens. Deverell, Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet D. Williams, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Brown, res. Oct. 3, 1821.
—— E. M. Frome, from do. do. vice Deverell do. 4. 91
50 Capt. Wodehouse, Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do. 18.
Lt. *Lord* G. Bentinck, from 9 Dr. Capt. by purch. do. 24.
51 Ens. Mathews, Lt. by purch. vice Simpson, ret. do. 4.
R. Williamson, Ens. by purch. Nov. 16, 1821.
Lt. Tyndale, Adj. vice Powell, res. Adj. only, do.
J. Young, Ens. by purch. vice Blois, prom. do. 17.
Ens. Gray, Lt. vice Davies, dead, Jan. 3.
Bt. Lt. Col. C. Grant, from 33 F. Lt. Col. Nov. 25.
Ens. T. Fraser, Lt. do.
—— C. Hill, do. do. 26.
—— J. Clark, do. do. 27.
Lt. J. Lawless, fm. h. p. 60 F. Lt. do. 28.
—— G. Foskey, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. Lt. do.
—— G. Manners, from h. p 2 F. do. do.
—— T. L. Mitchell, from h. p. Rifle Br. Lt. do.
—— J. G. Beavan, from 65 F. Lt. do.
—— F. Thornbury, from h. p. Rifle Br. Lt. do.
—— J. Norman, fm. h. p. 81 F. do. do.
G. C. Mundy, Ens. vice Fraser, do. 25.
Lt. Fenton, do. vice Hill, do. 26.
F. Considine, do. vice Clarke, do. 27.
Ass. Surg. A. Shanks, *M.D.* from h. p. 56 F. Ass. Surg. do. 25.
Maj. Skerrett, from 76 F. Lt. Col. by purch. vice Frederick, ret. Oct. 24.
Lt. Hall, Capt. by purch. vice Daniell, ret. do.
Ens. Pounden, fm. 12 F. Lt. by pur. do.
—— Coventry, Lt. vice Carmichael, Adj. May 12, 1820.
J. M'Gregor, Ens. do.
Lt. Campbell, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Boxall, ret. Oct. 24, 1821.
Ens. Stewart, Lt. by purch. do.
P. H. Mitchell, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Schoof, from 24 F. Lt. vice Rowan, prom. Sept. 1, 1821.
Ens. Paton, from 30 F. do. vice Marriot, dead, Dec. 9.
Lt. Law, Capt. by purch. vice Armstrong, ret. Oct. 18, 1821.
Ens. Lightbody, Lt. by purch. do.
A. C. Gregory, Ens. by purch. do. 24.
Lt. Torriano, Adj. vice Law, prom. do. 18.
—— Maclean, from 77 F. Capt by pur. vice Fletcher, ret. do.
Capt. Coles, Maj. by purch. vice Skerrett, 55 F. do. 24.
Lt. Ellis, from 9 Dr. Capt. by purch. do.
—— Burdett, from 10 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Mylne ret. do. 4.
—— D. Campbell, Adj. vice Cowen, res. Adj. only, do.
Ens. *Hon.* C. Boyle, Lt. by purch. vice Mansell, ret. do.
Gent. Cadet L. S. Demay, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Vandeleur, from 14 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Beamish, ret. do. 24.
J. Wetherall, Ens. by purch. vice Molyneux, 39 F. Nov. 8.
Capt. Creagh, Maj. by purch. vice Marston, ret. Oct. 24.
Lt. Bunney, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Williams, Lt. by purch. do.
John, *Earl of* Portarlington, Ens. by purch. do.
Ass. Surg. Brown, from h. p. 24 Dr. Ass. Surg. vice Robson, res. Nov. 1, 1820.
Lt. O'Neil, from h. p. 93 F. Lt. vice Ware, 14 F. Oct. 18, 1821.
C. Arrow, Ens. vice Norcott, dead, Oct. 16, 1821.
Lt. Naylor, Adj. vice Cannon, res. Adj. only, do. 1.
Bt. Maj. S. L. Bradan, Maj. vice Hall, Nov. 25, 1821.
Lt. Dunn, from 6 Dr. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Gun, ret. Oct. 24.
—— Buchan, Adj. vice Scott, res. Adj. only, do.
Ens. Miller, from h. p. 7 W. I. R. Qua. Mas. vice Manley, canc. do. 25.
Surg. Ayton, from h. p. W. I. Reg. Surg. vice Douglass, h. p. do.

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Rifle Br. Bt. Lt. Col. Fullarton, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Leach, ret. Oct. 24. 1821.
Lt. Stephenson, from 1 Dr. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice N. C. Travers, ret. do.
—— Orange, Capt. by purch. vice Fullarton, do.
2d Lt. Boileau, 1st Lt. by purch. do.
G. Townley, 2d Lt. by purch. Nov. 7.
G. Daniell, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Amherst, Gren. Gds. do. 8.
2 W. I. R. Lt. Chichester, from 7 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Eysing, ret. Sept. 27.
—— Findlay, Capt. by purch. vice Parsonage, ret. Oct. 24.
2 Ceyl. R. —— Slade, from 12 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Hamilton, 16 F. do.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Ar. 1st Lt. Milnes, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice J. Palmer, h. p. Nov. 6, 1821.

Staff.

Maj. F. Russel, from 12 Dr. Insp. Fd. Off. of Mil. in Nov. Sco. with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army, vice Raith, dead, Oct. 4, 1821.
Staff Surg. W. Hill, Dep. Insp. of Hosp. by Brevet, July 19.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. *Sir* W. Williams, *K.C.B.* from 15 F. with Lt. Col. M'Creagh, h. p. Portug. Serv.
—— Neynoe, from 92 F. with Lt. Col. Williamson, h. p. 4 F.
Major Barrington, from 91 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. Rechford, h. p. 100 F.
Bt. Maj. Tomkinson, from 16 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cav. and full pay Inf. with Capt. Macan, h. p. 24 Dr.
Capt. White, from 55 F. with Bt. Maj. Prager, Sub. Insp. Mil. Ion. Isl.
—— Bray, from 67 F. rec. diff. with Bt. Maj. Barnes, h. p. 24 Dr.
—— Alpe, from 4 Dr. do. with Capt. Brett, h. p. 18 Dr.
—— Kerstenan, from 6 Dr. with Capt. Whichcote, 43 F.
—— Kerr, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Somerset, h. p. 7 Dr. G.
—— Elliott, from 11 Dr. with Capt. Creighton, 17 F.
—— Schults, from 4 F. with Capt. Spinks, 12 F.
—— Campbell, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Henderson, h. p. 6 Gar. Bn.
—— Emera, from 53 F. do. with Capt. Young, h. p.
Lieut. Newton, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. Anderson, 87 F.
—— Slocock, from 4 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Beamish, h. p.
—— Slaney, from 8 Dr. with Lieut. Murphy, h. p. 25 Dr.
—— Allingham, fm. 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. White, h. p. 24 Dr.
—— Baillie, from 16 Dr. do. with Lieut. Sperling, h. p. 15 F.
—— Proctor, from 2 F. with Lieut. M'Carthy, 38 F.
—— Armstrong, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Temple, h. p. 32 F.
—— Ford, from 79 F. do. with Lieut. Brown, h. p. 3 W. I. Reg.
Ensign Adams, from 34 F. with Ensign Belford, 10 F.
—— Jenour, from 69 F. with Ensign *M. of* Carmarthen, h. p. 3 W. I. Rang.
Surg. Eden, from 35 F. with Surg. Munro, h. p. 3 W. I. Reg.
Assist. Surg. Bartlett, from 88 F. with Assist. Surg. M'Iver, h. p. 9 Vet. Bn.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Colonel Clarke, 2 Dr.
—— Bridger, 12 Dr.
—— Wilkinson, 13 F.
—— Vandeleur, 16 F.
—— Campbell, 50 F.
—— Frederick, 55 F.
—— Leach, Rifle Brig.
Major Moultrie, 19 Dr.
—— Tallon, 41 F.
—— Boxall, 63 F.
—— Mylne, 79 F.
—— Marston, 86 F.
Captain Evans, 3 Dr. G.
—— Strsey, do.
—— Hoskins, 1 Dr.
—— Hammersley, 19 Dr.
—— Powell, Gren. Gds.
—— Gronow, do.
—— Talbot, Coldst. Gds.
—— Colclough, 3 F.
—— Sutherland, do.
—— Welsh, 5 F.
—— English, 7 F.
—— Thaine, 10 F.
—— M'Donald, 19 F.
—— Kidd, 28 F.
—— Ryan, 31 F.
—— Dundas, 39 F.
—— Daniell, 55 F.
—— Armstrong, 71 F.
—— Fletcher, 72 F.
—— Beamish, 84 F.
—— Gun, 91 F.
—— N. C. Travers, Rifle Brig.
—— Parsonage, 2 W. I. R.
Lieut. Pennington, 15 Dr.
—— Newenham, 14 F.
—— Penrose, 29 F.
—— Simpson, 51 F.
—— Mansell, 84 F.
Cornet Lloyd, 1 Dr. G.
Ensign Brown, 47 F.
Assistant Surgeon Robson, 87 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Col. Plenderleath, 1 F.
Lieut. Leslie, 18 Dr.
2d Lieut. Moorhead, 1 Ceylon Reg.
Cornet Swinhoe, 22 Dr.
Ensign Hopper, 24 F.
Adj. Lieut. Rochfort, Rifle Brig.
Quarter Master Manley, 91 F.
Hospital Assistant Christie, from h. p.

Memorandum.

Mr Charles M'Bean, who resigned his Commission as Captain in the 2d West India Regiment in 1811, when in a state of mental derangement, has been re-instated in his rank, with a view to his being placed upon half-pay from 25th June, 1821.

Wounded in the Division under Maj. Gen. Smith, at the Capture of Beni Boo Ali, in Arabia, 2d March, 1821.

Lieut. Cuppage, 65 F.
—— Madden, (severely,) 65 F.
Ensign Mulkern, 65 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. W. Popham, East India Com. Army. London, Feb. 20, 1821.
Maj. Gen. *Baron* Homstedt, late Ger. Leg. Oct. 31.
Col. Dunkop, Renfrew Mil. Nov. 13.
—— Tetley, East India Comp. Army, India, Nov. 1820.
—— Griffiths, do. India, June.
—— C. Mackenzie, do. do. May 8, 1821.
Lt. Col. P. Douglas, E. I. Comp. Army, England, March 16.
—— Gifford, do. India, April 13.
—— Saxon, do. England, do. 22.
—— Dalrymple, do. Madras, May 12.
—— Nooth, 21 F. Demarara, Aug. 23.
—— De Fragstein, h. p. Bruns. Inf. Sept. 27.
Maj. Dom. Mackay, E. I. Comp. Army, India, May 27, 1820.
—— C. Sealy, do. India, June 21.
—— Scott, do. do. Aug. 11.
—— Powell, do. England, do. 21.
—— Bond. do. India, Sept. 10.
—— Greene, do. do. do. 30.
—— Mathews, do. do. Oct. 5.
—— M'Dowall, do. do. Nov. 7.
—— Mason, do. do. Dec. 2.
—— Hase, do. do. May 4, 1821.
—— H. W. Sealy, do. do. do. 15.
—— Pasley, do. England, June 20.

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Maj. Pattison, of late 8 Royal Vet. Bn. previously of 29 F.
—— F. *Baron* Graeber, h. p. 1 Lt. Dr. Ger. Leg.
—— F. *Baron* Marschalk, h. p. 4 Line do. do.
—— Rossi, h. p. Corsican Rang.
Capt. *Hon.* S. Douglas, 6 Dr.
—— Moorhouse, 65 F. Colabah, Bombay, May 4.
—— Anderson, 1 W. I. R. St Lucie, Aug. 19, 1821.
—— Smith, ret. 3 Vet. Bn. Guernsey, Sept. 5.
—— Sinclair, h. p. 30 F.
—— G. Anderson, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Lime Grove, Lancashire, July 31.
—— M'Dermott, h. p. 1 Pro. Bn. of Mil. Aug. 19.
—— Savignac, h. p. Dillon's Regt.
—— De St. Laurent, h. p. Cors. Rang.
—— Testaferrata, h. p. Malta Regt.
Lieut. Wetherall, 2 Bn. 1 F. Tanjore, Madras.
—— Rowlands, 21 F. at Dominique.
—— Crabb, 40 F. Ireland, Nov. 21.
—— Poynts, 2 Ceylon Reg.
—— G. Robinson, Sappers and Miners, Carlisle, Oct. 23.
—— Lemprier, h. p. R. Eng. Alicant, Dec. 26, 1820.
—— Stinton, h. p. 4 F. London, Nov. 21.
—— Stuart, h. p. 89 F. Aberdeen, Sept. 22.
—— Sagler, h. p. 1 Prov. Bn. of Mil. Oct. 19, 1820.
—— Lichtenberger, h. p. 4 Line Ger. Leg. Wiesbaden, do. 5.
—— Von Thiesschwitz, h. p. Brunswick Inf.
—— Don. M'Intosh, (Qua. Master of Dumfries Mil.) at Dumfries, April 20, 1821.
Cornet Fead, h. p. 22 Dr.
Ens. Leckey. 73 F. Galle, Trincomalee, Ceylon, May 1.
—— Irvine, h. p. 34 F. Irvine's Town, Ireland, Sept. 20.
—— Nason, h. p. 56 F.
—— Pierse, h. p. 1 Irish Brig. Ireland, May 22.
Paymaster Kerr, 1 Dr. Radipole, Nov. 17.
Quarter-Master Sweeny, h. p. 17 Dr. Maryborough, Ireland, Sept. 19.
Inspector *Dr.* W. Hussey, Cape of Good Hope, do. 15.
Staff Surg. Gilder, Africa, Aug. 15.
Surg. Haskins, 2 W. I. R. Africa, do. 31.
Assist. Surg. Gray, 89 F. on march to Poonamalee, Madras, May 7.
—— Thalacker, h. p. 2 L. Dr. Ger Leg.
Hosp. Assist. R. S. Gillespie, in the River Gambia, Aug. 4.
Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Stokes, at Dominique.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 30. At Madras, the lady of Lieut. Colonel Foulis, Madras cavalry, of a son.

Oct. 7. At Grenada, the lady of John Ross, Esq. of a son.

26. At Morar-house, the lady of Colonel D. M'Donnel, of a son.

Nov. 1. At Catharine Bank, Mrs Ireland, of a son.

— At Langley Park, the lady of Captain A. Lindsay, of a son.

2. At Goodwood, Sussex, the Duchess of Richmond, of a son.

— At Newport, Isle of Wight, the lady of Wm. Moncrieff Taylor, Esq. of the 75th Regiment, of a son.

3. At Rothmaisie, Mrs Forbes, of a daughter.

4. In York Place, London, the lady of William Wrixon Becher, Esq. M.P. (formerly Miss O'Neill) of a daughter.

— At Mungall Cottage, Mrs Stainton, of Biggarshiells, of a daughter.

5. At Netherlay, Mrs Silver, of a son.

— In Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, Mrs John Young, of a daughter.

— At George's Street, Newhaven, Mrs James Bell, of a son.

6. At 15, Queen's Street, the lady of Lieutenant Colonel Ross, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.

— At the Manse of Arrochar, Mrs Proudfoot, of a daughter.

8. At Bank Street, Mrs Rymer, of a daughter.

12. In Picardy Place, the lady of Major James Harvey, of Castlesemple, of a daughter.

— In York Place, Mrs Boyd, of Broad Meadows, of a still-born child.

— At Abercromby Place, the lady of William Plomer, Esq. of a daughter.

13. In Coats' Crescent, Edinburgh, the lady of John Horrocks, Esq. of a son.

— At Cheltenham, the lady of C. G. Wynne, Esq. of a daughter.

14. At his house, in York Place, Portman Square, London, the lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

— At Keiso, Mrs Dr Douglas, of a daughter.

16. In Forth Street, Mrs Hunt, of Pittencrieff, of a son.

— At the Abbey, Mrs Wemyss, of a daughter.

17. At 71, Great King Street, Mrs Kennedy, of a daughter.

19. At Dumfries, the lady of Captain D. M'Kenzie, late of the 42d regiment, Royal Highlanders, of a son.

21. Mrs Dove, Patriot Hall, of a son.

— At Avontoun House, Linlithgowshire, the lady of John Robertson, Esq. of Foveran, Aberdeenshire, of a son.

22. At Parson's Green, Mrs. Smith, of a son.

23. At Peterborough House, Fulham, the lady of Captain W. Cunningham, Dalyell, R. N. of a son.

24. At Regulas, the lady of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, of Fountainhall & Grange, of a daughter.

— At Field House, the lady of John Graham, Esq. younger, of Feddal, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of W. L. White, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

15. Mrs Gordon, 78, Queen Street, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander Hunter, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Wardlaw, of a daughter.

26. At Woodslee, the lady of G. Scott Elliot, Esq. of Larriston, of a son.

27. At Exmouth, the lady of the Attorney-General, of a son.

— At Feddal-house, the lady of John Graham, Esq. younger, of Feddal, of a daughter.

— At Darsham House, Suffolk, the lady of Major Purvis, of a daughter.

29. At Falkirk, the lady of Robert Watkins, Esq. of Mumrils, of a son.

Lately.—At 58, Queen Street, Mrs M'Farlan, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 24. At Thun, Edward Cromwell, Denbrowe, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Charge d'Affaires to the Swiss Confederation, to Anne, eldest daughter of the Honourable Robert Kennedy.

26. At the British Ambassador's house, Brussels, Colonel Berington, to Mrs Dickenson.

— At the Manse of Benholm, the Rev. John Gleg, Minister of Inverbervie, to Ann, daughter of the Rev. James Scott, Minister of Benholm.

Nov. 2. At Channelkirk Manse, Mr George White, brewer, Clock Mill, Dunse, to Catherine Howard Drummond Mack, only daughter of the late Thomas Mack, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica.

6. At North Wellington Place, Glasgow, Major William Steuart, of the 91st Regiment, to Anne, only daughter of the late Captain John Kennedy, of Springhall.

— Captain Alexander Gordon, R. N. to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Sir Ernest Gordon, Bart. of Park.

7. At Portobello, Mr David Brown, writer in Edinburgh, to Ann, daughter of the late Mr Wm. Hunter, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Bankhead, Mr George Rate Huntlaw, to Jane, daughter of Mr Thomas Park.

— At Dublin, John Dingwall, Esq. of Ardo, Aberdeenshire, to Ann, daughter of Captain Geo. Taylor, of Camden Street, Dublin.

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9. At Irvine, Mr John Edgar, surgeon, Ayr, to Anna, daughter of the late John Dunlop, Esq. St Croix.

12. At Newton, the Rev. John Eadie, Minister of Dun, to Helen, youngest daughter of David Scott, Esq. of Newton.

14. At Grange, Mr William Hepburn, merchant, Cupar, to Sophia, youngest daughter of Mr Andrew Russel.

15. At St Pancras Church, Colonel A. Hogg, of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Agnes, daughter of William Dinwiddie, Esq. of Burton Crescent.

— At Fasnakyle, Lieut. Colonel Chisholm, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Chisholm, daughter of the late Captain Chisholm, Fasnakyle.

— In Westphalia, his Serene Highness the Duke de Croy, Prince of the Empire, Peer of France, and Grandee of Spain, to Maria, daughter of the Honourable Colonel Henry Dillon, and first cousin of the present Viscount Dillon.

16. At Craigend, Mr William Lees, farmer, of Falrneyhirst, to Agnes, second daughter of Mr Alexander Marshall, farmer there.

— At Berryhole, George Russel, Esq. younger, of Hayston, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr Walker, Colessie.

— At Craighead, the Rev. Archibald Bruce, one of the ministers of Stirling, to Georgina, daughter of Robert Banks, Esq. of Craighead.

20. At St John's, Hackney, Middlesex, Alex. Hutchison, Esq. of Peterhead, to Anne, eldest daughter of Alexander Hutchison, Esq. Lowe, Clapton.

— Captain John Hobbs, of the Royal Engineers, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Garlies Maitland, of Fairgirth.

— At St Andrews, Mark Sprot, of Garnkirk, Esq. advocate, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Principal Hill.

23. At Mellerstain, John, Viscount Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane, to Eliza, eldest daughter of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerriswoode.

24. In Mary-la-Bonne Church, London, Wm. Robert Keith Douglas, Esq. M. P. youngest brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Walter Irvine, Esq. Luddington-house, Surrey.

25. At London, Captain Donald, late Royal West India Rangers, to Jemima, second daughter of the Rev. T. Baxter, formerly officiating minister of Stow, St Mary's, Essex.

26. At Largs, Robert Baine, Esq. Greenock, to Mrs Morris, widow of the late Hugh Morris, Esq. Glasgow.

27. At Edinburgh, Thomas Johnstone, jeweller in Edinburgh, to Isabella, only daughter of the late Malcolm M'Bean, Esq. Master Conductor of Ordnance, Madras Establishment.

28. The Earl of Wilton, second son of the Earl and Countess Grosvenor, to Lady Mary Stanley, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby.

30. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Mr Geo. Dickson, North Sunderland, to Miss Cecilia, eldest daughter of Mr William Stark, builder.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Cassie, baker, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James Hunter, merchant, Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

April 16. In camp, at Severndroog, India, of a short illness, Major James Balfour Watson, then in command of the 1st Battalion 4th Regiment native infantry, Bombay Establishment.

— At St Ann's, Jamaica, Thomas, youngest son of Mr William Armstrong, Niddry Street.

May 18. At Loodoomah, Captain George Rodney Blane, of the Bengal Engineers, aged 30, second son of Sir George Blane, Bart.

29. At Serampore, near Calcutta, Mrs Carey, wife of the Rev. Dr Carey, the excellent and highly useful missionary there.

June 7. At Calcutta, Alex. Campbell, Esq. of the firm of Goold and Campbell, son of the late John Campbell, Esq. Cashier of the Royal Bank.

9. At Madras, P. Crawfurd, Esq. M. D. son of the late Major Crawfurd, of Newfield, Ayrshire.

Aug. 7. On Plantation Garden of Eden, Demerara, Mr Andrew Sim, planter, a native of Elion.

19. At Demerara, of the yellow fever, Mr Geo. Stoe Gibson, aged 24.

Oct. 21. In Mornington Place, London, in his 28th year, Mr Edward West, youngest son of the author of "Letters to a Young Man," &c.

27. Mrs Stirling Edmondstone.

— At sea, off Corsica, on his passage to Italy, for the benefit of his health, Henry Davidson, Esq. advocate, second son of H. Davidson, Esq. W. S.

29. At Cork, William Chalmer, Esq. son of the late William Chalmer, Esq. of Dalry, surgeon in Edinburgh.

— At Auchintroig, Stirlingshire, in the 88th year of his age, William Maclachlan, Esq. Lieut. on the half-pay of the 25th Regiment.

30. At Tullamore, the Hon. Sholto Scott Douglas, third son of the late Hon. Lord Douglas, and Captain in the Enniskillen Dragoons.

31. At her house, Richmond Court, Janet Ferrier, relict of the deceased Andrew Mellies.

— At Estington Park, Warwickshire, after a short illness, in the 21st year of her age, Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, sister of the Earl of Chesterfield.

— At Croom's Hill, Blackheath, Mrs Campbell, wife of Colonel Campbell.

— At London, Major General Sir Augustus Honstedt, K. C. G. aged 68.

— At Warriston Crescent, Louisa, daughter, and, on the 5th November, John, son of John Wright, merchant in Edinburgh.

Nov. 1. At the Leys, near Dollar, James Brown, late of Killin, surgeon, R. N.

— Suddenly, aged about 40, William Wight, of Edmam, well known in that neighbourhood as the author of various poetical pieces, some of which were recently collected and published by subscription, under the title of "Cottage Poems." Though born in a state of helpless and pitiable deformity, his assiduous perseverance early enabled him to overcome the combined disadvantages of nature and poverty, and, unassisted, to enrich his mind with knowledge and cultivation. But his literary acquirements were his least praise. It was his blameless life, his uniform practice of every virtue within his humble sphere, his unaffected piety, his cheerful resignation, his unrepining patience, his warm affection and gratitude towards those whose benevolence alleviated the evils of his lot—evils such as are rarely the portion of humanity—that gained him universal sympathy and approbation, and raised up for him friends in various parts of the kingdom, distinguished yet more by their character and talents, than by their station in life.

2. At Bellfield, Miss St Leger Duncan.

4. At Bechill, East Lothian, Martha Carmichael, only child of Mr James Hume.

— At Edinburgh, the infant daughter of Mr Alexander Manners, W. S.

— At Corfhouse, Bunawan, Thos. Stevenson, aged 87.

5. At Baronald, William Lockhart, Esq. of Baronald.

— At Lochee, near Dundee, the Rev. James Keyden, Minister of Fettercairn.

6. At Greenbank, Lasswade, Mr William Smith, in the 92d year of his age.

— At his house, West Register Street, Mr Robert Norrie, painter.

— At Longforgan, the Rev. Adam Cairns, Minister of that parish.

7. At Peebles, Mrs Janet Tod, widow of the deceased Robert Scott, formerly tenant in Bellanrig, in the 86th year of her age.

8. At Edinburgh, Jane, eldest daughter of Cathcart Boyd, Esq. late Examiner and Accountant of the Salt and Fisheries in his Majesty's Customs for Scotland.

— At Spa Villas, Gloucester, Jessie Hunter, wife of the Rev. John Hunter, and second daughter of the late John Young, Esq. of Bellwood.

— At Ayr, Robert Robertson, Esq. of Duncansiemer.

9. At Edinburgh, Charles Murray, Esq. many years a distinguished favourite on the Covent-Garden boards. This gentleman was the son of Sir John Murray, Bart. of Broughton, secretary to Charles Edward, the Pretender, in the rebellion of 1745, who, after the final ruin of the cause of

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his unfortunate master, retired to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, where, in 1754, the subject of this memoir was born. Charles, under the immediate guardianship of his father, received an excellent classical education, and was, at a proper season, sent into France, to perfect himself in the language of that country, a language which, from his youngest days, he spoke with the correctness and fluency of the most accomplished native. Being designed by his friends for the medical profession, he was, on his return to England, placed as a pupil with a London practitioner of eminence, and, having obtained a competent knowledge of pharmacy and surgery, entered into the sea service as a surgeon, in which capacity he made several voyages. Being tired of this service, he entered into an engagement with Mr Tait Wilkinson, and made his first appearance on the stage at York, in 1775, in the character of Carlos, in the Fop's Fortune, under the assumed name of Raymur. Thence he went to Norwich, and afterwards to Bath. At the death of the late Mr Farren, he entered into an engagement with Mr Harris, at Covent-Garden Theatre, where he appeared in 1797, in the part of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice. In characters of sensibility and deep pathos, Mr Murray has been unrivalled; and in such parts as Old Norval, Lusignan, and Adam, "we shall never look upon his like again." Mr Murray has left a son and a daughter in the profession. The latter (Mrs Henry Siddons) is highly distinguished as an actress, both in tragedy and in genteel comedy, and is the present proprietor of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh. Her brother, Mr William Murray, the acting manager of that respectable theatre, is also a great favourite in this city.

10. At Restalrig, Alex. Duncan, Esq. W. S.

— Mrs Margaret Parlane, spouse of Dr Chas. Stuart, of Duncarn.

11. While travelling, within six posts of Florence, the Countess of Besborough, sister of Earl Spencer and the late Duchess of Devonshire.

— In Newhall Street, Liverpool, Edward Simon, aged 104 years and 22 days. He had been employed as a labourer in the Docks near 70 years. His mother died aged 105 years, his father 104 years, and his brother 104 years.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Wilde, relict of Robert Newall, teacher in Annan, and daughter of the late James Wilde, teacher in Dumfries.

12. In Cumberland Place, New Road, London, aged 70, the Hon. Mrs Mill, widow of the late John Mill, Esq. of Noranside, Forfarshire.

13. At Ayr, Major John Chalmers.

— At Broughton Place, Christopher Moubray, late Cashier of the Friendly Insurance Office.

— At Greenock, after a lingering illness, John Lawmont, Esq. surgeon, R. N. He was surgeon of the Vincejo at the period of her capture, and the confidant of the lamented Captain Wright in the Tower of the Temple in Paris, and the last friend who had access to his dungeon.

— At Perth, John, the eldest son of Laurence Craigie, Esq. of Glendoick.

— James Dunlop, of Houseshill, Colonel of the Renfrewshire Militia.

14. At West Wells, Wilts, aged 71, Lieut. General Kerr, formerly of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At her house, Writer's Court, Mrs Mary Hunter, in the 7.th year of her age.

— At his house, Robert Bruce, Esq. of Pittsadie.

15. At Dublin, at an advanced period of life, Dr John Barrett, Vice-Provost of Trinity College in that city.

16. Of an apoplexy, in London, Rear-Admiral Burney, F. R. S. in his 72d year, eldest son of the learned and elegant Historian of Music, and brother to Madame d'Arblay, the celebrated novelist, and the late Dr Charles Burney. Admiral Burney, at a very early period of his life, first as midshipman, afterwards as lieutenant, accompanied Captain Cook in the two last of those enterprizing, perilous, and important voyages, which have reflected so much honour on the late reign, and proved so beneficial to the general interests of mankind.

17. At Edinburgh, aged 52, Miss Grace Seller, daughter of the late Mr William Seller, Peterhead.

— At Weymouth, Charles Kerr, Esq. late of Abbotrule.

— At Kenleith, Helen, third daughter of Mr William Watson, farmer there.

— At Ormsary, Alexander Campbell, Esq. of Ormsary.

20. At St James's Square, Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr James Wilson, British Linen Company.

21. At Halloway Head, near Norwich, at the extraordinary age of 121 years, Mr John Maddock. He retained his faculties to the last.

— At Castlecraig, Joanna Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, of Skirling, Bart.

22. At Mary's Place, Stockbridge, in the 87th year of her age, Mrs Susan Stewart, relict of the Rev. Alex. Davidson, late Minister of Stenton.

— At Lebanon, near Cupar Fife, Mr George Smith, late farmer Kinnaird.

— At London, James Wilson, Esq. F. R. S. Professor of Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Lilias Carmichael, widow of the late Mr John Carmichael, merchant in Glasgow.

— In Russel Square, London, aged 88, the Right Hon. Sir James Mansfield, late Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

24. At Stockbridge, Mrs Elizabeth Currie, widow of the late Lieut. Colonel Irving, of the 78th Regiment of Foot.

— At his house, Canonmills, Mr Jas. Thomson, damask weaver, Leith Wynd.

— At New Rattray, Robert Birrell, Esq. late Provost of Kirkaldy.

— At Alamouth, after a short but severe illness, Eleanor Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Annett, of that place; and on the 15th April last, on board the Kent East Indiaman, on her passage to Bombay, Elizabeth Fenwick, youngest daughter of Mr Annett, and wife of Andrew Gibson, M. D. civil surgeon at the Court of Sattarah.

25. At Bedford Place, Alloa, Margaret, eldest daughter of Alexander Macfarlane, Esq.

26. At Kennington, near London, while on a visit to his friends, Mr Andrew Lawrie, late of Buccleugh Street, Edinburgh.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Luke Fraser, late one of the Masters of the High School of this city, aged 85 years.

28. At Woolwich, Lieut. Colonel James West, Royal Artillery.

30. At Craighouse, Miss Colquhoun, eldest daughter of the late Humphrey Colquhoun, Esq.

— At Bankfoot, Mrs Jean Hay, relict of Alex. Robertson, Esq. one of the Principal Clerks of Session.

Lately. The Widow Crooks, of Fineshade, near Doncaster. This poor woman was so impressed with what she considered an *evil omen*, (an owl's flying three times across her on her way from church), that she actually became ill in consequence, and died.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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&c. &c. &c.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LIX. DECEMBER, (Part II.) 1821. Vol. X.

IRISH MELODIES. NO. I.

Dear North,

It has often struck me with astonishment, that the people of Ireland should have so tamely submitted to Mr Thomas Moore's audacity, in prefixing the title of Irish to his melodies. That the tunes are Irish, I admit; but as for the songs, they in general have as much to do with Ireland, as with Nova Scotia. What an Irish affair for example—"Go where glory waits thee," &c. Might not it have been sung by a cheesemonger's daughter of High Holborn when her master's apprentice was going in a fit of valour to list himself in the third Buffs, or by any other such amatory person, as well as a Hibernian Virgin? And if so, where is the Irishism of the thing at all? Again,

When in death I shall calm recline,
Bear my heart to my mistress dear;*
Tell her it fed upon smiles and wine——

Tell her it fed upon fiddlesticks! Pretty food for an Irishman's heart for the ladies! Not a man of us from Carnsore Point to Bloody Forland would give a penny a pound for smiles; and as for wine, in the name of decency, is *that* a Milesian beverage? Far from it indeed; it is not to be imagined that I should give five or six shillings for a bottle of grape-juice, which would not be within five quarts of relieving me from the horrors of sobriety, when for the self-same sum I could stow under my belt a full gallon of Roscrea, drink beyond comparison superior. The idea is in fact absurd. But there would be no end were I to point out all the un-Irish points of Moore's poetry. Allusions to our localities, it is true, we sometimes meet with, as thinly scattered as plumbs in the holiday puddings of a Yorkshire boarding-school, and scattered, for the same reason, just to save appearances, and give a title to the assumed name. There's the Vale of Ovoca, for instance, a song upon a valley in Wicklow, but which would suit any other valley in the world, provided always it had three syllables, and the middle one of due length.

Were I in a savage mood, I could cut him up with as much ease as a butcher in Ormond market dissects an ox from the county of Tipperary; but I shall spare him for this time, intending, if I have leisure, to devote an entire paper to prove his utter incompetence; at present I shall only ask, whether, in these pseudo-Irish Melodies, there is one song about our saints, fairs, wakes, rows, patrons, or any other diversion among us? Is there one drinking song which decent individuals would willingly roar forth after dinner in soul-subduing soloes, or give to the winds in the full swell of a thirty-man chorus? Not one—no—not one. Here am I, M. M. Mulligan—who, any night these twenty years, might have been discovered by him whom it concerned, discussing my four-and-twentieth tumbler, and giving the side of the festive board, or the chair presiding o'er the sons of light, with songs fit to draw nine souls out of one weaver, and, of course, hearing others in my turn—ready to declare that never was song of Moore's sung in my company; and that is decisive. If any one should appeal from my long experience—let such unbelieving person leave the case to any independent jury, selected indifferently from all districts,—from the honest Inishowen

* This expression, I own, is Irish; but it is lost by the common punctuation, *mistress dear*, which is just as bald an epithet as any man would wish to meet with on a day's journey.

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consumers of the north, down to the wet-gulleted devourers of Tommy Walker in the south, and he will be convinced. In fact, my dear North, read over his "Fill the bumper fair," and you will find, that instead of giving us a real hearty chanson-a-boire, as we say in Dunkirk, you have a parcel of mythological botheration about Prometheus, and other stale personages, which, in the days of heathenism, would be laughed at for its ignorance, as it is now, in the days of Christianity, voted a bore for its impertinence. And is this the national songwriter for this much-injured and hard-drinking island?—Perish the idea!—As an oratorical friend of mine once said at an aggregate meeting in Fishamble Street, such a thought is a stigma upon humanity, and a taint upon the finer feelings of man!

A fair sort of young man, the Hon. Mr O'Callaghan, of the White Knight's family, has been so struck with this deficiency of Mr T. Moore, that he is going to give us a number of melodies in opposition to those of our little bard. I wish him success, but I am afraid that, though he is an ingenious person, he is not possessed of that ideal faculty which is requisite for the task. For fear he should fail, I have determined to start, and shew the world a real specimen of true Irish melody, in a series of songs symphonious to the feelings of my countrymen. Neither Moore nor O'Callaghan will, I flatter myself, be much read after this series of mine. I hate boasting; but, —pocas polabras—as Christopher Sly observes.

We were talking about the business last Thursday, at the Cock in Mary-street, while Talbot was playing most divinely on the Union pipes. There were present Terence Flanagan, Pat. Moriarty, Jerry O'Geogheghan, Phelim Macgillicuddy, Callaghan O'Shaughnessy, and some other equally well-known and respected characters, who are to a man good judges of punch, porter, and poetry; and they agreed it would be a sin if I did not publish a half-dozen of melodies, four of which I wrote in the tap-room the night before, just to get rid of a quarter of an hour or so, while I was finishing a few pints in solitary reflection. No man can resist pressing of this kind, and I yielded. Talbot, in the handsomest manner, volunteered to set the airs—for which, though I offered him instant payment, he would not suffer me to remunerate him in any other manner than by permitting me to treat him to a hot glass. When it was asked what would be the best vehicle for giving them to the public, we voted that the only Irish Magazine, as you truly styled your great work last November, was the fit soil for the planting of Irish melodies; and it was carried unanimously that they should be instantly transmitted to your care, Mr North. If you publish them, my fame, and that of my country, will be materially extended. I think you will find them superior to the mere milk-and-water affairs which you see in your every-day reading.

I have not sinned, or rather Talbot has not sinned, at bothering the plain and simple melody by any adventitious airs and graces. You have them, unadorned, adorned the most—that is, stark-naked. The piano trashery has bedevilled the tunes given by Moore; and this is another instance of the man's insufficiency. Just think of the piano being chosen as the instrument for Irish airs, when he had, as a southern correspondent of yours sings,

The harp or bagpipe, which you please,
to melodize with! Moore first had Sir John Stevenson as his composer, (who now is at work for Mr O'Callaghan) and then he took up Bishop—both friends of mine, with whom I often have cleaned out a bottle, and therefore I shall not say any thing derogatory of either. In short, let the public judge between Moore, Mulligan, and O'Callaghan—Bishop, Talbot, and Stevenson—and God defend the right. I shall make a few remarks on the melodies I send, and then conclude. Indeed I had not an idea of writing half so much when I began.

Melody the first is *theological*, containing the principal acts of our national Saint—his coming to Ireland on a stone—his never-emptying can, commonly called St Patrick's pot—his changing a leg of mutton into a salmon in Lent time—and his banishment of the snakes. Consult Jocelyn, or his translator, E. L. Swift, Esq. (1)

(1) The tune to which Mr Mulligan has put these words is a great favourite in Ireland. It is said the original words ("The night before Larry was stretched") were written by a very learned gentleman, who is now a dignitary of the established church in Ireland. It is a first-rate slang song. C. N.

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Melody the second is *pathetic*, being the Lamentation of a Connaught Ranger, discharged. I had eleven cousins in that regiment. I may as well give it as my opinion, that the only cure for our present difficulties, is to go to war without delay; and I venture to say, if an aggregate meeting of the seven millions of us could be called any where, a war would be voted *nem. con.* I don't much care with whom, that being an afterthought, but I certainly would prefer having a shaking of those ugly-looking garlic-eaters, the Spaniards, who are now so impudent as to imagine they could have fought the French without us. I heard one Pedro Apodaca say as much, and I just knocked him down, to shew him I did not agree with him in opinion. I would engage, that 200,000 men would be raised in a day in this country, and if we would not batter the Dons ———, I leave it to the reader.

The third is *amatory*. Compare this with the best of Tom Moore's ditties. But to be sure it is absurd to think of a man of his inches talking of making love to half the girls of the country, as he does in Little's poems.

The fourth is *warlike*—something in the manner of Sir Walter Scott's Gatherings. It relates to a feud in Kerry. (2)

The fifth is *convivial*, and was extempore. I did not write it with the other four, but actually chaunted it on the spur of the occasion this morning, at the time noted. It is to the famous tune of Lillebullero—my uncle Toby's favourite; and the tune, as you may see, by Burnet, with which Lord Wharton whistled King James, of the unsavoury surname, out of three kingdoms. It is among us a party air, and called the Protestant Boys; but honest men of all parties must approve of my words. They come home to every man's feelings.

The last is *sentimental*. I wrote it merely to prove I could write fine if I liked; but it cost me a lot of trouble. I actually had to go to the Commercial Buildings, and swallow seven cups of the most sloppish Bohea I could get, and eat a quartern loaf cut into thin slices before I was in a fit mood to write such stuff. If I were to continue that diet, I should be the first of your pretty song writers in the empire; but it would be the death of me in a week. I am not quite recovered from that breakfast yet—and I do not wonder at the unfortunate figure the poor Cockneys cut who are everlastingly suffering under the deleterious effects of tea-drinking.

I have scribbled to the end of my paper, so must conclude. Believe me to be, my dear North,

Your's truly,

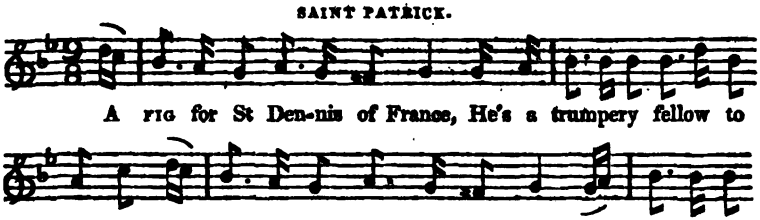
MORTY MACNAMARA MULLIGAN.

P. S. Why don't you come to Dublin?

9, *Suffolk Street, Nov.* 16, 1820.

SONG I.

SAINT PATRICK.



(2) The tune of this ("The Groves of the Pool") is indigenous of the South of Ireland. There is a capital song to this tune, by R. Millikin of Cork, beginning with "Now the war, dearest Nancy, is ended, and peace is come over from France." Millikin is the author of the Groves of Blarney, which Mathews sings with so much effect. The Standard-Bearer has supplied us with some lines on that unknown poet. See No. LVII. p. 382.

There is a sort of sketch of his life in Ryan's Worthies of Ireland. We should gladly make room for a fuller account, with specimens of his poetry. If it is good—as we are sure it must—its locality will be of little consequence. C. N.

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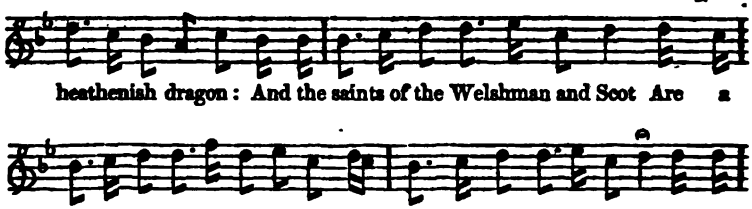

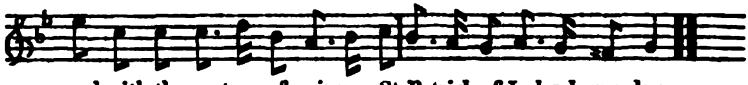

1.

A fig for St Dennis of France,
  He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St George and his lance,
  Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot
  Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
  Compared with that patron of swipers,
    Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

2.

He came to the Emerald Isle
  On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steam-boat he beat by a mile,
  Which mighty good sailing was counted;
Says he, "The salt water, I think,
  Has made me most bloodily thirsty,
So bring me a flagon of drink,
  To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,
    Of drink that is fit for a saint."

3.

He preach'd then with wonderful force,
  The ignorant natives a-teaching;
With a pint he wash'd down his discourse,
  "For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."
The people, with wonderment struck,
  At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed, "We're for you, my old buck,
  And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
    Who dwells in hot water below."

4.

This ended, our worshipful spoon
  Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon
  Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black jack of beer,
  It chanced he was treating a party;
Says the saint, "This good day, do you hear,
  I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,
    So give me a pull at the pot."

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5.

The pewter he lifted in sport,
(Believe me I tell you no fable,)
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
"A miracle!" every one said,
And they all took a hawl at the stingo,
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!
The pot still frothed over the brim.

6.

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,
But I've nought in my larder but mutton,
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton."
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied.

7.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He march'd to the County Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St Patrick has fill'd it with vermin,
And vipers, and other such stuff.

8.

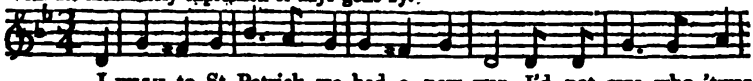
O! he was an elegant blade,
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper,
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But as he is not, why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish—
Because all the liquor is out!

Song II.

LAMENT OF A CONNAUGHT RANGER.

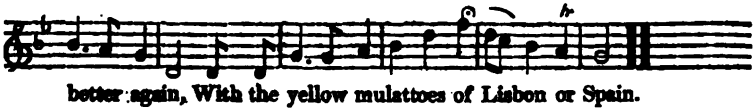
Air.—*Lamentation over Sir Dan.*

With the melancholy expression of days gone by.



I wish to St Patrick we had a new war, I'd not care who 'twas

with, nor what it was for; With the French, or the Yankees, or,



better again, With the yellow mulattoes of Lisbon or Spain.

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1.

I WISH to St Patrick we had a new war,
I'd not care who 'twas with, no, nor what it was for:
With the French or the Yankees—or better again,
With the yellow Mulattoes of Lisbon or Spain!

2.

My heart is half broke when I think of the fun
We had before Boney, poor fellow, was done;
Oh! 'twas I who was sore when I heard he was dead,
For I thought on the days when he got me good bread.

3.

When he, who, God rest him! was never afraid,
Sir Thomas,* commanded the FIGHTING BRIGADE;
And the Rangers of Connaught—to see them was life—
Made game of the Frenchmen, and† gave 'em the knife.

4.

When abroad and at home we had sport and content—
Who cared then a damn for tythe, taxes, or rent?
When each dashing fine fellow, who wish'd to enlist,
Might be off to the wars with his gun in his fist.

5.

Now the landlord is bother'd, and tenant bereft—
The soldier's discharged,—and the sailor adrift—
Half-pays to our captains poor living afford,
And the Duke is no more than a Government Lord!

6.

And our active light-bobs, and our bold grenadiers,
Must dirty their fingers with plough, loom, or sheers;
Or if just out of fun, we should venture a snap
At no more than a proctor, we're thrown into trap.

7.

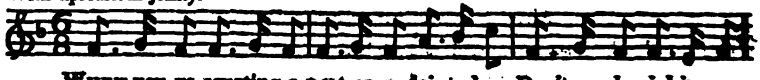
So bad luck to the minute that brought us the peace,
For it almost has ground the nose out of our face;
And I wish to St Patrick we had a new war,
Och! no matter with whom, no, nor what it was for!

SONG III.

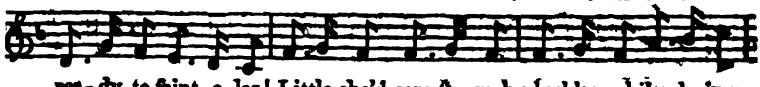
RAFFERTY'S ADVICE.

AIR,—*Limerick Glove.*

With uproarious jollity.



WHEN you go courting a neat or a dainty lass, Don't you be sighing, or



ren-dy to faint, a-las! Little she'd care for such pluckless philandering,

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* Sir T. Picton, who commanded the 4th division in the Peninsular War. It was chiefly composed of Irishmen, and was called the "fighting division," from its constant activity in engaging. The Connaught Rangers, (the 88th,) was one regiment of this most dashing brigade; and many a saying of Sir T's. is treasured up by them, for he was a great favourite from his gallant habits.

† A common phrase among the Irish soldiery for charging with the bayonet.

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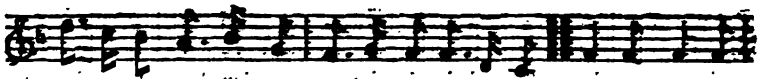
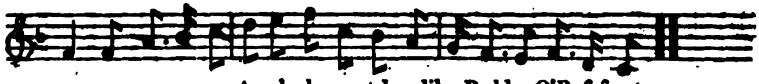


And to Old Nick she would send you a-wandering. But, you thief, you



rogue, you rapperee, Arrah, have at her like Paddy O'Raf-fer-ty.

1.

When you go courting a neat or a dainty lass,
Don't you be sighing or ready to faint, alas!
Little she'd care for such pluckless philandering,
And to Old Nick she would send you a wandering.
But you thief, you rogue, you rapparee!
Arrah, have at her like Paddy O'Rafferty.

2.

Tip her the wink, and take hold of the fist of her;
Kiss her before she'd have time to say Christopher;*
She may cry out, "You're an impudent fellow, sir!"
But her eye will unsay what her tongue it may tell you, sir.
Oh you thief, you rogue, you rapparee,
You're a devil of a fellow, Paddy O'Rafferty.

3.

Give her another, or rather a score of 'em,
Still you will find her ready for more of 'em;
Press her, caress her, my dear, like a stylish man,
For that is the way to go court like an Irishman.
Oh you, &c.

4.

Pitch to the devil sighings and "well-a-days,"
Oglings and singing of piperly melodies;
When in your arms you fairly have got her, sir,
Her heart it will melt like a lump of fresh butter, sir!
Oh you, &c.

5.

Oh the dear creatures—sure I am kill'd with 'em!
My heart, was it big as the sea, would be fill'd with 'em;
Far have I truff'd it, and surely where'er I went,
'Twas with the girls I had fun and merriment.
Oh you, &c.

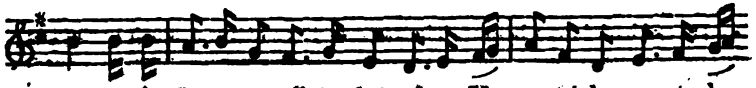
No. IV.

THE GATHERING OF THE MAHONYS.

Tune.—*Groves of the Pool.*

With indignant energy.

Jerry Mahony, arrah, my jewel, Come let us be off to the



fair, For the Donovans, all in their glory, Most certainly mean to be

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* No allusion here to C. N. Esq.

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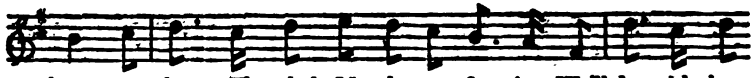
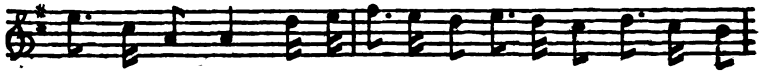
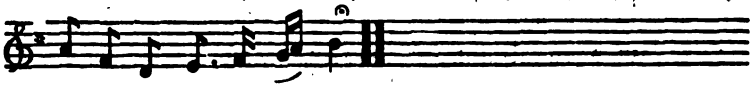


there. Says they, "The whole Ma-ho-ny fac-tion, We'll ba-nish 'em



out clear and clean;" But it ne-ver was yet in their breeches, their



bull-a-boo words to maintain.

1.

Jerry Mahony,* arrah, my jewel, come, let us be off to the fair,
For the Donovans all in their glory most certainly mean to be there;
Says they, "The whole Mahony faction we'll banish 'em out clear and clean."
But it never was yet in their breeches, their bullaboo words to maintain.

2.

There's Darby to head us, and Barney, as civil a man as yet spoke,
'Twould make your mouth water to see him, just giving a bit of a stroke;
There's Corney, the bandy-legg'd tailor, a boy of the true sort of stuff,
Who'd fight though the black blood was flowing like butter-milk out of his buff.

3.

There's broken-nosed Bat from the mountain—last week he burst out of the jail,
And Murty the beautiful† Tory, who'd scorn in a row to turn tail;
Bloody Bill will be there like a darling, and Jerry, och! let him alone,
For giving his blackthorn a flourish, or lifting a lump of a stone.

4.

And Tim, who served in the militia, his bayonet has stuck on a pole;
Foxy Dick has his scythe in good order, a neat sort of tool on the whole;
A cudgel, I see, is your weapon, and never I knew it to fail,
But I think that a man is more handy, who fights as I do with a flail.

5.

We muster a hundred shillelahs, all handled by elegant men,
Who batter'd the Donovans often, and now will go do it again;
To-day we will teach them some manners, and shew that, in spite of their talk,
We still, like our fathers before us, are surely the cocks of the walk.

6.

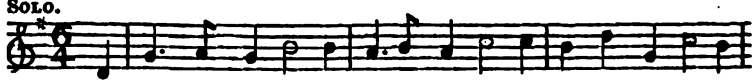
After cutting out work for the sexton, by smashing a dozen or so,
We'll quit in the utmost of splendour, and down to Peg Slattery's go;
In gallons we'll wash down the battle, and drink to the next merry day,
When must'ring again in a body, we all shall go leathering away.

Song V.

A real Irish *"Fly not yet."*

[Tune,—*Lillibullero.* Time, four o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts.]

Solo.



Hark! hark! from be-low, The ras-cal-ly row Of watchmen in cho-rus

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* De voce ἄρα Videndi Valck. ad Eurip. Hipp. p. 306. Herm. ad Vig. p. 708. Heind. ad Plat. Crat. p. 19. Græcique Grammatici passim. C.I.B.

† Tory, in Ireland, is a kind of pet name. "Oh! you Tory," is the same as, "Oh! you rogue," used sportively. If a man wishes to call another a rogue seriously, he calls him, Whig—the terms being convertible.

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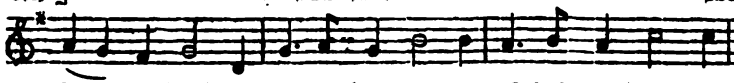
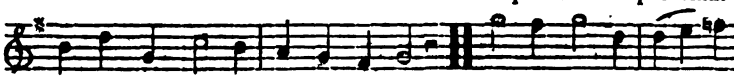
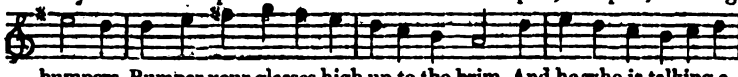


bawl - ing four! But, spite of their noise, my rol - lock - ing boys, We'll

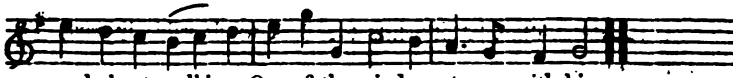
GRAND CHORUS.
With practical accompaniments.



stay till we've emptied one bot - tle more. Bumpers, bumpers, flow - ing



bumpers, Bumper your glasses high up to the brim, And he who is talking a



word about walking, Out of the window at once with him.

1.

Hark! hark! from below,
The rascally row
Of watchmen, in chorus, bawling "Four!"
But spite of their noise,
My rollocking boys!
We'll stay till we've emptied * one bottle more.

CHORUS.†

Bumpers—bumpers—flowing bumpers!
Bumper your glasses high up to the brim!
And he who is talking
A word about walking,
Out of the window at once with him!

2.

Our whisky is good,
As ever yet stood,
Steaming on table, from glass or pot:
It came from a still,
Snug under a hill,
Where the eye of the gauger saw it not.
Bumpers, &c.

3.

Then why should we run
Away from the sun—
Here's to his health, my own elegant men!
We drank to his rest
Last night in the west,
And we'll welcome him now that he wakes again
Bumpers, &c.

4.

And here we shall stop,
Until every drop,
That charges our bottles, is gone, clean gone;
And then, sallying out,
We'll leather the rout,‡
Who've dared to remind us how time has run.
Bumpers, &c.

---

* Of whisky, viz. about thirteen tumblers.

† We pronounce the word generally in Ireland as we sound the *ch* in church—Tchorus—I think it is a prettier way.

‡ Beating the watch, is a pleasant and usual finale to a social party in this metropolis. I am compelled myself now and then to castigate them, merely for the impertinent clamour they make at night about the hours. Our ancestors must have been in the depths of barbarity, when they established this ungentlemanlike custom.

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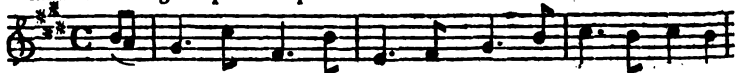
Song VI.

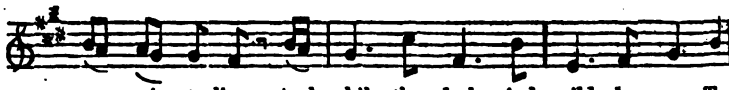
THE IMPASSIONED WAVE.

[Tune.—"Thomon um Though."]

With ardent feeling and pensive expression.

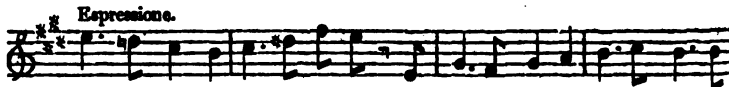


'Tis sweet up-on th' im-pas-sion'd wave To hear the voice of



mu--sic stealing, And while the dark winds wild-ly rave, To

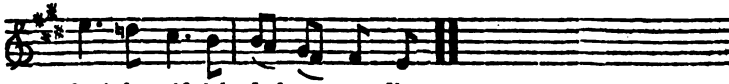
Espressione.



catch the genuine soul of feeling; While, all around, the e-ther blue Its

Express.

dim magnetic beam is shedding, And ro-sy tints of heav'nly hue Are



thro' the midnight darkness spreading.

1.

'Tis sweet upon th' impassion'd wave
To hear the voice of music stealing,
And while the dark winds wildly rave,
To catch the genuine soul of feeling!
While all around, the ether blue
Its dim, majestic beam is shedding,
And roseate tints of heavenly hue
Are through the midnight darkness spreading!

2.

So is it, when the thrill of love
Through every burning pulse is flowing;
And like the foliage of the grove,
A holy light on all bestowing!
O! never from this fever'd heart
Shall dreams on wings of gold be flying;
But even when life itself shall part,
I'll think on thee, sweet maid, though dying!

3.

'Twas thus upon the mountain's height
Young Dermod sung his plaint of sorrow,
Regardless of the evening light,
That ushers in the gay to-morrow!
For love had of his cheek bereft
That smile—that glow—of joyous gladness,
And sympathy's cold sting had left
Nought there—but pale and gloomy sadness!

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The Hop Ground.

Introductory letter from Mr Jacob Ashpole, *Hopgrower, to the Editor.**

Sir,

I hand you (1) four sonnets about Hops, by desire of Mr —— (rabbit it, I almost popt out his name,) but you are to call him R. or Mr R. or else nothing at all, just as you like to take your choice. They were writ to pleasure me, for I was tired to death of finding your authors of poems, and epics, and ballads, and cantos, and acrostics, and sketches, and operas, and lyrics, and other sorts of verses, of which I don't know one from t'other, not I, though my daughters read a mort of them to me. I was tired, I say, of finding the poets always harping upon the same old story. Hundreds and hundreds constantly go sowing and mowing, and reaping, and threshing into verse; but not a soul, as I ever heard tell, (2) ever came into our hop-grounds to sing a song about them—and why should'nt they, just as well? My girls have got a good many poems and pocket-books, and among 'em there's Thomson's Seasons, and Burns the Ploughman's poems, (which are very badly spelt,) and Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy; so I made 'em look 'em all well over, to see if there was anything about hop-planting anywhere in them, but not a word about it turned up. Indeed, I don't remember hearing a hint on the subject when the girls have been reading their books out loud to me of an evening; but then at those times I am apt to take a nap, for the regular sound of poetry is very composing. So I plucked up spirit one day, and asked a certain person (never mind who—he is a shy cock—set down, R.—that must serve instead of a name)—well, I asked him once, when I saw him loitering by my strip of land in the Parkside grounds, whether he couldn't make a rhyme or two on the hop-picking. He rather caught at the hint, and said he'd give it a thought, and at last brought (3) these four sonnets (I am sure he called them *sonnets*, though Thomson and Bloomfield, who divide their poems by the four quarters of the year, don't call theirs by any such name) but, bless my heart! to call them a full account of all that is done with us from spring to winter is a fine take-in. I civilly pointed out to him, that there was a world of hop-work left out, but got nothing but a flea in the ear by it, for he mumbled something, that "a few discriminating marks were sufficient for the purposes of poetry." A word in your ear,—friend R. has a very good opinion of himself; try to make him hear reason, and he'll turn as stunt as a mule, and you may as well endeavour to make a hop-plant curl round the pole, from right to left, (which, you know, it never will do) as get him to alter a word in his verses, when he draws up and says, it's all right as it is. Now you'll see that he ha'n't said a syllable about putting plenty of compost on the land, though I should like to know what sort of plants he'd get without it. Not a word about becking the earth well—not a direction about the time for fixing the poles; for, d'ye think we set on our fellows to work, when we first see a cloud and a rain-bow in spring-time, as he seems to reckon that we do? Then who'd guess that in summer we pay women to tie fast the runners to the poles at three different heights? 'Ad whip it, now I know what a sonnet is, if I didn't think his poetship, Mr R., would be offended, I would try if I couldn't make something of this "discriminating mark" myself. Is this anything in the right style?

At first they stoop, and those who can't well bend
Get a sad crick o' the back. But at mid-height
The tie is easier made, they stand upright.
But for the third, 'tis needful to ascend
A pair of steps, the bines so high extend.

---

* We subjoin some Variations in the M.S. letter, noticed by a critical printer's devil, with a few Notes, by the same claw.

(1) Originally, "I hand you four *pockets* of hops, *per order* of"—the words in *italics*. Blotted, and corrected, as above.

(2) Mr A. is wrong.—Chr. Smart wrote a didactic poem, entitled the *Hop-garden*.

(3) Here the words "Nos. 1—4, as per bill of parcels," were dashed out.

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And this (if there be wind) reveals to sight
Whether their ancles be in decent plight,
Or be the props of pounders——

not but that a good thumping pounder of a leg is main useful in treading the hops into the pockets; though, to be sure, that is not the women-folks' business, but the men's, and yellow enough they come forth from the bags; but observe, that incident too is passed over entirely by R. Now really this here attempt of mine is more than half a sonnet; and if I get encouragement from you, I do think I might venture to supply the descriptions which R. is so positive in refusing to try his hand at. My Betsey, who is quite a dab at dumb crambo of a winter evening, found some of the rhymes for me; and with her help I don't see why I shouldn't work away. For instance, I should have to report that hop-tops, early in the year, make almost as good a dish as *grass*.§ To autumn would be added the arrival of the hoppers, who are fetched in waggons from all parts of the country,—sailors from Portsmouth,—gypsies from every patch of green in our Surrey lanes,—paupers from poorhouses,—riff-raff from Saint Giles's, living from hand to mouth by a hundred nameless employments,—and beggars from all quarters, for the work is easy; anything, indeed, that has got a pair of hands will do to stand by a basket and strip the branches. Then there's the taking them to be dried at the kilns, and afterwards the pocketting. Not a tittle is there in R.'s verses from which one would guess that the pole-putters have a piece of stuff for a shirt bought for them by a subscription among the company of pickers, for whom they tear up the leafy poles,—which bit of holland is folded like a scarf at a funeral, only that it has a gay-thingumbob as big as a platter, twiddled all about with ribbon, and sewed to the shoulder, and the whole is worn by the pole-puller, or his favourite lass, about the streets after all is over. Who'd have thought that a poet could have been mum about the coming in of the last load? Why, it is all drest up with flags and ribbons—the men shout away, (if they are not too drunk)—the women prate and giggle,—boys hurra, and toss up their hats wreathed with hop leaves,—dogs bark,—cats vanish,—cows scamper tail on end, the world comes out-o'-doors to see what's the fun,—and Farnham is in a merry uproar. For certain, there was not quite so much of this mad-cap rejoicing this last hop time, and whether this was from the weather being wettish, and the crop not over promising, I don't know,—or whether it was not, that the racketting of the Radicals with their banners, rather put some of us, who are true King and Constitution men, out of sorts with that sort of triumphing. However, when their flags are forgotten, ours no doubt will be hoisted again, for I don't like to leave off good old customs. If I wrote hop sonnets, I'm sure I wouldn't pass over the stamps upon our bags,—they are so prettily done in red and blue and black, and in a different pattern every year. This year's mark is a bell, (though, that we almost always have, for you know, Farnham hops do really bear the bell,) and a stag in a shield, and a couple of dogs for supporters. Then I would describe our going to Weyhill Fair, to sell our pockets, where, as you no doubt know, we Farnham folks have our own acre, in which none but Farnham hops can be pitched,—no, not if it were ever so much wished for, nay, if the King himself, (God bless him, I dare say he loves his ale properly hopped,) grew hops in the garden, at Carlton Palace, or in Windsor Park (which would be nearer Weyhill,) he could not send them to The Acre for sale. Nothing is admitted there, but what was actually produced within the bounds of our parish. So here again would be enough to say; booths, and what not, all painted as natural as life; and Andover, where we sleep, as thick as three in a bed at the time. The more I con-

§ I applied to Adam M'Ingan, who is an honorary member of the Horticultural Society, for an explanation of this passage, and he laid it before the meeting at their sederunt. It appears from their benevolent communication to my friend Adam, that none of the *gramina*, or species of grasses, are cultivated for human food *as yet*, but that the word *grass* is here used (as is common in England) in the way of abbreviation for *sparrowgrass*, which itself is a corruption of *asparagus*. The species which hop-tops are said to resemble, is *a. officinalis*.

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sider it, the more I am brought to think there is no knowing what R. has left out, so short has he been, and so much has he neglected. He couldn't have had his eyes about him, one would imagine, and yet he is a prying sort of a chap too, and likes to see what's going forward, and to know the rights of things. Nevertheless, as he told me, if I chose to see the verses he gave me, in print, that I might send them to Mr Christopher North, care of Mr Blackwood, I here pack them off. (4) I can tell you this, though, that you had best print them exactly as they are set down for you, or I shall have a fine hollabaloo, for he is mighty precise, and will perhaps accuse me of having a finger in the pie, as I have already recommended a little addition, and got no good by it. So don't alter them, though you'll most likely grieve, like me, at their incompleteness; but let him have his way this once, he maybe will come round in time, and do things like other folks. I don't know whether you have a wife or no for me to send my respects to, so if you have, she mustn't be angry. Indeed, I don't overmuch know who you yourself be, but I suppose you're a 'cute printer of ballads, and such like. (5) Only it seems to be a good way off to send to get a little job of this kind done. However, that's no business of mine. So no more at present from your humble servant to command,

JACOB ASHPOLE, *Hopgrower.*

Farnham, Surrey, 19th October, 1821.

P. S. Don't mind the scratchy appearance of this letter. I was forced to blot out here and there; for, being mostly used to write to my customers, I can't at once forget I have nothing in this to do with an invoice, or bill of parcels. You don't want a pocket or two of prime last year's growth, do ye? I can promise you they'd make precious stingo, with some of your Lowlant malt. I could serve you cheap if you did; for though there is a baddish crop to-year, we've got so much on hand, that prices are moderate.

THE HOP GROUND; IN FOUR SONNETS.

Spring.

THIS balmy air, and yonder brimming cloud,
Which darkening as the sun-light grows intense,
Sets off its rainbow's bland magnificence,
Resuscitate within its silent shroud
The vegetative power, no longer bow'd
Beneath chill winter's sway. A stirring sense,
An irrepressible intelligence
Of gladsome times advancing, thaws the blood
Of nature's leafy tribes. Among their peers
The sprouting hop-plants lift their purple heads,
And warn the hinds, deep in the soil beneath
To drive the poles;—this wither'd forest spreads,
Till all the plot, as if with ported spears,
Stands bristling, waiting each its verdant wreath.

Summer.

BEAUTIFUL plant, sample of natural grace!
Whose bines, untrained, garland with gay festoon
The overbrowing hedge; or by the door
Of dipping branch uplifted, fair repays

(4) "And hope they will prove fine, and request your future orders,"—erased with the pen.

(5) I am not in the actual employ of Mr North, (who indeed is not a printer,) although I frequently attend him for copy, or with proofs; nor is my name "Tipsy Thammus," as he in joke reported it, (vol. V, p. 328,) reversing the order of the two names, and spelling them designedly amiss. THOMAS TIBBSON.

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The help, by weaving o'er it with its sprays
  A sylvan roof, an awning from the sun
  For way-worn traveller, who, with heart foredone,
Casts himself prostrate on the grass, and stays
A thankful hour. Yet here, blithe pliant thing!
Man does his worst thy mazy flight to stop,
And links thee to a formal sapless prop,
  Which thou obedient climb'st—in many a ring
Grappling the staff—then fall thy shoots down trailing,
  The uncouth tools of Art with beauty veiling.

Autumn.

Our vintage-time is come; the merry bands
  Of old and young attend the annual call;
  With foliage wound, the hop's supporters fall,
And yield its fruitage to their ready hands—
Clusters devoid of juice—not such as bands
  Of sunnier features nurse, where one and all
  To the gathering flock, as to a festival,
When the plump grape in luscious ripeness stands.
Yet here the rustic gibe, the heart's light laugh,
  The carol from untutor'd throat is heard,
While nimble fingers cull the husky store,
  In baskets traversed by a wreathed staff,
Than which, a nobler thyrsus ne'er was rear'd
  By reeling Bacchanal in days of yore.

Winter.

The grounds are cleared; the uprooted poles are piled
  In files of pyramids, a dreary show,
  Indicative of coming frost and snow;
And of the hop, which lately cheer'd the wild,
Nought now is extant, but a mass defiled
  Of blackening strings, trampled in scorn below.
  England no Bacchus boasts, yet we can go
To the grange's low-brow'd hall, where never smiled
His riotous cups, and where we circulate
  A nutbrown beverage, flavour'd by the hop,
Drawn bright, and foaming high, for wassail glee,
  While Christmas logs are blazing in the grate,
And to old songs and tales, no sullen stop
  Is put, but tongues are loud by the good ale set free.

R.

MOONLIGHT MEDITATIONS.

The rich and balmy eve;—
And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
  An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
  Subdued, and cherish'd long.

Coleridge.

The Moon is rising from the ebon tuft
Of stately firs, that wreathe the mountain top
With natural garland; like a deity,
Forth from her shrine majestical she peers,
In silver glory, through the deep blue sky
Ascending; and, with melancholy ray,
Smiles down upon the green autumnal world.

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Like children at the approach of one they love,
Rejoicing in her light, the forests spread
Their wide umbrageous canopies, and cast
Behind a black intensity of shade:
The mountains rear their everlasting heads
Soften'd, and overspread with silver haze,
Far in the depth of night; and gurgling down,
Between its osiered banks, and shadowy rocks,
Here silvery bright, there bough-o'ercanopied,
Prone from its native hills toward the sea
The river gushes onward. Not a sound
Except its stilly murmur meets the ear,
Lulling to peace the woodland solitudes,
Or fitfully, mayhap, the distant bay
Of watch-dog, from the far abodes of men!

Oh Queen! that rulest the nocturnal heaven,
Peace dwells for ever with thee!—Tempests roll
Their darkness o'er thy countenance serene,
And blot thee from the wistful gaze of men,—
'Tis for a moment only, and the eve
Again returning in quotidian round,
Restores thee—like a phœnix from its tomb—
In unextinguish'd glory to our sight.
Thou art a thing that passest not away;
Thou art a thing that, looking, smil'st on Time,
And on the changes of this lower world!
But we are frail and fragile—we are men,
Children of clay, and creatures of the dust;
We are but for a moment, and no more;
We are but flowers of a season! now thy face
Beams on us, and to-morrow on our graves!

Yet are we not without our bliss below,
Nor is our span, all narrow though it be,
Devoid of wild diversity and change:—
Ah! not the same in features or in thought
Am I, as when, a few swift years ago,
Resting upon this individual bank,
On eves how like to this! from out that shrine
Of forests, and of everlasting hills,
I saw thee, bursting from a ring of clouds,
Deluge, with holy light, the eastern sky.

Where are the visions, that, with ardent mind,
And dreams of high romance, I cherish'd then?
The pleasures I pursued,—the friends I loved?—
Time, like a wizard, hath transform'd them all,
Or, like the rainbow, melted into nought.
It is in vain we would pursue, would sigh
For forms that still elude; it is in vain
We build on hopes, that, like the summer tower,
Rear'd on the thirsty sands, beside the sea,
Foundationless must fall!
Year follows year
To curb the dark rebellion of our souls,
And break our haughty spirits to the yoke,
Until tame beasts of burthen we become,
With degradation satisfied and pleased!—
Thus hath it been, and thus it still must be;
And where the marvel? Can we think to mix
Amid the yeasty turmoil of the world,—

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Amid the tribes of guilty and unclean,—
Amid the herd of knaves and hypocrites,—
Of smiling faces,—and deceitful hearts,—
And hope that, by miraculous interpose,
Contamination, like a frighted fiend,
Should fly before our steps, and touch us not?
Or, that the blackening tide which swallows all,
Should, like the Red Sea waves, when Israel's host
Came onward, part its conscious deeps, and bid
Our path lead on in safety 'mid mankind?

We must not look for miracles, and ah!
It is a mighty struggle to subdue
The unwilling spirit to the arts of men,
So selfish and debasing; but, when once
The wheels are set in motion of that car
Which only drives to obloquy, more faint,
Day following day, our opposition wanes,
Till, like the captive to his cell inured,
Our souls become enamour'd of their chains,
And like the Pontic King, we learn to feed
On mortal poisons, and to perish not!

But still, when gazing from this pastoral mount
Upon thy face, so glorious, and so fair,
Methinks, celestial Moon, although my soul
Knows well the windings, and the labyrinths,
The fatal quicksands and obliquities
Of this most unintelligible world;
Although too well my spirit is aware
Of what it must encounter—must endure—
What strong temptations must be overcome—
What syren sounds and scenes avoided all—
What dangers shared, and barriers clamber'd o'er—
Although endued with consciousness of these,
I feel no faultering of the heart, and yet,
Methinks the glorious projects of my youth,
Did Fate allow, might still be all fulfill'd,
And are not mere chimeras of the brain.

We know not that the trembling sword o'erhangs,
Nor that the yawning precipice is near,
And so we follow on—and so we fall—
The victims of our inexperience!
But, were it otherwise, and could we know
The dangers that surround us; could we feel
The perils that encompass—'tis in vain,
The doom is fixed—the seal impress'd—the waves
Of tumult have pass'd over, and no more
Can we retrace our steps; the past is past,
For ever gone and perish'd; hope alone
Lives in the regions of Futurity;
And if we can amend, 'tis then and there!

Oh for a lonely cottage, far away
From city noise and tumult, far remote
From strife and dark contagion, from the stir
And feverish perturbation of mankind!—
Know ye the site of this my Paradise?
Over the whitened sash, and slated roof,
The woodbine, wreathing its luxuriant boughs,
Would form a verdant net-work; dark green leaves,

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And silver flowers superbly intertwined;
The weedless plot before would shew its bright
And regular diversity of bloom,—
From virgin snow-drop, and the crocus blue,
The earliest daughters of the vernal year,
(What time the wandering cuckoo note is heard,)
To Autumn's latest lingerers, gilly-flowers,
Such as bestrew the Celtic Paradise,—
And lavender, that with its breath perfumes
The saddening, sickening beauties of the year!

Behind, the mountains rearing high their cones,
Would be my neighbours, with their woods and rocks
Precipitous, and ever-foaming streams;
Now, when the heavens are clear, my gaze would mark
Their pastoral green, o'erspread with snowy flocks,
Their undulations, and their shadows deep,
Making a night of noonday; now mine eye
Would mark what time the clouds are dark, and dew
Like diamonds glisten'd on the summer grass.
The lowering piles break heavy on their tops
Meeting them, and arresting on their flight;
As, in far foreign climes, the albatross,
Deeming itself above terrestrial things,
High in etherial slumber, shrieking wakes
Far, far above the storms, when sudden dash'd
By veering gales, on Cimborazo's peak!

Before, the level champaign far and wide
Would spread its map of forests, and of fields
Of intervening hedge-rows, and green farms
In glorious cultivation; here would stand
The proud steed grazing 'neath a shadowy elm,
And there the mottled kine, amid the grass
With drowsy eye, and ruminating mouths,
Listless reposing.—At far distance seen,
The everlasting sea would bluely spread
Its breast, and shew its islands faintly green,
While, casually mark'd at cloudless noon,
With breeze-expanded wing the vessels pass'd
Like giant sea-birds sailing beautiful
Upon the waters.

What my tasks would be
I may not tell; perhaps the busy world
Would deem them frivolous, and I would not,
So much our tastes and tempers disagree.—

But where would stray my fancy? Where would roam
My unsubstantial visions? Mid the depths
Of things that may not be! Of no avail
Are these our speculations, and our hopes,
Are these our wishes; dark reality
Comes like a cloud, and with its ebon hues,
Blots out the land of promise from my sight!

But thou art with me still, all glorious Moon,
Ploughing the azure depths, and looking down
In sanctified benignity on man;
Down from thy throne thou gazest, and the trees
Bend as in love towards thee, and their leaves
Quiver as with a feeling of delight;

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Down from thy throne thou gazest—and the hills
Claim kindred with thee, and, in hoariness,
Tell that their years as numerous are as thine,
Their winters and their springs; thou gazest down
Upon the waters, that with calm delight
Glisten and glow, then reel and rush beneath
The overhanging banks, and then emerge,
Still singing, as they flow, a choral song!

Then come what may, be this my solace still—
That nought can rob me of thy countenance
By night; nor of the glorious sun by day;
Nor of the beauty of the stars, when thou
Art resting in the interlunar cave,
And midnight rules in darkness. Add to this—
That from the consciousness of right proceeds
All inward satisfaction; and, that nought
External can destroy the peace within:
Then let the tempest beat, and let the world
Revel and riot in its foolishness;
Henceforth all murmurs, and repinings cease—
Queen of the starry heaven! awhile farewell!
Not from my heart but tongue; amid the noise
Of cities, and the bustle of mankind,
Often my musing soul will journey hence
To this green landscape, to these waters blue,
To these grey mountains, and to thee, their Queen!

Δ

THE SMUGGLER.

I SPENT the whole of last summer, and a part of the ensuing winter, on the Hampshire coast, visiting successively most of its sea-ports and bathing-places, and enjoying its beautiful diversity of sea and wood scenery, often so intermingled, that the forest-trees dip down their flexile branches into the salt waters of the Solon sea; and green lawns and healthy glades slope down to the edge of the silver sands, and not unfrequently to the very brink of the water. In no part of Hampshire is this characteristic beauty more strikingly exemplified than at the back of the Isle of Wight, that miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely throughout England. Early in August, I crossed over from Portsmouth to Ryde, purposing to fix my head-quarters there, and from thence to make excursions to all such places as are accounted worthy the tourist's notice. But a guide-book is at best an unsympathizing companion, cold and formal as the human machine that leads you over some old abbey, or venerable cathedral, pointing out indeed the principal monuments and chapels, but passing by, unnoticed, a hundred less outwardly distinguished spots, where feeling would love to linger, and sentiment find inexhaustible sources of interest and contemplation.

For want of a better, however, I set out with my silent guide, but soon strayed wide of its directions, rambling away, and often tarrying hours and days in places unhonoured by its notice, and perversely deviating from the beaten road, that would have conducted a more docile tourist, and one of less independent tastes, to such or such a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, or summer-house, or pavilion, built on purpose to be visited and admired. But I did not shape my course thus designedly in a spirit of opposition to the mute director, whose (not unserviceable) clue led me at last amongst the romantic rocks and cottages of Shanklin, Niton, and Undercliff. It led me to those enchanting spots and to their lovely vicinity; but to confine me thence, was more than its inviting promises could effect; and finally I took up my abode for an indefinite time in a cottage of grey native stone,

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backed by the solid rocks, and tapestried in front with such an interwoven profusion of rose and myrtle, as half hid the little casements, and aspired far over the thatched roof and projecting eaves. Days, weeks, months, slipped away imperceptibly in this delicious retreat, and in all the luxury of lounging felicity. Mine was idleness, it is true, the sensation of perfect exemption from all existing necessity of mental or corporeal exertion;—not suspension of ideas, but rather a season of unbounded liberty for the wild vagrant thought to revel in, to ramble at will beyond the narrow boundaries assigned by the claims of business or society, to her natural excursiveness. Summer passed away—the harvest was gathered in—autumn verged upon winter, and I still tenanted the rock cottage. No where are we so little sensible of the changes of season as in the sea's immediate vicinity; and the back of the Isle of Wight is peculiarly illustrative of this remark. Completely screened from the north by a continued wall of high rocky cliff, its shores are exposed only to the southern and westerly winds, and those are tempered by the peculiar softness always perceptible in sea-breezes. On a mild autumn day, or bright winter's morning, when the sun sparkles on the white sands and scintillating waves, on the sails of the little fishing-boats that steal along the shore with their wings spread open, like large butterflies, or on the tall grey cliffs, tinted with many-coloured lichens, a lounger on the beach will hardly perceive that the year is in its "sere and yellow leaf," or already fallen into the decrepitude of winter. And when the unchained elements proclaim aloud that the hoary tyrant hath commenced his reign, when the winds are let loose from their caverns, and the agitated sea rolls its waves in mountainous ridges on the rocky coast, when the sea-fowl's scream is heard mingling in harsh concord with the howling blast; then, oh! then,—who can tear himself from the contemplation of a scene more sublimely interesting than all the calm loveliness of a summer prospect? To me its attractions were irresistible; and besides those of inanimate nature, I found other sources of interest in studying the character and habits of the almost amphibious dwellers on that coast. Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the character of seafaring men, even of those whose voyages have extended little beyond their own shores. The fisherman's life indeed may be accounted one of the most constant peril. For daily bread, he must brave daily dangers. In that season when the tillers of the ground rest from their labours—when the artisan and mechanic are sheltered within their dwellings—when the dormouse and the squirrel hide in their woolly nests, and the little birds find shelter in hollow banks and trees, or resort to milder regions, the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements—for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced intercourse with danger that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf, together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood—insurmountable perseverance—almost heroic daring; and, generally speaking, a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of deportment towards the females and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fishermen, that these men are forward in effronting peril. The temptation of contraband trade too often allures them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the most fearful risks, in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains. Of late, this desperate trade has extended almost to an organized system; and, in spite of all the preventive measures adopted by government, it is too obvious that the numbers of these "free traders" are yearly increasing, and that their hazardous commerce is more daringly and vigorously carried on. Along the Hampshire coast, and more particularly in the Isle of Wight, almost every seafaring man is engaged in it, to a less or greater extent. For the most part, they are connected in secret associations, both for co-operation and defence; and there is a sort of freemasonry among them, the signs and tokens of which are soon apparent to an attentive observer. "The Custom-House sharks," as they term them, are not their most formidable foes, for they wage a more desperate warfare, (as re-

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cent circumstances have too fatally testified,) with that part of our naval force employed by government on the preventive service. Some of the vessels on the station are perpetually hovering along on the coast; but in spite of their utmost vigilance, immense quantities of contraband goods are almost nightly landed, and no where with more daring frequency than in the Isle of Wight.

In my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round, became known to me. I have always a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these people, in listening with familiar interest (to which they are never insensible) to the details of their feelings and opinions, and of their family concerns. With some of my new acquaintances I had ventured to expostulate on the iniquitous, as well as hazardous nature of their secret traffic, and many wives and mothers sanctioned, with approving looks and half-constrained expressions, my remonstrances to their husbands and sons. These heard for the most part in sullen down-looking silence, (not however expressive of ill-will towards me,) or sometimes answered my arguments with the remark, that "Poor folks must live;" that "half of them, during the war, had earned an honest livelihood in other ways; but now they were turned adrift, and must do something to get bread for their little ones; and, after all, while the rich and great folks were pleased to encourage their trade, it was plain they could not think much harm of those who carried it on." This last was a stinging observation, one of those with which babes and sucklings so often confound the sophistry of worldly wisdom. Amongst these humble families there was one, at whose cabin I stopped oftenest, and lingered longest, in my evening rambles. The little dwelling was wedged in a manner into a cleft of the grey rock, up which, on every slanting ledge, the hand of industry had accumulated garden mould, and fostered a beautiful vegetation; and immediately before it, a patch of the loveliest green sward sloped down to the edge of the sea-sand, enamelled with aromatic wild thyme, and dotted, next the ocean, with tufts of thrift, centaury, and eringo, and with the gold-coloured blossoms of the horn poppy. The peculiar neatness of the little cabin had early attracted my attention, which was further interested by the singular appearance of its owner. He was a large tall man, of about sixty, distinguished in his person by an air of uncommon dignity, and by a dress, the peculiarity of which, together with his commanding carriage, and countenance of bold daring, always suggested the buccaneer of romantic legends to my fancy. He wore large loose trowsers of shaggy dark-blue cloth, a sort of woollen vest, broadly striped with grey, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and buckled in at the waist with a broad leathern belt, in which two pistols were commonly stuck, and not unfrequently an old cutlass; and over his shoulder was slung a second belt of broad white knitting, to which a powder-flask, a leathern pouch, and often a thick short duck-gun, were suspended. A dark fur cap was the usual covering of his head, and his thick black hair was not so much intermingled with grey, as streaked with locks of perfect whiteness. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the harmless avocation of a fisherman was his ostensible employment, though, to all appearance, not very zealously pursued; for, in the day-time, he was oftener to be seen lying along the shore in the broad sun, or strolling by the water's edge, or cleaning the lock of his gun, under the shadow of a projecting crag, than busied with the hook and line in his little boat, or mending his nets by the cabin door. At almost all hours of the night, a light was seen burning at the cottage window, and the master of the family, with his son, was invariably absent, if (as was sometimes my custom) I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot towards my own habitation.

At such an hour I was sure to find the female inmates, (the wife and widowed daughter of the man I have been describing,) in a state of visible perturbation, for which it was easy to assign a cause; but I had remonstrated in vain with the infatuated husband, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women. Richard Campbell was not a native of the Isle of Wight, nor one trained from his youth up to "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy his busi-

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ness in great waters." For many generations, his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the North of England; himself had been bred up a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, for they had pointed from his very cradle to a seafaring life; and all his hours of boyish pastime and youthful leisure, were spent in the briny element, close to which, at the head of a small bay, or inlet, stood his paternal farm. Just as he had attained his twentieth year, his father died, leaving him (an only child) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclination. The temptation was strong:—Tumultuous wishes, and powerful yearnings, were busy in his heart; but he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He staid to comfort her old age, and to cultivate his little inheritance, partly influenced perhaps in his decision by his attachment to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand was very shortly its richer recompense. The widowed mother continued to dwell under her son's roof, tended, like Naomi, by a daughter-in-law as loving as Ruth; but happier than the Hebrew matron in the possession of both her children.

Many children were born to the young couple, "as likely boys and girls as ever the sun shone upon," said the wife of Campbell, from whom, at different times, I gleaned "the simple annals" I am relating. "But God was very good to them. He increased their store with their increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to claim it. She never grudged her labour, and a better nor a kinder husband than she was blessed with, never woman had. To be sure, he had his fancies and particular ways, and when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the bay that was near their farm, (the worse luck) for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat shooting wild-fowl in the dark winter's nights. But no harm ever came to him, only their eldest boy, their dear Maurice," (the mother never named him without a glistening eye) "took after his father's fancy for the sea, and set his heart on being a sailor." And the father called to mind his own youthful longings, and would not control those of his child, especially as he had another son, a fine promising lad, who took willingly to the business of the farm, and already lightened his father's labours. The mother grieved sore at parting from her first-born, (what feelings are like those of a mother toward her first-born?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and dutiful child, and she had reared him with such anxious tenderness as only mothers feel, through the perilous years of a sickly infancy. But the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a boyish heart into his son's enterprising hopes; and at last the youth won from her an unwilling consent. And when she shook her head mournfully to his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts for her and his little sister, coaxed a half smile into her tearful looks, by concluding with, "And then I will stay quiet with you and father, and never want to leave you again."—"My Maurice left us," said the mother, "and from that time every thing went wrong. Before he had been gone a month, we buried my husband's mother; but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at her loss, though we felt it sorely." In addition to his own land, Campbell rented some acres of a neighbouring gentleman, whose disposition was restlessly litigious, and Campbell being unhappily fiery and impetuous, disputes arose between them, and proceeded to such lengths, that both parties finally referred their differences to legal arbitrement. After many tedious, and apparently vexatious delays, particularly irritating to Campbell's impatient spirit, the cause was given in favour of his opponent; and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion that impartial justice was banished from the land of his fathers. This fatal prejudice turned all his thoughts to bitterness,—haunted him like a phantom in his fields, by his cheerful hearth, in his once-peaceful bed, in the very embraces of his children, "who, were born," he would tell them, in the midst of their innocent caresses,—"slaves in the land where their fathers had been free men."

In this state of mind he eagerly listened to the speculative visions of a few agricultural adventurers, who

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had embarked their small capital on an American project, and were on the point of quitting their native country to seek wealth, liberty, and independence, in the back settlements of the United States. In an evil hour, Campbell was persuaded to embark his fortunes with those of the self-expatriated emigrants. The tears and entreaties of his wife and children were unavailing to deter him from his rash purpose; and the unhappy mother was torn from the beloved home, where her heart lingered with a thousand tender reminiscences, and most tenaciously in the persuasion, that if her lost child was ever restored to his native country, to the once-happy abode of his parents his first steps would be directed. The ship in which the Campbells were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly possessions, performed two-thirds of her course with prosperous celerity; but as she approached her destined haven, the wind, which had hitherto favoured her, became contrary, and she lost sea-way for many days. At last, a storm, which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation, burst over her with tremendous fury. Three days and nights she drove before it, but on the fourth her masts and rigging went overboard, and before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the confusion which had assembled every soul on deck, the leak was not discovered till the water in the hold had gained to a depth of many feet; and though the pump was set to work immediately, and for a time kept going by the almost superhuman exertions of crew and passengers, all was unavailing; and to betake themselves to the boats was the last hurried and desperate resource. Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into one of them, already crowded with their fellow-sharers in calamity, and was preparing to send down his eldest son and daughter, and to descend himself with their mother in his arms, when a woman pressing before him with despairing haste, leapt down into the crowded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning creatures mingled with the agonizing shriek of parents, husbands, and children, from the deck of the sinking ship. The other boat was yet alongside, and Campbell was at last seated in her with his two surviving children, and their unconscious mother, who had sunk into a state of blessed insensibility, when the drowning screams of her lost little ones rung in her ears. Five-and-twenty persons were wedged in this frail bark, with a cask of water, and a small bag of biscuit. An old sail had been flung down with these scanty stores, which they contrived to hoist on the subsiding of the storm, towards the evening of their first day's commitment in that "forlorn hope," to the wide world of waters. Their compass had been lost in the large boat, and faint indeed were their hopes of ever reaching land, from whence they had no means of computing their distance. But the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them, and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them was descried on the verge of the horizon. It neared, and the ship proved to be a homeward-bound West India trader, into which the perishing adventurers were received with prompt humanity; and on her reaching her appointed haven, (Portsmouth) Campbell, with his companions in misfortune, and the remnant of his once-flourishing family, once more set foot on British earth. He had saved about his person a small part of his little property; but the whole residue was insufficient to equip them for a second attempt, had he even been so obstinately bent on the prosecution of his trans-Atlantic scheme as to persist in it against (what appeared to him) the declared will of the Almighty. Once, in his younger days, he had visited the Isle of Wight, and the remembrance of its stone cottages, and beautiful bays, was yet fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks put him in possession of a neat cabin and small fishing-boat; and for a time the little family was subsisted in frugal comfort by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the island, their daughter (matured to lovely womanhood) married a respectable and enterprizing young man, the owner of a pilot vessel. In the course of three years, she brought her husband as many children, and during that time all went well with them; but her William's occupation, a hazardous one in time of war, exposed him

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to frequent and fearful dangers, and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a perishing vessel, his own little vessel foundered in the attempt, and the morning's tide floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the grey-clouded dawn.

The forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge in the humble cabin of her father, and he and his son redoubled their laborious exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims, and the little family but just contrived to live, barely supplied with the coarsest necessaries. When temptation assails the poor man by holding out to his grasp the means of lessening the hardships and privations of those dear to him as his own soul, is it to be wondered at that he so often fails, when others, without the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding? Campbell (having first been seduced into casual and inconsiderable ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers, who carried on their perilous trade along the coast; and from that time, though comparative plenty revisited his cottage, the careless smile of innocent security no longer beamed on the features of its inmates. Margaret struggled long with well-principled firmness against the infatuation of her husband and son; but, flushed with success, and emboldened by association with numbers, they resisted her anxious remonstrances; and at last, heart-sick of fruitless opposition, and shrinking from the angry frown of him who had been for so many years the affectionate sharer of her joys and sorrows, she first passively acquiesced in their proceedings, and in the end was persuaded to contribute her share towards furthering them, by secretly disposing of the unlawfully obtained articles.

During my abode in the Isle of Wight, I had become acquainted with two or three families resident within a few miles of the spot where I had taken up my habitation. With one of these (consisting of a widow lady of rank and her two grown-up daughters) I had been previously acquainted in London, and at other places. They had been recommended by the medical adviser of the youngest daughter, who was threatened by a pulmonary affection, to try the effects of a winter at the back of the island, and I was agreeably surprised to find them inhabitants of a beautiful villa, "a cottage of humility," about three miles from my own cabin at the Undercliff. They were agreeable and accomplished women; and a few hours spent in their company formed a pleasing and not unfrequent variety in my solitary life; and in the dearth of society incident to their insulated retreat, my fair friends condescended to tolerate, and even to welcome the eccentric old bachelor with their most gracious smiles. One November evening my ramble had terminated at their abode, and I had just drawn my chair into the cheerful circle round the tea-table, when a powdered footman entered, and spoke a few words in a mysterious half whisper to the elder lady, who smiled and replied, "Oh, tell her to come in; there is no one here of whom she need be apprehensive." The communication of which assurance quickly ushered into the room my new acquaintance Margaret Campbell. An old rusty black bonnet was drawn down lower than usual over her face, and her dingy red cloak (under which she carried some bulky parcel) was wrapped closely round a figure that seemed endeavouring to shrink itself into the least possible compass. At sight of me she half started, and dropt her eyes with a fearful curtsey. "Ah, Margaret!" I exclaimed, too well divining the object of her darkling embassy. But the lady of the house encouraged her to advance, laughingly saying, "Oh, never mind Mr.——, he will [illegible] inform against us, though he sha[illegible]s head so awfully—Well, have you brought the tea?"—"And the lace, and the silk scarfs?" chimed in the younger ladies, with eager curiosity sparkling in their eyes, as they almost dragged the important [illegible] with their own fair hands, [illegible] neath the poor woman's cloak. [illegible] you brought our scarfs at last? what a time we have been expecting them!"—"Yes, indeed," echoed Lady Mary, "and, depending on your promise of procuring me some, I have been quite distressed for tea—There is really no dependance on your word, Mrs Campbell; and yet I have been at some pains to impress you with a just sense of your Christian duties, amongst

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which you have often heard me remark, (and I am sure the tracts I have given you inculcate the same lesson,) that a strict attention to truth is one of the most essential—Well! where's the tea?"—"Oh! my lady," answered the poor woman, with a humbly deprecating tone and look, "if you did but know what risks we run to get these things, and how uncertain our trade is, you would not wonder that we cannot always oblige our customers so punctually as we would wish—I have brought the silks and scarfs for the young ladies, but the tea——" "What! no tea yet? Really it is too bad, Mrs Campbell; I must try if other people are not more to be depended on."—"Indeed, my lady, we have tried hard to get it for your ladyship; but there's such a sharp look-out now, and the Ranger has been lying off the island for this week past, our people haven't been able to get nothing ashore, and yet I am sure my husband and son have been upon the watch along the beach, and in the boat these three nights in all this dreadful weather; and to-night, though it blows a gale, they're out again;" and the poor woman cast a tearful shuddering glance towards the window, against which the wind beat dismally, accompanied with thick driving sleet, that half obscured the glimpses of a sickly moon.

The lady was pacified by these assurances, that the foreign luxury should be procured for her that night, if human exertions, made at the peril of human life, could succeed in landing it. The silks, &c. were examined and approved of by the young ladies, and finally taken and paid, after some haggling about "the price of blood," as the purchase-money might too justly have been denominated. Mrs Cambell received it with a deep sigh, and, humbly curtseying, withdrew from the presence, not without (involuntarily, as it were) stealing an abashed glance towards my countenance as she passed me. She was no sooner out of the room than her fair customers began to expatiate, with rapturous volubility, on the beauty and cheapness of their purchases—an inconsistency of remark that puzzled me exceedingly, as, not five minutes before, while bargaining with the seller, they had averred her goods to be of very inferior manufacture, and exorbitantly dear. "Ay, but," observed the prudent mother, "you were in such a hurry, or you might have made better bargains; but it's always the way—and yet I winked and winked at you both. I should have got those things half as cheap again."

Indulgently tender as I am inclined to be to the little whims and foibles of the sex, I could not, on the present occasion, refrain from hinting to my fair friends a part of what was passing in my mind. At first they laughed at my quizzical scruples, and replied to them with the common-place remark, that "the few things they occasionally purchased could make no difference; for that the people would smuggle all the same, and find encouragement from others, if not from them." And when I pressed the question a little further, suggesting to their consciences whether *all* who encouraged the trade were not, in a great measure, answerable for the guilt incurred, and the lives lost in the prosecution of it, they bade me not talk of such horrid things, and huddled away their recent purchases in a sort of disconcerted silence, that spoke any thing rather than remorse of conscience and purposed reformation. My "sermonizing," as it was termed, seemed to have thrown a spell over the frank sociability that usually enlivened our evening coteries. Conversation languished—the piano was out of tune—and the young ladies not in a singing mood. Their mamma broke her netting-thread every three minutes, and, from a dissertation on the degenerate rottenness of modern cotton, digressed insensibly into a train of serious observations on the dangers impending over Church and State, from the machinations of evangelical reformers—ever and anon, when the storm waxed louder and louder, interspersing her remarks with pathetic complaints of the perverseness with which the very elements seemed to conspire with Government against the safe landing of the precious bales.

The storm did rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way, before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a

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huge boat-cloak, I issued forth from the cheerful brightness of the cottage parlour into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges, with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, and both were driven into my face by the south-east blast, with a violence that obliged me frequently to pause and gasp for breath. Large masses of clouds were hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale light gleamed at intervals, with ghastly indistinctness, along the white sands, and on the frothy summits of the advancing billows. As I pursued my way, buffetting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to mingle in their uproar. The deep and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm; the creaking and labouring of planks, the splash of oars was distinguishable, I thought, in the pause of the receding waves. I was not deceived. A momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a vessel at some distance from the land, and one of her boats (a black speck on the billows) was discernible, making her way towards the shore. At that moment, another boat close in shore shot by with the velocity of lightning, and at the same instant a man rushed quickly by me, whose tall remarkable figure I recognized for Campbell's, in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle re-echoed by another and another from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any object but the white sands under my feet, and the sea foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward path was yet before me; and in their progress I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sand by land-springs from the adjacent cliffs. Intermingled and bedded in these were several rocky crags, and portions of the foundered cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's daylight way; but the impenetrable gloom that now enveloped every object, made me pause for a moment to consider how far it might be safe to continue onward in my wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberation, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposing to apply there for a lantern and a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home.

I had no need to tap for admittance at the humble door. It was open, and on the threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within gleamed across her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intent breathlessness, and with eyes rivetted, as if they could pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching. My steps on the loose shingle at length reached the ear, and she darted forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Amy! thank God! here's your father." The young woman sprang to the door with a light, and its beams revealed my then unwelcome features, instead of those of the husband and father. "Oh, sir! I thought"——was poor Margaret's eloquently unfinished ejaculation, when she discovered her mistake; "but you are kindly welcome," she quickly added, "for this is no night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son——Oh, sir! they are both, both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all, the Ranger's boats are on the look out for the lugger they are gone to meet, and God knows what may happen—I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceably at home, such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain; we had promised my lady, and the cargo was to be landed to-night—Oh, sir! my lady, and the like of she, little think"——And the poor woman burst into tears. This was no time for admonition and reproof, or for the consolatory remarks so often addressed to the unhappy, of "I told you it would come to this," or "This would not have happened if you had listened to me," or, "Well, you have brought it all upon yourself." The consequences of their illicit traffic were now brought more forcibly home to the minds of these poor people, by the agonizing suspense they were en-

during, than they could have been by any arguments I might have laboured to enforce. I did my best to calm their terrors. To dispel them was impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder; and independent of that, there were other too reasonable grounds of apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the beach so recently; but at all events, he was abroad in a tremendous night, and with a desperate gang, expecting and armed against resistance. Forgetting my own purpose of borrowing a lantern to continue my homeward path, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for abiding with them in this their hour of need. A cheerful fire brightened the interior of the little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates *had* at least been those of peaceful industry. The fire-light gleamed ruddy red on the clean brick floor: a carved oak table, and a few clumsy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and housewifery; and one, distinguished by capacious arms, a high stuffed back, and red cushion, was placed close beside the ingle nook, the accustomed seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand, on the high mantle shelf, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few china cups, some long-shanked drinking glasses, and sundry tobacco stoppers, of fantastical figure, were ranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elaborately set out with its rows of yellow ware; its mugs of various shape and quaint diversity of motto and device, its japanned tray, and many tea-chest, proudly conspicuous in the middle. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets, and fishing apparatus, and to the rafter various articles of the same description were appended; but Campbell's duck gun, and his two clumsy pistols, rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armoury. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the youthful widow had apparently been employed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it rested idly on her lap, while her eyes were rivetted in mournful solicitude on the anxious countenance of her mother. There was something peculiarly interesting in this young woman; not beauty of feature, for excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by lashes of unusual length, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was tinged with the sallow hue of sickness;—her lips were whiter than her cheek, and her uncommonly tall figure, slender and fragile as the reed, bowed down with the languor of weakness and sorrow. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly expressive, and in unison with the general character of the slight shadowy frame, that seemed almost transparent to the workings of the wounded spirit within. Amy's young heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death, and her timid tender nature was weighed down under a perpetual load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and her brother had engaged in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses. As she sat looking on her mother's face, I could perceive what thoughts were passing in her mind. At last a large tear, that had been some time collecting, swelled over the quivering lid, and trickled slowly down her cheek, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle, she came and edged herself on the corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out, "Mother!"—"My Amy! my dear child!" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, "why should you always reproach yourself so? You who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us ever since you were born. Before your poor father fell into evil company, and listened to their temptations, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and you and your dear fatherless babies, by honest industry; and where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof?" A look of eloquent gratitude and a tender kiss was Amy's reply to these fond assurances. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts, beguiled them from the intense anxiousness with which they had been listening to every sound from without; but the redoubled violence of the storm fearfully roused them from that momentary abstraction, and they started and looked in each other's faces, and then in mine, as if beseech-

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ing comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waves was indeed tremendous, and I felt too forcibly convinced, that if the poor Campbells were indeed exposed to it, in their little fishing boat, nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave. There was a chance, however, that the landing of the contraband goods might have been effected by the crew of the lugger, without help from shore, and, in that case, the prolonged absence of the father and son might arise from their having proceeded with them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was eagerly caught at by the conscious pair, but the ray of hope gleamed with transient brightness: A gust of wind, more awful than any which had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning lamentations, seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent, now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky gloom without,—now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful glimmer. The wind rushing through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle, declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by the old clock that "ticked behind the door" in its dark heavy case. At that moment a large venerable looking book, that lay with a few others on a hanging shelf, near the chimney, slipped from the edge on which it rested, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother, and as she stooped to pick it up, and replace it, she perceived that it had fallen open at the leaf, where, twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded, with pious gratitude, the birth of her son's first born. "Ah, my dear son! my good Maurice!" ejaculated the heartstruck mother; "I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me—Thou wert the first to leave me, and now"—— She was interrupted by the low inarticulate murmur of a human voice, that sounded near us. We all started, but Amy's ear was familiarized to the tone—it was that of one of her little ones talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay opened from that we were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstacy was he welcomed! With what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles! But the joy was transient, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehensions; for, disengaging himself almost roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he staggered towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back in it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife. "My son! my son!" she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arms, "what have you done with him? He is dead! he is murdered! Oh! I knew it would come to this."—"Peace, woman!" shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face as he started up wildly from his chair, with a look of appalling fierceness—"Peace, woman! your son is safe;" then his tone suddenly dropping to a low hoarse murmur, he added, "*This* is not *his* blood," and he flung on the table his broad white belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. "Campbell!" I cried, "unhappy man! what have you done? to what have you brought your wretched family? For their sakes, escape, escape for your life, while the darkness favours you." He trembled, and looked irresolute for a moment, but immediately resuming the voice and aspect of desperate sternness, replied, "It is too late—they are at my heels—they tracked me home;" and while he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the shout of loud voices was heard; the door burst open, and several rough looking men, in the garb of sailors, rushed into the cottage. "Ah! we have you, my man," they vociferated—"we have you at last, though the young villain has given us the slip."—"Villain!" shouted Campbell; "who dares call my son a villain?" But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued quiet tone, "but I am in your power now, you may do what you will;" and once more he seated himself in sullen submissiveness. The women clung weeping round him, his unhappy wife

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exclaiming, "Oh! what has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault—he would not hurt a fly—For all his rough way, he is as tender-hearted as a child—Richard! Richard! speak to them—tell them 'tis a mistake." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted up his eyes from the ground on which they were fixed. "No mistake at all, mistress," said one of the men, "he has only shot one of our people, that's all, and we must just fit him with a couple of these new bracelets." And so saying, he began fastening a pair of handcuffs round Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed indeed almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl of four years old, who having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from her bed, and made her way unperceived towards her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out, "Send away naughty men, grandad—naughty men frighten Amy."

The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom were touched electrically by the loving tones and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave with deep convulsive sobs, and for a moment the tears of the old man and the child mingled in touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened to his left wrist, pressed painfully on her tender arms, and as she shrunk from it, he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His brow was wrung with a sudden convulsion, but its distortion was momentary, and turning to his weeping daughter, he said quietly, "Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby; I little thought, dear lamb! she would ever find hurt or harm in her old grandfather's arms." It was a touching scene—even the rough sailors seemed affected by it, and they were more gently executing their task of fitting on the other manacle, when again steps and voices approached; again the door opened, and a second band appeared at it, a group of sailors likewise, bearing amongst them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty, by the rash hand of the wretched culprit before us, whose aim was not the less fatal, for having been almost unconsciously taken in the bustle of a desperate conflict. "We've missed our boat, and we could not let him lie bleeding on the beach," said one of the new comers, in reply to an exclamation of surprise from those who before occupied the cottage. Campbell's agitation was dreadful—He turned, shuddering, from the sight of his victim. The women stood petrified with horror. I alone retaining some self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might yet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid (apparently a corpse) on three chairs, near the door. Comprehending my purpose, the humane tenderness of poor Margaret's nature surmounted her agonizing feelings, and she came trembling to assist in the painful examination. The young man's face was turned from us towards the wall, and almost covered by the luxuriant hair, (a sailor's pride) which, escaping from the confining ribbon, had fallen in dark wet masses over his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down from his side, and on taking it into mine, I found that it was already cold as marble, and that no pulse was perceptible in the artery. Margaret had, as expeditiously as her agitation would permit, unclosed his sailor's jacket, and checked shirt, and though she started and shuddered at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, she persisted heroically in her trying task. His neck handkerchief had been previously untied, and stuffed down as a temporary pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it, Margaret's finger became entangled by a black string passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She was hastily moving it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon the medallion, (a perforated gold pocket piece) and her eye glancing towards it at the same moment, a half choaked exclamation burst from her lips, and, looking up, I saw her standing motionless, breathless, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, in the stare of indescribable horror with which they were rivetted on the suspended token. At last, a shriek (such a one as my ears never before heard, the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my

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veins) burst from her lips, and brought her daughter and husband (even the unfortunate man himself) to the spot where she stood absorbed in that fearful contemplation. She looked up towards her husband (on whose brow cold drops of agony were thickly gathering, whose white lips quivered with the workings of a tortured spirit) she gazed up in his face with such a look as I shall never forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expressions of passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of her's, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a slow steady voice, "Look there! what is that?—*Who* is that, Richard?" His eyes rivetted themselves with a ghastly stare on the object to which she pointed, then wandered wildly over the lifeless form before him; but the tremulous agitation of his frame ceased, the convulsive working of the muscles of his face changed into rigid fixedness, and he stood like one petrified in the very burst of despair. Once more she repeated, in the same calm deliberate tone, "*Who* is *that*, Richard?" and suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the dark locks that had hitherto concealed it. "There, there!" she shrieked—"I knew it was my son!" and bursting into a frenzied laugh, she called out, "Amy! Amy! your brother is come home! come home on his birth-day!—Will nobody bid him welcome? Richard, wont you speak to your son, to our dear Maurice! wont you bless him on his birth-day?" And snatching her husband's hand, she endeavoured to drag him towards the pale face of the dead. He to whom this heart-rending appeal was addressed, replied only by one deep groan, which seemed to burst up the very fountains of feeling and of life. He staggered back a few paces—his eyes closed—the convulsion of a moment passed over his features, and he fell back as inanimate as the pale corpse that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the heart of the brainstruck mother.

C.

NOVEMBER,

In Six Sonnets.

No. I.

SLOWLY the glittering morning star declines,
As, from his cloudy shrine in eastern skies,
The sun comes forth with a forlorn uprise,
And on the grass a pearly hoar-frost shines;
Athwart the bosom of the waveless lake,
In volumed mass, a thin blue vapour broods;
Still, and immotioned are the leafless woods,
And not one bill to music is awake:
Where, oh! ye minstrels of the early morn,
Where are ye fled, that thus the dawn of day
Is silent, and the hills, in bare array,
Look down on fields of all their honours shorn—
No marvel that the heart should feel forlorn,
When even the silence tells us of decay!

No. II.

How chill and cheerless is this barren scene!
With haze and cloud the pale sky ever glooms,
And the shorn sun, with powerless ray, illumes
Forest and field, where beauty erst hath been.
The golden grain, and honied clover flowers
Have disappeared; and, on the breezes borne,
Sere yellow leaves from the dark branches torn
Dance dizzily among the faded bowers;—
Prone o'er the steep its swoln and muddy tide,
From bleak and barren hills, the river pours,
And, downward to the ocean as it roars,
Washes lone perish'd flowers on either side:
Above—beneath—the wandering eye deplores
Ravage and ruin, everywhere descried!!

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No. III.

What art thou, Beauty, but a baseless dream?
  A gilded halo that beguiles the eye;
  A glorious rainbow, spanning earth and sky,
To fail and fade—a momentary gleam!—
It seems but yesterday, when these bare walks
  With flowers of every tint and hue were spread;
  When, from a thousand branches overhead,
The ripening fruitage hung—now tangled stalks
And leafless boughs that, to the wintry air,
Lift up their heads, *all* shelterless and bare,
  Alone are left of summer's gaudy store;
The robin, with red breast, and jet black eye,
Pours forth his melancholy minstrelsy,
  A funeral dirge for pride that is no more!!

No. IV.

A dim blue haziness o'erhangs the sea,
  While here and there, upon the surgy tide,
  With bellied sails, the vessels, dim descried,
Against the opposing blast toil heavily:
On sullen wing the sea-gull wheels away
  To isles remote, in crevice dank to dwell
  Of bleakest rock, beyond the utmost swell
Of billow, lashing high its dizzy spray:—
The wild waves curl their bleak and foamy heads;
  From the cold north the wind impatient raves;
  Tumultuous murmurs through the ocean caves
Ring dismal; while the gloomy tempest spreads
  Athwart the joyless deep; the showers down pour,
  Toss the rough main, and drench the sandy shore.

No. V.

The sun descends, his long and feeble ray
  Lies on the waters; the forsaken glades,
  The cottages, and trees long heavy shades
Behind them cast, as sinks the lingering day;
The labourer leaves his toil, and homeward wends;
  The oxen low 'mid pastures brown and bare;
  And, fitful, on the chill and biting air,
A plaintive cry the widow'd partridge sends.
Season of deepest thought! what eye can turn
  Untouch'd to gaze thy fading scenes? what heart,
As to the past regretful memory strays,
  Struck with a change so mournful, would not start;—
Dread lessons to us, who are few of days,
  November! thou art fitted to impart!!

No. VI.

Now when the shortening day its crimson eye
  Closes in haste, a calm delight it yields
  To wander lonely through the twilight fields,
And mark the evening star gleam out on high!
While, mournfully, a twilight mantle lowers
  On hill and vale, dim forest, and blue stream;
  And cottage windows, with a casual gleam,
Speak of domestic peace.—Oh, fading bowers!
  Oh, shortning days! and nights of dreary length!
How emblematic of the fate of man
  Are ye, and of his fast declining strength,
His chequered lot, frail life, and fleeting span?
Thousands have fall'n since joyous spring began
  Its smiling course,—say, shall the next be ours!

Δ

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"NOVEMBER BREATHINGS."

"The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles *mine*."—BURNS.

THERE are a few fine days, which generally occur about the end of October or beginning of November, and immediately before the setting in of winter, which, as far back as I can recollect, have possessed a peculiar, and though melancholy, somewhat pleasing influence, over my feelings. There is an enfeebled but soothing mildness in the light of day, nearly allied to the effect of moon-light. A kind of Sabbath pause, interrupted only at intervals by the call of the cow-herd, or the thud of the fowling-piece, prevails. The fields and inclosures are just cleared of their harvest treasure, and the web of the gossamer extends in unbroken and floating pathway over stubble and lea. Vegetation is every where passing rapidly into decay; and the brown-breast, and solitary chirp of the "Robin," accord well with the withered fern and seared leaf,—with that sombre aspect of colouring, which tree and forest every where put on. In the appropriate and picturesque language of Scripture—"The earth mourneth and languisheth—Lebanon is ashamed, and withereth away—Sharon is like a wilderness—and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits." There are a great many reflections, which not only spontaneously, but as it were urgently, offer themselves to one's consideration at this season, all closely associated with the appearance of external nature. A few of these which occurred to me, or which, upon reflection, I can now imagine actually did occur, when I was a few days ago engaged in a solitary, and somewhat of a protracted ramble, I shall endeavour to recal. It is in fact by such silent and occasional communings with one's self, that the heart is quieted and made better; and it is in the hope that some of your readers may happen to be of the same opinion, that I have thus presumed on your attention.

It is now that the Labourer is about to enjoy a temporary mitigation of the Season's toil. His little store of winter provision, having been hardly earned, and safely lodged, his countenance brightens, and his heart warms with the anticipation of winter comforts. As the day shortens, and the hours of darkness increase, the domestic affections are awakened anew by a closer and more lengthened converse. The father is now once more in the midst of his family;—the child is now once more on the knee of its parent;—and *She*, in whose happiness his heart is principally interested, is again permitted, by the blessed privileges of the season, to increase, and to participate his enjoyment.

It is now that the Husbandman is repaid for his former risk and anxiety, that having waited patiently for the former, and the latter rain, "he builds up his sheaves, loads his waggons, steeks his stiles," and replenishes his barns,—that he is prepared, or at least authorized to exclaim, in the fulness of a grateful heart—"Soul, take thy rest, for the work of the season is accomplished, and the year hath been crowned with the Great Creator's bounty."

It is now that the Moon begins again to renew her claims to the gratitude of the rustic Lover, as he travels fearlessly on through glen and over heath, up to the very window, and close to the very secret corner, where the fair object of his Travel is waiting to acknowledge the long-expected signal.

It is now that men of study and literary pursuit are admonished of the season best suited for the acquisition of knowledge. Learning is opening her gates, and night is fast advancing her claims to the renewed labours of the Student—to those evening hours of watching and reflection, and investigation, which will so amply repay the trouble. To those individuals whom a love of knowledge has redeemed from a world sunk in sensuality, and in the pursuit of gain, this season is heard to address herself in the words of sacred inspiration—"If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding, if thou seekest her as for silver, and searchest for her as for hidden treasure, she shall undoubtedly promote thee—yea, she shall bring thee to honour—she shall give to thine head an ornament of grace—a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."

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It is now too, that the footsteps of contemplation are found amidst the ruins of the year, and that the soul surrenders herself most readily to the quietudes of a serious thoughtfulness—that deep and interesting impressions are borne home upon the heart; and that "the *man*," almost in spite of himself, is compelled to assume the hearing, and entertain the sentiments of "the moralist;" for what season reminds us so directly as the present, of the "hoary head," and decayed energies of age?

We are cradled on the knee of age—our earliest recollections, and our most sincere and genuine affections, are associated with the tottering step and the wrinkled brow—with the venerated Individual, it may be, who took an interest in our infancy; and who, amidst the infirmities and languishment of declining years, found, it is probable, some degree of refreshment in our very ignorance and inexperience. It is exceedingly pleasing, Mr. Christopher, to run up in meditation to the date of our very earliest impressions—to penetrate, as it were, that November darkness which is ever deepening over the first stage of our journey—to live, as it were, anew, amidst the scenes and the incidents, and the companions of other years—

"To mark each form that pleased our stripling prime,
"By distance hallow'd, and endear'd by time."

And it is over these objects which have passed away—over the sainted images of those who have gone down to the dust, that the heart now hovers with an intense and even a solemn feeling! But old age is not only a subject of natural retrospection in regard to others; it is likewise one of serious anticipation in respect of ourselves.

We look back on the period of our life that is past—on the measurement of thirty or forty years, by which the field of our recollection is bounded,—and we are struck not only with the shortness, but with the ever increasing velocity of our years. How long to us in early life did a summer day of our varied amusements appear—what an infinity of pleasure, what a multitude of events, what a rapidity of transition from hope to possession, from aim to attainment, from purpose to performance!—but if a single day at this period appeared to be endless, how inconceivably measureless in our then inexperienced reckoning, was the Year itself—that year made up of so many months—those months broken down into so many weeks—and those weeks again composed of days—every one of them so protracted in duration! But has not every year, as it passed, taken something from the apparent duration of its successor, as well as from the actual measurement of life? It is but a tale as it were of yesterday, our childhood, our boyhood, our youth; and however lengthened our future lives may be, that period which is yet to come, will *one* day appear to us comparatively shorter still. Thus are we every day descending into the vale of years—into the seared November of our being, with an every day increased velocity.

This season forcibly reminds us of the instability of those Forms under which vegetable, and, by analogy, animal life, appears to us. All we perceive of nature, indeed, correctly speaking, respects her forms alone—of her "essence," if any idea can at all be attached to the term, we know nothing. It is with "form," however, and not with "essence," that we are conversant and connected. It is of little value to the being whose form is about to be completely changed by dissolution, to be assured that the essence, or original elements of his frame, are imperishable. It is with a particular combination of substance, a form designated "Man," that we are conversant, and it is respecting this combination that our anxiety exists. And what is the demonstration of November upon this subject?—It points expressly to the waste and the "*wear*" around—to the surface of the earth so much changed in its aspect, and invested with a new and a death-like character; and it bids us discover into what secret recesses are retired those pleasing, and variegated, and multiplied "Forms," with which were so lately associated our hopes of plenty—our sensations of beauty and beneficence. And it carries us still onwards on the wings of faith, and on *those alone*, to the "spring which shall visit the mouldering urn"—to that eventful period when dissolution shall give place to reunion, and the affections and the sympathies of the heart shall re-establish their claim over all that was once virtuous, and lovely, and inte-

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resting. Daily and most seriously do we experience the effects of dissolution,—we die in the death of those whose existence was our life—we die in our parents, in our brethren, in our children; and when at last the mandate is put into our own hands, we often find "that death has not much to do." How miserable then were we, if left to the suggestions of "Nature" alone—if Winter darkness were not dispelled by the advent and the glory of a *Divine Nativity*.

But amidst all this change of Form—this visible "Passing away," are there no traces of permanency to be found? is there nothing that meets our eye, or challenges our reflection, of which it may be predicated that it remains the same in the midst of renewal and decay—that it is uninfluenced by season—that it is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?"—Yes; those very laws by which the ever-recurring change is regulated, are themselves unchangeable; what occurs at this season in the kingdoms of animal nature has occurred of old, and will assuredly still continue to occur. Our Fathers, where are they? and whilst *Individuals* are continually perishing, the immortality of the species is carefully maintained. The seeds of many plants, and the eggs of many insects, are now buried, or about to be lodged in the earth; but the season of winter over, and the influence of light and of heat again fully established, and we shall behold, only without surprise, because experience has made it familiar to us, the animal and vegetable kingdoms repeopled—the shell which encrusted and preserved the suspended energies of life shall burst, and from the grave of winter shall assuredly reascend every tribe, and species, and variety of animal and vegetable being. If we turn our eyes to the very fields by which we are surrounded—if we lift our vision to the hills and the mountains by which these fields are bounded—these *we* now occupy, and with these our perception of existence and enjoyment are associated—upon and amidst these *we* have spent, it may be, our infancy, our youth, and our more advanced years; but these permanent Forms of nature are, in comparison with us, everlasting—they have not grown with our growth, nor shall they decline with our decay—they have occupied the same share of the regards of men many thousand years ago; and when we, and our associations and recollections, shall have been forgotten on the earth, these will still continue the objects of perception and affection. Others, in all the buoyancy of childhood, in all the impetuosity of youth, in all the pride of life, and in all the solemnity of "November Breathings," shall occupy what we now possess, and claim a kind of temporary alliance and friendship with objects which have lent themselves to the accommodation of all ages and generations. The heavens display God's glory, and in nothing more visibly and impressively than in the unvarying *permanency* of their character. The stars which arrested the attention and directed the motions of the ancient Patriarch, in his desert migrations with his flocks and with his herds—the constellations which rose upon the adventurous bark of the Phœnician, as he boldly braved the uncertainty and turbulence of the Atlantic Ocean, and subjected the immutable features of heaven to his purpose and convenience—the same "*clarissima mundi lumina*" under which the Hesperian husbandman conducted his labours,—under which he learnt—

"Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram
"Vertere."

The same "twilight Hesperus,"* whose ascent taught the shepherd of Arcadia to pen his flocks, and secure his fold—the same "Seven Stars," and "Elwand," and "Plough," whose elevation in the eastern heaven marked the advance of the winter night, and regulated, without the help of clock or watch-work, the evening pastime or repose of our more immediate and unsophisticated Ancestors;—these *eternal* demonstrations of God remain still the same; declaring, from generation to generation, that, whilst subordinate objects are liable to alteration and change in form and composition,

* Hesperus, or the Evening Star, is now in great beauty, on the edge of the southern horizon, a little after sun-set, and, along with Jupiter and Saturn, who are then advancing high in the eastern heaven, presents a combination of planetary glory seldom to be enjoyed.

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there is behind the whole of this passing system an Essence and an Existence which is permanent and immutable;—it is to this!—oh, it is to this! that we cling. As the shipwrecked Mariner, amidst the tossing of the breakers, adheres to the solid and immoveable rock,—as the adventurous boy, when every bending and brittle branch has given way under his feet, and beneath his grasp, embraces eagerly the firm and unshaken trunk,—so closely, amidst the changes and the instabilities which a November state of being exhibits, do we adhere to—do we embrace, the "Rock of Ages,"—"the Tree of Life," which grows—not in the outskirts, as it were, for there all is death and danger,—but "in the midst," in the very "centre" of God's vast universal system. Our haven of eternity—our haven of everlasting repose, is, consequently, situated—not amidst the commotions, and littlenesses, and changes, and distractions of approximating forms, but far and away, into the unsearchable depths of that celestial distance, which ever, as it farther recedes, partakes more sublimely and invitingly of the glory and excellence of permanent being. Oh, to be there! where the "*Omnia mutantur*" of philosophy, and the "Passeth away" of revelation, are felt no more—where the affections, and the objects upon which they are fixed,—where the elm that supports, as well as the ivy which clusters around it, are equally immortal;—oh, to be bathed in that immutability, which pervades, and supports, and hallows all around—which leaves no part vulnerable by accident, or exposed to decay, but which, whilst it unites, and associates, and combines, forbids all risk or fear of future separation! And thanks be to "Him" whose message we have heard, and whose name we bear, and whose authority we reverence,—"*quod petimus hic est!*"—"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; and I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, "BEHOLD THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN, AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH."

How comes it, then, Mr North, that whilst the works of man are visited and valued, on account of the associations of antiquity which they are calculated to awaken—whilst we prowl, with prying curiosity and veneration, about the mouldering tomb or broken arch, and figure to ourselves the former sons and daughters of men, so different, in many respects, from those with whom we are ourselves conversant,—how comes it, that whilst we every day allow our imagination to be excited, and our hearts to be interested in such objects and associations,—we so seldom cast an eye of veneration, or of corresponding interest, upon those great, ancient, and "*immutable*" works of God, within which we are entrenched,—and which from every eminence and valley, from the heaven above, and the earth beneath, so loudly challenge our attention? What is the comparative antiquity of that Castle or Abbey—of that pillar or pyramid, upon which the soul settles down in so deep a reverie of reflection and veneration, when contrasted with that of the Plain itself upon which it is situated, or the rock where it is founded, or the mountains amidst the recesses of which it hath arisen and decayed? Is there any object of Art which can contend in antiquity with the Luminaries of heaven—with that light which sprung embodied,—and propelled into ceaseless motion, out of primeval darkness, and which carries the mind up even to a period incalculably anterior to the existence of Man himself? The Egyptians, and the Greeks and the Romans, built, or constructed, or framed this or that object of our soul's veneration, and we fall down and worship before these works which the skill and the strength of man have rendered so permanent. But what work of Man can come into competition with the durability of Nature? Can the form antedate the substance? Can the mole-hill, which shoots up, and subsides in a season—the gourd, which expands, and withers down in a day, claim, or gratify your antiquarian research, whilst the very rocks upon which you tread, and ocean over which your eye is carelessly glanced, are so manifestly impressed with the characters of duration and immutability?

But if at any time the antiquated remains of art—the ruined edifice, and decaying tower, become objects of more than ordinary interest, it is surely at this season. A few weeks ago—and the naked and mouldering ruins were concealed, and comparatively unobserved, amidst that profusion of beautiful and variegated form which field, and tree, and branch, and leaf exhibited. These forms have now disappeared

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—chased rapidly away, by the breath of November; the surface of the earth is now equally bare and exposed with the decayed superstructure it supports; the trees of the surrounding forest are now themselves equally torn and ruinous with the turrets they surround; there is nothing now on the surface of the landscape to come into competition with those objects upon which the approach of winter effects no perceptible change—with the mould-ering battlement, which lifts its head amidst the clouds,—or the mutilated archway, which opens up its Gothic span from beneath. These objects now receive us like friends, who, without any parade of promise or of smile, have yet stood the test of time and adversity. They are the "Cordelias" of our winter rambles, and present us with subjects of interesting reflection, when their elder sister, *Vegetation*, has refused us other entertainment.

There is yet one "existence," which, as it never has partaken of form or modification of being, remains, and must ever remain, undissolved:—"Mind—soul"—that within us, which thinks, and feels, and wills, and acts. Upon this "formless," uncompounded, simple Unity, neither time nor circumstances can act as a solvent. All that is visible—all that is even capable, by the power of imagination, to be pictured out into shape and substance, may, by some law or other of Nature, be decomposed, and the shape, and the particular substance, may be deranged and destroyed; but the soul of man, like the great "Parent Spirit himself," is one and indivisible. Into its native elements *that* cannot be reduced, which already exists, and can only exist in an elemental condition. Out of *being* that cannot, by any *existing* arrangements, be driven, which holds a charter of existence, equal in authority, and similar in privilege, with all the first elements of dependent existence. So long as "*Nihil interit*" is written over the doorway of the universe, so long must that which IS, independently of mode and manner, continue to BE. What, then, is it to me that the woodland is now strewed with the wrecks of the season, and that the church-yard has become a November repository of dissolution and decay? The formless, unimaged, inconceivable "Existence," which is properly and incontrovertibly "Self," cannot, in any case, yield to the approach of winter, or disappear under the pressure of time.

Having pursued some such train of thought as the above, a few days ago, till I had drifted considerably, both mentally and corporeally, out of my reckoning, I was suddenly arrested in the current of my reflections, and my attention directed to a number of Children who were disporting themselves, seemingly with great glee and enjoyment, on the banks of the Eden in the immediate neighbourhood of the "good town of C****." The mind is never better prepared for the enjoyment of cheerful company, or exhilarating ideas and emotions, than after it has had its full swing of thoughtfulness and serious meditation—I have seen the truth of this exemplified by many an old woman at a "funeral dregy;" by many a venerable and pious Clergyman on a Sabbath evening,—and if I may be permitted the privilege of a reference to myself, by my own conduct and feelings upon the present occasion. So, ascending a little eminence from which I could observe the juvenile sports, I seated myself quietly upon a "moss-covered stone," and in a few seconds was completely and very agreeably interested.

Now, Mr Christopher, if you are one of those wise, sober, prudential personages, who, in all they do, and in all they say, and in all they write, have a constant reference to a certain length, and breadth, and altitude of character, which they have adopted for themselves as the proper standard, who are always saying, or thinking, or expressing by action, "how will this conduct or that deportment suit—how will it become me!" If, I say, you are one of those old musty fusty Prigs,—why you are not the man I took you for—nor will you enter at all into my present feelings.—I can sit, man! a whole day, and have often done it too, on the parapet of a bridge, striking stones into the smooth pool below, observing the "*dead man's plump*" which they cut, the *bells* which they raised, and the successive and widening *circles* which played off and off to both bank and stream. Did you ever *skip slaties*, man, or swim them, all scaly and dry, adown the current? Did you ever play with "*Bent-heads*" at "*soldiers*," decapitating hundreds of the enemy with one single veteran, but tough necked and

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invincible warrior? Did you ever lay the "*wabron-leaf*" over the hollow of one hand, and crack it like a pistol by a smart application of the other? Have you never caught "Bumbees" in "bluidy fingers," and held them buzzing and humming to your neighbour's ear? Have you never calculated the hour of the day from the "Dandelion?" Have you never made ponds of rain-water after a flood, and exulted in seeing them fill? Have you never constructed a "boat" with a "paper sail," and launched her without the aid of helm or compass, upon the "flood" you had collected? Have you never suspended a water wheel by two props, over a gullet, and leapt to observe the success of your contrivance? Have you never *flown* your dragon, with a well papered and nicely balanced tail, and sent up from time to time the rapidly ascending Messenger?—I speak not of the "Columbian"† mysteries of "Hy-spy," "Clecking-broad," and "Ring,"—these are sports into which even the most saturnine and heavy-headed Dolt that props a class, is compelled to join.—But I say, and I swear it—if you have never entered with a degree of enthusiasm, of which even yet, the very recollection is most pleasing, into the above-mentioned amusements,—If you have never been, "*semel imbutus*," you had better trudge.—You are no fit Editor for Ebony, let me tell you,—nor can you appreciate how much from my seat of grey stone and convenient elevation I enjoyed the "fun below." But my pleasure was only of short continuance, for chancing to look rather more attentively upon the face of a Scar beneath me, under and along which a new road had been lately driven, I thought I could discover something like a "bone" projecting out from the brow; and to my inexpressible surprise, upon a more accurate survey, I found that the materials out of which my young friends had constructed, and were still constructing, the implements of their fun and diversion, had once been appropriated to other purposes, having probably figured in the athletic form and manly deportment of their ancestors. Here a human thigh bone, with its knobbed extremity still smooth and entire, "did unco weel as a shinty,"—and there a crooked and still elastic rib-bone was converted into "a bow," and like the martial breast, which in all likelihood it once enclosed, it still delighted in warlike feats. Here a skull was laid upon its occiput, with the whole family of the passions under water, and having a white stick by way of a mast thrust immediately across the organ of "veneration." Two Collies, (*dogs*) which had long shared the sport with the shinty-players, after having received some pretty intelligible hints from their associates in the game, to make themselves scarce, had taken to the graving of bones, and were venturing to erect a very respectable "Collyshangy" over the bleaching relics of mortality. "Surely," said I to a middle-aged and respectable looking personage, who happened to be passing at the time, "surely, Sir, this is, or rather has been, hallowed ground, and must have been once appropriated to quite other purposes than those by which it is now so shamefully profaned." The Figure looked me stedfastly in the face, as if to inquire whether or not I were quite in earnest in my vituperative mode of interrogation; and, with its hands in its breeches pocket, proceeded, without taking any further notice of my inquiry, on its way.—Frustrated in this attempt, I submitted quietly to my fate, waiting the approach of rather a more stylish looking appearance, which came up whistling, and seemed to take a particular interest in this new line of road. My inquiry, however, was equally unsuccessful on this as on the former occasion; and had not a workman who was within hearing of my question, referred me very attentively to "the Provost himsel," as he was pleased to designate a little figure, with a smart and a pleasing expression of countenance, I believe I should have departed just as wise as I came. From this metropolitan dignitary, I learnt, in the most condescending and obliging manner possible, that I had, in the first place, been unfortunate in the Individuals to whom my inquiries had just been addressed, for that these were precisely the men who, in consequence of the active part they had taken in forwarding this new line of

† Vide Travels of Christopher Columbus the younger.

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road, even at the expense of the repose of the dead, had been most exposed to obloquy, and were, therefore, as he termed it, a little "thin skinned" upon the subject. Not that they had stood singular in this business, nor that they were more to blame, if blame was at all attachable, than others; but that being really and truly men of "weak nerves," and having discovered their error in adopting this unhallowed line of road when it was too late to prevent or remedy the evil, they had become exceedingly superstitious, and were reported as living in a constant apprehension of nocturnal visits from the dead. Several stories, he informed me, had got abroad upon this subject, through the communicativeness of their Wives,—but as these were so over-done and absurd as to render their truth extremely suspicious, he forbore, very prudently, from mentioning them. In regard to the ground which had thus been cut up, I learned that, previous to the union of that parish with the adjoining and more extensive one of C****, it belonged to the parish-church of "St Michael;" and that the ground had so long been in crop, and pasture, as to efface every memorial (from the surface at least) of its former appropriation. "But is there no remedy," said I, "for this evil, for a most glaring and revolting evil it is? Is there no method whereby the Land can be made to protect its own dead, and the pick-axe and shovel can be kept out of the graves of our ancestors?" "Yes," replied my intelligent Informer, "there appears to me to be two ways, by which this object may be accomplished, the one of these methods you find very simply and feelingly stated in Gilbert Burns's letter to the editor of his Brother's works.—'When my father,' says this most judicious narrator, 'feued his little property near Alloway Kirk, the wall of the church-yard had gone to ruin, and cattle had free liberty of pasturing in it. My father, with two or three other neighbours, joined in an application to the Town-council of Ayr, who were superiors of the adjoining land, for liberty to rebuild it; and raised, by subscription, a sum for inclosing this ancient cemetery with a wall. Hence,' adds he, 'my father came to consider it as his burial-place, and we learned that reverence for it people generally have for the burial-place of their Ancestors."—"You have a surprising memory, Sir," said I, "to recollect all this so correctly; but now for your second method."—"My second plan," added he, "is in fact that for which the one I have mentioned is only a substitution. It is the plain common sense proceeding, upon which churches and manses are built, and upheld; let it be in every case the duty of those concerned with the support of our religious establishment, to protect the dead, as well as to find spiritual comfort and advice for the living, and the whole object is gained." "But are there not many old Cathedrals and monastic Cemeteries," said I, "which are not properly under the superintendance of the Proprietors of the adjoining soil;—but which having, at the Reformation, escheated to the Exchequer, are still considered as subjected to the royal protection?"—"In all such cases," interrupted my 'Mentor,' who, in fact, became apparently a little impatient at my ignorance, "wherever the 'superiority' rests, whether in Town-council, Heritor, or Prince, upon *that* '*Proprietor*' likewise rests the 'onus' of having the burial-ground properly inclosed and protected. It is indeed more shameful than you are probably aware of," continued my new acquaintance, the light of indignation seeming to kindle in his eye, "the manner in which not only old and disused 'Cemeteries' are neglected, but even those which are appropriated to present use, are exposed to waste and dilapidation. All over the country, and in the kingdom of Fife in particular, this is the case; and from the period when the *slaps* in the 'kirk-yard dyke' admit the Minister's cow, or his Visitor's poney, to that extreme advance of profanation,—when the village herd of swine are permitted and invited by the attractions of the place, to take up their daily rendezvous, young and old, pig and dam, among the '*auld through stanes*,'—there is, not unfrequently, a most supine and culpable inattention and negligence, on the part of those 'by law' concerned. Provided one small corner or two continue to be protected by a square enclosure, having a black door, ornamented with a suitable sprinkling of chalky-coloured and inverted tears, where the more-honoured and more-fortunate ashes of the principal Proprietors may rest,—all goes on as it has gone,—and,

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with an occasional reflection it may chance from some hardy and less-favoured parishioner, respecting the shamefulness of all this, matters pass from father to son, from generation to generation, without any suitable reparation or amendment. I know," continued my Instructor, "a church-yard at this moment, which is still the burial-ground of the parish, and through the corner of which a mountain torrent has forced its way. This breach, notwithstanding the instances in which even entire coffins have been swept off by the flood, has never been, and is not at this hour, repaired. And there is a story current of an honest Labourer's mother, who, after having been fairly—and as her son deemed, immoveably fixed in the earth, in a season of continued rain, was found, upon his return home from the funeral, to have reached, by help of the torrent, his own door before him. Of no country that I know or have read of, nor of any other age or state of society, however rude and uncivilized, can this disgraceful allegation,—"that they shew disrespect to the ashes of their Forefathers," be made with so much truth as of our own,—of reformed *Presbyterian Scotland in particular*. One is almost disposed, upon taking a survey of this truly-melancholy subject, to wish back again that "hallowing and Catholic faith," which, whilst it consecrated the very ground in which the dead reposed, by this means sufficiently guarded them from all violation or disturbance; or, at least, to take shelter under the guardian wings of the younger, and more courtly sister, "Prelacy," who, in this respect, is little behind her elder relative." "To this sentiment, (subjoined I) rising, and looking around me, I can never, notwithstanding all my reverence for the ashes of the dead, accede, whilst I inhabit a county where the happy principles of Presbyterian reform were first promulgated, supported, and sealed with blood;—where a Mill, a Hamilton, and a Wishart suffered,—a Knox and a Melville preached, and an aroused and a manly Nobility stood, on that very Moor now immediately under my view, firm and undismayed in the cause of civil and religious freedom." Hereupon, "my friend,"—for our intimacy, though strangers when we met—or, as we country folks are apt to word it, "*forgathered*,"—had gradually ripened into something very like friendship, proposed our retiring to talk the subject over, more at our leisure, upon a draught of what he termed "Macnab's brown stout." To which* proposal having acceded, and having, upon second thoughts, added to the Porter a convenient accompaniment of mutton-chops and rum-toddy, I spent one of the happiest evenings I have for some time enjoyed, in company and conversation with a man, who, after having lived a bustling and an anxious, and somewhat of a political life, amidst "Town-councils" and "county-meetings," has now retired from this busy annoyance to enjoy his friend, his glass, and the inexhaustible resources of an acute and a vigorous mind. At what hour we parted, and what additional time passed before I reached home, are questions of curiosity only, and of no importance whatever.

Suffice it to observe, in conclusion, that although there existed no previous arrangement, or connexion, or affinity, betwixt the current of my meditations and the little trivial occurrences I have just circumstantially stated, yet I could not help thinking to myself on my way home, that a cunning and ingenious reasoner might contrive, without any very extraordinary stretch of generalization, to bring both subjects under one rule, and might institute no very unnatural alliance betwixt the neglected and scattered bones of dead men, and that vegetable devastation which November exhibits. Adieu. Yours, &c.

NONDESIGNATUS.

Nov. 23, 1821.

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* You may talk of your Youngs and your Ambroses as you please. Whoever has had the good fortune to experience the comfort, civility, and accommodation which are to be had at "Macnab's," will be apt to become a very testy and troublesome guest anywhere else.

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HAROLD'S GRAVE.

"Pictaviensis and Orderic say that he was buried on the beach; most of the historians, that the body was given to his mother without ransom, and interred by her order at Waltham. A more romantic story is told by the author of the Waltham M.S. in the Cotton Library, Jul. D. 6, who wrote about a century afterwards. If we may believe him, two of the canons, Osgod Cnoppe, and Ailric, the Childe-maister, were sent to be spectators of the battle. They obtained from William, to whom they presented ten marks of gold, leave to search for the body of their benefactor. Unable to distinguish it amongst the heaps of slain, they sent for Harold's mistress, Editha, surnamed 'the fair,' and the 'swan's neck.' By her his features were recognized."—LINGARD'S *History of England.*

——— There, where yon stretch of yellow sand,
Sparkling beneath the glance of noon,
Bends gently inward on the land,
Like crescent of an eight-days' moon,—
So lovely is that fatal coast
Where England's liberty was lost.—
Ah! woe is me, that ever there
The best of Saxon blood was shed,
That first the Norman foot should tread
Upon a spot so calm and fair.

There—midway, where the sunny shore
Shelves, smoothly, to the wavy blue,
The fishermen, in days of yore,
Would land, while yet the day was new;
And wives and maids greet their returning,
Blythe as the fresh wreath of the morning;
Though now degraded serfs, they wait,
The sullen youth and fearful maid,
Pale as those flowers that grow in shade,
Beneath their tyrant's gloomy gate.

Oh! Freedom, thou art worth the striving—
Where Slavery once hath drawn his mesh,
The very air cannot refresh;
The very day-beam not enliven.—
Their golden skies may glow serenely,
Their scented groves may flourish greenly;
But the wreaths that would our brows emblossom,
The flowers that seem to meet our smile,
Disgust us when they most would wile—
Like gems upon a harlot's bosom.

And all is silent, desert now,
Save that there is one noteless spot,
By some kind foot 'tis ne'er forgot,
Still you may find it. Wond'rous how
The form that haunts that scene so fair,
Still leaves her simple traces there,
And still some sad device appears,
Which drooping wreaths seem to enclose,
As if that untired mourner's tears
Were ceaseless as the wave that flows.

For whether, in warm autumn's glow,
The waves seem languidly to fall,
That scarce their voice is heard at all,
The murmuring is so hush'd and low,

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And the clear ripple curls to break,
Soft as a tress on Beauty's cheek,—
Or whether the roused billows roll
Before the blast their foam and spray,
And seem to course into the bay,
Following, like racers to the goal;—

There, be it sun-shine, be it storm,
When the wild waters have receded,
Unknown, unheeding, and unheeded,
Is seen to glide a slender form;
And you may trace her fragile hand,
And little foot-print on the sand;
And there she hath some viewless shrine,
And scatters many a flow'ry token,
And seems to shed, like one heart-broken,
Tears, salter than the ocean-brine.

She brings each earliest bud, that hastes,
Blushing to hail the spring's return;
She brings the latest rose that wastes
Above the year's funereal urn;
And when the storm the ocean treads,
And the pale stars have hid their heads,
Trembling to hear the waters sweep,
And the hoar winter hath crawl'd forth
Slowly, from out his dreary north,
She wanders there,—though but to weep.

Where most the bruising foot hath trod,
There is the slender daisy seen,
And still a ring of deeper green
Marks where the lightning shakes the sod:—
Love, shrinking as thou seem'st to be,
What others fear emboldens thee,
And thy impress is seen alone,
(As flowers, entomb'd by earthquake shock,
Will leave faint limnings in the rock,)
On hearts that fate hath chill'd to stone.

Ask, why she comes—and comes to weep,—
Her name and race if ye would seek,—
The Hind, whose pittance serves to keep
The hectic in that faded cheek,
And he shall, haply, make reply
Thus—with his head shook, or his eye—
He is a scared, though kindly slave,
And hath but listen'd from some screen,
Some nook—those woes which she would have
Unheard at least, if not unseen.

As years, with sullen flow, creep by,
E'en grief will find a soft decline,
And she will sit and muse and sigh,
Still answering less by word than sign.
But when the moon hangs, red and broad,
Above the deep, on his shadowy road,
I've heard her scream—loud as those may
Convuls'd at heart with some strange shock,
And laugh,—fantastic—as the spray
When the wild billow meets the rock—

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"They scoop'd his grave the ocean-brim,
There, on the green-flood's very verge,
That, every sun, the restless surge
Might sweep away all trace of him.
But yet, methinks, he'll better rest
Even in the changeful ocean's breast,
Than in yon field's sepulchral bed,
Where every day some armed heel,
That help'd to thrust down England's weal,
May stalk above his lowly head.

"Yes—even the hireling priests are gone
To hymn the scornful Conqueror,
And leave their—loyal love—to her,
The worm—they would have trod upon.
Though they have left me here alone,
And kneel before the Norman's throne,
I still can weep, and ask the waters
To see his tomb—and wait their leave—
There's no one to revenge these slaughters,
But there's a heart still left to grieve.

"It was an hour of agony———
E'en now I feel that mortal sick'ning,
Those fainting pangs of soul—to see
The corses gash'd, and life-blood thick'ning,
And still to be compell'd to trace
The lines of each distorted face—
But oh! when I had fix'd mine eye
On his pale brow and raven hair,
And when they let me kiss them there,
What bliss it would have been to die!

——"They say, the day—the hour he perish'd,
The peacock that his hand caress'd
Did droop and hide; nor those that cherish'd
Could tempt him to his wonted nest.
He would not grace the victor's gate,
Nor help to swell his insolent state;—
But when the autumn leaves were strewn,
And the bare boughs the blasts were shaking,
He died—contented and forsaken;
So hard it is to pine—alone.

"But summer leaves are still the greenest,
And turn them where the beam falls strongest;
Even so, the men whose souls are meanest,
Where fortune's kindest, smile the longest.
Yet there's a charm in a true grief
For one beloved—a wild relief
In constant, though in hopeless sorrow;
And if to-night the envious wave
Shall snatch these chaplets from his grave,
I've sweeter flowers and tears to-morrow.

"The laurel I'll bring, with the bitter rue—
The rose, and the violet's breath of gladness,
And that shade-loving lily, of tender hue,
In its dark broad leaf—like love in sadness;
And the stately flower of the chestnut tree,
In sign of his nobility;—

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The milk-white cups, that arch to the sky,
And the drooping leaves, recal to mind
The soul so gentle, yet so high,
That could be lofty, and still be kind.

"And, as the wreath must soon decay,
And the waves sweep o'er it, where 'tis lying,
O would that, so, I might pass away,
And their hour of blow be mine of dying.
I ask no more, but calm to rest,
On the grave of him that I loved best,
To share his tomb so wild and lonely,
By foes and friends at once forgot,
Where the eye of memory glanceth not,
And the wave and moon-beam visit only."

T. D.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."
MATT. xxvi. 30.

1.
Messias.
Now is the Father glorified,
And I in him and he in me;
Now will he glorify his Son,
And seat him at his side.
A little while, and ye no more shall see,
Nor follow me where I am gone:
Our toil is well nigh finish'd now,
And heaven and earth, and sea and sky,
Before the Son of Man shall bow,
When he is lifted high!
A crown shall be around his brow—
And death and hell shall sink and die!
Peace be to him that giveth peace,
And woe to him that worketh woe,
The captived man shall find release,
The proud oppressor fallen low,
Shall feel his own sharp scourge, and all his tortures know.

2.
Semichorus Apostolorum.
The King the prophets prophecied,
The Lord of earth and heaven—
Now to his chosen race is given!
Now hath the bridegroom sought the bride!
Rejoice ye lands! Shiloh is come,
And seeks in glory his long lost home.
Now bid the trumpet's echoes swell,
Bear him in triumph to David's throne!
There shall our Lord for ever dwell,
And bless the land he call'd his own!

3.
Chorus Apostolorum.
The lamp is lighted now,
No hand shall quench its beam again;
Yea, wide and wider shall it glow,
And lighten on the sons of men,
And every heart shall fear and bow,
In silence then!
When Moses stood before the Lord
On Sinai, and heard his word—
Thunders roll'd, and lightnings shone,
And clouds were round Jehovah's throne;
The sky was rent, the mountains reel'd,
And high the mandates there reveal'd.
But oh! what mortal tongue may say
The wonders of the second day—
When bands of seraphim shall bring
Emanuel in all his power;
And cherubim shall hail their king
Enthroned in Salem's tower!

4.
Messias.
Go on your way in peace,
And walk before your God,
In fear, in love, in righteousness.
Let every earth-born jarring cease,
And tread the path that I have trod;
Through pain, and danger, and distress,
A little while, and I shall sleep,
And it is yours to mourn and weep
Your lord and master gone.
But fear ye not, you are my sheep—
Still shall your Shepherd lead you on;
The Comforter from heaven descends,
And wonders, power, and mighty deeds
Shall mark his way even to the ends
Of all the earth, and where he leads
The stubborn proudest spirit bends.
When I have burst the fetters of the tomb,
And at my Father's own right hand,
With thousand saints in glory stand,
Then shall the Holy Spirit come!

5.
Semi-chorus.
Mourn, Israel, mourn!
Thy Lord is torn
With hate's sharp knife, and envy's thorn,
Oh woe! oh woe!

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That none may feel, and none can know!
Thy God is made a mock and scorn;
Weep for the misery that cometh on thee,
Yea, more dreadful will it be,
Than when the fierce Assyrian won thee,
And thy proud streets flow'd with a bloody sea!

6.
Chorus.

Now, Sion, art thou cast away!
Thy name is sunk for ever!
Gone is thy pride and gone thy stay,
Yea, thou art cast away!
Thy vine shall blossom never;—
Thou art overthrown in other lands,
No friend shall weep over thee;—
Cruel and hostile hands
Wait to uncover thee!
Thy glory is darken'd, and turn'd into shame;
Oh where are thy ancient deeds, where is thy fame?
How shall the Gentile glory now,
That she the Empress lieth low;
Rejected of her Lord, and spoil'd her former name!

7.
Messias.

Yea from the fix'd foundation-stone,
Yon Temple's towers must fall!
The shrine where God had fix'd his throne—
The seat the Father call'd his own—
Shall vanish all!
And dark and long the night shall be,
Where desolation hovers o'er
Thy sons and thee!
Then shall be signs ne'er seen before,
Yea signs in heaven and signs on earth;
Then shall the dreadful word go forth!
Thou art my chosen race no more;
While the proud eagle wings his flight,
Amid the darkness of the night,
And claps his wings in joy to hear
The groan that tells him death is near;
Then shalt thou darkness dread—but more the coming light!

8.
Semi-chorus.

Oh, who shall pray to God! Oh woe!
Who shall avert the destined blow?
What be the holy sacrifice?
When altars smoke and perfumes rise,
Go, Israel, go!
And weep and pray—Oh no! Oh no!
Thy end is near.
Thou shalt not tempt thy God again;
Now be thy portion wail, and fear,
Contempt and pain!
As thou received thy Lord—so be thy fate with men.

9.
Chorus.

What glorious vision meets our eyes,
A new Jerusalem in the skies!
For earth and sea have passed away,
And hark! eternal spirits say—
"Now hath God fix'd his throne with men,
They shall his people be.—
No weeping shall be heard again,
And death thou shalt not see,—
For all that were have passed away."
No temple riseth there—
God is himself their holy shrine,
The Lamb their temple fair!
They have no sun, no day, no night,
But God is their eternal light!
And thousand saints in glory there,
Raise high their golden harps in air,
And echo back the strain,
"Worthy the Lamb who died to save,
Who broke the bondage of the grave;
Who died and lives again!
His be the conqueror's meed, for Death himself was slain!"

THE STEAM-BOAT;

Or, The Voyages and Travels of Thomas Duffle, Cloth-merchant in the Saltmarket of Glasgow.

No. VIII.

When I had abundantly satisfied my curiosity with the curious things of London, I was admonished by my purse, which had suffered a sore bowel complaint from the time of my arrival, that it behoved me to think of taking it to grass and replenishment in the Salt-market. Accordingly after settling counts with Mrs Damask, I got a hackney to carry my portmanty to the wharf, where I embarked on board the Mountaineer steam-boat, bound, God willing, to the Port of Leith.

I had not been long on board when, lo! and behold who should I see, flourishing his cane, but that nice, good-tempered, fat man, whose genius and talents in the abstruse art of song writing make such a figure in Blackwood's Magazine.

"Hey, Doctor!" quo I at length; "Hegh, sirs, but a sight of you here is gude for sair een—whar d'ye come frae?"

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The Doctor, who is a pawkie loon, as is well kent, said nothing at first, but looking as it were down at me with an inquisitive and jealousing ee, cried out, in his funny way, "Whar did that creature speak frae? Lord sake, Tammy Duffle, how came ye here? What's ta'en you a gallanting out o' the Salt-Market? I thought the Gallowgate would hae been the farthest o' your tramps. But ye hae nae doubt been up wi' a cargo o' your loyalty to the Coronation. Lord sake, man, but I'm glad to see you: I have nae had the visibility o' a Christian face since the Heavens kens when, Tammy."

In this way the Odontist for a space o' time continued his mirthful devices till the vessel was put under way by the steam being set on, when we had some solid conversation thegether—in the first place anent the news from Glasgow, of which the Doctor was in great want, by reason of his long absence; and in the second, concerning the Doctor's experience, and observes on the kingdom of France, and the city of Paris, appertaining thereto. But as it is his full intention to give the world some narration of his travels, it would be a breach of confidence to rehearse herein what he told to me.

While we were thus holding a jocose conversation, a gentleman that had the look of a divine joined in with us, and he being taken with the Doctor's funny sayings, began to ettle at something of the sort himself; and upon his suggestion the Doctor, and him, and me, retired to a corner by ourselves, where the Odontist called on the steward to bring us a bottle of the port out of his basket of sea-stores; for the Doctor, being a man of a jolly as well as a jocose humour, had laid in a plentiful extra supply of divers sorts of good wines.

This stranger turned out to be no other than the Rev. Mr Birkwhistle, the Minister of Dintonknow. He is an elderly man, of a composed appearance, with something, however, of a peeryweery twinkling about the een, which betrayed that he knew more than he let on. He had been at London on some gospel affair anent the call of a minister; but whether he had been on the leet, and wasna successful, or merely as a visitant—ablins to spy the nakedness of the land, I'll no take it upon me to say; but he had a fouth of queer stories, which it was a curiosity to hear of, in the manner that he discoursed of the same. Among others, he told us of a very surprising thing that befell himself.

THE WIG AND THE BLACK CAT.

Tale, No. XIII.

"By an agreement with the session," said Mr Birkwhistle, "I was invited to preach the action sermon at Kilmartin, and my new wig coming home from Glasgow by the Saltcoats carrier on the Thursday afore, I took it unopened on the Saturday evening in the box to the Manse, where I was to bide during the preachings with the widow. It happened, however, that in going in the stage-fly from my own parish to Kilmartin, a dreadful shower came on, and the box with my new wig thereintil, being on the outside tap of the coach, the wind flew and the rain fell, and by the help and colleagury of the twa, the seams of the box were invaded, and the wig, when I took it out on the Saturday night, was just a clash o' weet.

"At that time o' night, there wasna a barber to be had for love or money within three miles o' the Manse; indeed I dinna think, for that matter, there was a creature o' the sort within the bounds and jurisdictions of the parish; so that I could make no better o't than to borrow the dredge-box out of the kitchen, and dress the wig with my own hands.

"Although Mr Keckle had been buried but the week before, the mistress, as a' minister's wives of the right gospel and evangelical kind should be, was in a wholesome state of composity, and seeing what I was ettling at, said to me, the minister had a blockhead whereon he was wont to dress and fribble his wig, and that although it was a sair heart to her to see ony other man's wig upon the same, I was welcome to use my freedoms therewith. Accordingly, the blockhead, on the end of a stick, like the shank of a carpet-besom, was brought intil the room; and the same being stuck into the finger-hole of a buffet-stool, I set myself to dress and fribble with my new wig, and Mrs Keckle the while sat beside me, and we had some very

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edifying conversation indeed, concerning the vexations of spirit that all flesh is heir to.

"During our discoursing, as I was not a deacon at the dressing of wigs, I was obligated now and then to contemplate and consider the effect of my fribbling at a distance, and to give Mrs Keckle the dredge-box to shake the flour on where it was seen to be wanting. But all this was done in great sincerity of heart between her and me; although, to be sure, it was none of the most zealous kind of religion on my part, to be fribbling with my hands and comb at the wig, and saying at the same time with my tongue, orthodox texts out of the Scriptures. Nor, in like manner, was it just what could be hoped for, that Mrs Keckle, when I spoke to her on the everlasting joys of an eternal salvation, where friends meet to part no more, saying, "a bit pluff with the box there, on the left curls," (in the way of a parenthesis,) that she wouldna feel a great deal; but for all that, we did our part well, and she was long after heard to say, that she had never been more edified in her life, than when she helped me to dress my wig on that occasion.

"But all is vanity and vexation of spirit in this world of sin and misery. When the wig was dressed, and as white and beautiful to the eye of man as a cauliflower, I took it from off its stance on the blockhead, which was a great short-sightedness of me to do, and I prinned it to the curtain of the bed, in the room wherein I was instructed by Mrs Keckle to sleep. Little did either me or that worthy woman dream of the mischief that was then brewing and hatching, against the great care and occupation wherewith we had in a manner regenerated the periwig into its primitive style of perfectness.

"You must understand, that Mrs Keckle had a black cat, that was not past the pranks of kittenhood, though in outwardly show a most douce and well comported beast; and what would ye think Baudrons was doing all the time that the mistress and me were so eydent about the wig? She was sitting on a chair, watching every pluff that I gave, and meditating with the device of an evil spirit, how to spoil all the bravery that I was so industriously endeavouring to restore into its proper pedigree and formalities. I have long had a notion that black cats are no overly canny, and the conduct of Mrs Keckle's was an evidential kithing to the effect, that there is nothing of uncharitableness in that notion of mine; howsomever, no to enlarge on such points of philosophical controversy, the wig being put in order, I carried it to the bed-room, and, as I was saying, prinned it to the bed-curtains, and then went down stairs again to the parlour to make exercise, and to taste Mrs Keckle's mutton ham, by way of a relish to a tumbler of toddy, having declined any sort of methodical supper.

"Considering the melancholious necessity that had occasioned my coming to the Kilmartin Manse, I was beholden to enlarge a little after supper with Mrs Keckle, by which the tumbler of toddy was exhausted before I had made an end of my exhortation, which the mistress seeing, she said that if I would make another cheerer she would partake in a glass with me. It's no my habit to go such lengths at ony time, the more especially on a Saturday night; but she was so pressing that I could not but gratify her, so I made the second tumbler, and weel I wat it was baith nappy and good; for in the brewing I had an ee to pleasing Mrs Keckle, and knowing that the leddies like it strong and sweet, I wasna sparing either of the spirit bottle or the sugar bowl. But I trow both the widow and me had to rue the consequences that befell us in that night, for when I went up again intil the bed-room, I was what ye would call a thought off the nail, by the which my sleep wasna just what it should have been, and dreams and visions of all sorts came hovering about my pillow, and at times I felt, as it were, the bed whirling round.

"In this condition, with a bit dover now and then, I lay till the hour of midnight, at the which season, I had a strange dream—wherein I thought my wig was kindled by twa candles of a deadly yellow light, and then I beheld, as it were, an imp of darkness dancing at my bed-side, whereat I turned myself round, and covered my head with the clothes, just in an eerie mood, between sleeping and waking. I had not, however, lain long in that posture, when I felt, as I thought, a hand claming softly over the bed-clothes like a temptation, and

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it was past the compass of my power to think what it could be. By and by I heard a dreadful thud on the floor, and something moving in the darkness, so I raised my head in a courageous manner to see and question who was there. But judge what I suffered, when I beheld, by the dim glimmer of the star-light of the window, that the curtains of the bed were awfully shaken, and every now and then what I thought a woman with a mutch keeking in upon me. The little gude was surely busy that night, for I thought the apparition was the widow, and that I saw Cluty himself at every other keek she gave, looking at me o'er her shoulder with his fiery een. In short, the sight and vision grew to such a head upon me, that I started up, and cried with a loud voice, "O! Mistress Keckle, Mistress Keckle, what's brought you here?" The sound of my terrification gart the whole house dirl, and the widow herself, with her twa servan lasses, with candles in their hands, came in their flannen coaties to see what was the matter, thinking I had gane by myself, or was taken with some sore dead-ill. But when the lights entered the room, I was cured of my passion of amazement, and huddling intil the bed aneath the clothes, I expounded to the women what had disturbed me, and what an apparition I had seen—not hinting, however, that I thought it was Mrs Keckle. While I was thus speaking, one of the maidens geid a shrill skirling laugh, crying, "Och hon, the poor wig!" and sure enough no thing could be more humiliating than the sight it was; for the black cat, instigated, as I think, by Diabolus himself to an endeavour to pull it down, had with her claws combed out both the curls and the pouther; so that it was hinging as lank and feckless as a tap of lint, just as if neither the mistress nor me had laid a hand upon it. And thus it was brought to light and testimony, that what I had seen and heard was but the deevil of a black cat louping and jumping to bring down my new wig for a playock to herself, in the which most singular exploits she utterly ruined it; for upon an examine next day the whole faculty of the curls was destroyed, and great detriment done to the substance thereof."

The Odontist, at the end of Mr Birkwhistle's story, applied himself to seduce from her taciturnity a matronly woman, that uttered herself in a sort of Englified Scotch, or, as the Doctor said in a by way, winking with a drollery that was itself an entertainment to me—"Her words are just a mixture of pease and sweeties."

"Madam," quo' the Odontist, "as ye seem to have had some experience of man, ye'll just gie us a bit tig and gae by, in the shape of some wee couthy tale; and to help to oil the hinge of your tongue—hae, take a glass o' wine."

"Ye're very obligatory," said the mistress; "and I thank you for this great proof of your politesse and expedience. But deed, Doctor, I have met with nothing of a jocosity to entertain the like of you, saving a sore fright that I got some years ago, the which, in all particulars, was one of the most comical misfortunes that ever happened to any single woman, far less to a desolate widow like me.'

TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.

Tale, No. XIV.

"Ye should ken, Doctor, and gentlemen, and ladies, that I am, by reason of birth, parentage, and education, an Edinburgh woman. But, in course of time, it so fell out, that when I was married, I found myself left a widow in the city of Bristol; upon the which yevent I took up a house in Clifton,—nae doubt, Doctor, ye have heard often enough tell o' Clifton,—and living there, as I was saying, I took a wearying fit to see my kith and kin in Scotland, and so set out in the coach, with the design and intent of travelling by night and by day to Edinburgh, straight through, without stopping. I'll never forget, to the day I die, what befell me in that journey, by a nocturnal reciprocity with a poor young man.

"We took him in on the road, where he was waiting for the carriage, with an umbrella under his oxter, and a bundle in his hand. The sight of him was a sore thing, for his eyes were big and blue, his cheeks skin and bone, and

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he had a boot that was just dreadful. It was death rapping with his knuckle at the chamber door of the poor creature's precious soul. But we travelled on, and I said to the young man that his friends were making a victim of him. He, however, had no fear, saying he was going home to try the benefit of his native air.

"When we came, I think it was to the town of Lancaster, I steppit out to get a chop of dinner, leaving the lad in the coach, and when I had received a refreshment, and taken my seat again, I saw he was busy with his bundle, in the custody of which he had a bottle and a veal pye. Heavens preserve us! quo' I, what poison is that ye have been murdering yourself with?—But he only laughed to see the terror I was in. For a' that, to think of a man with such a coughing host, eating such a peppery conservatory as a pye, and tasting of the deadly indecorum of a brandy bottle, was a constipation of affliction that I cannot sufficiently express.

"However, nothing happened for some time, but the coach hurled, he hosted, and the night it was growing dark; at last he gave, as ye would say, a skraik, and fell as dead as a doornail, with the pye and the bottle on the seat before me.

"At first, as ye may think, I was confounded, but presently I heard a lad that was ree with drink singing on the top of the coach; so being my leeful lane with the dead body, I put my head out at the window, and bade the coachman to stop. It was by this time quite dark.

"I'll be very much obligated to you," quo' I to the driver, "if ye'll let the gentlemen that's singing so blythely come in beside me; for the poor lad that was here has taken an ill turn."

"The coachman very civilly consented to this, and the drunken nightingale was allowed to come in; but before he got the door opened, I took care to set the corpse upright, and to place it all in order with the bundle in its hand on its knee.

"Friend," said I to the ree man, "ye'll be so good as to keep this poor lad in a steady posture, for he has had a low turn, and maybe it'll be some time before he recover."

"I'll do that," said he; and accordingly he sat beside the dead man and held him up, as away the coach went with us all three.

"I wish, ma'am," said the supporter, after having sat sometime silent, "that the man be not already dead, for I do not think he breathes."

"Don't trouble him," quo' I, "he's but in a low way."

We had not gone far till he lifted the dead man's arm and let it fall, and it fell like a lump of clay.

"By heaven, he's dead!" said my living companion in alarm; "he does not breath, and his hand is as powerless as a knuckle of veal."

"Cannot you let the man alone," said I; "how would you like to be so fashed if ye had fainted yourself? I tell you it's no decent to be meddling with either his feet or hands."

Upon my saying which words, the drunken fool, holding up the body with his left hand, lifted one of its legs and let it drop.

"Madam," said he, in a mournful voice, "he does not breath, he has no power in his hands, and his leg's a dead log. I'll bet ten to one, he's dead."

"Surely," quo' I, "no poor woman was ever so tormented as I am—what business have you either to bet or bargain on the subject? Cannot ye in a peaceable manner just do as I bid you, and keep the poor man in a christian posture?"

"But for all that, we had not driven far till the inquisitive fellow put his hand into the bosom of the corpse.

"By jingo, madam," said he, "if this ben't a dead man, the last oyster I swallowed is living yet—he does not breathe, his hand's powerless, his leg can't move, and his heart don't beat. The game's all up with him, depend upon't, or my name's not Jack Lowther."

"Well, I declare, Mr Lowther," quo' I, "I never met the like of you—who ever heard of a man dying in a stage-coach? I am surprised ye could think of mentioning such a thing to a leddy. It's enough to frighten me out of my judgment—for the love of peace, Mr Lowther, hold your tongue about death, and hand up the man till we get to Kendal."

"I may hold him up—that I don't refuse; but ma'am," said Mr Lowther, "the poor fellow is already food for worms. Feel his bosom, put in your hand—do pray. By Jingo, he is as cold

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as a frog, and as dead as a leg of mutton. I have given him such a pinch, that if he had a spark of life it must have made him jump."

"Mr Lowther," said I, with great sincerity, "ye're a most extraordinary perplexity, to nip the man in that way. It's enough to cause his death—I am surprised ye have so little regard to humanity."

"So with some converse of the same sort, we at last reached the inn door at Kendal, and when the waiter came with a candle to see who would light for supper, I said to him, "Let me quietly out, for there's a dead man in the coach beside me." The waiter uttered a cry of terrification, and let the candle fall in the dub, but in an instant twenty other lights came flaming, and a crowd gathered around us, while Mr Lowther jumped out of the carriage, like a creature by himself, and was like to faint with the thought of having travelled in the company of a corpse. And to be surely, it was not a very pleasant companion we had; however, it gave me a warning never to travel by night again; for I was needcessitated to bide till the coroner had made a questification of my testimony, and I got no sleep, neither that night, nor for three after, with the thought of sitting in a coach with a dead body, holding a veal pye and a brandy bottle in its hand—which every one must allow was a concurrence of a very alarming kind to a single woman."——

When the Englified Edinburgh lady had made an end of her story, the Doctor gave me a nodge on the elbow, and said with a winking, to let me ken he was but in jocularity, "Now, Tammy, ye'll see how I'll squabash them;" and with that, he addressed himself aloud to the company of passengers assembled round us—saying how he was diverted by the stories he had heard, but that he had one of his own to tell, more extraordinary than them all, with other preliminary observes of the same sort, to waylay the attention.—

THE ODONTIST'S MONKEY.

TALE, No. XV.

"I had a monkey once—it was just like a French wean—a' mouth and een. It came from Senegal, or Gibraltar, or the Ape-hill of Africa—whilk o' the three, gude kens. But it was nae ane of the common clanjamphrey that ye see at fairs—it was a douce monkey, wi' nane o' that devilry and chatter of the showman's tribe; it was as composed as a provost, and did all its orders and ends in a methodical manner. Lordsake, but it had amaist as muckle gumpshion as my friend Tammy here, and I took a pleasure in the education of the creature—I have long had a conceit that the auld way of education is no conducted in a proper manner, and therefore I tried a new device o' my ain with Puggy. Noo, attend to what am telling—for if ye dinna follow the thread o' my discourse, ye'll lose the end o't alltogether.

Ae morning I was sitting writing a bit sang for Blackwood's—His Magazine couldna go on without me—when I observed Puggy watching me wi' the e'e of a philosopher or a professor—ye ken the ane's as wise as the other—I took a vizy at the beast, and I said till't, "Puggy, come here," and it was on the table like a flea. "Dost thou think, Puggy," quo' I, "thou could'st learn to write?"—I was just confoundit to see the thing at the words take a pen and dip it into the ink bottle, and then look up in my face and gie a nod, as much as to say —"I'll try, set me a copy."

"So I set the sensible beast a copy in strokes, and it then began after me. It's strokes were better than mine—I was dumfoundered, and next tried it in the A. B. C.—no Chinese copiator could do half so well.—"I'll make a something as good as a printing-press or the lithography, o' thee, Puggy," said I, patting it on the head.—The creature look'd up weel pleased wi' the compliment; and then I wrote in large text CAT, and pointing to pussy, that was lying on the rug afore the fire, said—'CAT.' Puggy gave a nod, and immediately wrote cat, and pointing to baudrons, gave another nod, and said cat.

"Are ye no the devil?" said I, starting back, and looking to see that it hadna a cloven foot. I then drew in my chair, and gave it another lesson, and for copy, set it 'HAND,' repeat-

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ing the word, and shewing my own—all which Puggy did in the same manner, with a humanity no to be described. In this way on the first morning I taught it to read and write, and speak the name of every thing in the room, and about me.

"The second lesson was more curious than the first. I tried to gie't abstract ideas. There's no a professor o' the metaphysical nonsense, o' a' the colleges, can teach his whippersnapper students like me.

"I laid a book on a chair, and going to my place at the table, I went back and brought the book to it, and laid it on the table, and then I wrote the word FETCH. Puggy was fash'd a wee at first, but by and by it suited the action to the word, as Will Shakespeare says, and I soon saw it understood me like another Solomon. Then I wrote ME, but without speaking it, mind that, and touched myself. Puggy likewise wrote ME, and, coming forward, touched me, and looking up in my face, shewed that it understood that I was me.—BOOK it had learnt the day before, as I was telling you, so that when I laid the volume back again on the chair, and said, "Puggy, fetch me the book," it jumpit away and brought it as cleverly as a fairy.——

Here the Doctor made a full stop, for every body was listening in credulous admiration, and then he rose from the table, and, flourishing his switch, twirled round like a totum, and made all the echoes of the coast ring with his laughter at having so quizzed the natives.

Thus passed the first afternoon of my retour by the Mountaineer, and the next day being blasty and bleak, nobody was in a humour either to tell or to hear stories; but on the morning of the third, as we came in sight of the Bass, the sun came so brightly out of his bed ayont the sea, to run his race rejoicing, that we felt the strength of man renewed within us, and the Doctor, being as blithe as a bumbee in a summer morning, immediately after breakfast began, like that busy creature humming from flower to flower, to gather tales and pleasant stories from all around him.

When we had arranged our stools after breakfast on the deck, and chosen the Odontist preses of the sitting, he looked around with his hawk's eye, and fixing on a young man of a demure and clerical look, said to him, "Friend, let's see what ye hae gotten in your pack; open, and shew's your wares." With that the austere lad answered that he would relate a story suitable to the place and the objects around us.

THE COVENANTER.

TALE, No. XVI.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, with a grave voice, "that there are some among us who consider the reverend gentleman's story as a derogatory picture of the Scottish clergy. I think those who do so, have allowed their understandings to be seduced into a reverence for forms and ceremonies, totally inconsistent with that familiar and domestic piety which is characteristic of the Presbyter, and enters into all he does and says. The new-fangled formalities that are corrupting the simplicity of the Presbyterian worship—the papistical ringing of "the sacring bell"* before the minister enters the pulpit, and the heartless trills of those hireling and prelatic choirs that have been substituted in some places for "the praises of the congregation," are abominations which our ancestors would have laughed down, or swept away with the besom of destruction, as they did the trumpery of the monks and prelates. I say this the more seriously, because of late a spirit seems to have gone abroad, at war with that reverence which Scottish hearts were once taught to cherish for the martyrs of their national religion. But, sir, when those perishable temples which vanity purposes to raise to the learned and the valiant, are crumbled into dust, yon monument, which the Divine Architect himself has raised, will stand sublime amidst the so-

* "The sacring bell" is the small bell which is rung to announce the elevation of the Host, and before the curtain is drawn, in the mummery of the Mass.

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litudes of the waters, a witness and a testimony to all true Scotchmen of the intrepid virtue of their pious forefathers.

"The tale which I intend to tell you relates to the Bass Isle, towards which we are now steering; and it has been recalled to my remembrance by the sight of North Berwick Law, at the bottom of which, in the church-yard of the town, is the tomb of John Blackader, the martyr, a man whom power could not daunt, nor suffering subdue; nor the pains and infirmities of sickness impair the invincible firmness of his holy integrity. In this backsliding age, it is a proud thing for Scotland to have witnessed the late breaking forth of the good old spirit; for when the GREAT UNKNOWN, as some call him, put out his tale of Old Mortality, true Presbyterians conceived that he had laid an irreverent hand on the ark of our great national cause, the Covenant; and, animated by the spirit of ancient zeal, immediately began to repair the tombs of the martyrs in almost every place where they had fallen into decay. Mr Blackader's has been repaired;* and it is with exultation I state, that, among the school-boys of my native town, a little subscription has restored two similar monuments, that were, till the publication of "The Tales of My Landlord,"

"With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-grown."

"The martyr of whom I shall now give you some account, was by birth a gentleman, even a baronet, though he never took up the title. His great-grandfather, Sir Robert Pont, by the mother's side, was minister of St Cuthbert's church, and also a Lord of Session. In 1595, he was Moderator of the General Assembly. This inheritance of religion and honour gave elevation to the character and sentiments of young Blackader, who, in 1653, was ordained to the ministry, and presented to the parish of Troqueer, in Galloway. Here, for nine years, he proved himself an able and vigilant pastor, and was among the first who resisted the violation of the Presbyterian worship. Supported by other manly champions of the testimony,† he bravely

* It is uncertain by whom the tombs of the martyrs were raised; but it deserves to be particularly recorded, to the honour of the inhabitants of North Berwick, that Mr Blackader's was repaired and the epitaph renewed by subscription. The epitaph deserves a place in our work, not merely on account of the feeling by which it was dictated, but as a fine specimen of that grave and venerable simplicity which is one of the historical characteristics of that time.

EPITAPH.

Blest John, for Jesus' sake, in Patmos bound,
His prison Bethel, Patmos Pisgah found;
So the bless'd John, in yonder rock confined,—
His body suffer'd, but no chains could bind
His heaven-aspiring soul; while day by day,
As from Mount Pisgah's top, he did survey
The promised land, and view'd the crown by faith
Laid up for those who faithful are till death.
Grace form'd him in the Christian Hero's mould,—
Meek in his own concerns—his Master's bold;
Passions to Reason chained, Prudence did lead,—
Zeal warm'd his breast, and Reason cool'd his head.
Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode,
He Enoch-like enjoy'd and walk'd with God;
Till, by long living on this heavenly food,
His soul by love grew up too great, too good
To be confined to jail, or flesh and blood.
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow; and, by angels led,
Enter'd the mansions of eternal joy;—
Blest soul, thy warfare's done, praise, live, enjoy.
His dust here rests till Jesus come again,—
Even so, blest Jesus, come—come, Lord—Amen.

† Among these were Mr Francis Irvine of Kirkmahoe, afterwards a fellow-prisoner in the Bass; John Campbell of Torthorwald; William Hay of Holywood; Robert rchibald of Dunscore; John Welch of Irongray, and Gabriel Semple of Kirkpatrick-

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threatened, in the Synod of Dumfries, to depose as enemies to the national religion, whoever among them should dare to comply with the new ceremonies, or to take that oath of supremacy which an unprincipled court was then attempting to force upon the people.* For this he incurred the penalties proclaimed in the order for the persecution, issued at Glasgow in October, 1662, and a party of the Guards were sent from Dumfries to seize him. He, however, escaped; but his wife and young children were rudely treated by the soldiery, and driven from the Manse, without knowing where to find shelter or protection, save only in the goodness of Providence.

"The conduct of the people, during those outrages, was singularly exemplary. They often in bands met the clergymen, whom laxer notions of the Presbyterian forms induced to accept of livings so coercively made vacant, and implored them with tears, not to profane the worship of God by entering where they were forbidden guests. And when they beheld their faithful pastors dragged away like felons by the blasphemous gangs of Claverhouse and Lauderdale, they cheered them with blessings as they passed, and prayed often on their knees for that retribution on the Persecutor, that has since been showered down upon his line, till not one of the race has been spared any longer to defile the face of the earth.

"After the expulsion from his parish, Mr Blackader took up his abode in Craigdarroch, where, being without the bounds of his own presbytery, he was suffered for about three years to remain unmolested.

"It was a practice among the ejected ministers to preach and baptize in the neighbourhood where chance had fixed their uncertain abode, and this was done, not in contempt of authority, but in commiseration of the necessities of the people, who turned with aversion from the prelatic plague, that, like the frogs of Egypt, afflicted the land. Many of the intruders were no doubt weak persons, of a respectable moral character, but they were "mostly young men from the northern shires, raw, and without any stock of reading or gifts, who, having passed a year or two of philosophy at the College, came southward, greedily gaping after the vacant benefices." The tradesmen assailed their logic with stubborn arguments, while "the laxer of the gentry" staggered their faith with strong drink. To serve as an excuse for not attending "the dreigh work of sic feckless tykes," the church-bell was, in some places, deprived of its tongue. Its weekly admonition was commonly considered as the voice of the oppressor bragging of his power. The consequence of all which was, a neglect of holy ordinances, and a growth of irreligion, that duty and feeling alike commanded the true ministers to oppose, for the people prepared at all hazards to attend them. Military force was, in consequence, let loose, and the sincere worship of God was proclaimed traitorous rebellion against the King.

"At the instance of the Bishop of Galloway, information was lodged against Mr Blackader, as a person guilty

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Durham, two staunch Conventiclers; William M'George of Carlaverock; Hugh Henderson, and George Campbell, both of Dumfries. Mr Campbell survived the Revolution, became Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, and founder of the Theological Library. He was contemporary with Principal Gilbert Rule. An anecdote is told of the indefatigable application and intimate friendship of these two great luminaries. Their lodgings were at a little distance from each other, with windows opposite. Dr Rule used to sit late at his studies, and Professor Campbell to rise early; so that his candle was often lighted before the Doctor's lucubrations were ended. The one went commonly by the name of the Evening Star, and the other of the Morning Star. When the news of the Principal's death was brought to Mr Campbell, he observed, with much emotion, that "since the evening star had gone down, the morning star would soon disappear!"

* The first opposition to the settlement of Curates was at Irongray, in Dumfries Presbytery. The Curate not finding peaceable access at first, returned with an armed force. None ventured to appear openly save women, and those of the lower sort. A troop of these, headed by one Margaret Smith, opposed a party of soldiers that were guarding the Curate, and fairly beat them off with stones. Margaret was apprehended, brought to Edinburgh, and sentenced to be banished to Barbadoes. But, when before the Council, she told her tale with so much simplicity that they commuted the sentence.

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of "leavening the people with disaffection, and alienating the hearts of the lieges from his Majesty's Government"—and by proclamation of Council, he, with others of his late co-presbyters, was accused of unlawfully convocating the subjects in fields and private houses every Sabbath, where they were in the custom of baptizing the children of disloyal persons—Romance is beggared when history records the follies of statesmen.

"Sir James Turner, who commanded the forces, at that time in Dumfriesshire—a ferocious drunkard, and worthy compeer of "the bloody Claverhouse"—on receiving information against Blackader, sent a detachment to arrest him; but he had previously departed with his wife to Edinburgh. In searching the house for him, the soldiers behaved with a brutality grateful to the demon whom their superiors served. They compelled one of the children to hold the candle while they stabbed the beds in which they supposed his parents were concealed.—Another, a mere infant, was so horror-struck by their violence, that he ran naked into the darkness of the night, and was found afterwards at a great distance, in a state of distraction.

"From this period the martyr led a wandering and homeless life; his children were dispersed, and forced to implore shelter wherever charity was brave enough to hazard the penalties of the act against Reset and Converse with the ejected ministers. But oppression only hardened the courageous spirit of the conscientious. Mr Blackader resolutely waged the holy war, and the hill of Beath, in the parish of Dunfermline, was often his pulpit.

"On one occasion when, together with other undaunted antagonists of misgovernment, the martyr was preaching there, a lieutenant of militia, stationed in the neighbourhood, came riding to the spot, and endeavoured with threats and furious gestures to disperse the Covenanters. It was customary for the men who attended those meetings to come armed. One of them having remonstrated in vain with the officer, took his horse coolly by the bridle, and pulling out his pistol, told him if he did not desist from his turbulence, he would blow out his brains, and held him in that state till the sermon was finished. But it is not for me in this hasty sketch to enter into all the particulars of the sufferings of those who have made yonder rock that hallowed monument of Scottish zeal and piety, which it ought ever to be considered.

"Some time after the incident at the hill of Beath, Mr Blackader was seized and sent a prisoner to the Bass, where the hardships he suffered soon destroyed his health. Some minds are so constituted and local, that the privations of confinement are scarcely felt as an evil; but to a man of such an animated temperament as this zealous martyr, the mere imagination of being fastened to a spot, and denied the exercise of his faculties and communion with his kind, was of itself more afflicting than the damp dungeon or the loathsome meal, and the bitter water. It is indeed difficult to picture a more impressive spectacle of solitary misery than that of a venerable old man, sitting alone for hours on the bleak sea-beat rocks, like Prometheus in his chains, gnawed by grief for the woes and sorrows that were laying waste his native land, and the horror and poverty that pursued his own defenceless family.

"After being detained some time on the Bass, his health became so infirm, that upon a representation to the conclave of persecutors, he was allowed, on giving security, to be removed to Haddington, where he soon escaped from all the tyranny of this world—and in ascending to heaven, left the mantle of his zeal a retributive legacy with his family, making them instruments to avenge the sufferings of their country, by essentially contributing to the expulsion of the heartless and licentious Stewarts. His eldest son, William, was employed as a confidential agent by some of the deposed clergy, in secret embassies to their exiled brethren in Holland, who were then engaged in promoting the Revolution, and on these dangerous expeditions he frequently went between the two countries. In one of them he was seized on his landing at Leith, and carried before the Duke of York, who was then in Scotland. His sister was among the crowd who followed him to the examination before his Royal Highness, but she was not permitted to approach her brother near enough to speak to him. She observed him, however, looking at her with an expressive stedfastness, and holding up his hat as

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if to draw her attention particularly to it. Inspired with the idea that this was the mysterious symbol of some important secret, she immediately quitted the Court and returned to Edinburgh, where, on searching his lodgings, she found a hat, with papers concealed in the lining, of such a nature, that had they been discovered, they might have proved fatal evidence against himself as well as others. She instantly, therefore, destroyed them, and by this well-timed resolution anticipated the fearful consequences; for a party came to the house an hour after to search for papers, and finding nothing suspicious, returned with such a favourable report to the Duke, that her brother was immediately liberated; and when the Revolution afterwards took place, he was appointed, chiefly on account of the services he had performed in those secret missions, physician to King William."

Here the austere young man paused in his story, and as we were now alongside of the Bass, he took off his hat with great solemnity, as is done at burials when the respected dead is laid in the grave; and we were all so affected thereat, that we did the same in like manner, and passed along in silence, nothing being heard but the sound of the paddles and the mournful cawing of the sea-birds, which spread far and wide over the waters, like the voices of antiquity that admonish the children of remote times to reverence the memory of all departed worthies. In short, such was the effect of the Covenanter's story, and his earnest way of telling it, that we were all in a solemn mood till we reached the Pier of Leith; even the gay and gallant Odontist, forgetful of all his wonted jollity, walked slowly up and down the deck, whistling "The Flowers of the Forest," in a most pathetic and melancholy manner.

WHIGS OF THE COVENANT.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

My dear sir,

I inclose a letter, which came to me some time ago, addressed to Mr Blackwood's care. The merits of the composition, and the interest of the topic, entitle it to a place in your Magazine.

I am not aware, at this moment, that any other writer has so distinctly described the politico-moral state of the Scottish *people*, as this "Whig of the Covenant." The view which he opens of the subject, deserves the serious consideration of some of your correspondents. Nothing, indeed, can be more opposite than the Presbyterian and Political Whigs—the Whigs of the country, and those of the town, of the Covenant, and of the Parliament House. The former regard the state of religious sentiment, as the chief and main object of their solicitude; the latter have not been uniformly distinguished for any particular respect towards those hallowed prejudices and affections which enter so deeply into the genuine Scottish character; on the contrary, their talents and speculations have been, in a great measure, entirely devoted to secular interests. But it is less with respect to the difference between them, than with regard to the important fact that the Scottish people, in general, are not at this time politicians, that I would solicit your attention. Because the inference must necessarily be, if the fact be as it is stated, and I do believe it is, that the Political Whigs form a very small body indeed in Scotland, and they, perhaps, derive no inconsiderable portion of their public consequence from identifying themselves with that great and grave portion of the nation, whose opinions, from the period of the Revolution, have ever been treated with attention and respect by the government and the legislature; which opinions are in no essential principle in unison with those of the Whigs of the New School.

That there are Presbyterian Whigs who are also Political Whigs, cannot be questioned. But such characters are only to be found in the towns, and in

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public stations or eminent professions. I do not, however, mean to contend, because I am no politician, that there is any inconsistency in the bifold union in the same bosom of principles which have no common affinity, such as those which have for their object the conservation of sacred institutions as they exist, and those which involve the necessity of change; for I conceive the difference between the principles of the Presbyterian and Political Whigs, may be so described. The people of Scotland, as far as the national institutions are concerned, take little interest in public affairs. A few political fanatics and theorists in the manufacturing districts, may, now and then, avail themselves of those occasional periods of distress and privation to which the manufacturers, from the fluctuating nature of trade, are liable, to excite symptoms of commotion and alarm; but it is of great importance to know, that the nation, in general, is still sound and true; that with the frame of their church and state the people are contented, and that their only complaint, where complaint exists, is with respect to the conduct of individuals conspicuous either in the district or in the kingdom. This fact, and every man free from the political typhus of the towns, may easily ascertain its truth and extent—is the more curious and impressive, as shewing the depths and strength of the national feelings; for the social improvements of Scotland, during the last hundred years, have been more striking than those of any other kingdom in Europe; and yet, although it is in some sort the nature of social improvements to engender a contempt for old usages and institutions, the people of Scotland hold theirs in greater veneration than perhaps any other people; and there exists at the present moment, not only a general taste for the preservation of the national customs and antiquities, but even a growing fashion to revive many peculiarities that had either been proscribed or become obsolete. But I am forgetting myself, and the object of addressing you, which was simply to recommend to your notice the inclosed letter.

Yours, &c.

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF THE PARISH."

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF THE PARISH OF DALMAILING," &c.

SIR,

I HAVE been an elder of the Established Church for nearly thirty years; and, with abundant opportunities of observation and leisure, I have often employed my fancy in delineations of parish histories, in the way you have done; but indolence, and the want of confidence in myself, kept the pen motionless, and the paper in its primitive whiteness and purity. You have put an end, I fear, to all my nascent projects in this way, but excited my wish to furnish you with such hints as, peradventure, may give you some aid in your parochial visitations. It is of great importance—indeed it is indispensible, to know the secret and prevailing principles that move the great body of a nation or a parish, and to distinguish them from the professed or avowed motives by which the leaders and retainers of opposing parties pretend to be guided. In the present day, you have two grand divisions of parties, who thrust themselves forward to public view, and call upon the people to follow them implicitly, as leaders, whose perfectibility, they say, may be wholly trusted, and who represent their opponents as stupid, or base, or wicked. One of these parties put on the grave and solemn aspect, of the sheep's clothing of Christian piety, and you might fear that their ribs would all be fractured by the inward swellings of their holy zeal. Another party exhibit themselves in all the golden and gay drapery of *honour*, purified to as great fineness as the sharpest instruments from the cutler's shop, for dividing the flesh of diseased or wounded limbs. But there is a *third* party,

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that numbers in the proportion of perhaps more than a thousand to one, whom those under the cloak of piety and the cloak of honour, like the ancient Pharisees and Sadducees, cordially unite to load with every epithet that denotes vileness and infamy. This third and defamed party bear all the slanders vomited upon them, with much composure, and never shew any symptoms of anger or violence, till hunger and nakedness drive them mad; and the Bible shews, both by precept and example, that even "wise men may be made mad." I would therefore warn you against the leaven of the modern Pharisees and Sadducees; for unless in your future labours as an annalist, you discriminate these from the worthy and upright portion of the community, your exertions will be not only lost, but you may contribute to increase fearfully the evils which unhinge all the sacred bonds that keep society together. There are two parties in the present day, who call themselves Whig and Tory; and if the world were so childishly simple as to believe them, there is no other class except cut-throats and monsters! That there are wise and good men who are classed with the opposing parties called Whigs and Tories, no man of understanding will deny; but that there is one of a thousand of these Whigs and Tories in *Scotland*, who will fearlessly do what is right, in all cases, or in general, is what no man of sense and experience will believe. The mainspring is manifest to the most rustic but shrewd observation. A sagacious man from among a sober and honest population, enters, or, as too often happens, is compelled to enter a court of law, and there he sees and hears two eminent pleaders on opposite sides of a cause, speak, and gesticulate, and contradict, and attack each other, with as much earnestness and regulated bitterness as if they were the real parties, and till their faces are as red with passion as the necks of Turkey-cocks, and till the hail of perspiration runs down their cheeks in copious streamlets. The honest countryman admires the sincerity of these eloquent gentlemen; but as an unsound, instead of a sound horse has sometimes been imposed upon him, he suspends his faith a little, for farther observation; he follows and watches them; he sees them meet in smiling and cordial kindness, laughing at their mock battle; he observes them depart and dine with one another, and is told that they are most intimate and sworn friends. He is now convinced that the fees—the precious and darling cash, was the sole moving cause of all the theatrical sincerity and pugnacious contention, and that, without the *bawbees*, they would have been as stationary and mute as lobsters. This unsuspecting countryman has learned what he never forgets as a general rule for estimating *verbal* sincerity, and his rule is confirmed by the sentence of the Court, who believe neither the one lawyer nor the other, but send them off to seek other and better reasons, or decide the question in a way offensive to both. The conclusion of the rustic is made in coarse but sturdy phrase, which I dare not put down, lest the hysterical Whigs, as well as the silken Tories, should be offended.

Common sense is the same among all ranks, but it is prodigiously sharpened, and acute, among those who are put to their wits end, by finding insolence and *power combined* against reason and conscience. The countryman returns home, and what he saw and heard circulates quietly among his neighbours, who have the same hopes and fears, and who suspect, from the fine *patriotic* talk, and polite duplicity of the gay and powerful around them, that their superiors are the same every where, and that the safety of their religion, property, and lives, consists in that sullen silence, and fierce vigilance which the American settler, in the wilderness, must maintain against the Indians and wild beasts.

When the great body of a people come to be prepared in this way, and with far greater rapidity and effect than by what is vulgarly called the *licentiousness of the press*, the *nominal* Whigs, and *nominal* Tories, sink into utter and universal contempt, and this contempt, with one class, settles down into a rooted and permanent hatred; and, with another, into merriment or broad laughter. The world sees, that, like lawyer craft, the struggle between these *nominal* parties, is for the public purse *only*, for the "filthy lucre." Each of them is calling on the people to support them. The people, if they have food, fuel, lodging, and clothing, stand by with a provoking apathy, or

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with a ludicrous stare and grin. In Scotland, these two nominal parties seem totally ignorant of the state of public opinion. The native population of Scotland, with some trifling exceptions, consists wholly of the *Whigs of the Covenant*, differing as widely from the nominal and prominent Whigs of our day, as the apostle Peter differed from that smooth, cunning, and thievish priest, Doctor Judas Iscariot. The intelligent and upright Tories, at the Revolution, in 1688, had the good sense to agree with the *Whigs* of the *Covenant*, that is, the *truly religious Whigs*, who most amply proved their *faith* by their *conduct*. The Whigs of the Covenant would have driven our infidel and treacherous Whigs from their society, with scorn. In drawing up farther Parish Annals, keep this constantly in view. In hostility to the poor—to the rights of the church—to *real* religious instruction—and to faithful ministers, the *nominal* Whigs and *nominal* Tories are completely of one mind. I intended to have given you some short specimens, to show how the *Whigs* of the *purse*, and the *man-midwives* to Parson *Malthus*, exhibit their *political* faith in *parish affairs*. But my letter is perhaps far too long—and therefore I have the honour to subscribe myself

A WHIG OF THE COVENANT.*

P. S. In the meantime, I recommend to your attentive perusal, the answer of the Kirk-session of Neilston to the Heritors' Publication, against them, printed at Paisley, 1820, in which you will see how the *grand principle that alone governs* the bastard Whigs and the bastard Tories, shews itself in country parishes, for the edification of his Majesty's subjects, to the astonishment of all wise men, and for the amusement of the infidels.

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* We should be happy to receive some of the *personal* observations of THIS WHIG. C. N.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, DECLINE, AND FALL OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"It hath once and again been observed by me, in my Notice of the Works of Nature, that there be something like unto a power of chance to be seen therein, in divers instances. For I have often witnessed a tree to spring up on a thin and barren soil, and to rear mighty boughs and overarching, so as well to be deserving of Dan Virgil's *ipse nemus*. Why so no man knoweth unto a certainty. So likewise fareth it with the same tree in its decay. For it becometh sapless and doddered, one knoweth not well wherefore; and when the sturdy axe is laid unto the root, lo! the heart thereof is mouldered; and it seemeth to have been, even in that its proud flourishing, all unsound and diseased tree. All of which is a wonder, passing a perfect understanding thereof."—*Sir Stephen Stunthurst's Prose Works, folio*, 343.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW will undoubtedly occupy a distinguished place in the History of Scottish Literature. For the greater part of twenty years no journal was ever more generally read in this country. Some of the French periodical publications may, on account of the diffusion of that language, have distributed more numerous impressions; but it may be confidently averred, that no continental work has excited the same degree of interest. The rise and progress of the Edinburgh Review, while the facts are fresh in the public memory, is therefore an object that merits the gravest consideration; for a series of books, embracing every variety of topic, so much, and so generally read, must, it may be supposed, have produced profound and durable impressions, equally on taste, philosophy, and opinion. And now, when the work has confessedly declined from its original vigour, and fallen into a state of dotage and decay, that oftener awakens sentiments of contempt than compassion towards the contributors, the track of its career ought to be surveyed. The public, with respect to its whole course, now stand, as it were, on that vantage ground of posterity, and can follow its windings and vagrancies, with almost as free a judgment as one traces, on the map of history, the current of some hostile and ambitious tribe or nation.

It is a common opinion, that the Edinburgh Review originated among a number of bold and briefless barristers

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in the northern metropolis, (A) young men, emulous of distinction, some of whom had received the gilding and plating of a short residence at one of the English Universities; and that, eager to obtain distinction more rapidly than it could be obtained by the steady labours, and patient erudition of their profession, they associated together for the express and coalesced purpose, in all their minds, of exhibiting themselves to the most conspicuous advantage, by exposing the vulnerable parts in the writings and powers of those

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(A) The general view taken in the text, considering the comprehensive character of the work in question, has imposed on me the necessity of throwing in a few notes. It was, indeed, not to be expected that the Edinburgh Review, which now amounts to somewhere about six and thirty volumes, could be reviewed either article by article, volume by volume, or critic by critic, in the brief space allowed to our several correspondents; but the force of many of the observations in the text would perhaps not receive due attention, were they permitted to pass to the public without illustration. For example, in alluding to the motives which induced the original contributors to associate together, I ought in candour to mention, that they have themselves, in a separate publication, stated the fact differently, but how far more truly they are the best judges. The publication referred to is their "Two-pence half-penny observations on Thelwall's two and sixpence letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review." If there was any wit in the price, it is a pity they did not make it a penny-farthing.

"It (the Review) is a secondary object with them, and was undertaken more for the purpose of amusement, and of collecting the scattered literature (literary men, we presume) of the place, than from any other motive," (p. 15.)

The Edinburgh Annual Register, for 1809, gives the following account of this matter:—

"A few young men who had just concluded their studies at the University of Edinburgh, and were united together by a similarity of talents and pursuits, conceived a project, (designed, we believe, to be temporary,) to rescue this province of literature (*criticism*) from the state of degradation into which it had gradually sunk, and to give the world what for many years it had not seen, a fair, but at the same time a bold and impartial review of such works as appeared to merit public attention. The scheme of publication, although deeply laid, contained some staggering preliminaries. The associated critics, while they asserted the most uncontrolled freedom from the influence of their publisher, stipulated, it is well known, a subsidy at more than treble the rate allowed to the best, as well as supplest mercenaries which London could afford."

In a pamphlet, "Reviewers Reviewed," by John Charles O'Reid, in 1811, I find something more on the subject, in unison with my statement.

"This Review is said to have originated with two or three young men, fellow-members of a debating society at Edinburgh. At the publication of the first number, it is believed that the age of neither of them exceeded seven-and-twenty; and their names were as yet little known. The honour of being its projector, is generally given to the Rev. Sidney Smith. Mr Francis Jeffrey, its present editor, and Henry Brougham, Esq. were the first who agreed to unite with his their voluntary labours, and to try the experiment for a year. Their success surpassed their expectations. The work *took* with the public, and it soon became a most profitable adventure. They obtained the active concurrence of Professors Playfair and Leslie; and though all their applications, I well know, were by no means successful, several names of great respectability were added to their muster-roll; among others those of Mr Malthus and Mr Horner. The celebrated Dr Walcot (Peter Pindar) is said to have furnished an article relating to the fine arts; and Mr Bloomfield, and Mr Walpole of Cambridge, and Mr R. P. Knight, have been enlisted to supply the deficiency of classical writers on the south side of the Tweed, and to assist in abusing their countrymen. The last of these gentlemen is the Reviewer of the Oxford Strabo. Such is their poverty in this respect, that some most curious anecdotes might be here introduced, to prove the shifts to which they have been reduced. A Scotch nobleman actually begged for Mr Jeffrey an article on Dr Clark's Greek marbles, which was written for the Quarterly Review, and rejected by Mr Gifford, the editor, even after it was printed, as unworthy of that publication."—P. 37.

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authors who had either acquired, or were likely to acquire, any available, political, or popular influence.

This notion of the characters of the original Reviewers is ingenious, and certainly not without plausibility. Criticism, in one respect, is the easiest department of literature, and nothing is more cordial to contemporaries than detraction. To form such an estimate of the merits of a new book, as the judgment of posterity will afterwards sanction, doubtless requires discernment and acumen of a singular and high order; something almost akin to the prophetic sense; for it not only ascertains what is absolutely good, as well as new—not only what is genuine, and what will be found germinative upon future opinions, but anticipates the probable progress of the public mind, and foresees in what respects the work will continue to delight and to affect it. A critic, qualified to take this noble station in criticism, is as rare as the sage who enlarges the circumference of science, and the poet who multiplies the sources of moral delight, and the materials of refined art. But, to pronounce a judgment agreeable to contemporaneous invidia, to point out those blemishes which every eye sees, and those defects which every reader feels, is no difficult task. The works of man are ever to man mean and inferior, for he unconsciously compares them with those of nature; and it is the characteristic of base and sordid intellects, to fasten on the parts where the material and the means employed by the author, to produce his intended effects, most obviously betray the artificial character of his production. The man of true taste overlooks the marks of manipulation, he disregards the blains of the chisel, and the traces of the pencil, and contemplates, with the delicious glow of admiration, those achievements of ingenuity by which the artist has succeeded in imitating the grand general phenomena of his subject, as they would have existed in nature. In judging, therefore, of the merit of such a body of criticism as that of the Edinburgh Review, it is requisite to bear in mind, the distinction between that faculty in criticism, which enables a reviewer to anticipate the opinion of posterity, and that power of verbal or of labial expression, which coincides with the fluctuating notions of the day, and can only move to temporary derision, or possibly induce the unreflecting portion of the public to look with wonder and inquiry at things which their own unbiassed taste would have prompted them to despise. For, while it is asserted that criticism is the easiest of all the departments of literature, it is with reference to this distinction, and the observation is made entirely with respect to the art practised as a trade in this country. But to return to the circumstances in which the Edinburgh Review originated.

While it may perhaps be conceded that there is some foundation in fact for the opinions commonly entertained of the characters and motives of the young men who first established the work, it would be equally unphilosophical and ridiculous to ascribe the sensation which the work occasioned to their powers alone. In the first place, before any effect can be produced, there must have been a previous susceptibility in the subject to receive the impression; and, in the second, the impressing cause must possess within itself the power of generating the effect ascribed to it. It cannot, therefore, be said that the Edinburgh Review caused that susceptibility which had prepared the public to receive with so much appetite the impress of the talent it contained; and, in the sequel, if it shall appear that other and more efficient energies were at work in causing those effects to arise, which the Edinburgh Reviewers, with so much self-complacency, rather among themselves, surely it would be a violation of all legitimate induction to ascribe to it results which it was incapable of producing.

In order properly to appreciate the circumstances in which the Edinburgh Review arose, it is necessary to revert to the situation both of public affairs and of literature a considerable time prior. For it is not one of the least remarkable characteristics of that state of circumstances, that the genius of the age, as it predominated in politics, pervaded the republic of letters, and actuated its movements with similar revolutionary impulses. Before the ever memorable 1789, the empire of literature had become a regular oligarchy—as proud, as mystical, and as pompous as that of Venice—a prescribed lineage

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of mind, the successive gradations of academical proficiency, equivalent to the qualities requisite in candidates for admission to the honours of the chivalric orders, were deemed indispensible to the privileges of authorship.—The diploma of the degree was as essential to the one as the genealogical tree to the other. But, in the combustion of all ancient dogmas which immediately succeeded the era of anarchy in France, academical honours and hereditary dignities were consigned to the same fate, and a race of literary democrats, as vulgar, as presumptuous, and as ignorant as their political brethren, assumed a dictatorial and factious domination in the republic of learning. Their crude and hypothetical conceptions were promulgated as irrefragable principles, and a wild and insane prurience in theories and systems propagated a moral licentiousness that menaced the very existence of all rational and practical opinion in art, and science, and taste. Against these rash and innovating demagogues, a Whig of that revolution, by which the liberties of England were secured, in other words, a Tory of that revolution which threatened them and those of all Europe with abolition—Mr Burke was the first who effectually raised his voice. With the irrepressible enthusiasm of the hermit Peter rousing Christendom to the dangers of the rising deluge of Saracenic devastation; he demonstrated the necessity of raising ramparts and barriers to protect philosophy from the ravagers who were making such dreadful inroads on the most sacred and venerable recesses of the vineyard; but only indirectly, and chiefly with reference to the effects which the ravage produced on political institutions. As a statesman, it did not fall within the scope of his immediate object to take up the subject in detail; but, standing aloft in the high tower of his immortal genius, he saw the bands of the barbarians, as they "skirred the country," spreading ruin and waste, and admonished the world of the desolation that must ensue if they were not repelled and extirpated. The attention, however, of the Tories of that time was wholly engaged with the designs of the military aggressors, and the learned among them fell into the same error that the cabinets of Europe committed with respect to the political democrats. They undervalued the strength and number of the demagogues, laughed at their raving declamations, and giving the generality of mankind credit for more intelligence than they possess, they would not believe that such a race of manifest maniacs could ever obtain any influence with the public. The mistake and the feeling of security were as fallacious in the one case as in the other. The anarchy of France took the form of prodigious military bodies, which with the power of new elements overwhelmed the insufficient force by which resistance was attempted; and the frenzy of the demagogues, in the shape of novels, and poetry, history, and treatises, sent forth with astonishing rapidity, set at defiance all the wonted missiles of epigrammatic ridicule and classical comparison. The Jacobins of literature addressed themselves to the coarser passions, and, inflaming and awakening them, produced an impression immeasurably deeper than the calm and quiet delight which works of true genius can alone inspire. Crimes and sins became the topics of fiction, in which the sinner and the criminal were represented as the victims in their vices of the consecrated usages of society. The heroes and heroines of the democratical romance encountered as dreadful adversaries, as their predecessors in the legends of chivalry. Law and religion took the form of giants, and honour and dignity were magicians of diabolical power. The elegance, the courtesies, the patience, the pining, and the delightful platonism with which the delicate spirit of purer feelings and more refined manners had invested love, were torn away, and the beautiful innocent infant god was represented to the ribaldry of debauched fancies, as a rampant, an adulterous, even an "incestuous beast."

History and Disquisition had become equally false and depraved The most fraudulent exhibitions of the motives and intents of departed worthies were flagrantly given, for the express purpose of corrupting that veneration which in all ages, till those evil days, it had been one of the chief objects of education to inspire, of vir-

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tue to preserve, and of genius to exalt. Assumptions were laid down as principles in morals, and inferences logically enough deduced from them, with the determinate purpose of dissolving the oldest and dearest ties of society, in the insane belief that doctrines, of which the inevitable tendency was to reduce man, in his affections and duties, to the irresponsible condition of the brute, must of necessity be alone the true philanthropy.

Such was the state of literature, not only in this country, but throughout Europe, till the French Revolution began to develope itself in events, which could be clearly traced to the frantic maxims of its leaders—events so pregnant with crime and misery, both of personal guilt and of national calamity, that some of the most eminent of the democratical school, startled at the practical enormities of their insane theories, began openly to doubt the soundness of many of their own first principles. The common sense, even of the vulgar, was roused; and when it was no longer questioned that war, whether undertaken for objects of religion or liberty, for colonies or conquest, ambition or revenge, was alike calamitous to the many, it was generally allowed that those institutions, which time has hallowed to the affection of mankind, have their foundation in nature; and that the world is now too old to dispute the justness of those decisions which successive ages have pronounced, not only in morals, but in all those modifications of art dependent on sentiment, comprehending whatever relates to taste, philosophy, or experience.

This change, this counter-revolution, had taken place before the appearance of the Edinburgh Review; this was that susceptibility in the public mind, which prepared it to receive a strong sensation (B) from a work conducted professedly on rational and

(B) In speaking of the *sensation* which the early numbers of the work excited, it may be asked if it includes the effect produced by its personalities? Thelwall, in his Letter to Jeffrey, (and Thelwall, we believe, is the first who gave him a drubbing,) seems to have experienced the sensation in a very vivid degree.

"Some how or other," says the angry author, "the treatment I have received must come before the public. Somewhere or other it must be inquired whether there are no limits to the impudent calumnies, the indecent scurrilities, and the audacious falsehoods and misrepresentations of Reviewers; or to the indecorous confederacies of young advocates, associated to *destroy* whomsoever such Reviewers may think proper to proscribe? Somewhere or other it must be answered, why the conductors of a literary journal stept out of their way to injure an individual by the *unprecedented review of a book* that did not come within the regular cognizance of their tribunal? Why they should have interlarded such pretended review with the grossest misrepresentations, the most demonstrable falsehoods, and even the mean insertion of pretended *quotations* of passages, not in that book to be found?"

Again to Mr Jeffrey—at him, Thelwall—

"Why did you proceed to *affirm as facts*, upon the authority of that book, circumstances, for which, in that book, there is *not a shadow of foundation*? Why in such *pretended Review*, have you attributed to me boasts and ostentatious vauntings, not in that book to be found—or in any book—or any printing, writing, or speech, that ever proceeded from me? Why have you put together *parts* of disjointed propositions, in such a way as to make them insinuate conclusions the direct reverse of what the *whole* would necessarily demonstrate? and finally, why have you printed within inverted commas, as quotations from that book, passages which, in that book, never existed?"

If there was any truth in these charges, certainly it is not surprising that the *Edinburgh Review* did produce a *sensation*; for it is not to be imagined that the dereliction of critical honesty was confined to Thelwall's case. Be this, however, as it may, it cannot be said that the charge in his case was unfounded. "You insert," says Thelwall, "the following pretended quotations, marked with the distinction of inverted commas, as quotations in Reviews usually are; and as, therefore, nothing but quotations certainly ought to be. We shall quote from the Review itself—

"In every page of this extraordinary Memoir, (Thelwall's Life,) we discover traces of that impatience of honest industry, that presumptuous vanity, and precarious principle, (*the devil's in it, if this does not look libellous and personal*,) that have thrown so many adventurers upon the world, and drawn so many females from their plain work, and their embroidery, to delight the public by their beauty in the streets, and their novels in the

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established principles; and whether the Review had or had not been a work of eminent ability, such was the desire for wholesome and temperate food, after the stimulants of intoxication, and the nausea of the democratical debauch had subsided, that it was necessarily most welcome, and naturally relished with avidity.

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circulating libraries. They have all 'ardent temperaments,' like Mr Thelwall, 'irritable feelings, enthusiastic virtues, and a noble contempt for mechanical drudgery, dull regularity, and slow-paced erudition.' These performances need no description."

Thelwall demands of Mr Jeffrey to point out in what page of his lucubrations the quotation here marked is to be found. In their answer the Reviewers are not explicit, and they aggravate the cause of the author's *sensation*, by classing him with the corporation of the persons of precarious and prostitute principles therein described. "It would," they say, "be of little consequence, although no part of this impassioned phraseology could be found in Mr Thelwall's Memoir; but the truth is, that by far the greater part of it is to be found there, and much more than enough, to satisfy the reader, independently of other evidence, that the Reviewer has judiciously classed him with persons of a kindred taste and disposition. In the beginning of the life, for instance, we have, "the ardent and independent spirit, who is the subject of this memoir," (p. 8;) and we soon hear abundantly of "his over irritable nerves," (p. 9.;) his "feelings, which enthusiasm persuaded him were the badges of intellect, and the distinctions of virtue," (p. 17;) the "irritability of his mind," (p. 38.;) his "enthusiasm and his temperament," (p. 42.;) "his distaste for business," (p. 7.;) "and his indignation and abhorrence of his trade," (p. 13,) &c. &c.

Now, if this is not special pleading, I should be glad to know what is? Doctor Johnson wrote, perhaps, all the words used by Mr Jeffrey; and it would be as much to the purpose to say, that he wrote also the articles written by the critic in the Edinburgh Review. I have thus been so particular with poor Thelwall's case, because it was the first, and because also, it affords some comment on the Whiggish outcry about libels and personalities.

The next author who openly expressed his *sensations*, was Dr Thomson, in Remarks on the Review of his System of Chemistry, in which the charges are similar to those of Thelwall. He accuses the Reviewers of a predetermined purpose to attack his work. They, "in the fulness of their hearts, had announced their intention."

"The Review of my work," says the Doctor, "was committed to the charge of a gentleman very well inclined, it was supposed, to tear it in pieces. The manuscript was completed in five weeks, and put into the hands of the Editor, with express permission to make what alterations on the paper he thought proper. The Editor, who is fond of sarcasm, thought it too tame a performance for the *Edinburgh Review*, and even declared that the preface alone, in the hands of a good workman, would have furnished sufficient matter for filling a whole Review with abuse and repartee. It was thought requisite, of course, to give it a few touches of his own masterly hand; but, instead of consulting the original, he satisfied himself with the garbled accounts of the Reviewer. By leaving out half sentences, and pruning away others, till they answered his purpose, he has totally altered the original meaning, he has succeeded in giving the paragraph some point, at the trifling sacrifice of truth and candour."—Page 11.

It may be worth while to give the reader a specimen of the perversion of meaning here alluded to.

"The second part *of the Preface*," says the Reviewer, "rather checked our growing partiality; for instead of returning thanks to our fellow-labourers on the other side of the Tweed, for the almost unqualified approbation which they bestowed on his former edition, or soliciting the same attention to the present, he boldly sets our whole corporation at defiance, and denies the competency of our tribunal."

What is the fact? The following passage occurs in Dr Thomson's Preface:

"It would be improper to pass over in silence the many observations on the former edition, with which the author has been privately favoured, or which have made their appearance in the different journals. To these the present edition is much indebted for its accuracy," &c.

No wonder, indeed, that such sort of reviewing produced a *sensation*. How can Mr Jeffrey explain such things?

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ly contributed to ensure success and popularity to a work conducted on the national and literary principles which the Edinburgh Review professed. Criticism, in the English journals, was become a spiritless analysis, or, at best, a prosing speciality, in which the book under review was alone considered; and the reviewer shewed himself, as it were, acquainted with no other sub-

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Dr Robert Jackson's "Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review" complains, in the same strain of Thelwall and Dr Thomson, of "garbled statements, supported by rash assertion and pointed invective," (p. 2.); and Lord Lauderdale, much about the same time (1804), also brought similar, and even greater charges against the Reviewers, on account of his work on Public Wealth. In a pamphlet which they published in reply to his Lordship, they endeavour to answer an accusation of *malignity*, another of *want of truth*, a third, that the Reviewer of his Lordship's work wished to recommend himself to Mr Pitt, by attacks on Lord Lauderdale's work. So much, therefore, for the *sensation* it produced.

It is not easy to imagine a greater blemish in the character of a critic, than what is implied in the charge of misrepresentation of the author's meaning, and malicious misquotations of his style and statement. And yet there are charges against the Edinburgh Review which go even farther, and accuse it of being occasionally lent to purposes of personal pique and detraction. This we should hope is not well founded. It is, we believe, true of it, as of other periodical works, that besides the articles of regular correspondents, it has now and then illuminated the world with certain efforts on the part of "persons of quality." I have been told, that the present Marquis of Lansdowne, when Lord Henry Petty, was a contributor, and that his Lordship favoured mankind with a review of one of his own published speeches, in which, without saying a word about the speech, he has spoken in very creditable terms of himself. This is, however, not very atrocious; but the Rev. Mr Cockburn, in a pamphlet published at Cambridge, in 1803, entitled, a Letter to the Editors of the Edinburgh Review, in conclusion, after exposing a deal of most nefarious criticism, and cloudy reasoning, says:

"Before I take my leave, gentlemen, let me ask one question: Was the criticism on my Work really written by any of those gentlemen who usually conduct the Edinburgh Review? I think not:—The Introduction contained in the two first pages is, probably, by one of yourselves; the neat and terse criticism on my style at the conclusion, the sting in the tail of the wasp, speaks the same acuteness which we have been accustomed to admire in your Review; but all the body of the work is dull and confused. If I am not misinformed, you do frequently accept of foreign assistance. Have you not, in the present instance, allowed some disappointed candidate for Mr Buchanan's Prize, to vent his anger and ill-will against the Examiners and me, and to bring disgrace upon you?"

The next work in my collection of notices respecting the delinquency of the Edinburgh Review, is "A letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq. by an Anti-reformist, Edinburgh 1811." The author imputes to the Review a tendency or design to render the people "dissatisfied and sulky."

"I am unwilling," says he, "to impute such a design to any set of men; but though your intentions may have been pointed to another object, certainly your language has always tended to produce this effect. Throughout your pages, the sentiments favour so strongly, so systematically, any *uncharitable* constructions of this nature, that many will be of opinion, and certainly not without very strong grounds, that you had in view the full design of exciting general discontent at least, if not absolute insurrection. In analyzing the system of criminal jurisprudence, established in France by Buonaparte, you compare with it the analogous part of our own code. And what must be the feelings—the indignation of every true Briton, on hearing that our criminal law is considered as in many respects inferior to Buonaparte's caricature of justice!"—p. 27.

Another of the unanswered accusations of the French and anti-national predilections of the Edinburgh Review, is from the same work:—

"I cannot, sir, bring these remarks to a close without commenting on the almost unaccountable eagerness with which you seize every opportunity to palliate the revolting crimes of Buonaparte, and to hold him out to the country as irresistible from his talents and resources. In this partiality for him, you are not the only, though the loudest partizan. 'While we,' exclaimed Lord Melville, with honest indignation, 'have been stirring up the spirit of the country, and encouraging the people to encounter manfully the difficulties and dangers to which they were unavoidably exposed,' &c.—P. 69.

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ject than the particular matter immediately before him. The personality and bitterness of a Dennis, and the philosophy and dignity of a Warburton and a Johnson, could no longer be traced in the meagre and manifold articles of the monthly press. The spirit of the art was at once stale and acrid on particular topics, insipid and odious with respect to others. No ati-

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The controversy between the English Universities and the Edinburgh Review, it is now unnecessary to notice. The ignorance of "the associates," was completely exposed, and the result is known to so many of those who were finally interested in the discussion, that it is needless almost to refer to it. But, independent of the general question, there were particular topics intruded that ought to be noticed, as they serve to prove the ignorance of the Reviewers on the very subjects which they affected to discuss most learnedly. For some of these I would refer to the Rev. Mr S. Butler's letter to the Rev. Mr C. J. Blomfield—published at Shrewsbury, in 1810.—The letter respects the Cambridge Eschylus, and the Oxford Strabo.

"The Edinburgh Review," says Mr Butler, "observes, that 'there is reason, however, to believe, that some of the libraries on the continent conceal manuscripts, more valuable than any which have yet been collated by any editor; one in particular, of venerable antiquity, is preserved in the Medicean library at Florence; unless, as it is most probable, it has been conveyed with the other treasures of that city, to the vast museum of learning and arts at Paris.'"—"Now from hence," says Mr Butler, "we must infer that the Medicean MS. has never been collated. The contrary is the fact; I have now two very accurate collations of that MS. lying before me, one of which is transcribed from the book already mentioned, [a book which the Reviewer saw,] and was made for Dr Nedham, by Salvini, &c.—I put it therefore to you, my dear sir, whether the Reviewer, in this instance, is not guilty of a most unfair and illiberal insinuation? He could not be *ignorant* of what must have stared him in the face in every note; he must, therefore, have been silent through the basest and most malevolent design."—P. 13.

Mr R. Wharton, we ought to have mentioned, in 1809, published "Remarks on the jacobinical tendency of the Edinburgh Review, in a letter to the Earl of Lonsdale," which may, perhaps, account for the violence which has subsequently been expressed by some of the Reviewers against the noble Lord and his family; but it is not my object, nor the design of these brief and cursory sketches, to notice matters of this sort. There is, however, an amusing letter by a personage who styles himself Senex, published by Hatchard about the same time, that deserves some attention. Pages 5th and 6th are, indeed, particularly entertaining, wherein the writer alludes to certain physiognomical peculiarities of the writers in the Review, as indicatory of their character; but I cannot afford to quote such passages, and it would destroy their effect to abridge them.

In 1809, an Expostulatory Letter was addressed to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, published by Longman. It seems to have been called forth by the want of critical discernment in the review of the works of Miss Baillie.

"You have uniformly," says the author, "treated all feminine attempts in literature as King Lear's fool describes the cook-maid to have treated the live eels that she was putting in a pye. Whenever they lifted their heads, she rapped them on the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, Down, wantons, down." * * * * "Witness the unmanly and illiberal treatment of your fair and ingenious countrywomen, Mrs H. and Miss B. The pretensions of the first to poetical elegance, in the very limited department which she has modestly chosen, have been already acknowleged by the public, to whom you, as well as she, must finally submit, as your ultimate judge." * * * "Miss B. without pretensions to learning, and too much occupied by the duties of a life singularly useful and innocent, even to find leisure for extensive reading, has been urged, by the irresistible impulse of a daring and truly original genius, to throw into a dramatic form the noble conceptions of her untutored mind. Thus circumstanced, and thus impelled, she certainly claims every indulgence." P. 20.

But the author, in a subsequent paragraph, says,—

"It is not altogether the matter, but the caustic harshness of the manner, to an author so modest, defenceless, and respectable, that produced general disgust."

It was about 1808-9, that the Edinburgh Review reached the acme of insolence. It had then become fearless and infatuated, and the cry began to rise from all sides against it. Among others who attacked it at that time, the

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tempt was made to govern or direct public taste, or public opinion, but only to puff to pelting the works of the trade-hacks, and to sentence, in a single sentence, the labours of unconnected students, to ridicule and contempt. The persons concerned in the inglorious profession of a London reviewer of that period, were unknown; and the ignorance of the world, which

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deadliest wound it received was from a pamphlet entitled, "The Dangers of the Edinburgh Review; or a brief Exposure of its Principles in Religion, Morals, and Politics." The writer accused it "of *infidelity* in religion; *licentiousness* in morals; and *seditious* and *revolutionary principles* in politics." P. 4. And, with considerable ability and great temper, substantiates the first of these grave accusations. "As these Reviewers," says he, "recommend infidel books, so, in perfect consistency, they despise the Scriptures."

"*We shall leave it,*" (say they, No. 13, p. 99.) "*to others to decide, whether the taste of that critic be very good, who prefers the harp of the Jews to the lyre of the Greeks; and who plucks the laurel from the brow of Homer, to place it on the head of good King David.*" P. 6.

And as the Edinburgh Reviewers despise the Scriptures, so of course they reject their doctrines.

"*We do not,*" (say they, No. 14, p. 418 and 419,) "*know the designs of the Creator in the construction of the universe, or the ultimate destination of man. The idea of its being our duty to co-operate with the designs of Providence, we think the most impious presumption!*" "Now, Christians do know the ultimate destination of man; they know that he will arise at the last day from the dead, and will be either eternally happy or eternally miserable. Infidels do not know this." &c. P. 8.

In No. 24, p. 357, they scruple not to call Plato, Zeno, and Leibnitz, the "sublimest *teachers of moral wisdom.*"—"New believers in the Gospel think that Jesus Christ is the sublimest teacher of moral wisdom," &c. P. 10.

The writer of the pamphlet, after shewing the infidel spirit that pervaded the Review, proceeds with the proofs of its licentiousness.

"Now," says he, "no man of strict moral principles can speak of vicious and lewd books but with reprehension; but the Edinburgh Reviewers speak of Voltaire's Candide, one of the most obscene books, as a work which afforded them much pleasure." * * * * "A work, whose great object it was to ridicule a Providence, and which abounds with the most lewd and licentious incidents and descriptions." P. 16.

Upon the subject of its seditious tendency I shall say nothing. Party spirit at the time ran high,—the Whigs had been expelled from office by the late King, and they were still, like the outcast devils of the Paradise Lost, weltering in the torments of mortified ambition, fallen from such a height.

I have already said that it is unnecessary to notice the controversy respecting "The Calumnies of the Edinburgh Review against the University of Oxford;" but I have before me an Edinburgh pamphlet, written by Mr H. Home Drummond, in which it appears that the Reviewers were ignorant of the subject on which they had written; and that their observations, instead of applying to the then state of the University, referred to a period long prior.

"It is strange," says Mr Drummond, "that while these authors can set at defiance the anti-commercial decrees of Buonaparte, and present their readers with such ingenious and interesting pictures of foreign literature; that while Paris, and Petersburgh, and Turkey, the East and West Indies, and the whole continent of America, are open to their researches, their supplies of information from the West of England should be so miserably scanty, that ten long years shall elapse before they are 'perfectly aware' that a new system of education is established at Oxford." P. 71.

The Reviewers probably knew as little of the state of literature in other countries as they did of the University of Oxford. But these notes have already extended to such a length that I must conclude them. They are sufficient to shew that a work, which failed so essentially in all the rules of just criticism, could not possibly endure long. Smartness and pertness for a time may amuse; but qualities of a more solid kind are requisite to preserve the public approbation.

It was my intention to have mentioned the conduct of the Review towards the late amiable Mr Grahame's beautiful poem of the "Sabbath;" but as Mr Jeffrey personally expressed his grief and contrition for the spleen he indulged on that occasion, it is unnecessary.

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their vulgar conceptions of taste and manners constantly betrayed, showed that their condition was as obscure as their names. Now and then an amateur article, of a better kind, the effusion of college friendship to recommend some abstruse illustration of some unread classic, did appear among the congregation of trade articles, like a spruce divine in the crowd of Cheapside. But even in those learned essays, of which the London Reviews, in their dotage, were so proud, there was nothing that came home to men's business and bosoms; they had all a scholastic and unpractical character. They might have been ornamental in the ponderous tomes of Scaligerian erudition; perhaps have merited the approbation of a Dacier, or a Porson; but they neither instructed the age, nor expanded the horizon of knowledge. A work, therefore, which assumed a character the reverse of the London Reviews, and which undertook to treat of things as they are, and to consider passing events and existing opinions, as affecting the comfort and condition of the living world, could not but, on its first appearance, be hailed with preference and respect, by that new and numerous class of readers, whom the spreading taste for literature, and the more generous education of recent times had raised in the nations;—a class, who, without any pretensions to the literary character, carried into the seats and haunts of business, a degree of critical acumen, of knowledge, and sometimes even of science, which qualified them to estimate the merits of authors, while it enlarged the sphere of their professional pursuits. Nor will the fact be disputed, that, at the time when the Edinburgh Review made its appearance, there existed, among all ranks and orders in this country, a general *intellectualization*, if the expression may be used, on every subject, not only on those which affected agriculture, manufactures and commerce, but the enjoyments of taste and art; in a word, on all with which the feelings and the reasoning are interested. The merchant had become, by his wealth, qualified to associate with princes, and, by his accomplishments, to entertain philosophers. The maxims of national polity were as familiar to the physician as to the statesman; and the lawyer judged of the productions of genius with the liberality and discernment of the gentleman and connoisseur. The great political events that were so loudly resounding on all sides, had awakened a universal curiosity, the gratification of which rapidly increased the intelligence of the people, even down to the very artizans.

The inference, therefore, to be drawn from all this; from the previous susceptibility arising from the rejection of the insane dogmas of the democrats; from the state of periodical criticism in London, and from the improved intelligence and literary taste of the age, ensured to such an undertaking as the Edinburgh Review the most splendid and unprecedented success.

Having thus stated the causes and circumstances which contributed to the rise of that celebrated journal, it may now be proper to take a view of its progress; the last is more invidious, because it may be supposed to involve the necessity of estimating the talents and powers of particular individuals; but the brief limits to which this sketch is restricted, obviates that necessity in a great degree, and confines the disquisition to the general characteristics and features of the book alone.

Besides those universal motives which induced the public to receive with no ordinary welcome the first appearance of the Edinburgh Review, the work, by addressing itself to the patronage of the Whigs, at that time strong and formidable by their implied union with the democratical faction, secured at once the personal interest and applauses of a numerous and most loquacious association. Delighted with a work on their side, in which so much more talent and practical sense appeared than in any other of the kind, they were loud and vehement in their plaudits, and the genius of the writers was magnified to the skies—the Tories, too, were pleased to see a work which left at such an immeasurable distance the raving nonsense of the anarchy press; and though they disliked its anti-national principles and prejudices, they joined in regarding it as a meritorious publication, calculated in the main to assist in the restoration of those ancient feelings and venerable affections which had been so outrageously violated and broken. The consequence was instantaneous. The circulation of the Review rapidly exceeded the most sanguine

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hopes of the projectors, and all the honours and homages of a premature immortality were bestowed on the contributors. They were allowed a pontifical authority in taste, a prophetical, in politics; the fates of authors and of kingdoms were alike committed to their decision and foresight—and Jeffrey and Brougham became the Minos and Rhadamanthus of literature.

But this prodigality of praise, this superstitious admiration, was soon discovered to be excessive. The spirit of the publication was certainly less irrational than that of its predecessors in the democratic interest, but it possessed a full measure of Jacobin antipathy against the political adversaries of the Whig party. Doubts also arose as to the soundness of many of its opinions in matters of taste, in consequence of authors, whom it consigned to derision, growing up into fame, and overshadowing, with a vast luxuriance of vigour in bough and blossom, the statelinest of all the ancient bay-trees of literature. Events, too, began to falsify the brave arrogance of its political predictions, and the perseverance and constancy with which the Tory administration adhered to the principles on which the war had been undertaken, seemed to partake of some nobler quality than the obstinacy and folly with which they were charged by the Whig orators and their echoes in the Review. It was also discovered that the Reviewers wrote rather of, than to, the public mind; that their pages were but so many mirrors, which only reflected opinions that already existed.

But nothing so effectually arrested the progress of the Edinburgh Review, as the establishment in London of the Quarterly. The northern work had become so intolerant; success had made it so insolent, that it could no longer be endured by the moderate Tories; (c) and they longed for another,

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(c) It is perhaps difficult to point out any particular cause in the conduct of the Edinburgh Review, which completed the disgust of the Tories with the intolerant party character of the work; we are, however, inclined to think, that Number XXXI., published in April, 1810, occasioned their decision. The despicable spirit in which the Review of Lord Erskine's speeches was drawn up, to say nothing of its literary incongruities, not only roused their indignation, but was viewed as something partaking of the rabia of insanity and infatuation by many, even of the most sensible Whigs themselves.—Cobbet, himself, appears a gentleman when speaking of the living, compared to the manner in which the frantic reviewer speaks of the deceased Mr Pitt, and the abhorrence which the article produced at the time, was sharpened by the report that it was from the pen of one who had sneaked to earn his favour; who had not only traduced Lord Lauderdale's pamphlet, as his Lordship said, to ingratiate himself with that statesman, but was understood to have accepted from Mr Pitt himself a non-descript mission to Portugal, almost as base as that of a spy—we say almost, because it may be possible that there are secret diplomatic appointments which do not partake of such an odious character, and the one alluded to may have been one of them. The Whigs, of late, have been making a clamorous outcry against the personality of the Tory press; but since the death of Mr Fox, has any thing appeared from it reflecting on his character to compare with the following?

"Mr Frost had been a reformer too, and had even held a high office among the members of Mr Pitt's society. In this capacity, he had constant communications with that distinguished personage; and at his trial, could even produce the most cordial and respectful letters on the interests of their "great and common cause." The meeting visage of Harrison, or the steady virtue of Hutchison, were not more hateful to Cromwell—Danton and Brissot were not more formidable to Robespierre—Sieyes is less odious to Buonaparte—a catholic petition to Lord Castlereagh—or, to come nearer to the point, the question of the abolition to the same Mr Pitt himself, after his periods had been turned on the slave traffic; than such men as Frost, Hardy, Thelwall, and Holcroft, were to that convicted reformer of the Parliament. After he had once forsworn the error of his way, and said to corruption, "thou art my brother," and called power, or rather place, his God, (for he truckled too much for the sake of *keeping in*—he was too mean in his official propensities to deserve the name of *ambitious*,)—the sight of a reformer was a spectre to his eyes—he detested it as the wicked do the light—as tyrants do the history of their own times, which haunts their repose, even after the armistice

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conducted in the same manner, but on principles more congenial to their own; the consequence of which was, that as soon as the *Quarterly* appeared, it divided the interest with the *Edinburgh*. For some time, however, the Tories continued to read the latter, for the purpose of comparison; and also, because many of them disliked the coarse feeling which was so strongly allowed to disgrace the general ability displayed in the former. Perhaps the circulation of the Edinburgh, from the excitement of public curiosity produced by the competition, may have even continued to increase for some time after the first appearance of the Quarterly. But this did certainly not continue long; the work was less and less read, while the Quarterly was continually extending, both in character and circulation. Nevertheless, such was the general persuasion of the high degree of talent employed in the Edinburgh Review, that it would perhaps have long continued to hold a distinguished place in public estimation. But on all sides, events began to arise which confounded and mortified its most strenuous admirers. The whole of its political predictions were falsified, not only with respect to the war, and the changes in operation on the feelings of the world, but with regard to the views which it had taken of individual character, and of human nature, in relation to the chief actors in French affairs. The triumphs of the Peninsular war overwhelmed and finished its pretensions to political sagacity. Never in the history of literature, was any thing so complete and perfect as the demonstration of the political insagacity of the Edinburgh Review. Its inferiority and inability with respect to the estimates of genius also, about the same time, received an equal exposure. From the publication of Childe Harold, the author of which it had so merrily ridiculed for being no poet, all confidence was lost for ever in its dicta in taste; and Jeffrey will hereafter be chiefly recollected as the Zoilus

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has ceased to sting their souls. We must be pardoned for using this language—WE KNOW OF NO EPITHET TOO HARSH FOR HIM WHO WAS PROFLIGATE ENOUGH TO THIRST FOR THE BLOOD OF HIS FORMER ASSOCIATES IN REFORM—of the very men whom his own eloquence, and the protection of his high station, had seduced into popular courses—and not content with deserting them, to use the power with which he had mounted on their backs for the purpose of their destruction!"

The absurdity of this passage is almost as ridiculous as the fustian of the composition. Did Mr Pitt mount into power on the backs of Frost, Hardy, Thelwall, and Holcroft? But the nonsense is nothing to the rhodomontade that follows.

"When the wars and the taxes which we owe to the lamentable policy of this rash statesman shall be forgotten—and the turmoils of this factious age shall live only in historical record;—when those venal crowds shall be no more, who now subsist on the spoil of the myriads, whom he has undone—the passage of this great orator's life, which will excite the most lively emotions, will be that where his apostacies are enrolled—where the case of the African slave, and of the Irish catholic, stand black in the sight; but most of all, will his heart shudder at his persecutions of the reformers—and his attempt to naturalize in England a system of proscriptions, which nothing but the trial by jury and by English judges could have prevented from sinking the whole land in infamy and blood."—*Ed. Review, No. XXXI. page* 120.

But, after all this rant and bouncing, we would ask the Reviewer, was Mr Pitt the only persecutor of the said reformers? and did he persecute them for being reformers after his own kind, or after the Reviewer's kind?—because the Reformers may have changed their opinion of Parliamentary reform, and because there are certain dark passages in Thelwall's Letter to Jeffrey, already quoted, which we would gladly see expounded—"You must be well aware, Mr Jeffrey," says the derided reformer and lecturer, "that YOUR FORMER HISTORY, and that of SOME OF YOUR MOST INTIMATE COLLEAGUES, can be no secret in Edinburgh;—that *you* could have no *public* pretence for volunteering yourselves as my opponents, or as my prejudicators." Now, in the historical distance in which we are placed, we should be glad to know what is here meant, and why Mr Thelwall inquires—"By what strange and sinister motive" Mr Jeffrey was "induced to render" himself an instrument of "calumny, malignity, and injustice," against that then poor persecuted individual.

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of Byron. His name may exist in connexion with that of the poet, but his criticism will be read no more.

The Decline of the Edinburgh Review may, therefore, be dated from the appearance of the Quarterly; and the cause ascribed to the general inability of the contributors to maintain the competition for public favour, with the learning and talent engaged in the rival Journal. But its fall is entirely owing to itself; the seeds of death were in it from the commencement. The powers of satire and of derision, which it exercised with as little mercy as modesty, have proved, in the result, very humble powers; and after usurping an authority, the most dictatorial and audacious, a general doubt is now expressed as to the ability with which it was at one time supposed to have been conducted. Of this there certainly can be no dispute, that it will be difficult to name so many volumes in the English language which afford so few quotable passages; and perhaps there can be no better proof of the original mediocrity of the contributors, whatever may have been the merit of a few occasional articles.

In this sketch of the history of the Edinburgh Review, the circumstances in which it arose, and by which it was affected during its course, have alone been considered; and in speaking of the causes which contributed to its decline and fall, reference only has been made to matters of notoriety entirely within the knowledge of the public. To have adduced other instances of personality, of misrepresentation, or of false or unfair criticism, would have swelled the notes to an unreasonable length. Perhaps I may hereafter resume this fertile theme.

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* We shall be glad to hear occasionally from VINDEX.—C.N.

A LETTER CONCERNING HAYDON'S PAINTINGS.

MR. CHRISTOPHER NORTH,

As you have probably been hindered by that gout of which we hear so frequently, from going to see any thing out of doors, you may not intend to favour the public with any remarks on the pictures which have lately been sent by Haydon to be exhibited here. And, if you had upon any occasion viewed and considered these works of the pencil, it is most likely that you would be averse to administer to that appetite for the cant of criticism, which, when it is prevalent, is more a sign of vanity than of taste in the public. For my part, I entirely agree with those who think that painting is a "silent art," and that much talk about it tends to pervert the judgment, and make us uncertain of what we behold, or rather to supersede the sense of sight altogether; in which case every man is his own Apelles. Therefore, in addressing this letter to you, I do not mean to utter particular criticisms upon the paintings before-mentioned, but to say a few words on painting in general, as a sort of communication of thought among mankind, like literature; and also to defend the credit of that kind of painting which is capable of circulating popularly in this country, as other works of imagination do, and of awakening general and disinterested sympathies. Situated as painters are with us, the truth is, that they must look in the first place, to public exhibitions, for the most expectable remuneration for their labours. It is true, that the feelings of the multitude, though capable in general of sympathising with any strong expression of passion, tend naturally towards impurity and degradation of taste. But if an artist, like a poet, seriously endeavour to express situations of human nature, which are to move and speak home to the hearts of his contemporaries, it is probable that he will at least attain to excellence in the dramatic or humanly expressive department of his art, and afterwards if the public should be found capable of recognizing higher things, the artist will of course raise his style. In England, the painters certainly never seem to enjoy any of those visions of celestial beauty and felicity which frequently came to the mental eyes of the Italian artists. The artists here may be expected to succeed most frequently in dramatic expression and in the shewing of situa-

ations; nevertheless, in choosing interesting subjects for paintings, it is an error in the artist to seek for other than those found in the Scriptures, which present conceptions permanent and known to all mankind, and replete with true meaning and sentiment. These would not be exhausted although they were painted a thousand times; for they might still be repeated differently in other pieces, beyond numeration. Invention in painting is shewn in the mode of treating a known subject, and bringing out its meaning, as a great actor does that of a poet.

Although I have not always admired the *tout ensemble* of Haydon's pictures, I think that he evidently shews the opening up of this kind of genius, (that is to say, the power of dramatic expression,) and that he ultimately will be effective in it. The zeal which he has manifested cannot spring from so sapless a root as the mere desire for fame or money, but must come from the wish to seek after what is generally significant and affecting, and to communicate it to mankind. Nor ought he to be seriously blamed for using copious means to draw the notice of the public; since all these things were necessary for overcoming the obstacles which he must have found in his way. A manly self-confidence is not only becoming, but necessary; since most English painters, from timidity and want of strong feeling, have resorted to a compilation, which has the merit of correct design, but wants that natural derivation of parts which gives vitality and unity of effect, and which shews a work to be the genuine and free-born offspring of a single mind. Therefore, in many cases it is wisest in an artist to resist external and inconsistent impressions, and to spread out whatever character and style he finds the root of in his genius; and those conceptions, which spring from the workings of original thought, will have a vigour like that of a living and growing tree. But to this no one can attain, unless he have more confidence in his own feelings than in external impressions. Every painter, besides learning from externally observing human beings, has a more important knowledge of human nature in himself, and his works will be according to the elevation, or sensibility, or power of gesture, which is in his own nature; and this he expresses with more effect than what he copies from sight.

Admiring Haydon's drawings from the Elgin marbles, I think as follows concerning that kind of sculpture. External form may either express abstract quantities, which are beautiful independently of their relation to life, or it may shew the action and power of the substance which is in the form. That which is seen in the Elgin marbles is of the latter kind. The figures there are most expressive of the internal reaction of the parts, and, for that reason, beget in the spectator more feeling of power and substance than of pure quantity. Therefore, according to the ancient and true discrimination of Aristotle, they may be called beautiful or expressive κατα ενεργειαν, according to energy. But those other remains of Grecian statuary which are chiefly intended to affect the mind by shewing pure quantities in the limits of the figure, (from whatever position viewed,) may be called beautiful κατα ὑποθεσιν, or according to definition.

To please in painting, the great requisite is the well-ordered effect of the whole together. This strikes at first sight, if grand, with awe and astonishment, and even in any case continues always to satisfy the spectator as to the most important particulars of the complex appearance which he views. For it is a labour to view and comprehend even the most significant forms, if not placed in such lights as give simplicity and perspicuity to the whole. The picture of Haydon's, which is most agreeable to look upon, and best tuned in the colouring, is that of Christ kneeling in the Garden. It has been unjustly depreciated; for the figure of Judas is original, and so much the better for verging towards grimace. Since he already excels in colouring, as an imitation of nature, it is to be wished that the artist would study more to charm by colouring as a harmony, connecting all which is comprehended in a picture, and spreading from part to part. But, it must be acknowledged, that a majority of those who go to see his pictures are more capable of being affected by the sound of a cart or a drum. The feeling of harmony in colouring is like the acquisition of a new sense.

I am, Mr Christopher,

Yours, &c.

H.

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I.—ESSAYS ON PHRENOLOGY; OR AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES AND UTILITY OF THE SYSTEM OF DRS GALL AND SPURZHEIM.

II.—PHRENOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE CEREBRAL DEVELOPEMENT OF DAVID HAGGART.

III.—LIFE OF DAVID HAGGART, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF WHILE UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

IV.—SPURZHEIM ON EDUCATION.

V.—ARTICLE I. OF NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW. NO. II.

THE most inveterate enemies of Gall and Spurzheim must now be convinced—convicted—of the blind folly of their opposition to the doctrines of those great discoverers in the philosophy of the human mind. Fortunately for mankind, David Haggart murdered the jailor of the Dumfries prison; and that distinguished Craniologist, Mr George Combe, having, according to the method of induction prescribed by his predecessor, Lord Bacon, and explained by his contemporary, Mr Macvey Napier, studied the natural character of the murderer, as indicated by his cerebral organization, he has been enabled to place Phrenology among the number of the exact sciences. Looking upon this achievement as by far the greatest that has been performed in our day, we shall endeavour to present our readers with a short sketch of Mr Combe's discoveries, which have thus formed an era in the history of human knowledge.

Mr George Combe, who possesses a tenderness of sensibility rarely found united with great intellectual power, made his experiments on Mr David Haggart, who was yet unexecuted, with a kindness and a courtesy which cannot be too highly eulogized, or too warmly recommended to the practice of other men of true science. Though Mr Haggart had dedicated his youth, with an almost exclusive passion, to the pursuits of pocket-picking, thieving in general, highway robbery, and murder; yet Mr Combe wisely and humanely saw in this no reason against treating him with delicacy and respect; and accordingly, there is something very touching in the account of the first interview between the great craniologist and the great criminal. "On *going over his head*," says Mr Combe, "I mentioned to him THE FEELINGS AND POWERS which it indicated; but he made no remarks as to the correctness or incorrectness of the observations. On telling him that he had a greater developement of BENEVOLENCE AND JUSTICE than I had anticipated, *his countenance softened, and he almost shed a tear.*" The most flinty bosom must be softened—the most stony eye melt—we should think—at this simple recital. Mr Combe, with his hand slowly moving up and down, and round about Mr Haggart's youthful and devoted head—the eye of the tender-hearted murderer gradually becoming suffused with tears—the silk and spotted pocket-handkerchief purchased, no doubt, from the man at the corner, softly applied by the sympathising phrenologist to the face of the too sensitive assassin—Mr J. R. Sibbald, jailor, we presume, and Mr James Law, junior, a gentleman to us unknown—standing silent by, each probably with a face as long as his arm—furnish a scene, inferior in dignified and solemn pathos, perhaps, only to the death of Socrates. We recommend it as a subject to Mr Geddes, far more likely to attract public attention than the discovery of the Regalia. A set of quizzical law officers, with gowns and wigs, peeping into a great chest, like a mend garnel, or staring about them with ugly and unmeaning faces, upon the most unmeaning of all possible occasions, could never be put into competition, for a single moment, with the first philosopher and the first judge of the age, laying their heads together for the completion of mental science, in the presence of two awe-struck and reverential disciples.

This tender interview was before condemnation. But David was tried—and ordered to be hanged by the neck till dead, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning of July 18, 1821. That restraint under which he had laboured during this afflicting interview, was now removed. There was now, alas! no longer any reason for concealing the truth—and Mr Combe now saw that many little traits

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in David's character as a thief, a robber, and a murderer—many little nice and delicate shades of iniquity, which had formerly been concealed, would now appear to the inspection of the eye of science, and that, by their application to the Theory, new light would be thrown on the whole moral and intellectual nature of man.

It does not appear from Mr Combe's statement—at least if it does, it has escaped our notice—that he performed any process of manipulation on the cerebral organization of Mr Haggart, after condemnation. But he drew up a character of the criminal from the developement of his head, as formerly noted, and submitted it to his own observation, as to correctness. In doing so, Mr Combe still observed the same laudable delicacy and refined humanity towards him, who was the subject of his queries, and soon about likewise to be the subject of the still more searching home-thrusts of Dr Monro, that had marked the whole of his behaviour during their interview. In the sketch submitted to Mr Haggart, every expression was avoided that might seem in any way to convey any harsh and needless disapprobation of that peculiar mode of life, which he had chalked out for himself, or any want of sympathy with those peccadilloes, which had brought him within a very few days journey of the scaffold. Mr Combe, with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the charity of a Christian, blandly intimates to David, "that the motive of doing so is not to indulge in idle curiosity, but to throw light upon the natural dispositions *which particularly lead a young man into a sporting line of life!!* for the purpose of devising effectual means to reclaim young offenders at the outset of their career, by placing them in circumstances calculated to cultivate the good, and restrain the evil tendencies of their nature. *The present conversation is entirely confidential, and will not be abused.* David Haggart is therefore requested to be open and completely candid in his remarks." The expression, "sporting line of life," is most judiciously selected by Mr Combe, from the vocabulary most familiar to the gentleman whom he addressed, and is well calculated to keep in the back-ground all those painful and distressing associations, which the mind is but too apt to connect, with the words, burglary, robbery, and murder. It throws a certain air of cheerfulness and merriment over crimes of the blackest dye, which, in a great measure, reconciles us to them, and thereby enables us to look on them with little or no disturbance, so that we can the better judge of their real character. An ordinary person cannot think of bloody crimes with too great agitation of abhorrence; but a philosopher, like Mr Combe, is superior to these delusions of the imagination, and therefore thinks and writes rationally of murders and murderers. Next to the wisdom implied in such phraseology, appears to us that shewn in the penultimate sentence of the paragraph now quoted. Hitherto we have known nothing of the natural dispositions which lead young men into a sporting line of life, or what makes them robbers and murderers. The whole subject has lain hid in utter darkness. No attempt ever has been made to speculate on it; and consequently no effectual means ever adopted to educate the young people of this or any other country. Mr Combe's object, therefore, was to ascertain facts never before understood, and thence to deduce rules for a grand system of moral education or regeneration. And these views he recommended, as was proper, to the enlightened mind and enlarged understanding of Mr Haggart, who appears to have entered into them with his usual energy, and with a zeal, which, considering the peculiar circumstances of his situation, may be thought by some to class him among the most disinterested benefactors of our species.

The result of Mr Combe's observations, and of Mr Haggart's own remarks upon them, is a more perfect knowledge of the sources of wickedness and crime in the human heart, than has ever before been possessed by any people; and now it becomes an imperious duty on Mr Combe, and a duty indeed, which he pledged himself to the late Mr Haggart and his executors forthwith to perform, to devise effectual means for reclaiming young offenders at the outset of their career. As soon as this plan is published, we shall think it our duty to lay an account of it before the public; and if it is to be carried into effect by subscription, we put our name down, "Christopher North, Esq. ten gui

ness, and there can be no doubt, that our example will be speedily followed by Lord Grey, Mr Lambton, Mr Whitbread, Boodle, Gale Jones, J. A. Murray, Esq. &c. But we positively object to Sir James Mackintosh being treasurer, for reasons which we shall be happy to communicate to him, whenever he writes to us upon the subject. It is plain, that had Mr Combe's intended plan been carried into effect, "for reclaiming young offenders at the outset of their career," some late subscriptions, and, among others, that for Sir Robert, would have been uncalled for.

The real character of the late lamented Mr Haggart, as indicated by his cerebral organization, may be supposed by shallow thinkers to be at variance (in some of the minuter points) with his supposed character, as indicated by some of his actions. This discrepancy, however, disappears before the eye of philosophy.

"The developement of Haggart's head, as it appears upon the cast of the skull, is as follows:

1. Amativeness, *moderate.*
2. Philoprogenitiveness, *large.*
3. Inhabitiveness, *large.*
4. Adhesiveness, *moderate.*
5. Combativeness, *very large.*
6. Destructiveness, *full.*
7. Constructiveness, *large.*
8. Acquisitiveness, *moderate.*
9. Secretiveness, *very large.*
10. Self-esteem, *very large.*
11. Love of approbation, *small.*
12. Cautiousness, *full.*
13. Benevolence, *large.*
14. Veneration, *moderate.*
15. Hope, *rather small.*
16. Ideality, *very small.*
17. Conscientiousness, *small.*
18. Firmness, *very large.*
19. Individuality, *moderate.*
20. Form, *full.*
21. Size, *moderate.*
22. Weight, *unascertained.*
23. Colouring, *small.*
24. Locality, *large.*
25. Order, *full.*
26. Time, *moderate.*
27. Number, *moderate.*
28. Tune, *full.*
29. Language, *full.*
30. Comparison, *moderate.*
31. Causality, *full.*
32. Wit, *full.*
33. Imitation, *full.*
34. Wonder, *small.*

As the above is, beyond all doubt, his real character, just let us observe how it tallies with his life, and acknowledge what an excellent guide man the man has been, in judging and [illegible] Amativeness. It was moderate. Now this is just what amativeness ought to be in a human creature. "A man is not a horse, a bull, or a ram; and therefore David Haggart's organ of amativeness was moderate. Accordingly, Mr Combe pettily writes, "You would not be the slave of the sexual passion; you could resist that tendency, without a great effort, when you wished to do so." This remark David rather misunderstood. He seems to have forgot Mr Combe's philosophical character, and the great aim of all his inquiries, namely, to establish a new system of education, and to have suspected that his friend was touching on a point, on which all men are extremely tender, be the size of their organ of amativeness what it may. So David rather pettishly replies:

"You have mistaken each other point of sexual passion; for it was my greatest failing, that I had a great inclination to the fair sex,—not, however, of those called Prostitutes; for I never could bear the thought of a whore, although I was the means of leading away and betraying the innocence of young women, and then leaving them to the freedom of their own will. I believe that I was the master of that art more than any other that I followed."

Now all this is perfectly consistent with a moderate sized amative organ. "An inclination for the fair sex," to employ Mr Haggart's moderate and well-chosen expression, does not imply extreme criminality; and his natural and acquired abhorrence of "those called prostitutes," is much in favour both of himself and of Mr Combe. "Leading away and betraying the innocence of young women, and then leaving them to the freedom of their own will," was certainly far from being one of the most amiable habits of this accomplished young man; but it is by no means conduct inconsistent with the possession of a moderate organ of amativeness; for in Haggart it seems to have proceeded from a mixed feeling. Pride of art, vanity, &c. were gratified by these successful amours; and he knows little indeed of Mr Haggart's character—little indeed of human nature in general—perhaps little of his own, who does not know that even this mixed, compounded, and complex emotion, excited Captain Smith of Halifax to the seduction

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the unfortunate Miss Baillie. Besides, perhaps, there is a little embellishment in this picture from Mr Haggart's imagination. Wiser and better men than he, have been apt to stretch a long bow in love matters; and let us hope that David was not so ruinous to the maid-servantry of Scotland as this confession, so much in the spirit of Rousseau, might lead us to suppose. His time seems to have been rather too much occupied to have left him any leisure hours for such exploits, which we should conjecture must often prove tedious and protracted even to the most dexterous; and his opportunities of forming acquaintance with modest young women, in decent private families, could not have been very great. Here and there too, during his Memoirs, as dictated to his amanuensis, Mr Robertson, he seems to talk of "those called prostitutes," in a way rather inconsistent with his language on that class of society, in his remarks on Combe. We hear of him passing whole months in houses of bad fame, and a scene of such profligacy and wickedness in an Irish Jail is alluded to, that Mr Haggart's modesty prevents him from laying the details before the public. In fact, notwithstanding his abhorrence "to those called prostitutes," he seems to have lived in their company at all times when, not with his male pals, following the more or less active duties of his profession; and let us hope, that, on the same principle of historic truth, he abstained entirely from the company of those modest virgins whom he says he found so much pleasure in deluding. Still, in whatever conclusion the mind may ultimately rest, there is no reason to doubt that his conduct is reconcileable to the fact of a moderate organ of amativeness, which is the point contended for by us and Mr Combe.

2. *Philoprogenitiveness*, LARGE.—This is an exceedingly amiable trait in the natural character of Haggart. This organ is in general larger in females than in males; and its great size indicates the feminine tenderness of Haggart's heart. No doubt, had he been the father of a family, he would have been a most indulgent one,—perhaps spoiled his children by giving them too much of their own way,—unless, indeed, his firmness, which we shall see he possessed in an eminent degree, had counteracted the tendency to this amiable weakness, and made him occasionally apply the rod. He says nothing of natural children, in his Memoirs, so that this organ had never been brought into play.

3. *Inhabitiveness*, LARGE. According to Spurzheim, the positive evidence of the existence of this faculty is insufficient; and it is stated only as conjectural. Perhaps, therefore, the organ which is now supposed to be that of inhabitiveness, may afterwards turn out to be for some totally different purpose. This also is conjectural. Haggart had it large; and it appears from almost every page of his Memoirs, that he had the faculty in great perfection. He took up his habitation any where—in lodging-houses,—in bagnios,—in prisons,—in sheds,—in hay-stacks,—in woods,—in ditches—no place came amiss to him. "Some animals," says Mr Combe, "are partial to high regions, some to low countries and plains, and others to marshes." Haggart was not so nice—but would sleep one night in the Figgits Whins, one inch above the level of the sea, and another on the top of Arthur's Seat, 800 feet above high water.

4. *Adhesiveness*, MODERATE. "The function of this faculty is to give attachment in general." See Combe on Phrenology, p. 145. "When too strong,—excessive regret at a loss of a friend, or excessive uneasiness at leaving our country, called Nostalgia, is the result." *Ibidem.*—Haggart seems to have mixed a good deal with society; but then it is to be remembered, that it was not from the feeling of "adhesiveness," or attachment to the parties, but simply in order to pick their pockets. He certainly says that he loved his friend Barney, but it was not pure disinterested attachment. It was rather admiration of superior talents and acquirements—and when Barney's own feelings of adhesiveness were violently rent asunder by transportation for fourteen years to Botany-Bay, it appears that Haggart mourned, not for the loss of a bosom friend, but for the withdrawing of the guiding genius of his profession. His good spirit, he says, forsook him when Barney was lagged, and he never prospered afterwards. No symptoms of Nostalgia ever shewed themselves in David. Indeed, he was preparing to go to France, and we have understood, that he would willingly

have had sentences of death commuted for that of transportation for life. Therefore his organ of adhesiveness was but moderate.

5. *Combativeness*, VERY LARGE.—6. *Destructiveness*, FULL. Haggart, according to his own account, was a tolerable pugilist. But unluckily he was but poorly made about the chest, shoulders, and arms. He was an eleven stone man; but he could not have stood for ten minutes before the Sprig of Myrtle, who weighs only a few pounds above eight. We saw him dissected by Dr Monro, and that skilful anatomist observed the defects we have now spoken of. At school, &c. he used to fight boys bigger than himself; and in Ireland, on one occasion, he fought a Paddy, and smashed him all round the ring. So he says. On another occasion, he and Barney together knocked down a man in a flash-house, and Haggart struck him when down with the heels of his shoes. There are other anecdotes to which we might refer to prove his combativeness. He knocked down a pig-drover at an Irish fair; and also struck a man on horseback from behind with the butt-end of his whip. His *destructiveness* was exhibited by his shooting a Newcastle beak, and by fracturing the skull of the Dumfries jailor. He had also intended to drown a justice of the peace, we forget where, and to shoot an Edinburgh police-officer.

7. *Constructiveness*, LARGE. This organ was, we understand, very large in the late Mr Rennie, who designed the Waterloo Bridge, and the Plymouth Breakwater. Why it should have been so large in Haggart, who does not appear to have studied architecture, it is hard to say. But he had a mechanical turn, and could construct false keys. He had also a singular felicity in pulling down walls, and getting out of places of confinement. This shewed he excelled in one part of the mason's trade. Besides, Mr Combe says in his Phrenology, p. 160, "That it does not form ideas of the objects to be constructed."—"Its function is to produce the desire or impulse to construct in general."

8. *Acquisitiveness*, MODERATE. No. 8, in Mr Combe's great work, is called Covetiveness; and he observes, "that the intention of nature in giving this faculty, is to inspire us with the desire of acquiring; so that, in consequence of its activity, we may possess when the day of want comes, and not be left to the uncertain provision which could be made from the mere dictates of reason, after tracing a long chain of consequences." In Haggart this organ was moderate. Now it appears, that he never shewed the least disposition to hoard. We do not read of his having lodged money with Sir William Forbes, or lent it out on heritable bonds, or dabbled in the stocks. Mr Combe adds, "This faculty, when too energetic, and not controlled by superior powers, produces theft." But he ought to have added, that the individual must, in that case, be both a thief and a miser. Now Haggart, as we have seen, was no miser; therefore, though a thief, his organ of acquisitiveness was moderate.

9. *Secretiveness*, VERY LARGE. "The function of this faculty," says Mr Combe, "appears to be to conceal in general, without delivering the object and the manner of concealing. Many persons conceal their opinions and intentions, and sometimes maintain in conversation, in writing, or in public, an opinion opposite to their own. The faculty gives the propensity in poets to construct interesting plots for romances and dramatic pieces; and it appears to inspire that compound of dissimulation and intrigue which is designated *savoir faire*. In animals it produces slyness."—"When the faculty is very powerful, it produces a slyness of look, a peculiar side-long rolling cast of the eyes, and a stiffened approach of the shoulders to the head." Mr Haggart excelled in concealment. He concealed bank-notes in the palm of his hand so dextrously, that they were invisible to the searching eyes of the beak. He concealed his very name, and assumed divers *alias's*. He not only concealed all his intentions, but he concealed himself for two days in a hay-stack. Had he written for the stage, no doubt he would have constructed interesting plots for romances and dramatic pieces; and we regret that Mr Murray had not retained him about the theatre here as stage-poet. We believe also, that Haggart's general appearance corresponded very nearly with the above description. We never but once had the pleasure of seeing him; and then we particularly remarked "the stiffened approach of the shoulders to the head." But can-

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their forces us to confess, that the appearance may have been temporary and deceitful, for he had just been turned off; and in that predicament, it is possible that the shoulder of any gentleman whatever might make a stiffened approach to his head, however deficient the gentleman might have been in slyness, or in the *scavoir faire*, or in dramatic genius, or in a general talent for constructing interesting plots or romances.

10. *Self-esteem*, VERY LARGE. This is one of the four organs that, in Mr Combe's opinion, brought Haggart to the gallows. Dr Gall first found this organ of self-esteem in a beggar. In examining the head of this person, he observed, in the midst of the upper posterior part of the head, an elevation which he had not before observed in so high a degree. He asked him the cause of his mendicity; and the beggar accused his pride as the cause of his present state, he having considered himself as too important to follow any business. He had therefore only spent his money, and did not think of earning a livelihood.—COMBE'S *Phrenology*, p. 157. When this organ becomes diseased, the individual sometimes believes himself to be a king, emperor, a transcendent genius, or even the Supreme Being.—COMBE, p. 160. It does not appear that Haggart went the length of believing himself the Supreme Being; and he was too often in confinement, and under the lash of the law, ever to think himself a king or an emperor. But he certainly thought himself a transcendent genius; and Mr Combe seems to think so likewise. Mr Haggart says, that at school, though rather idle, he excelled all his fellows in talent and erudition; and Mr Combe afterwards speaks of his "great talents." His self-esteem of himself, as a master in his profession, knew no bounds. We have seen that he thought himself irresistible among the fair sex. He prided himself on his personal prowess in fighting, running, &c. He thought himself skilful in the law, and made some very arrogant strictures on the conduct of an Irish judge on the bench; and he imagined his poetical genius to be of a high order, as witness his Chaunt composed in prison on the evening of his sentence. "This sentiment of self-esteem, when preeminently powerful, makes the individual carry his head high, and reclining backwards. The expression it gives to the manner is cold and repulsive." —COMBE, p. 159. Haggart was consequently placed, by this organ, in a very awkward predicament. For we have seen that he also possessed in great *force*, the organ of secretiveness, "which produces a slyness of look, a peculiar sidelong, rolling cast of the eyes, and a stiffened approach of the shoulders to the head." Now, let the reader combine these appearances, and suppose them, for a moment, united in one individual. What would he think, say, or do, if he were to meet in Mr Blackwood's or Mr Constable's shop, a gentleman carrying his head so high as to recline backwards, with a cold, repulsive air, haughty as a king, an emperor, or a transcendent genius, and yet with a sly look, a peculiar, sidelong, rolling cast of his eyes, and a stiffened approach of the shoulder to the head? What if he were told, that is Mr Combe, the great phrenologist, or Christopher North, the Supreme Editor, or the Great Unknown? How Mr Haggart, having both organs in perfection, contrived to manage the matter, we do not know, nor, in a scientific point of view, do we care. For, that he had the organs, and that the sentiments do produce these indications, *are matters of fact*; and it is altogether a private concern of the gentleman who unites them, how he carries himself—let him look to that—let the painter study his appearance if he chuses; but we repeat, it is enough for the man of science to have discovered the facts, and the philosophy of the facts—all the rest is but My eye and Betty Martin.

11. *Love of approbation*, SMALL.—There was some strange anomalies in Haggart's character. Though able to command the approbation of great part of mankind, and though receiving it every day in his life, he did not value it a single curse. Even on the scaffold, where he conducted himself in a manner deserving the highest approbation, he did not, we are told, (for we were a minute or two behind our time) seem to value the good opinion of the spectators at a pin's head, but seemed to be wholly absorbed in the enjoyment of his own self-esteem. Even when saluted by the tears and the blessings of the most fair and virtuous of their sex, who lined the lane

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up which he walked to the place of execution, he appeared to hold light their tender and touching expressions of approbation, though, with that gallantry for which he was, nevertheless, distinguished and beloved, he graciously inclined his head towards them; at which, according to the newspaper reporter, the air was rent with the clamours of female grief. Probably some of the young women were those "whom he had left to the freedom of their own will;" and it must have disgusted his chaste nature to see also "so many of those called prostitutes," collected to witness his last efforts, with an approbation of his courage, which the conformation of his skull rendered hateful to his proud and intrepid spirit.

12. *Cautiousness*, FULL.—"It appears to me," says Mr Combe, "that this faculty gives an emotion in general; and that this emotion is fear." "The tendency of it is, to make the individual in whom it is strong, hesitate before he acts, and, from apprehending danger, to lead him to calculate consequences, that he may be assured of his safety." "Too great an endowment, and too great activity of this faculty, predispose to self-destruction." Now, from this account, we should have expected Haggart to be afraid of ever putting his hand into any man's pocket, without having previously proved, to a demonstration, the certainty of his taking it out again in safety. It is also calculated to make us look on Haggart as a youth whose imagination must have been continually haunted with fetters, stripes, dungeons, cords, and gallow-trees. It prepares us also to find him self-suspended by his pocket-handkerchief to a nail in the wall, or with a quarter of a pound, at least, of arsenic in his stomach. But, reader, admire the wise provision of nature; for, look at No. 18. *Firmness*, and you will find it very LARGE. Now it gives "constancy and perseverance; and when too energetic, produces obstinacy, stubbornness, and infatuation." "When eminently powerful, it gives a stiffness and uprightness to the gait, as if the person were transfixed with an iron rod; and it gives a peculiar emphatic tone to the voice."—COMBE, 181. Now, Nature gave Haggart that power of firmness, to counteract the effects of cautiousness. And if it be asked, Why this roundabout way of getting to what our answer is, Hold your tongue. We present you with facts; and if they seem mysterious to you, you ought to remember that all nature is full of mystery. Now that these opposite powers, when existing in the same individual, do neutralize themselves, or leave a balance merely in favour of some one, is certain, otherwise Mr David Haggart's personal appearance, as far as we have followed him in Combe, might be thus recapitulated:—"Mr Haggart carried his head so high, that it even reclined backwards. He had a cold, repulsive air, which bespoke a haughtiness equal to that of a king, an emperor, or a transcendent genius. United with these externals, he had a peculiarly sly look, a peculiar, oblong, rolling cast of his eye, and a stiffened approach of the shoulder to his head. The tones of his voice were emphatic; and the stiffness and uprightness of his whole gait were such as if his person were transfixed with an iron rod. He was a bold, timid, fearless, cautious, considerate, and infatuated person, who rushed boldly on danger, without a moment's pause, after the most mature deliberation on the most remote consequences; and he was only prevented from committing suicide, to which he had a strong natural propensity, by two other propensities, which he had the good luck to possess in equal vigour—combativeness and destructiveness, which led him to put others to death, instead of himself, and finally saved him from the guilt of self-destruction, by placing him in the salutary hands of the hangman." To a mind uninstructed in the new and true philosophy, this sounds oddly. But before the eye of a Combe every thing is reduced to order; and the picture is complete, distinct, and individually characteristic.

We have not room to continue our separate consideration of all the powers and feelings of Mr Haggart; let us say a word of two or three *Sentiments*, LARGE, and skip over the rest lightly. Mr Combe seems at first sight to have stared a little at the big bump of benevolence on the head of Haggart. But he soon recovered from his astonishment, and remarks, "When, however, the organ of benevolence possesses the degree of development, which, in Haggart's case, it undoubtedly does, its

manifestation cannot be entirely suppressed; and it may be extended to show itself in occasional gleams of good feeling amid his atrocities, *like the lightning's flash through the gloom of the storm!*" This is one of the few bursts of impassioned eloquence in Mr Combe, whose style is in general marked by a philosophical calmness and scientific precision, that remind us of the happiest passages of the late Mr Playfair. Mr Combe has too much good sense to sustain long this highly elevated tone, and accordingly descends into his own dignified simplicity thus: "There are, accordingly, various indications of the activity of this feeling; as his dividing the plunder of a gentleman's pockets betwixt two poor thieves, and retaining none for himself; his scaling the walls of Durham jail, to liberate his condemned associate; his bribing the hangman in Perth, not to be severe on the boys whom he was employed to flog through the town; his forbearing to rob a young gentleman, whom he met in the mail-coach coming to Edinburgh, because he had been kind to him; these instances, and his dying declaration, that the humanity with which he had been treated while under sentence of death, was the severest punishment he had yet met with, afford decided evidence that he was not altogether insensible to generous emotion, although this feeling unfortunately was not sufficient to control the tendencies by which it was opposed. The singular mildness of his aspect, also, which was remarked by all who saw him, and which evidently, in various instances, contributed to his escape, by misleading spectators as to his real character, is unaccountable, except on the principle now explained.

"In Haggart's Life, we find the narrative of two murders; but these appear to me referable, with greater propriety, to combativeness, which gave to his mind the bold and determined tendency to attack, than to destructiveness, which, when too energetic, inspires with a disposition to deliberate ferocity. Benevolence is opposed to destructiveness, which, when powerful, disposes to cruelty. In Haggart's head, conscientiousness is small, and it will be perceived that there is scarcely a feeling of remorse expressed for the numerous robberies which he committed; but benevolence is large, and we have now to inquire into the emotions which he experienced in surveying the murder of Morrin, which he was certain he had committed. The account of his sensations, when he heard that the jailor was dead, is completely in point. "When," says he, "the boy answered, 'No, but the jailor died last night at ten o'clock,' his words struck me to the soul; my heart died within me, and I was insensible for a good while; on coming to myself, I could scarcely believe I had heard them, for the possibility of poor Morrin's death had never entered into my mind." The sympathy which he expresses (p. 141) for the young women, who had murdered a lady in Dublin, because their situation resembled his own, and the agony which he felt when he entered the jail at Dumfries, after the murder, (p. 146,) afford evidence, that his mind was not altogether steeled against humanity. Bellingham, the murderer of Mr Percival, a cast of whose skull may be seen with Messrs O'Neill and Son, in which destructiveness is very largely developed, and benevolence uncommonly small, shewed no contrition, but to the last hour of his life spoke of his crime with the most perfect indifference, and even self-approbation. This was the natural feeling of such a combination, but Haggart never exhibited such relentless ferocity."

Never was there a more triumphant vindication of disputed benevolence. The organ of benevolence is thus seen to be of the greatest use in tempering murder to the shorn lamb. We see little or no ferocity in Haggart. He shot (as he says) the Newcastle beak, with a small pocket-pistol,—a weapon in which there is little to shock the feelings. Neither, perhaps, is shooting a beak any thing very reprehensible in the abstract. Then it is obvious, that in knocking the Irish farmer off his horse with a blow on the back of the head, with the loaded butt of a whip, poor Haggart acted more in the spirit of fear than of ferocity. There was nothing very ferocious in the mere thought of drowning an impertinent gentleman, who stared Haggart out of countenance in the packet-boat; and when all the circumstances of the murder of Mr Morrin are taken into consideration, we agree with Mr Combe in considering it, on the whole, rather a mild murder. Hag-

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girt very naturally wished to get out of prison, and Mr Morrin stood in the way. What then did he do? He concealed himself, with his characteristic benevolence and firmness, behind a door, with a large stone in a bag, and on Mr Morrin making his appearance with a plateful of potatoes in his hand, for a gentleman of the name of O'Gorman, who was to be hanged before the dinner-hour on the day following, he knocked the unsuspecting Morrin full on the temples with this ingenious sling—fractured his skull—and then, by repeatedly bobbing it against the stone floor, smashed it in upon the brain, knocked the eyes out of the sockets—and then made his escape. Mr Combe gives us a slight description of a murder committed upon a poor half-witted pedlar boy, in a solitary moor, by a ruffian named Gordon, and then reverting with calm and philosophic satisfaction to the murder by Haggart, also slightly described above, observes, "the most benighted intellect must perceive a difference in the motives of the murders for which these men suffered." The difference is indeed great, and exhibits the benevolence of Haggart in the most pleasing light.

We have left ourselves room only to inform the philosophical world, that Mr Haggart's cerebral organization exhibited in great fulness the organs of Form, Locality, Order, Tune, Language, Causality, Wit, and Imitation; so that, had his life been spared, he would probably have distinguished himself as a sculptor, a geographer, a musician, a linguist, a philosopher, an Addison, and a Mathews. Never before have so many faculties been found united in one individual; and melancholy it is to reflect that that individual should have been hanged.

From the slight and imperfect sketch which we have now given of the conduct of this interesting young man, as furnished to us by Mr Combe, the world will perceive the high character of that philosophy of which he is the ablest expounder. For our own parts, we think that Gall, and Spurzheim, and Combe, have thrown greater light on the nature of man, than all the other philosophers put together since the world began. Indeed there is now little or nothing to discover. The moral and intellectual geography of the head of man, and, we understand, of all other animals, is laid down with a minuteness of accuracy that must be very galling to the feelings of an Arrowsmith or a Morrison. Aristotle, Lord Bacon, and Locke, are mere impotent nimnies, in comparison with Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe; and indeed, any one page of Combe's great work on Phrenology is worth "all that Bactrian, Samian sage e'er writ." We propose that a colossal and equestrian statue be erected to Him on the Calton Hill, instead of that absurd national monument the Parthenon; and that a subscription be forthwith set a-going, under the auspices of Sir John Sinclair, who will soon make Michael Linning hide his diminished head.

The world will rejoice to hear that a Phrenological Society has been established in this city. Their "Report" is now lying before us; and as it is quoted in Waugh, we presume that, without offence, we may quote it also.

"The existence of this Society implies a belief in the Members, that the Brain is the organ of the Mind, and that particular parts of it are the organs of particular mental faculties; and that these facts afford a key to the true Philosophy of Man. The Society is aware of the opposition which the doctrines have met with, and of the ridicule which has been cast upon them; but they know also, that in all ages a similar reception has been given to the most important discoveries; which, nevertheless, have in time prevailed. The Pope imprisoned Galileo for teaching that the earth turned on its axis; but the earth continued to revolve after the Pope's denunciation as it had done before it, and carried him round on its surface, whether he believed in Galileo's assertion or not. As the evidence was examined, the fact itself was believed; and now Galileo is an object of respect, and the Pope of compassion or contempt. The result, it is believed, will be the same with Phrenology."

This is finely put. Nothing can be more simply sublime than the statement of the earth continuing not only to revolve after the Pope's denunciation, but also to carry the misbeliever round on its surface, instead of chucking him overboard. In like manner, if a louse were to get drunk in the head of a phrenologist, he would indisputably be of opinion that the said head, with all its organs, was whirling round; but in this the louse would be most grossly mistaken; and the head would continue to remain unrevolving after

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the louse's denunciation as it had done before it, and keep him on its surface notwithstanding his astronomical heresy. If, instead of a louse on the head of a phrenologist, the phrenologist himself were to get drunk, and the louse to remain sober, then the phrenologist would opine that the head revolved, and would denounce, if he knew it, the opinion of the louse; but the head would continue stationary after the phrenologist's denunciation, and would not carry round the louse on its surface just as it had done before, whether the phrenologist agreed with the opinion of the louse or not.

The Phrenological Society, we hope, will publish their Transactions, as well as the Royal Society, and the Dilettanti. We shall have an eye on their proceedings; and, in a future number, we mean to give a list of the members, which, as it might be expected, contains many of the most illustrious names in literature and science.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

Chapter XVIII.

Christmas.

The Christmas holidays in Edinburgh have long furnished the working classes with an intermission from labour,—the lovers of good eating with excuses for gratifying their propensities,—and have annually suspended the administration of justice in our courts of law, by a three weeks' recess from business. The Church of Scotland, having wisely discarded from her polity set times, appointed feasts, and unprofitable fastings, the approach of Christmas brings with it no idea connected with religion, except what may be gathered from festive hilarity, and the practical gratitude of family meetings. For some time previous to this day, all is bustle and preparation among the manufacturers of confectionary; currants and almonds, raisins and orange-peel, and all the necessary ingredients for forming shortbread and buns, are laid out in tempting variety in the shop windows of the grocers; and British and foreign spirits, of every variety and price, are also exposed, with the price per gill in conspicuous characters, to attract purchasers who wish to get merry at a trifling expense.

The Christmas holidays to which I allude, it is necessary to mention, are those of some twenty years back, before the morals of the humbler citizens were broken down by a change of manners;—when the poor man could easily procure labour, have his *amorie* filled with wholesome provisions at a cheap rate, and was able to get desirably tipsy upon *penny whip* for twopence. The distillers were then allowed to poison the lieges without check; the brewers had not adopted the modern plans of tanning the stomachs of their customers; the grocers were conscientious, and ash-leaves and burnt horse-beans were totally unknown in the manufacture of tea and coffee; ale was drunk in *quaighs* without measure, and reaming stoups of genuine claret superseded the necessity of paying five shillings a bottle for sloe juice.

One of the first demonstrations of the approach of Christmas in Edinburgh was the annual appearance of large tables of *anchor-stocks* at the head of the Old Fish-market Close. These anchor-stocks, the only species of bread made from rye that I have ever observed offered for sale in the city, were exhibited in every variety of size and price, from a halfpenny to a half crown; and the manufacture, as far as may be judged from a hereditary resemblance of feature, has been continued to the present time by the same family,—I believe from Musselburgh. Anchor-stocks, at this period, had, from their novelty, an uncommon sale; and even among the higher ranks many were purchased, as an agreeable variety in the accustomed food; for they were sweet-tasted, and baked with caraway seeds and orange-peel. I have been particular in mentioning the composition of anchor-stocks, as, without some such explanation, many who read my travels might proclaim to the world, that the citizens of Edinburgh were so ill off in point of provisions, as in winter to eat the very stocks of their ship anchors,—and thus class the inhabitants of the Northern Athens with the saw-dust and fish-bone eaters of Lapland and Norway.

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Christmas was also preceded in Edinburgh, and all over the country, by the appearance of *guisards* or *guisers*, young men and boys, who, in antic habiliments and masks (called in Edinburgh *fause-faces*), went round the houses in the evenings performing fragments of those legendary romances or religious moralities, which were once the only dramatic representations of Britain. Of the former, the general subject was Alexander the Great, accompanied by two other kings, and several knights, who "said their say," fought their battle, and received their reward in the hospitalities of the season. The subject of the latter, I believe, was the well known one of the Abbot of Unreason, which the reader, curious in such matters, will find lively pictured in the romance of the Monastery. One of the masquers in this last, represented the Devil, with a formidable pair of horns; another personated Judas, designated by carrying the bag; and there was likewise a dialogue, fighting and restoring the slain to life at the conclusion of the piece. The opening of the scene commenced by the recital of a rhyme beginning thus:—

> Redd up stocks, redd up stools,
> Here comes in a pack of fools, &c.

But the guising is now on the decline, and the older masquers have given place to young boys, who now carol the most common songs at the doors of the citizens for halfpence.

Another prelude to the approach of Christmas, was the appearance of flocks of geese, driven from the south to be massacred and eaten on this day. These, however, were chiefly destined for the solace of gentle stomachs, the prevailing Christmas dish among the common people and peasantry, being the national one of *fat brose*, otherwise denominated *Yule brose*. The large pot, in almost every family of this description, well provided with butcher meat, (if bullocks' heads or knee bones may be so called,) was put on the fire the previous evening, to withdraw the nutritive juices and animal oil from the said ingredients. Next day after breakfast, or at dinner, the brose was made, generally in a large punch-bowl, the mistress of the ceremonies dropping a gold ring among the oatmeal upon which the oily soup was poured. The family, or party, (for on these occasions there was generally a party of young people assembled) provided with spoons and seated round the bowl, now begin to partake of the half-boiling broth, on the understanding that the person who was so fortunate as to get the ring in their spoon, was to be first married.—Reader, if you were ever young and unmarried, you must have felt what it would have been to be assured of not always living in unprofitable and unrespected celibacy; of moving through the world as unserviceable to its continuance, as half a pair of scissors, or the single lever of a pair of snuffers, which, according to the proverb, can neither *clip nor cut*. But I am tired of description; let the parties who enjoyed these scenes speak for themselves.

"Is a' the young folk come?" said old Mr Callimanky to his wife, as he entered his house, having left his shop in the Luckenbooths for the purpose of enjoying the brose in the persons of his children and their friends; "there's no muckle doing in the shop the day. Except three spats o' prime, and a remnant o' duffle for big-coats to the Laird o' Mosshag's dochters, I haena measured an ell o' claith sin' I gaed down."—"Ye're ne'er content wi' your selling," answered Mrs Callimanky; "an ye were as gude at getting in, as ye are at gi'en out, we might hae been at the Citadel bathing this year, as weel as our neighbour the button-maker, and his yellow-faced dochters. Ye might hae been writing your accounts for half-an-hour langer, had ye liket; for Sandy's playing at the shinty wi' Geordy Bogle in the Krames, and the M'Guffies winna be here till twall, they're sae thrang cleaning currants."—"Weel, I see I'm ower soon, sae I'll just gang down the length o' Gillespie's and hear the news till they a' gather," said Mr Callimanky.—"Ye had better gang ben to the parlour and see what the weans are about," rejoined the lady; "Mr Columbus's auldest son's been there this good while, rampin wi' Jean and Margaret, and cuttin paper leddies to the young anes:—ye see I'm thrang wi' the pye that I promised them—them that eats, little kens the trouble afore hand."—"Od, I'm glad ye've gotten young Mr Christopher wi' ye; I'll gang nae farther, he has sae muckle to say about auld-farrant things that happened long ago."

Mr Callimanky saying this, immediately proceeded to the parlour, and

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made his entrée, while his eldest daughter, a girl of about eighteen, was entering the part of Blind Harry, and I myself was perched upon the top of a table to avoid being caught. He came in with so little noise, or we were making so much, that his arrival was not perceived; and Miss Callimanky, passing the door at the time, she seized the old gentleman round the neck, and with a clap or two on his head, or rather on his powdered wig, cried out, pulling the bandage from her eyes, "Ye're hit—ye're hit—I've catched you at last!"

The surprise of the young lady, when she found that she had catched her father instead of me, Christopher, in her arms, is, to use a common expression, more easily conceived than described. The old gentleman, however, was perfectly good-humoured, and conveyed no reproach on our conduct, further than by saying, as I leaped from the table, "Kit, Kit, if ye hae spoilt my table, I'll gar your father send me a new ane." The convenience of the old houses of Edinburgh for games of this kind, is only known to the last generation. When Mr Callimanky came into the room, the only persons visible were Miss Callimanky and myself. The numerous presses and concealed cupboards included the remainder of the party, to the amount of half a dozen. One little fellow was laid along under the piano-forte; Miss Margaret had, by the help of a chair, attained the upper and unoccupied shelf of a press; one had stowed itself under a sofa, and another little imp had rolled under the large leather-covered chair, which stood by the side of the fire. Two others had found concealment, the one behind a large tea-tray, and the other behind a butter-kit, in what was denominated the store-closet. "What's come o' a' the bairns?" said the old gentleman, as he looked round the apartment. "Dear me, are you twa playing at Blind Harry your ain sells!"—"Eh, that's my father," said Geordy, as he peeped from under the piano.—"Help me down, papa," cried Miss Margaret, as she looked from her elevation, like an angel on the inferior world.—"Eh, we'll get the brose now—that's papa frae the shop!" sung out the one from under the sofa; and in a short time, Mr Callimanky, though no sorcerer, had eight people about him, where a minute before only two were visible.

"We had scarcely arranged ourselves in becoming order after this interruption, before old Miss Callimanky, a maiden sister of my friend, appeared, leading in Sandy with a bloody nose. He had been engaged in single combat with a boy in the street, who had unnecessarily interrupted his sport at the shinty. This was resented by Mr Alexander in a becoming manner, and a battle "ower the bannets" was the consequence, which, on the testimony of Geordy Bogle, I beg to say, was nothing discreditable to young Callimanky's courage, though claret, according to the modern phrase, was drawn on both sides. "Pit the muckle key down his back," said the old lady, "and that'll stop the bleeding. Ma wee man, I hope ye gied the little Heritor as gude as he's gien you." The house key was procured and put next his neck; the bleeding ceased, as Miss Callimanky the elder had predicted and a piece of shortbread, and a *bawbee* to buy snaps, soon effaced all remembrance of the battle.

The two Misses M'Guffie now appeared; "three muckle buns, which had to gang to the carrier's in the morning," being their apology for not appearing earlier at the fishing of the ring in the *kail-brose*. Mrs Callimanky having, it would seem, finished her apple-pye, "ready to send to the baker's," now made her entrance, followed by a girl with the *meal-can*. The punch-bowl was placed on the table; a sufficient quantity of oatmeal was deposited in it; a gold ring dropped among the meal; and the bowl was taken away to have the necessary liquid supplied from the *muckle pot*. The bowl was placed on the table, and all hands grasped their spoons. "Tak care, and no burn yoursells, bairns," said Mrs Callimanky, as she endeavoured to repress an eagerness which might have been followed by a scalded mouth; "just take time—some o' you maun get the ring."—"See, aunty Betty, Meg's takin twa soups for my ane," said Miss Callimanky.—"Ye maun just sup faster, Jean," was the reply.—"I've gottin't," cried Miss Susan M'Guffie, as she was blowing a hardened piece of meal between her teeth.—The supping was suspended for a moment.—"Eh no, it's just a knut o' meal."

The search commenced with greater eagerness. "Aunty, will ye no try't?" said Sandy to old Miss Callimanky;

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"Ye're no married yet, ye ken."—"Me married, my dear! trowth na; after refusing Mr M'Scrankie the writer, and Deacon Fell, besides entering into a correspondence wi' Dominie Boyd, that was afterwards a minister, and mony a ane mae that I could name, it wadna set me to houk men out o' a brose-bicker at this time o' day."—"Tuts, Betty," answered Mr Callimanky, "the bairn's but jokin; tak a spoon and be like the rest. There's nae saying where a blessing may light. Sandy M'Scrankie's neither dead nor married yet; and mony a ane aulder than you gangs afore the minister."—"Aulder than me, brither! what do ye mean? It'll no be the better for either you or yours suld I change my condition."

Miss Betty, however, allowed herself to be persuaded, and began to dig in the mine for husbands with the eagerness of one who had not yet lost hope. She had not emptied many spoonfuls, before her teeth arrested something of a harder texture than oatmeal; and in the act of chewing to ascertain its quality, the said body stuck fast in the hollow of an old tooth. "Gude preserve me, what's this!" mumbled out Mrs Betty, in an agony of pain, the tears starting from her eyes as she hastened to apply a handkerchief to her mouth.—"Our aunty's gotten the ring," roared out a little fellow who observed the incident, "our aunty's gotten the ring, and she has it in her mouth—spit it out, aunty!"

The appearance of the old lady, and the assertions of the boy, put a stop to further search. "Wae worth your ring and your brose too, they've gien me a rheumatism in my chafts," continued aunty Betty; for she would have counted it a heresy had any one hinted that her teeth were failing; "I wish I had your ring out o' my mouth."—"Can ye no get it out, Betty? let me see where it is sticking," said Mr Callimanky.—"Miss Betty will haud a good grip, I warrant ye, when it's in her power," remarked Mrs Callimanky, with a laugh; "she'll no tyne the haud, gie her't wha will." Aunty Betty, at the risk of exposing her deficiencies in mark of mouth, was glad, however, to allow an examination which should rid her of the incumbrance and pain. "I see it now," said her brother, as with spectacles to assist his vision he was searching the round of her open mouth; "it's a yellow thing, but it's no a ring—gape wider and I'll pu'd out till ye." The article, which proved to be a small button, was now extracted, amidst the laughter of the younger part of the company, who were not sorry that Mrs Betty had failed in securing a help-mate upon the present occasion. "How's the button gotten among the meal?" said Mrs Callimanky, who now got possession of the brass article. The thing was unaccountable, till Sandy cried out—"Eh, mother, as sure as ony thing the button's mine, see it's come aff the sleeve o' my jacket."

Miss Betty retired from the contest, and the youthful candidates again began, with unwearied application, to the double task of searching and eating. The large bowl was pretty well emptied of its contents, and conjecture was at work in supposing that some of the company, with sufficient plenitude of throat, might have unconsciously swallowed the landlady's ring, when Miss Callimanky was fortunate enough to secure the actual prize. "Weel done, Jean," said her papa, as she held the ring in triumph between her fingers; "that's just as it should be—the auldest aye first."—"Jeanie, gie's a kiss, my dear," said her mamma; "ye deserve a man, and I hope ye'll get a good one." Aunty Betty, in spite of her defeat, also congratulated her favourite niece; and "Jean's gaun to be married!" was sung out by the younger branches in full chorus, "and we'll a' get gloves and new frocks, and sweet-things, and the piano to our-sells." The Misses M'Guffie, however, were not over much pleased at the result. "She ken't weel where to find it," whispered the one. "It's a' nonsense to think that finding a ring's to gar ony body be married," said the other. "'Deed, it's perfect nonsense," said Mr Callimanky, in a tone of consolation; "howsomever, I've often seen the thing happen for a' that."

Conjecture was now at work to find out who was to be the happy man. "They'll no be ill to please," whispered the elder Miss M'Guffie to her sister. "They'll ne'er rue their bargain but ance, and that's aye," replied the other. "Div ye no think that Mr Christopher there and our Jean wad make a very good match, my dear?" said Mrs Callimanky to her spouse. "Stand up, Jean, and measure wi'

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Mr Christopher," answered her papa; "they'll no make an ill match, after a'," said he, as Miss Jean and I were arranged back to back; "but let them please themselves." The young lady seemed not much displeased with the arrangement which had been chalked out for her; and as we stood back to back, I thought I felt her press her head gently to mine, as much as to say, "Christopher, what do you say to all this?" Miss Jean, though a very good girl, happened to be rather *dumpy* for my taste in female beauty; and I cannot but say, if the old people had thought it proper, that I should have preferred Miss Margaret for my proffered partner in life, as she was both younger and taller, and in my apprehension much prettier than her sister. However, I had by some accident put up my hand to feel our difference in height, which was asserted by Mr Callimanky to be a "scrimpit quarter," by his sister to be "little more than a handbreadth," and by Mrs Callimanky to be "just a *nail*," and the young lady, probably to ascertain the same fact, reached up her hand at the same moment. Aunty Betty, who had now completely recovered from the spasm occasioned by the button, and who, it was reported, was to leave her *pose* to Miss Jean, should she die unmarried, observed the occurrence with woman's keen eye for observation, and immediately called the attention of the company to the incident, by crying aloud, "See, they're joining hands already! Gudewife, we maun hae a glass o' your best to the health of the young couple." Miss Callimanky's hand and mine were withdrawn in confusion; she blushing like a rose, and my face (for I blushed too) like a full-blossomed carnation. Cake and wine were produced; the healths of the day went round, with pointed allusion to the projected alliance; and I was not allowed to depart without a promise to come up exactly at three, and tak a slice o' beef, and taste the goose and the apple-pye, which were the eatable attractions of the day. I escorted the Misses M'Guffie home, and though they did not venture openly to say anything to the disadvantage of my proffered spouse, they pretty broadly insinuated, in a general way, that "handless taupies, wha couldna set their hands to a turn, but play upon pianos, and read Shakespeare's novels and Smollett's plays, might do very weel for a gentleman o' fortune," but were not likely to contribute much to the happiness of those to whom domestic economy was an object worth caring for.

I returned to my dinner as invited; the Misses M'Guffie came to tea at six, and we passed a very amusing evening "gieing guesses," expounding riddles, in music, singing, and dancing. Time slipped away so unperceivedly, that I was not aware it was ten o'clock, till Mrs Callimanky, upon the striking of that hour in St Giles's, gave us the hint to depart by saying, "Now, sirs, there's nane o' you to gang away—ye'll just stay and tak a rizzered haddie." I was proof, however, against the temptation; and having deposited the M'Guffies in Baillie Fife's Close, I closed the celebration of Christmas by going home.

In the country the same day was held much in the same manner, but there all work was suspended, and the ceremonies began by a public breakfast, supported by lunches and drams in the forenoon, and terminated by a dinner and dance, at which Christmas ale (generally brewed for the purpose) was not spared. Some traits of religious feeling, however, still mix with the observance of Christmas in the country; and it is a received opinion among the simple inhabitants, that at twelve o'clock on Christmas eve, all the bees in the hives may be heard singing the advent of the Saviour of the world. Naturalists say, that this will or will not happen, as the temperature is high or low; but one almost regrets the investigations which dissipate a superstition so amiable, as that of believing that all nature expresses her gratulations at an event which is of importance to man alone.

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REMARKS ON SHELLEY'S ADONAIS,

An Elegy on the Death of JOHN KEATS, *Author of Endymion, &c.*

BETWEEN thirty and forty years ago, the *Della Crusca* school was in great force. It poured out monthly, weekly, and daily, the whole fulness of its raptures and sorrows in verse, worthy of any "person of quality." It revelled in moonlight, and sighed with evening gales, lamented over plucked roses, and bid melodious farewells to the "last butterfly of the season." The taste prevailed for a time; the more rational part of the public, always a minority, laughed and were silent; the million were in raptures, and loud in their raptures. The reign of "sympathy" was come again,—poetry, innocent poetry, had at length found out its true language. Milton and Dryden, Pope and the whole ancestry of the English Muse, had strayed far from nature. They were a formal and stiff-skirted generation, and their fame was past and forever. The trumpet of the morning paper, in which those "inventions rich" were first promulgated, found an echo in the more obscure fabrications of the day, and milliners' maids and city apprentices pined over the mutual melancholies of *Arley* and *Matilda*. At length, the obtrusiveness of this tuneful nonsense grew insupportable; a man of a vigorous judgment shook off his indolence, and commenced the long series of his services to British literature, by sweeping away, at a brush of his pen, the whole light-winged, humming, and loving population. But in this world folly is immortal; one generation of absurdity swept away, another succeeds to its glories and its fate. The *Della Crusca* school has visited us again, but with some slight change of localities. Its verses now transpire at one time from the retreats of Cockney dalliance in the London suburbs; sometimes they visit us by fragments from Venice, and sometimes invade us by wainloads from Pisa. In point of subject and execution, there is but slight difference; both schools are "smitten with nature, and nature's love," run riot in the intrigues of anemonies, daisies, and buttercups, and rave to the "rivulets *proud*, and the deep *blushing* stars." Of the individuals in both establishments, we are not quite qualified to speak, from the peculiarity of their private habits; but poor Mrs Robinson and her correspondents are foully belied, if their moral habits were not to the full as pure as those of the Godwinian colony, that play "the Bacchanal beside the Tuscan sea." But we must do the defunct *Della Crusca* the justice to say, that they kept their private irregularities to themselves, and sought for no reprobate popularity, by raising the banner to all the vicious of the community. They talked nonsense without measure, were simple down to the lowest degree of silliness, and "babbled of green fields" enough to make men sicken of summer, but they were not daring enough to boast of impurity; there was no pestilent hatred of every thing generous, true, and honourable; no desperate licentiousness in their romance; no daring and fiend-like insult to feeling, moral ties, and Christian principle. They were foolish and profligate, but they did not deliver themselves, with the steady devotedness of an insensate and black ambition, to the ruin of society.

We have now to speak of Mr P. B. Shelley and his poem. Here we must again advert to the *Della Crusca*. One of the characteristics of those childish persons was, the restless interest which they summoned the public to take in every thing belonging to their own triviality. If Mrs Robinson's dog had a bad night's repose, it was duly announced to the world; Mr Merry's accident in paring his nails solicited a similar sympathy; the falling off of Mrs R.'s patch, at the last ball, or the stains on Mr M.'s full-dress coat, from the dropping of a chandelier, came before the earth, with praise-worthy promptitude. All within their enchanted ring was perfection; but there the circle of light and darkness was drawn, and all beyond was delivered over to the empire of Dulness and Demogorgon. The New School are here the humble imitators of those original arbiters of human fame.

The present story is thus:—A *Mr John Keats*, a young man who had left a decent calling for the melancholy

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trade of Cockney-poetry, has lately died of a consumption, after having written two or three little books of verses, much neglected by the public. His vanity was probably wrung not less than his purse; for he had it upon the authority of the Cockney Homers and Virgils, that he might become a light to their region at a future time. But all this is not necessary to help a consumption to the death of a poor sedentary man, with an unhealthy aspect, and a mind harassed by the first troubles of versemaking. The New School, however, will have it that he was slaughtered by a criticism of the Quarterly Review.—"O flesh, howart thou fishified!"—There is even an aggravation in this cruelty of the Review—for it had taken three or four years to slay its victim, the deadly blow having been inflicted at least as long since. We are not now to defend a publication so well able to defend itself. But the fact is, that the Quarterly finding before it a work at once silly and presumptuous, full of the servile *slang* that Cockaigne dictates to its servitors, and the vulgar indecorums which that Grub Street Empire rejoiceth to applaud, told the truth of the volume, and recommended a change of manners and of masters to the scribbler. Keats wrote on; but he wrote *indecently*, probably in the indulgence of his social propensities. He selected from Boccacio, and, at the feet of the Italian Priapus, supplicated for fame and farthings.

"Both halves the winds dispersed in empty air."

Mr P. B. Shelly having been the person appointed by the *Pisan* triumvirate to canonize the name of this apprentice, "nipt in the bud," as he fondly tells us, has accordingly produced an Elegy, in which he weeps "after the manner of Moschus for Bion." The canonizer is worthy of the saint.—"*Et tu, Vitula!*"—Locke says, that the most resolute liar cannot lie more than once in every three sentences. Folly is more engrossing; for we could prove, from the present Elegy, that it is possible to write two sentences of pure nonsense out of every three. A more faithful calculation would bring us to ninety-nine out of every hundred, or,—as the present consists of only fifty-five stanzas,—leaving about five readable lines in the entire. It thus commences:—

"O weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad hour! selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say with me
Died Adonais! till the *future dates*
Forget the past. His fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light!! unto eternity."

Now, of this unintelligible stuff the whole fifty-five stanzas are composed. Here an hour—a *dead* hour too—is to say that Mr J. Keats died *along with it!* yet this hour has the heavy business on its hands of mourning the loss of its *fellow-defunct*, and of rousing all its *obscure compeers* to be taught its *own sorrow*, &c. Mr Shelley and his tribe have been panegyrized in their turn for power of language; and the man of "Table-talk" swears by all the gods he owns, that he has a great command of words, to which the most eloquent effusions of the Fives Court are *occasionally* inferior. But any man may have the command of every word in the vocabulary, if he will fling them like pebbles from a sack; and even in the most fortuitous flinging, they will sometimes fall in pleasing though useless forms. The art of the modern *Della Cruscan* is thus to eject every epithet that he can conglomerate in his piracy through the Lexicon, and throw them out to settle as they will. He follows his own rhymes, and shapes his subject to the close of his measure. He is a glutton of all names of colours, and flowers, and smells, and tastes, and crowds his verse with scarlet, and blue, and yellow, and green; extracts tears from every thing, and makes moss and mud hold regular conversations with him. "A goose-pye talks,"—it does more, it thinks, and has its peculiar sensibilities,—it smiles and weeps, raves to the stars, and is a listener to the western wind, as fond as the author himself.

On these principles, a hundred or a hundred thousand verses might be made, equal to the best in Adonais, without taking the pen off the paper. The subject is indifferent to us, let it be the "Golden age," or "Mother Goose,"—"Waterloo," or the "Wit of the Watchhouse,"—"Tom Thumb," or "Thistlewood." We will undertake to furnish the requisite sup-

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blue and crimson daisies and dandelions, not with the toilsome and tardy lutulence of the puling master of verbiage in question, but with a burst and torrent that will sweep away all his weedy trophies. For example—*Wontner*, the city marshal, a very decent person, who campaigns it once a year, from the Mansion-house to Blackfriars bridge, truncheoned and uniformed as becomes a man of his military habits, had the misfortune to fracture his leg on the last Lord Mayor's day. The subject is among the most unpromising. We will undertake it, however, (premising, that we have no idea of turning the accident of this respectable man into any degree of ridicule.)

O WEEP FOR ADONAIS, &c.

O weep for *Wontner*, for his leg is broke,
O weep for Wontner, though our pearly tear
Can never cure him. Dark and dimly broke
The thunder cloud o'er Paul's enamelled sphere,
When his black barb, with lion-like career,
Scatter'd the crowd.—Coquetting Mignionet,
Thou Hyacinth fond, thou Myrtle without fear,
Haughty Geranium, in your beaupots set,
Were then your soft and starry eyes unwet?

The pigeons saw it, and on silver wings
Hung in white flutterings, for they could not fly,
Hoar-headed Thames checked all his crystal springs,
Day closed above his pale, imperial eye,
The silken Zephyrs breathed a vermeil sigh.
High Heavens! ye Hours! and thou Ura-ni-a!
Where were ye then? Reclining languidly
Upon some green Isle in the empurpled Sea,
Where laurel-wreathen spirits love eternally.

Come to my arms, &c.

We had intended to call attention by *italics* to the *picturesque* of these lines; but we leave their beauties to be ascertained by individual perspicacity; only requesting their marked admiration of the epithets *coquetting*, *fond*, *fearless*, and *haughty*, which all tastes will feel to have so immediate and inimitable an application to mignionet, hyacinths, myrtles, and geraniums. But *Percy Bysshe* has figured as a sentimentalist before, and we can quote largely without putting him to the blush by praise. What follows illustrates his power over the language of passion. In the *Cenci*, Beatrice is condemned to die for parricide,—a situation that, in a true poet, might awaken a noble succession of distressful thought. The mingling of remorse, natural affection, woman's horror at murder, and alternate melancholy and fear at the prospect of the grave, in Percy Bysshe works up only this frigid rant:—

"——— How comes this hair undone?
Its wandering strings must be what blind me so,
And yet I *tied it fast!!*———

* * * *

The sunshine on the floor is *black!* The air
Is changed to vapours, such as the dead breathe
In charnel pits! Poh! I am chaff'd! There creeps
A clinging, black, contaminating mist
About me,—'tis substantial, heavy, thick.
I cannot pluck it from me, for it glues
My fingers and my limbs to one another,
And eats into my sinews, and dissolves
My flesh to a pollution," &c. &c.

So much for the history of "Glue"—and so much easier is it to rake together the vulgar vocabulary of rottenness and reptilism, than to paint the workings of the mind. This raving is such as perhaps no excess of madness ever raved, except in the imagination of a Cockney, determined to be as mad as possible, and opulent in his recollections of the shambles.

In the same play, we have a specimen of his "art of description." He tells of a ravine—

"And in its depths there is a mighty Rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustain'd itself with *terror and with toil!*
Over a gulph, and with *the agony*
With which it clings, seems slowly coursing down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging *leans*,
And leaning, makes *more dark* the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if *in weariness*,
The *melancholy* mountain *yawns* below," &c. &c.

And all this is done by a rock—What is to be thought of the *terror* of this novel sufferer—its *toil*—the *agony* with which so sensitive a personage clings to its paternal support, from *unimaginable* years? The magnitude of this *melancholy* and injured monster is happily measured by its being the *exact*

size of despair! Soul becomes substantial, and *darkens* a *dread abyss*. Such are Cockney darings before "the Gods, and columns" that abhor mediocrity. And is it to this dreary nonsense that is to be attached the name of poetry? Yet on these two passages the whole lauding of his fellow-Cockneys has been lavished. But *Percy Bysshe* feels his hopelessness of poetic reputation, and therefore lifts himself on the stilts of blasphemy. He is the only verseman of the day, who has dared, in a Christian country, to work out for himself the character of direct ATHEISM! In his present poem, he talks with impious folly of "the *envious* wrath of man or GOD!" Of a

"Branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like *Cain's* or CHRIST's."

Offences like these naturally come before a more effective tribunal than that of criticism. We have heard it mentioned as the only apology for the predominant irreligion and nonsense of this person's works, that his understanding is unsettled. But in his Preface, there is none of the exuberance of insanity; there is a great deal of folly, and a great deal of bitterness, but nothing of the wildness of his poetic fustian. The Bombastes Furioso of these stanzas cools into sneering in the preface; and his language against the *death-dealing* Quarterly Review, which has made such havoc in the Empire of Cockaigne, is merely malignant, mean, and peevishly personal. We give a few stanzas of this performance, taken as they occur.

"O weep for Adonais—He is dead!
Weep, melancholy mother, wake and weep;
Yet *wherefore?* quench within their burning bed
Thy *fiery* tears, and let thy *loud* heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep,
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend! Oh dream not that the *amorous* deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air.
Death *feeds* on his *mute voice*, and *laughs* at our despair."

The seasons and a whole host of personages, ideal and otherwise, come to lament over *Adonais*. They act in the following manner:

"*Grief* made the young Spring *wild*, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if the Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves, since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have wak'd the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both,
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand, and sere,
Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,
With dew all turn'd to tears, odour to sighing ruth."

Here is left, to those whom it may concern, the pleasant perplexity, whether the lament for Mr J. Keats is shared between Phœbus and Narcissus, or Summer and Autumn. It is useless to quote those absurdities any farther *en masse*, but there are flowers of poesy thickly spread through the work, which we rescue for the sake of any future Essayist on the Bathos.

Absurdity.

The green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like *unimprison'd* flowers out of their trance awake. An hour—

Say, with me
Died Adonais, *till the Future dares*
Forget the Past—his fate and fame shall be
An *echo* and a *light* to all eternity.

Whose *tapers yet* burn there the night of Time,
For which *Suns perish'd!*

Echo,—pined away
Into a *shadow* of all *sounds!*

That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit!

Comfortless!
As *silent* lighting leaves the starless night.

Live thou whose *infamy* is not thy *fame!*

Thou *noteless* blot on a remembered name!

We in mad trance *strike with our spirit's* knife,
Invulnerable nothings!

Where lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love, and life, contend in it—for what
Shall be its earthly doom—The dead live there,
And move, like *winds of light*, on dark and stormy air.

Who mourns for Adonais—oh! come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright,
Clasp with thy *panting* soul the *pendulous Earth!*

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Dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its *spacious might*
Satiate the *void circumference!*

Then sink
Even to a point within our day and night,
And keep thy heart *light*, lest it make *thee sink*,
When *hope has kindled hope*, and *lured thee to the* brink.

A light is past from *the revolving year*;
And man and women, and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.

That benediction, which th' *eclipsing curse*
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love,
Which, through *the web of being blindly wove*,
By *man*, *and beast*, *and earth*, *and air*, *and sea!*
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The *fire* for which all *thirst*.

Death makes, as becomes him, a great figure in this "Lament,"—but in rather curious operations. He is alternately a person, a thing, nothing, &c.

He is, "The coming bulk of Death,"
Then "Death feeds on the *mute voice*."

A clear sprite
Reigns over Death—
Kingly Death
Keeps his pale court.
Spreads apace
The *shadow* of *white* Death.
The damp Death
Quench'd its caress—
Death
Blush'd to annihilation!
Her distress
Roused Death. Death rose and smiled—

He lives, he wakes, 'tis Death is *dead!*

As this wild waste of words is altogether beyond our comprehension, we will proceed to the more gratifying office of giving a whole, unbroken specimen of the Poet's powers, exercised on a subject rather more within their sphere. The following Poem has been sent to us as written by Percy Byshe, and we think it contains all the essence of his odoriferous, colorific, and daisy-enamoured style. The motto is from "*Adonais.*"

ELEGY ON MY TOM CAT.

"And others came.—Desires and Adorations,
Wing'd Persuasions, and veil'd Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incantations
Of hope and fear, and beliefs and fantasies,
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs;
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the eyes
Of her own *dying smile instead of eyes!*"

ELEGY.

Weep for my Tomcat! all ye Tabbies weep,
For he is gone at last! Not dead alone,
In flowery beauty sleepeth he no sleep;
Like that bewitching youth Endymion!
My love is dead, alas, as any stone,
That by some violet-sided smiling river
Weepeth too fondly! He is dead and gone,
And fair Aurora, o'er her young believer,
With fingers gloved with roses, doth make moan,
And every bud its petal green doth sever,
And Phœbus sets in night for ever, and for ever!
And others come! ye Splendours! and ye Beauties!
Ye Raptures! with your robes of pearl and blue;
Ye blushing Wonders! with your scarlet shoe-ties;
Ye Horrors bold! with breasts of lily hue;
Ye Hope's stern flatterers! He would trust to you,
Whene'er he saw you with your chestnut hair,
Dropping sad daffodils; and rosepinks true!
Ye Passions proud! with lips of bright despair;
Ye Sympathies! with eyes like evening dew,
When on the glowing east she rolls her crimson car.

Oh, bard-like spirit! beautiful and swift!
Sweet lover of pale night; when Luna's lamp
Shakes sapphire dew-drops through a cloudy rift;
Purple as woman's mouth, o'er ocean damp;
Thy quivering rose-tinged tongue, thy stealing tramp;
The dazzling glory of thy gold-tinged tail;
Thy whisker-waving lips, as o'er the swamp
Rises the meteor, when the year doth fall,
Like beauty in decay, all, all are flat and stale."

This poem strikes us as an evidence of the improvement that an appropriate subject makes in a writer's style. It is incomparably less nonsensical, verbose, and inflated, than Adonais; while it retains all its knowledge of nature, vigour of colouring, and felicity of language. Adonais has been published by the author in Italy, the fitting soil for the poem, sent over to his honoured correspondents throughout the realm of Cockaigne, with a delightful mysteriousness worthy of the dignity of the subject and the writer.

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Perhaps no greater demonstration of the utter contempt in which any individual held the understanding of a people, was ever exhibited than that of Cobbet bringing over the bones of Tom Paine from America, in the hope of making as profitable a thing of the speculation as the Jew dealers in the rags and relics of the Christian martyrs made of old; when it became a part of religion to venerate such trumpery. The scheme, however, failed; the people of England rejected, with derision, the rotten remnants of the Apostle of Anarchy; and Cobbet, convinced that although many among them were tainted with the political heresies of his sect, they yet entertained some fear of God, and hopes of an hereafter, threw the bones to the dogs, and betook himself to writing religious tracts.

It is in fact no longer the custom among the Radical chiefs to affect to consider the multitude as a "thinking people." They have changed their mode, and now really treat them as far below the scale of rational beings, in the nineteenth century, and in England too, as they formerly affected to consider them above it. Instead, therefore, of appealing to their reason with alleged facts and assumed grievances, they address them as if they were depraved to the superstition of the middle ages, and attack their fears with every species of evil augury and omen. The estimate in the one case is, we are persuaded, as erroneous as it was in the other, and the epoch of Radical superstition will prove but the shadow of the departed Radical insubordination. But it is not wise to allow the imposition to gather strength unnoticed. "The New Prophetic Almanack," with its malignant bodements, has enjoyed one year of profitable imposture, and it is time that the public attention should be directed to its frauds and its character.

The study of astrology itself, as professing to discover, by celestial phenomena, future mutations in the elements and terrestrial bodies, ought,* perhaps, not to be despised. The theory of the tides, for example, is altogether an astrological doctrine; and long before the days of Sir Isaac Newton, was as well understood as it is at this moment. The correspondence alleged by the ancient physicians to exist between the positions of the moon and the stages of various diseases, is so far from being rejected by the modern faculty, that it has been openly maintained.† The astrologers assert, that the fits of a particular kind of madness are governed by the moon; that her rays quicken the putrefaction of animal matter; that persons are rendered dull and drowsy who sleep exposed to the moon-light; that vegetables sown in the waxing of the moon differ in flavour from the same kind sown in her waning; that vines pruned during her conjunction with the sun, shoot forth a less rank foliage afterwards; and that timber felled at the same time, endures longest uncorrupted. They also assert that oysters, crabs, and all testaceous fish, grow fat and full with the progress of the moon, and dwindle with her relapses; that she has an influence in the production of mares and horses; and that children born at the time of the new moon are always short-lived. The fact of these allegations might be so easily ascertained, that it is surprising they should still be pronounced incredible, and denied rather than contradicted.

"Yet safe the world and free from change doth last;
No years increase it, and no years can waste;
Its course it urges on, and keeps its frame,
And still will be, because 'twas still the same.
It stands secure from Time's devouring rage,
For 'tis a god, nor can it change with age."

And therefore, say the astrologers, who require us to grant the unchangeable nature of the universe, that a correspondence and coincidence must exist throughout the whole universal phenomena; as in the machinery of a clock, in which the state of one part indicates what has passed, or is to happen, in another.

The notion of the *unalterability* of

* Sir Christopher Heyden's Defence of Astrology, p. 2. Ed. 1603.

† Dr Mead's Treatise concerning the Influence of the Sun and Moon upon Human Bodies. See also Edinburgh Review, Vol. XII. p. 36.—Balfour on Sol-Lunar Influence.

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the world, as the atheistical astrologers believe, deserves some attention. Proceeding upon the supposition that there does exist such a concordance in the universe as they maintain, it is obvious, from the motions of the earth, and of the system to which she belongs, that no two astrological observations can be found in the course of many ages precisely similar: a general resemblance of effect is the utmost that may be obtained, until, in the progress of all the various movements of the universe, the earth, in all respects, come again to the situation which she held, in relation to every other part, at the time the first observation was made. When she has done this, it must be allowed, from the premises, that the series of effects will then be recommenced in every thing resembling the past. History and chronology having finished their tales, will begin then to repeat them, and persons under the same names, and in the same forms as those whom we know, and of whom we have heard, will come again. What a delightful anticipation! Another 1821 will return, when another Dr Scott, and another Blackwood's Magazine, will be found cheering and decorating the world! at once the delight of the jovial and the loyal, and a terror to the Whigs and Radicals, and all such evil doers,—so revolving in concentric circles throughout the mazes of eternity!

Such are the general doctrines of astrology; and which La Place, in his *Mechanique Celeste*, has adopted. (By the way, how has it happened that the Edinburgh Review did not observe that La Place was an astrologer?) How the doctrines of astrology should ever have been applied to the fortunes of individuals, or even to the planets, which, in an estimate of the universe, are as little tangible by calculation as the atoms themselves, can only be accounted for by the presumption of quacks and impostors. At the same time, when the application had been once made, it was not difficult to form a plausible theory to explain the principles. Accordingly, say the judicial astrologers, our science, like that of every other, is the result of experience. The first observations were those of which the results had some concordance with the planets at different periods of the year. The tides, varying with the phases of the moon, early attracted attention. Perhaps it was next remarked, that, when certain planets were in particular constellations, and the sun in certain signs of the Zodiac, special effects took place, and were naturally ascribed to the influences of those particular aspects.

A transition from the tides to the variations of the atmosphere was an obvious process of astrological contemplation; and as valetudinarians are particularly affected by the weather, the progress towards that branch of the science which relates to diseases necessarily took place.

If the diseases of man be regulated by the stars, why not his passions also? And as his passions govern his actions, making one class of motives more influential than another, why not by means of his passions regulate his fortune? Fortune is but another name for situation, and men are evidently allured into their various situations by their passions. Hence the theory of judicial astrology—a theory at variance with the fundamental doctrines of the science. For the professors of it—that is, the fortune-tellers—allege that man possesses his will free, and thereby has the power of election, and consequently also the power of changing his destiny.

But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the principles of the fortune-telling astrology are deduced from those of the astrological science, it may be asked on what grounds are we to credit the predictions? It is manifest, from the infinite grasp which astrology assumes, that the concerns of the earth itself can scarcely be palpable to its arithmetic; how then are we to believe the verity of those calculations which pretend to describe the actions of such an infinitely small portion of the system as an individual man? Much stress, however, is laid by the fortune-tellers on the truth of particular prognostications; and the quacks concerned in "The New Prophetic Almanack" lay great claims upon public credulity for some of their hap-hazard bodements of political mischiefs. But they forget that if the results of their calculations are verified in one instance, purely from the truths upon which they assume they are founded, they should be verified in every instance, otherwise something must be allowed to have an influence on the results, over which their arith-

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metic has no control. Science does not admit of any casualties in its problems: unless, therefore, every astrological prediction can be demonstrated to be true, the whole of them must be consigned to contempt; for the verification of one here and there cannot be admitted as a proof of the truth of the science, but should be assigned to the calculators of chances—merely as a curious accident. This the radical knaves concerned in "The New Prophetic Almanack" know perfectly well, and they take care to wrap up their soothsayings in such mystical generalities that they may be as well applied to the fortunes of the King of Cockaigne, as to any of the Kings of the Kingdoms of the Earth. We can scarcely give a better specimen of their jargon, than their account of the hieroglyphical absurdities on the cover of their work.

"In the East, West, and South points of the Mariner's Compass Card, a miniature representation of some Mathematical or Astronomical Instrument is introduced, the North Cardinal being filled up with the common Index of that point, namely, the *Fleur de Lis*.—The four intermediate octant points contain each an emblem of that season which accords with the apparent place of the Sun in his progress from Solstice to Solstice, at the times of his passing those points.—The other eight intersecting points contain each a planetary symbol; and the remaining sixteen subdivisions are uniformly filled up in a plain manner.—Thus it will be observed, that each class of points, according to their consequence, is designated and diversified, so as to be readily recognized.

"The central part of the Compass Card, within the points, contains, (besides the small space at the centre,) four concentric circular spaces, each divided into twelve equal parts.—The outermost of these spaces includes, in its twelve divisions, miniature sketches of the twelve signs of the Zodiac; and the next interior twelve spaces contain the twelve common symbols used to denote the Zodiacal constellations, by the comparison of the figures of which, with those of the originals in the spaces above them, a certain resemblance may be traced, that will serve to explain the figure of each of the common symbols.—Proceeding towards the centre, the next twelve spaces exhibit twelve numbers, that under each symbol being the number of the sign it represents, according to the order in which the twelve signs are put down in the Almanack Tables, and in all other Astronomical Computations.—The twelve divisions of the fourth central space shew the day of each month, on which the Sun enters that particular sign of the Zodiac, which appears in the corresponding division of the exterior circles.—And lastly, The small space at the centre contains the date of the year, for which the Almanack is calculated.

"In each corner of the square described, about the outermost circle of the Compass Card, certain celestial and terrestrial phenomena are represented; namely, First, The Sun darkened—Secondly, the Lunar Crescent, with an Halo, and Shooting Star—Thirdly, A Comet—and Fourthly, A Burning Mountain.

"The part of the design already described is surmounted by a rectangular figure, within which is faintly traced an Ellipse, to represent the Orbit of the Earth; and four small projections of a sphere are inserted, in order to shew the position of the Earth's Axis with respect to the Sun, or the Plane of the Ecliptic, at each Equinox and Solstice; and thus, to represent the manner in which the radiation from the centre is received by different parts of the surface of the Earth, at the four different seasons."

To what class of readers such balderdash as this is addressed, we are incapable even of imagining. But it is nothing to the blasphemous insinuations of one of the most ludicrous productions we ever read, entitled, "The first epistle of Fatidicoramus," to his Godson—from which we shall quote a passage or two, not so much on account of the raving, as to shew the cloven foot of radicalism, which protrudes itself from under the prophetic robe—

"The daily occupations and cares of this life so burthen the minds of those *not born to affluence, that they cannot, even if duly educated, sift for themselves the truths of revelation;* and it would be a dereliction of duty not to guide them to a knowledge of things future as far as we can. But I am moreover deeply concerned to notice that the *temporary pastimes* and *fascinations of* this world do so dizzy the heads of the wealthy, as *to almost extinguish* in *their hearts* those spiritual flames which the prospect of a permanent heritage ought to kindle and keep alive. Prophecy, that best fuel of pure devotion, has, I think, of late, been insidiously *suppressed* and doubly smothered. The sphere of my observation is sufficiently wide for me to discover that the buz of the overweening Rabbi is, 'Better let prophecy alone;' whilst the indevout caviller, on the other hand, is blasphemously crying, "I don't believe." Thus, betwixt the timidity of the one, and the presumption of the other, I am fearing that the multitude has lulled itself into a

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disregard of certain terrible visitations which the ancient oracles of religion assure us must be inflicted; and (taking it for granted that those oracles bear the signet of divine truth) so surely as they stand recorded, so surely will all the judgments preordained, sooner or later, my good cousin, be executed.

"Proofs enough of the near approach of that day which shall change the present economy of the moral world, are, to those who '*look up*,' conspicuous. Seems it not then an unfathomable problem, (but I wish my fear may be ungrounded, and the reality be otherwise than as I apprehend,) that all the nations of Christendom should, unanimously, as it were, have forgotten that the whole universe is sentenced to undergo a certain doom, which, sudden "as the lightning that lighteneth out of one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven," shall come and overspread it?"—Luke xvii, 24.

After continuing in this strain for several pages, the learned Theban proceeds to state what are the visitations still impending, which it is the object of "the New Prophetic Journal" to expound.

"*First*, The total annihilation of Ecclesiastical Despotism, Spiritual hypocrisy, and heretical doctrine throughout all nations.—Dan. xi. 2 Thes. ii. Rev. xiii. &c.

"*Secondly*, The fulfilling of the times of the Gentiles, or that maturing of the conversion of all Ethnic nations which is foreordained.—Isaiah, xi.; lx.; lxv. Luke, xxi. 24. Rom. xi. 25. Rev. vii. 9. &c.

"*Thirdly*, The entire overthrow which the Ottoman Empire, and all Mohammedan nations, are destined to experience.—Dan. vii. Obadiah, &c.

"*Fourthly*, The effectual extermination of the vast armies of Gog and Magog, probably of Russia, Prussia, and some other northern nations.—Exek. xxxviii. xxxix.

"*Fifthly*, The universal extinction of all those several powers which will combine to arrest the replanting of the kingdom of Israel.—Joel, iii. Isaiah, xxxiv. Ezek. xxxix. 17. Rev xix. &c.

"*Sixthly*, THE FATE OF GREAT BRITAIN PROBABLY TYPIFIED BY THE PROPHETIC THREATENINGS WHICH FORETOLD THE DOWNFALL OF ANCIENT TYRE.—Ezek. xxvii, xxviii.

"*Seventhly*, The illumination of the whole world by the diffusion of the Gospel.—Rev. x.

"*Eighthly*, The perpetual subjugation of the Infidel king and his host.—Daniel xi. 36.

"*Ninthly*, The gathering of the Jews; their peaceful occupation of the Holy Land, and the rebuilding of Jerusalem.—Deut. xxx. 3. Isaiah, xi. 11. Ezek. xx.; xxxiv.; xxxvii. xl. to the end, Psal. cxlvii. 2, and numerous other places.

"*Tenthly*, The Millenium; or, a long reign of peace, by means of the universality of Gospel discipline.—Dan. vii. 27. Acts iii. 18. Rev. xx.; &c.

"*Eleventhly*, The second coming of Christ in his own immortal magnificence and power, to call the dead from their graves to judgment with the living.—Dan. vii. 13. Matt. xxiv. 29. John, v. Mark, xiii. 26. Luke, xxi. 25. Acts, x. 1 Cor. xv. Rev. xiv. 14, &c.

"*Twelfthly*, The release of Satan, after the Milleniums, with power to deceive and excite many nations to wage war with the Christian hosts.—Rev. xx.

"*Thirteenthly*, The total dissolution of the whole system of nature, and conflagration of the whole earth.—Isaiah, li. 6. 2 Pet. iii. 10. Rev. x. 6.; xx. 11, &c.

"Though I may have enumerated these as the events to which we are now looking forward, yet is the catalogue, no doubt, very imperfect; and it is not to be supposed that the events and scene are to succeed one another in the order in which they are here numbered. Some of them seem now to be in progress; and, from all the means afforded us of judging, the time is near when most of them are to be forthcoming. It is fallacious to suppose that one is to terminate before another commences, in all cases, and many may be in progress at the same time. Scripture points to *the latter days* as the period of all of them; and we are constantly admonished TO WATCH!—*to watch* for certain signs and tokens which are to appear; and to be received, as SIGNALS *of the* LATTER DAYS. The command to Daniel was, 'Shut up the words and seal the book, even *to the* TIME OF THE END! many shall run to and fro, and KNOWLEDGE *shall be* INCREASED—none of the wicked shall understand, but THE WISE *shall understand*.'—Dan. xii.

"By the increase then of religious knowledge, some, as the times of fulfilment approach, will be permitted to remove the mysterious veilings and to decypher the full application of these profound enigmas. Solutions of many obscure allusions have already been effected by the pious labours of Lord Napier, Dr More, Dr Johnson, Dr Hales, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Newton, Faber, Clarke, Bicheno, and others; and as every day draws nearer to reality, so is the allegorical raiment gradually taken off, and the momentous secret tremblingly discovered."

In former times the great topic of the astrological oracles, was the downfall of the papal authority; but the interest excited by the revolt of the Greeks, has been dexterously seized by "Fatidicoramus," and the doom of

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the Ottoman empire is now discovered to have been one of the grand objects for which Daniel ate the book, sealed with the seven seals.

"Then I heard, (says the prophet) one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that certain saint which spake, 'How long shall be the vision concerning the daily sacrifice, and the transgression of desolation, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?' And he said unto me, 'UNTO *two thousand and three hundred days*, THEN *shall the sanctuary be cleansed.*'"

Upon this passage we must quote the comment.

"It has been already said, that the great integral body of an empire was, in holy prophecy, commonly symbolised by a beast; and the members of such empire each by a horn; so that, on a diminished scale, the mind might obtain a comprehensive view of the vast subjects alluded to. In order, therefore, to have one feature of the prophecy comport with another, it has been usual to signify periods of time by some minuter portion of duration; and thus days have been made the symbol of years; the 2300 days here mentioned are, therefore, 2300 years. But no era is stated distinctly from which these 2300 years are to be reckoned. Taking the literal expressions of our English Bible for our guide, it seems that the vision is purposely to shew the rise and effect of those powers in the Grecian dominions which should produce conspicuous vicissitudes in the religion of the country; and more particularly of the consequences resulting from the rise and power of the little horn. Now it will be recollected, that the first scene of the vision presents *the ram* STANDING STILL before the river Ulai. We are next told of his pushing westward, &c. and it seems to me reasonable that this movement should be taken for the era at which the 2300 years are to commence, for it brings us directly to the particular spot pre-ordained to become the *seat of the little horn*. This movement, or pushing, is that celebrated march of Xerxes at the head of his cohort of three millions against Greece, which took place in the year 480 before Christ. There would then have expired 479 years before the Christian era, to which, if we add 1821, the years since the birth of Christ, we have

$$479+1821=2300$$

and, consequently, if our chronology be correct, and our epoch true, we are to look for the cleansing of the sanctuary in 1822. But, upon concluding my comment, I ought to remark to you, that though the clause "THEN *shall the sanctuary* BE CLEANSED," seems to imply *the entire cleansing*, yet I am of opinion that it ought to be read, THEN *shall the cleansing of the sanctuary* BE; that is, shall begin, without assigning it, as the other reading seems to do, *a period of completion*. Thus then, if my view of this important prophecy be well taken, *the "cleansing of the sanctuary has just begun in* THE REVOLT OF THE GREEKS." Weigh this conclusion well, my honest Coz. and keep in mind those dismal times of which it is, peradventure, the near precursor."

We shall now proceed to notice some of the predictions. "I am sorry," says the seer, "to see Venus on the 1st day of the new year, in the head of the Dragon, and hastening to an opposition of Mars, of course, posited in the Dragon's tail. Strife must, I apprehend, ensue, and although it is possible this country may have hitherto escaped carnage, it cannot long, *unless* some extraordinary interposition shall, through a merciful providence, avert the impending catastrophe. The voice of warning cannot be too strenuously excited—(observe the sedition)—*and if the stewards of the public persist in their obduracy, a day will come when* they will repent it."

The aspects for March, it seems, foretel "a most universal ferment throughout Europe"—indicative of a new era, either political or religious—perhaps both—(another French revolution, we suppose.) There is also a special prediction—"The death of one of high rank and fame, a field marshal, as I suppose, may be held in expectation during this month—malice the cause."—The death of any field marshal, or eminent warrior, will serve to fulfil the prophecy—we should not be surprised to hear of that pleasant mannered gentleman, old Ali Pacha kicking about that time.

The timely warnings for May, deserve a place.

"The application of the forebodings described in the preceding page for March, is rather of a general than a particular nature, though I am inclined to say that they allude to the German Empire more than to any other part of Europe. I cannot say whether it is intestine or foreign hostility that threatens a terrible shock to that government—whether a revolt of some of its vassal states, or of some important portion of its army—but evident enough it is, that a great change is about to take place in that Empire. Still the ferment which has been already excited in other states seems greatly augmented, and in some the sword is very active. It is almost impossible to fix the allusions, but the general tenor of them indicates dreadful wars and bloodshed. I could also point out certain omens

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of a fatal character, which betpeak personal jealousy, and individual mischief; indeed, I am apprehensive that at least two memorable assassinations will be heard of about this time. Something, too, of a most atrocious nature seems, by the signs of last month, to have been detected; and the author will, it appears, be, in some manner, publicly degraded. I wish all political craftsmen would be persuaded to think that *honesty is really the best policy*, and be induced to act up to the maxim. It is surprising that statesmen have, in general, so very little regard to the warnings of Providence and the experience of all past ages."

"It does appear," says Sir Willon, "that some are about to enjoy better times. *I wish I could inform my readers that this refers to England;* but it is a more western nation, (*we hope Ireland,*) and I should think Spain, or rather the Spanish people of South America, which is now *probably* settling a new and *liberal* system of independence. The position of the moon, I regret to remark, bodes something rather *unfavourable* to the *popular* cause of Great Britain."

But these extracts are sufficient to shew the spirit in which the New Prophetic Almanack is got up; and perhaps our strictures may have the effect of increasing the sale, for "a time," or "half a time," among a class of readers whom it is not likely the work has yet reached. In case, however, they should fail of this effect, we cannot resist the temptation of introducing a very philosophical disquisition concerning comets, and so conclude.

"On Comets, as lessons of destiny, the remarks I have to make, although confined to an individual case, must, I anticipate, educe as well the acquiescence as the surprise of every sensible mind, though it will not be possible to do justice to my subject in the narrow limits that remain open. If we turn to look at those mighty heroes of former ages, suffixed to whose names we behold these imposing words, "THE GREAT," let us at the same time recollect that an individual of our own time, by an extraordinary course of adventures, without the stubborn force of prejudice, and the secret and powerful engine-work of state-craft to ply with, lifted himself from a station the most obscure and low to a pinnacle of glory the most gorgeous and exalted. Need it be said that the now harmless Napoleon is the object of these remarks? Without entering upon speculations concerning the application of such an instrument by the hand of Providence, and without tracing his career of fame, to his forlorn end, be it, first of all, here remembered, that he was born in August, 1769; and, for several months immediately preceding his birth, the Northern regions of the heavens were visited by one of those signal messengers to which the attention of the reader is now expressly solicited. Secondly, Without following his steps to the summit of his fame, let us pause a moment to behold him upon it, surrounded by majesty of his own creating—himself seated on the throne of the world! Spain, on his West, the allotted portion of one brother—Westphalia of another, on his Eastern Quarter—Holland, on his North, receives the third for her King—and with the Crown of Naples, on his South, he decks the husband of his sister! At every point that seemed to afford security to his Empire were his military Dukes and minor relatives posted on high pedestals of honour; and thus may we say that he seemed to have stamped the validity of solid greatness by his marriage at this time with the illustrious Archduchess of Austria. Indeed, nothing human could appear more stable than the Monarchy of France in 1811.—I have now reason to call again for calm and candid attention.—At the meridian of his glory, which I have just been describing, a Comet of prodigious character came to witness his eminent station. Returning from his perihelion, that magnificent luminary became faintly perceptible at the beginning of September, 1811, at which time it had acquired 26° of Celestial North Latitude, and was then vertical in the Latitude of Corsica, and the Southern Extremity of Natural France. Its splendour continued to increase until it had reached 48° of Celestial Latitude, at which time blazing with unspeakable splendour it stood upon the Zenith of Paris and its Latitude. Having traversed the heavens in such a track as to reign vertically over every point of Latitude from South to North of France, let it be, of all things, most strictly noticed, that its highest degree of lustre was at that particular time *when it was on the Meridian and Zenith of Paris at Noon-day!* After it had attained these limits northward in the heavens it retreated again towards the South, retracing back again the latitudes of France from North to South, until it vanished at that point of declination where it had first become visible, namely, over the latitude of Corsica!—Can any reflecting mind fail to associate the appearance of this illustrious messenger of the skies with the fate of that prodigy of men, who then reigned over the world with a lustre, perhaps, unparalleled?—But the victory of Death over this once controller of kings, and terror of nations, has been recently achieved; and during his few latter weeks, whilst the spirit of his mortal existence was gradually evaporating, did not the blazing star of Fate

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again appear as though it came, a bark launched on the calm, wide, azure sea of heaven to meet his soul expiring; and to bear it, hence departed, to its realm of rest!—Its errand, be it what it might, these facts we know, that at his birth it ministered—it came again and testified his fame—once more it came to beam upon his bier!—As it suits thyself, improve this lesson, reader, shall I say, whilst wishing for thy welfare and my country's weal, my leave I, for this time take, and say, in heart, Farewell!"

We ought, perhaps, to apologise for noticing so gravely a work so contemptible; but it was not on account of its merits but its nefarious tendency. There is, however, another publication, not certainly of the same class, but in some degree of the same kind, that appears to be conducted with considerable ability and taste, entitled, "Time's Telescope for 1822;" and we reproach ourselves for not having left room to notice it more particularly.

THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

We have long looked with a kindly eye on this interesting and excellent publication, and gladly seize an opportunity of saying a few words on its character and merits. Those of our readers who before were unacquainted with the work, which, we believe, is not so well known in this part of the kingdom as it should be, may thank us for pointing out to them a new source of gratification.

Mere bibliography is perhaps of all things, except to bibliographers, the most jejune and unattracting. The labour which is employed in transcribing title-pages and investigating Colophons, in examining books whose sole recommendation is their rarity, without looking farther for gratification than a date or an imprimatur, is surely, of all modes which literature presents of employment, the most idle, insane, and preposterous. The rearer of tulips, or the fancier of china, stands on an equal footing, with respect to the dignity and utility of his occupation, with the mere bibliographer. The pursuit of the latter is indeed innocent, and as such free from serious objection; but, in order to give it hearty toleration, it seems difficult, if not impossible, to satisfy the scruples of taste. There is something utterly revolting in dwelling only on the minutest parts of the externals of learning, when all its inner stores are expanded before us, in quitting the noble, spacious, and open path of science, for its dark, dusky, and circuitous lanes, and, as if insensible to the vastness of its grandeur and magnificence, to hang only with pleasure on the mean, low, and little. It is, besides, a sort of profanation which all good feeling and good sense seem loudly to exclaim against. Literature, in short, is so mighty an instrument, and so noble a weapon, that we cannot endure patiently to see it converted into a toy.

The present work has higher and more exalted pretensions than merely to the character of a bibliographical journal. Its design is best explained by the title-page—"The Retrospective Review, consisting of Criticisms upon, Analyses of, and Extracts from, curious, useful, and valuable Books, in all Languages, which have been published since the revival of Literature to the commencement of the present Century." And the design is certainly excellent. To throw into the examination of the treasures of modern literature something of that life, spirit, and acuteness, which have been hitherto almost exclusively appropriated to criticisms on the productions of the day—to familiarize the readers of the present time with the old and venerable models of writing in our language—to introduce to us the various gems, hitherto little known amongst us, in the literature of other countries—and to enlarge the theatre of discursive criticism, by discarding the limits which the avidity for ephemeral trash has imposed upon it, are surely objects which must meet with universal approval; and these are the objects of the reviewers. The present may perhaps be denominated an idle age. Learning is so widely extended, that, as it is increased in surface, it is lamentably diminished in depth. At present, all are readers, and all are superficial readers. It is sufficient with the generality to be acquainted with the glittering novelties of the day; for the blandishments of which, the hardier and more enduring productions of other periods are neglected. As books

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have multiplied, reading has diminished, till at last, we seem, in despair, inclined to do nothing, because we cannot run through all. It is time, then, to apply a corrective to the listless, yet arrogant superficiality, which at present characterizes us, by extracting the essence of learning, and culling the various flowers which are spread in rank, but unheeded profusion, over its wide parterre, by opening to the view of our contemporaries more worthy objects of imitation than the "lights which now are hanging in the heavens," and strengthening them by converse with the mighty spirits of yore, by making that literary diet which alone can restore their stomach to its proper tone of more frequent use and benefit, and by tempering the rawness and insubstantiality of the writings of our day, by a full, vigorous, and efficacious admixture of the powerful draughts of our ancestors. Much of this, a work on the principle of the Retrospective Review seems calculated to do; and, therefore, we will enter more closely into a survey of the field which lies open for its criticisms.

The literature of our own country has, of course, the first claims upon its attention. The great performances of that race of giants which made it illustrious in the age of Elizabeth, however they may be talked of, are less read and studied, in fact, than Mrs Glass's Cookery. This may appear a broad assertion, but it is, nevertheless, a true one. We will venture to assert, that Bacon, whose writings would almost counterpoise the literature of any other country, is in reality less known than Thomas Hickathrift; and that, of the five quarto volumes which compose his works, not the half of one volume is read by full-grown students. And of the weight, the vigour, the richness, the full-mouthed eloquence of his compositions, not one in fifty of those who are regularly dedicated to literature have any idea. With respect to Hooker, the judicious Hooker, incomparably the next to Bacon in grandeur of comprehension and profound solidity of judgment, he is almost as much talked of, and even less known. When we see his Ecclesiastical Polity, that noble monument of intellectual strength and well-digested learning, lie dusty and neglected on the shelf, it is difficult to suppress that feeling of indignation which rises uppermost in the mind. It is well, if, among the number of those who thus slightingly regard it, we have not to class the members of that church which it has protected so manfully, and so immoveably secured. The various labours of the prose writers who flourished in the same age, with these two great men, are all equally in the shade, yet all, more or less, participate in the same excellence. The enterprizing spirit and far extended research of Raleigh, the gentle-minded eloquence of Sidney, the nervous sense of Ascham, the glittering and imaginative style of Jeremy Taylor, the poetical and often glorious prose of Milton, and the elevated and majestic simplicity of Charles the First, (for we do, and always shall, consider the Eikon Basilikē as his,) ought at least to command attention. It should be the object of a miscellany like the Retrospective Review to make them, as they have been much talked of, much studied, and intimately felt and delighted in.

The old English Drama and Poetry have met of late with more attention; and yet, the admiration which has hitherto been shewn, has savoured more of undistinguishing enthusiasm, than good taste, or careful selection. Volumes of the latter have been reprinted, in which the worthless has so exceedingly overbalanced the good, as to render the task of extracting it altogether repulsive and disgusting. As if it were impossible to give us any of the valuable metal of our forefathers without a treble proportion of alloy, the republishers of the present day have placed before us such indigested masses of absurdity and conceit, illumined occasionally by a few poetical sparkles, as to induce us almost to consider the latter, as a very poor recompence for the trouble of wading through the former. And we regret this the more, as it serves with the judicious reader not only to increase his contempt for bibliographers, which is nothing, but also to damp and decrease his fondness for the productions of our early poetry.* Mr Campbell's specimens, excellent as they are, take in but a

* We are sorry to observe, that too many of the poetical reprints at the Chiswick Press fall under this class.

very small portion of this department of our literature, and cannot, in any measure, be considered as a full, fair, and accurate collection of our ancient Poetical Flowers. It is, therefore, to such a publication as the Retrospective Review, that we must look for assistance in this quarter; and when we consider its success already, in culling and selecting the essences of many of our neglected poets, as well as in bringing before us some hitherto almost wholly unknown, we do not think it too much to expect, that, in time, the common reader will be in possession of all the materials necessary for forming a correct and enlarged judgment of every portion of this delightful field. Of our old drama, it is well known nothing which can be styled a correct history, or, in fact, a history at all, has yet appeared. New editions, indeed, of some of these dramatic writers, of more or less value, have been given to the public, and others have been announced, which will render this the less necessary. Still, however, of these dramatists, all cannot be republished. The various character and merit of the plays of Heywood, Chapman, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Decker, Webster, and others, would perhaps render such an attempt highly injudicious; and yet, so bespangled are some of the worst and grossest of their dramas with exquisite and beautiful touches developing the peculiar genius of each, that a selection of a few plays merely of each author, can convey but a very faint idea of the characteristic qualities of any. It is here, then, that we feel the value of such a work as the Retrospective Review, which, by sedulously extracting from those performances which are bad or execrable as wholes, their beautiful or pleasing parts, at once diminishes the labour, and enhances the enjoyment of the lover of our ancient drama.

There is yet a very wide and extended territory which these Reviewers may claim as their own. The literature of Spain, and especially its poetry and drama—of Germany, and of the northern countries of Europe,—the history and productions of the middle ages, till the revival of learning,—and the compositions of Oriental poets, sages, and philosophers, afford much room for their Retrospective Criticisms and Investigations. The scholastic authors, well deserving notice, as illustrating the history of the human mind, and the works and biography of the many philologists, critics, poets, and scholars who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will also present matter in reserve highly interesting, and hitherto almost unappreciated. How little, for instance, can we be said to be acquainted with the lives and writings of those industrious but unfortunate men, whose *opera* now load our public libraries—of the Manutii, the Casaubons, the Scaligers, the Douzæ, and the Vossii!—how little, with their secret history, their quarrels, their friendships, their humours, and their studies! And yet what is more curious or instructing than the auto-biographical confessions of such a man as Cardan? or what more entertaining to the inquirer into "Literary Quarrels," than the Logomachia of Erasmus and Jul. Scaliger, of Gruter and Papeus, of Scheppius and Jos. Scaliger, and of James Gronovius and Isaac Vossius? We will venture to assert, that a more interesting account of the scholars of the above mentioned periods might be written, than of any other class or description of men whatever.

Modern literature, in short, in its vast extent, is the treasury which such a Review has to draw upon; we need not therefore say, its materials are inexhaustible. Like the magnificent prince in the Arabian Tales, it can boast of stores which no expenditure can visibly diminish. In proportion, however, to the facilities thus afforded, is its responsibility increased. If we can pardon, in a Review which is limited to the publications of the day, an injudicious selection of subjects, it becomes totally inexcusable in one which may be said to have almost all literature at its command. We have a right to expect, in such a work as the present, especially in its early days, that no articles of questionable or inconsiderable value shall occupy the place which might have been filled by others of real merit or curiosity. We have therefore viewed, with some degree of jealousy, the introduction of matter merely bibliographical, and hope to find, in future, such subjects very sparingly made use of. If bibliography predominate in the work, it will lose not only its general interest, but also its high claim to be considered as a journal appropriated to the literary excellence of

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the past. But it is now time to proceed from the design of the work, to give some account of its execution.

In a publication like the Retrospective Review, it is evident there is little room for flashy or witty writing. The common artifices of other periodical publications, which seize hold of some reigning chimera of the day—some Cynthia of the minute, to draw down interest upon themselves, the pungent seasoning of personality, and the vehement outrages of political invective, cannot contribute to the notoriety of a work like this. Its path is too even and straight forward—its progress too steady and sure, ever to excite that breathless impatience, and keen interest, which dwell upon what is associated with the occurrences moving before us. Its pages, to use the words of the Reviewers, "can only derive assistance from the innate truth and beauty of literature." And yet it has many attractions which no other periodical work can lay claim to;—we love occasionally to steal from the "busy hum of men," the restlessness and inquietude of active life, to the calm and sequestered shade; and not unsimilar is the gratification which the Retrospective Review presents, after the glittering novelties which rise up and vanish around us. It will afford, too, many of the "pleasures of memory." In ranging through its pages, we have recognized many an old acquaintance, whose appearance has raised up an host of recollections, of that sort which perhaps most contribute to sweeten the bitterness of human life.

We are inclined, upon the whole, to believe, that the Review has increased in interest since its commencement. We have, however, no intention to enter into a discussion on the merits of the various articles which have appeared in it. There is, besides, a general even respectability in most of them, which would render such an attempt highly unnecessary. Perhaps, as a class, the biographical, and autobiographical articles, are the best. The reviews of the Lives of Cardan and Lilly we think excellent. Rousseau's Confessions would be ably handled by the Reviewer of Cardan. The articles on Oriental Literature, and on the Poetry of Spain, display some research and acuteness; the former, however, are too much devoted to lengthy discussion, and the latter, if they have much of the merit of an accurate compilation, have also much of its dulness. We except the part relating more particularly to the Moors, which is treated with some enthusiasm. Indeed, this work is generally happy when history is the subject of review. The articles on Tovey's Anglia Judicata, and Wynne's History of the Gwydir Family, are both highly interesting. That in the last Number on the Knights Templars we read with considerable eagerness, but were by no means convinced by it. The reluctance it displays to admit any thing to the prejudice of that noble Order, seems as far removed from sound judgment, as the extreme hastiness with which other writers have used the language of condemnation. We were grievously disappointed by the review of Bacon's Novum Organum;—it is little more than a mere abstract of that work, without any of that enlarged criticism, or comprehensive philosophical survey, which such a production seemed calculated to call forth. Much remains to be said on that greatest work of the greatest man of his age, even after Dugald Stuart, or his able successor, the Philosophical Conveyancer;—and surely, in a review of the Novum Organum, we have a right to expect more than such an analysis as every student can produce. We hope this will be the only instance where the Retrospective fails most where most is expected. We must notice, however, a long article on the Writers on Mystical Devotion, which, besides that it is as dull as need be, seems hardly adapted for the work. It had appeared before, either in part or whole, and was destitute of any other recommendation than helping to fill the requisite number of pages.

The series on the Old English Drama has hardly done justice to the subject. There is a want of accuracy, both in the details and the criticisms. It has too much the marks of being hastily huddled up. The writer does not seem in possession of sources sufficiently ample for his researches. Thus in the review of Marlowe's Plays, we have long extracts from, and diffuse observations upon the dramas which are in every body's hands, while "Dido," which he wrote in conjunction with Nash, is hastily passed over—the Reviewer evidently had not seen it. We are, notwithstanding, inclined to think

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this the most agreeable series which has yet appeared in the work. The subject, indeed, is so interesting, that the writer must have ill performed his task, had it been otherwise. There are parts, however, of these sketches which we think ably and spiritedly written. The character of Chapman is correct and judicious; and that of Lilly the Euphuist has high merit. The review of Ben Jonson's two plays, besides the "Jew," with which it appears to be entered upon, and the particularity of its criticisms, has little to recommend it. Lee's plays are reviewed in better taste. The article on Dryden's dramatic productions has the merit of bringing together the most valuable parts of those ill digested compositions.

The Reviews of English poetry are, where the fondness for the author does not interfere with sound judgment, generally just and correct. The reviewers are too much given, we must observe, to the vice of quoting passages which but possess the quiet charm of mediocrity. In the article on Glover's Atheniad, about 20 pages are occupied with extracts, none of which has any great merit. Some of these reviews are likewise rather heavy, and we need not say that the union of middling poetry with heavy criticisms, is a conjunction which does not bode much good to any book. Nevertheless, there is much in this department highly valuable, and the reader will find much to interest him, who is yet unacquainted with the fanciful beauties of Chamberlayne, the pastoral pictures of Browne, the rich conceit of Heath, the vigorous sentiments of Davenant, the voluptuous richness of Fletcher, the gay sprightliness of Lovelace, the kindly gentleness of Chalkhill, and the devotional warmth of Crashaw, Herbert, and Southwell. The review of Southwell's works in the last Number is one of the best.

Many of the miscellaneous reviews will well reward a perusal. The article on Sir John Mandeville's Travels is extremely curious. Few subjects are more interesting than the History of the early European Travellers, and this is here handled with considerable ability. We have yet never met with a more faithful critical description than the character of Defoe's manner of writing, in the review of his Memoirs of a Cavalier. It is drawn to a hair, and the nicety does not detract from the spirit of the pourtraiture. The View of the Imitations of Butler is valuable for its information. Some of the shortest articles, and even those of a bibliographical kind, are very amusing, and agreeably diversify those of more elaborate descriptions.

Upon the whole, there seems to be much industrious—some clever, but perhaps hitherto no very masterly or splendid writing in the Retrospective Review.* If this, however, be wanting, no work can better afford to spare it than this. And, speaking for ourselves, we should hardly like to see the writers themselves too much in the foreground. They are foragers for the Body-Literary, and the chief requisites of their office are, patience and industrious investigation. It is to the sterling value of the treasures they bring before us, and not to their own skill in polishing or setting them, that their best welcome will be due. Nothing can surely be a more gratifying spectacle than to see the great minds of our own period doing homage to the great ones of yore; and yet we must not forget, in our zeal for the past, that the present has still a higher claim on their exertions.

Before we conclude, we must notice, that the Review does not always keep exactly to the point proposed. In the preface it was stated, that their strictures should be confined exclusively to bygone literature, without deviating to the topics of the day. This rule has been broken in two instances, and in neither with success. We allude to the reviews of Dennis's Works, and Wallace's Prospects of Mankind. The first is a flighty and enthusiastical protest against the present system of criticism, apparently well meant and amiably intended, but characterized by a spirit of raw inexperience which is not very likely to do credit to the Work. In the second, the writer rambles, without any reason that we can see, from the theory of Mr Malthus, and the Population of Mankind, to

* We must except the Review of Sir Walter Raleigh's Remains, which is written in a strain worthy of its great subject.

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a review of the poetry and poets of the present era, in which, after running over the gamut in the Cockney style, he surprisingly pronounces Mr Hazlitt incomparably the most original of modern critics. We should be inclined to say, "Aut Hazlitt, aut Diabolus," were we not fully persuaded that the Work is too respectable to countenance any such vulgar methods of self praise. All we shall say is, that this worthy lecturer has got a most flourishing imitator and pupil.

These are blemishes, and others might be pointed out in particular parts of this publication, were we disposed so to do. It is not, however, a task in general very pleasing, and in the present case, we feel still less inclined to perform it. To conclude, then, we think the design of the Retrospective Review is admirable, and frequently the execution so good, that we cannot but recommend it very strongly to the attention of our readers. Presenting, as it does, so rich a feast for the gratification of the literary palate, a repast so various and so delightful, we think that lover of literature ill advised who does not make it one of the staple articles of his library. Whatever may have dropped from us in the rapid review which we have here taken of its merits, we believe our readers can hardly consider our opinion of it otherwise than favourable, when we declare that we think it even an honour to the celebrated University from which it originated, and that its encouragement or failure will decide, in our opinion, the healthiness or corruption of the national taste.

THE PIRATE.*

The author of Waverley has taken the field this season in a new and unknown territory, and with forces of a novel description, but with as much skill, boldness, vigour, and, we may add, with as much certainty of success, as ever distinguished him at any preceding era of his career. Having already shewn himself the unrivalled master of Scottish manners and English character, he has now transferred the scene to the Isles and the deep; and the beautiful lines of Shakespeare, which he has partly applied to his hero, may be applied, without mutilation and without alteration, and every way with much greater propriety, to himself:—

> Nothing of him *that doth fade*
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> *Into something rich and strange.*

The encounter of new and untried difficulties has, as in the case of Ivanhoe, served only for an additional spur of his imagination; and if the Pirate be, from the nature of its story and subject, a less splendid, it is, we venture to say, not a less delightful effort of the first genius of our age, than even Ivanhoe itself.

The essential fable of this romance is very simple, and, indeed, very slender—so that a very few words may serve to give as full an account of it as is necessary for our present purpose. Availing himself of a true story, well known to many of his Scottish readers, (and shortly told in his preface), he undertakes to frame a romantic narrative out of the partly real, partly imaginary, adventures of a set of pirates, apprehended among the Orkney Islands during the reign of George I., though the author has chosen to throw the date of his fiction as far back as the end of the 17th century. Goffe, the captain of these pirates, and the hero of their tale, occupies, however, but a secondary place in the representation of the Novelist, who has thought fit to concentrate the chief interest of his fiction on the character and fortunes of a purely imaginary personage, that figures, at the opening of the romance, under the name of Clement Cleveland. The reader has, without doubt, remarked, that when the author avails himself of historical materials, he seldom fails to follow the same rule which is exemplified here. Young Milnwood, and Serjeant Bothwell, and Waverley, and

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* The Pirate. By the author of "Waverley, Kenilworth," &c. In three volumes. Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable & Co.

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Ivanhoe, are instances which must immediately recur to one's recollection; and if we may presume to hint what the author himself is no doubt quite aware of, this is much the best course he, or any author who converts such materials to such purposes, can pursue. In order to bend the historical character of Leicester so as to furnish out the hero of a romance, the author of Kenilworth found himself obliged to commit faults of a sort which he had previously avoided with great caution and great felicity. He was not only obliged to falsify dates and distort events which are or should be well known to the reader of English history; but, what was much worse, to give, in many respects, a discoloured view of the historical being, the great Earl of Leicester himself. Now, Captain Goffe might, no doubt, have been dealt with after this fashion without exciting any such feelings of dissatisfaction as marred and diminished our delight in perusing the exquisite romance of the days of Queen Bess; but there is no occasion to take any liberties of that nature even with such a personage as Captain Goffe; and, therefore, the author has done wisely in refraining from them. We hope he will always follow the same rule in future; and for this reason as much as for any other, that it is a rule of his own establishing—a rule, the adherence to which has stamped a value on his writings, which, if it had been neglected, even his genius could not have done—a rule, by observing which he has in fact made himself one of the greatest of national historians, as well as of national novelists. For who, after all, can doubt, that, when the manners of Britain, (which express the soul of Britain much more forcibly than even the events of British history,) shall have passed away, it will be from his pages, and such as his, that the students of after generations will collect their best and truest lights? Cervantes, not Mariana, is the true historian of Spain—and there is more to be learned of Scotland from three of this author's novels, than all the industry of all the Chalmerses could ever extract from all the folios and quartos, printed and MS., that are or ever have been in existence.

Captain Cleveland and Captain Goffe command two pirate ships, which, after a successful cruise in the Spanish Main, find it necessary to sojourn for a little among the Shetland Isles before they make for the English port where they hope to deposit their booty. The navigation of the stormy seas in that region is, however, less familiar to them than that of the Atlantic, and the ship of Cleveland, who cannot prevail on his crew to obey all his orders, is lost off Sumburgh-head, a fearful promontory, with a no less fearful description of which the romance commences. The whole crew are lost, except Cleveland himself, who drifts ashore with the wreck of the vessel, while the sailors, who had abandoned their ship, and their duty, and their captain, go down, within his sight, in the long boat. The violence of the surf, however, had exhausted his last exertions, and he is about to die on the very threshold of safety, when his situation is observed by a young man who is walking with his father on the summit of the cliff, many hundred feet above that perilous and foaming beach on which the relics of Cleveland's ship have just been dashed. Trained to the dangerous sports of the islanders, young Mordaunt Mertoun, although himself a stranger, and the son of a stranger, fearlessly descends the precipitous rock, and saves Cleveland's life at the imminent risk of his own. The father of Mordaunt, a melancholy refugee, who had for some time tenanted a lonely mansion-house on a sequestered extremity of the island, has habits which prevent the rescued mariner from being carried home by his gallant preserver; but Cleveland, who has nothing of the bearded buccaneer in his aspect, is conveyed to a cottage in the neighbouring village, where he personally receives every sort of kindness, although it is by no means an easy matter to protect any part of his shipwrecked property, even the chest containing his clothes, from the rapacious hands of these islanders, who, it is scarcely necessary to add, were not without some share, at that period, in the inhospitable reproach of Cornwall, where, according to the old song,

> "Shipwreck'd mariners were slain,
> That false men might have surer gain;
> False men, who evil gladly spy,
> And thrive full well thereby."

Cleveland and young Mertoun are thus brought together under circumstances of the most interesting nature,

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at the very commencement of the narrative. Throughout the whole of it, their interests, characters, actions, and manners, are opposed to each other in the most skilful manner possible; and yet the interest of this contrast is never at its height till the last volume of the PIRATE is closed in the reluctant hand of the reader.

Young Mertoun, educated under the roof of a misanthropical and solitary father, and holding converse with none except the plain, open-mannered natives of Zetland, has grown up to the verge of manhood, not, indeed, in happiness, but in simplicity. He is naturally graceful and high-spirited—circumstances have kept him ignorant of the world, and alike ignorant of the real vices, as of the external blandishments, of worldly characters. Cleveland, on the other hand, is graceful and high-spirited too, but his course of life has left many of its natural traces behind it. He is hot, fierce, careless, desperate, like one whose trade has been too much in blood; but guilt has not seared him to the core, and, with the sins of a pirate on his head, he still bears in his heart not a little of the real kindness, as on his brow not a little of the open gallantry of The British Sailor, whose character he assumes.

Scorning the limited acquirements and views, as well as the home-bred innocence of Mertoun's character, Cleveland speaks and acts in a style, which by no means tends to rivet links of affection between him and his preserver. But jealousy comes in to tear far asunder what gratitude had never been able to blend, and Cleveland and Mordaunt Mertoun are enemies from the moment when the former first sets foot on the threshold of MAGNUS TROIL, a wealthy Zetlander, under whose hospitable roof Mertoun has been accustomed to spend all his blithest days—in the company of whose beautiful daughters, MINNA and BRENDA, he had from infancy been taught to sooth or dismiss those melancholy thoughts, which the nature of his father's residence, his character and his demeanour, all together, had been, at other times, well calculated to nourish within his breast.

All the world of Zetland has said that young Mertoun is to marry Brenda or Minna, but no one can tell which of them. He himself lives with them both like a brother, and scarcely knows whether the dark and lofty beauty of Minna, or the lighter charms of the gentler Brenda, be the dearer to his affections. These simple maids are equally innocent, and equally ignorant. They both love Mordaunt. Perhaps neither of them has ever as yet looked on him with other eyes than those of sisterly love. They are all happy in the union of simple affection, and being happy, they seek not to ask why they are so. The arrival of Cleveland the pirate, interrupts all the smoothness of this course of things. From the moment of his appearance, the dream of island bliss is dissipated; all the tumultuous passions are kindled in male and in female bosoms, at the sight of one to whom the novelist applies those beautiful words of a brother poet—

> He was a lovely youth, I guess;
> The panther in the wilderness
> Was not so fair as he.
> And when he chose to sport and play,
> No dolphin ever was so gay*
> Upon the Tropic sea.

From the time when this adventurer finds access to the domestic circle of *the Udaller* Magnus Troil, Mordaunt Mertoun begins to perceive a remarkable falling off in the attentions he had hitherto been accustomed to receive from the kindness of Magnus Troil and his family. No little messages, no invitations—in short, it was evident that something was wrong; and Mordaunt, knowing that Cleveland had become an inmate in the house, could not avoid connecting that circumstance with his own disfavour in a manner that raised within him many very angry, and, perhaps, revengeful thoughts. In particular, he is astonished and perplexed by hearing of a great annual feast about to be given by the Udaller, to which all the Zetlanders, beaux and belles, have been summoned—himself alone excepted. When he is perfectly sure that this is the case, he steals out to the church, and seats himself beside a lovely maiden, on whose bosom the wild-fowl are screaming, in a state of the most per-

* Wordsworth's Ruth.

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turbed and melancholy feeling—when suddenly there stands by his side an ancient woman of the island—a lady by birth, but a solitary in her life—a maniac—a sorceress—the heiress,—(so, in her delusion, she believes, and so, in their superstition, the islanders believe her to be)—of all the mysterious power of the old prophetesses of the Norse—the last of the true breed of Scandinavian *Rheim-kennars*—Norna of the Fitful Head. This woman has often before shewn kindness to young Mordaunt, who, again, without being altogether a believer in the unnatural pre-eminence of her powers, is too young to be able entirely to divest himself of some reverence and awe, when he finds himself in her imposing presence; and has, moreover, learned, from many singular incidents, to acknowledge the extraordinary shrewdness and sagacious wit—if not witchcraft, of Norna. This strange woman advises and commands Mordaunt Mertoun, in spite of the coldness he has observed—nay, in spite of the non-arrival of the expected summons—to undertake his journey immediately across the wastes of the island towards the mansion of the old Udaller. Love, curiosity, jealousy, wrath, and some mixture of superstition to boot, make him obey the dictates of *the Rheim-kennar;* and Mordaunt Mertoun arrives in the neighbourhood of Magnus Troil's habitation, at the very moment when all the throng of his expected visitors are pouring towards the scene of expected jollity within his hospitable gates. On the way he falls in with a most ludicrous couple—an absurd creature, half-farmer half-pedant—the deputy of the lord-chamberlain of those isles—a sort of Scottish agricultural-society-hero of the 17th century—and a penurious old Scots maiden, his sister. These worthies, who have been transplanted from the farm of Cauldshouthers in Angus, for the hopeful purpose of improving what Mr Coke and Sir John Sinclair call "The first of human sciences," among the natives of these hyperborean islands, furnish admirable relief to the indigenous manners of Thule, and afford a great deal of excellent mirth throughout a considerable part of this romance. Bryce Snailsfoot, an Orkney pedlar, who chiefly deals in the sale of shipwrecked garments and the like, is also present at this great feast: and he, too, is a character of great comic power. But the chief source of merriment is unquestionably Claud Halcro, a Zetlander, and a laird—a "dandy of sixty," and a poet of no contemptible order. Claud Halcro, in his youth, had sojourned some space among the wits of London; and his *Cheval de Battaille* is nothing less than the story of his having *once* been so fortunate as to be permitted a pinch from the box of Dryden himself—or, as he commonly styles him, "Glorious John." This insular literateur is a great man at the residence of Magnus Troil—it is he who sings, plays, dances the best: his judgment is without appeal in all matters of festive arrangement:—he is the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* among the "barbarous folk" of Zetland. For the rest, he is a kind-hearted old gentleman, and contributes considerably to the carrying on of the incidents in the romance. His literary conversation is, throughout, a perfect resurrection of the dead. The moment he speaks, the reader can never doubt that he is listening to one who *had* taken a pinch of snuff out of the box of Dryden.

Magnus Troil is very much surprised, it is evident, at seeing Mordaunt Mertoun arrive an uninvited guest; but, quoth he, "when Magnus Troil says welcome, his summons takes in all who hear his voice"—and, therefore, he constrains himself to receive Mertoun with some civility. The young ladies receive him in a style equally remote from what had formerly been usual. Minna, the dark beauty, is cold and stately—Brenda blushes as she turns away; but even in her demeanour it is easy to see the traces of some secret pique. Mertoun is totally unable to account for these severe changes; but Cleveland is the declared favourite of the fair sisters, and, as all men see and say, the lover of Minna: and Mertoun may be pardoned for suspecting the person who has supplanted him of having done so by not the most legitimate of means. In a word, he is jealous, and Cleveland is haughty; and it requires all the skill of old Halcro to prevent them quarrelling openly in the presence of the guests of Magnus Troil, while they are engaged in emptying an enormous punch-bowl, the fragile relique of some foundered East-Indiaman. Next day, after breakfast, the who'

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company are summoned to assist in the capture of a whale, that has suffered itself to be left behind the tide in the shallow water of a small arm of the sea, or *voe;* and Mordaunt Mertoun and Captain Cleveland are, of course, among the most active in this singular species of diversion.

"Then you might have seen such a joyous, boisterous, and universal bustle, as only the love of sport, so deeply implanted in our natures, can possibly inspire. A set of country squires, about to beat for the first woodcocks of the season, were a comparison as petty, in respect to the glee, as in regard to the importance of the object; the battue, upon a strong cover in Ettrick-forest, for the destruction of the foxes; the insurrection of the sportsmen of the Lennox, when one of the duke's deer gets out from Inch-Mirran; nay, the joyous rally of the fox-chase itself, with all its blithe accompaniments of hound and horn, fall infinitely short of the animation with which the gallant sons of Thule set off to encounter the monster, whom the sea had sent for their amusement at so opportune a conjuncture.

"The multifarious stores of Burgh-Westra were rummaged hastily for all sorts of arms which could be used on such an occasion. Harpoons, swords, pikes, and halberts, fell to the lot of some; others contented themselves with hay-forks, spits, and whatever else could be found, that was at once long and sharp. Thus hastily equipped, one division under the command of Captain Cleveland, hastened to man the boats which lay in the little haven, while the rest of the party hurried by land to the scene of action.

"Poor Triptolemus was interrupted in a plan, which he, too, had formed against the patience of the Zetlanders, and which was to have consisted in a lecture upon the agriculture, and the capabilities of the country, by this sudden hubbub, which put an end at once to Halcro's poetry, and to his no less formidable prose. It may be easily imagined that he took very little interest in the sport which was so suddenly substituted for his lucubrations, and he would not even have deigned to have looked upon the active scene which was about to take place, had he not been stimulated thereunto by the exhortations of Mrs Baby. 'Pit yourself forward, man,' said that provident person, 'pit yourself forward—wha kens whare a blessing may light?—they say that a' men share and share equals-aquals in the creature's ulzie, and a pint o't wad be worth siller, to light the cruise in the lang dark nights that they speak of—pit yourself forward, man—there's a graip to ye—faint heart never wan fair lady—wha kens but when it's fresh, it may eat weel enough, and spare butter?'

"What zeal was added to Triptolemus's motions, by the prospect of eating train-oil, instead of butter, we know not; but, as better might not be, he brandished the rural implement (a stable-fork) with which he was armed, and went down to wage battle with the whale.

"The situation in which the enemy's ill fate had placed him was particularly favourable to the enterprize of the islanders. A tide of unusual height had carried the animal over a large bar of sand, into the voe or creek in which he was now lying. So soon as he found the water ebbing, he became sensible of his danger, and had made deperate efforts to get over the shallow water, where the waves broke on the bar; but hitherto he had rather injured than mended his condition, having got himself partly aground, and lying therefore particularly exposed to the meditated attack. At this moment the enemy came down upon him. The front ranks consisted of the young and hardy, armed in the miscellaneous manner we have described; while, to witness and animate their efforts, the young women, and the elderly persons of both sexes, took their place among the rocks, which overhung the scene of action.

"As the boats had to double a little headland, ere they opened the mouth of the voe, those who came by land to the shores of the inlet had time to make the necessary reconnoissances upon the force and situation of the enemy, on whom they were about to commence a simultaneous attack by land and sea.

"This duty the stout-hearted and experienced general would entrust to no eyes but his own; and, indeed, his external appearance, and his sage conduct, rendered him alike qualified for the command which he enjoyed. His gold-laced hat was exchanged for a bear-skin cap, his suit of blue broad-cloth, with its scarlet lining, and loops and frogs of bullion, had given place to a red flannel jacket, with buttons of black horn, over which he wore a seal-skin shirt, curiously seamed and plated on the bosom, such as are used by the Esquimaux, and sometimes by the Greenland whale-fishers. Sea-boots, of a formidable size, completed his dress, and in his hand he held a huge whaling-knife, which he brandished, as if impatient to employ it in the operation of *flinching* the huge animal which lay before them, the act of separating, that is, its flesh from its bones. Upon closer examination, however, he was obliged to confess, that the sport to which he had conducted his friends, however much it corresponded with the magnificent scale of his hospitality, was likely to be attended with its own peculiar dangers and difficulties.

"The animal, upwards of sixty feet in length, was lying perfectly still, in a deep part of the voe into which it had weltered,

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and which it seemed to await the return of tide, of which it was probably assured by instinct. A council of experienced harpooners was hastily called, and it was agreed that an effort should be made to noose the tail of this sorpid leviathan, by casting a cable around it, to be made fast by anchors to the shore, and thus to secure against his escape, in case the tide should make before they were able to dispatch him. Three boats were destined to this delicate piece of service, one of which the Udaller himself proposed to command, while Cleveland and Mertoun were to direct the two others. This being decided, they sat down on the strand, waiting with impatience, until the naval part of the force should arrive in the voe. It was during this interval, that Triptolemus Yellowley, after measuring with his eyes the extraordinary size of the whale, observed, that, in his poor mind, 'A wain with six owsen, or with sixty owsen either, if they were the owsen of the country, could not drag siccan a huge creature from the water, where it was now lying, to the sea-beach.'

The result is that the monstrous animal escapes in spite of all the efforts of experienced and inexperienced harpooners. The tide is making, and he at last "floats many a rood," overturning, in one of his struggles, the boat in which young Mertoun has his place. The rest get ashore easily, but Mertoun is stunned, and would have been lost—but for Cleveland, who rejoices in having an opportunity of paying back in the same coin the obligation under which the youth had laid him on their first meeting. Minna Troil grows pale as death when she perceives the peril of Mertoun; but Brenda shrieks aloud; and it is easy to be seen that old affection, in spite of appearances, has not been quite banished from their bosoms. However, all retreat hastily; and there is none close to the youth when he recovers full possession of himself except old Claud Halcro.——

"About ten paces off stood Cleveland—his hair and clothes dropping water, and his features wearing so peculiar an expression, as immediately to arrest the attention of Mordaunt. There was a suppressed smile on his cheek, and a look of pride in his eye, that implied liberation from a painful restraint, and something resembling gratified scorn. Claud Halcro hastened to intimate to Mordaunt, that he owed his life to Cleveland; and the youth, rising from the ground, and losing all other feelings in those of gratitude, stepped forward, with his hand stretched out, to offer his warmest thanks to his preserver. But he stopped short in surprise, as Cleveland, retreating a pace or two, folded his arms on his breast, and declined to accept his proffered hand. He drew back in turn, and gazed with astonishment at the ungracious manner, and almost insulting look, with which Cleveland, who had formerly rather expressed a frank cordiality, or at least, openness of bearing, now, after having thus rendered him a most important service, chose to receive his thanks.

"'It is enough,' said Cleveland, observing his surprise, 'and it is unnecessary to say more about it. I have paid back my debt, and we are now equal.'

"'You are more than equal with me, Mr Cleveland,' answered Mertoun, 'because you endangered your life to do for me what I did for you without the slightest risk;—besides,' he added, trying to give the discourse a more pleasant turn, 'I have your rifle gun to boot.'

"'Cowards only count danger for any point of the game,' said Cleveland. 'Danger has been my consort for life, and sailed with me on a thousand worse voyages;—and for rifles, I have enough of my own, and you may see, when you will, which can use them best.'

"There was something in the tone with which this was said, that struck Mordaunt strongly; it was miching malicho, as Hamlet says, and meant mischief. Cleveland saw his surprise, came close up to him, and spoke in a low tone of voice:—'Hark ye, my young brother. There is a custom amongst us gentlemen of fortune, that when we follow the same chase, and take the wind out of each other's sails, we think sixty yards of the sea-beach, and a brace of rifles, are no bad way of making our odds even.'

"'I do not understand you, Captain Cleveland,' said Mordaunt.

"'I do not suppose you do,—I did not suppose you would,' said the Captain; and turning on his heel, with a smile that resembled a sneer, Mordaunt saw him mingle with the guests, and very soon beheld him at the side of Minna, who was talking to him with animated features, that seemed to thank him for his gallant and generous conduct.

"'If it were not for Brenda,' thought Mordaunt, 'I almost wish he had left me in the voe, for no one seems to care whether I am alive or dead.—Two rifles and sixty yards of sea-beach—is that what he points at?—it may come, but not on the day he has saved my life with risk of his own.'

"While he was thus musing, Eric Scambester was whispering to Halcro, 'If these two lads do not do each other a mischief, there is no faith in frets. Master Mordaunt

saves Cleveland,—well.—Cleveland, in requital, has turned all the sunshine of Burgh-Westra to his own side of the house; and think what it is to lose favour in such a house as this, where the punch-kettle is never allowed to cool! Well, now that Cleveland in his turn has been such a fool as to fish Mordaunt out of the voe, see if he does not give him sour sillocks for stock-fish.'

"'Pshaw, pshaw!' replied the poet, 'that is all old women's fancies, my friend Eric; for what says glorious Dryden—sainted John,—

'The yellow gall, that in your bosom floats,
Engenders all those melancholy thoughts.'"

"'Saint John, or Saint James either, may be mistaken in the matter,' said Eric; 'for I think neither of them lived in Zetland. I only say, that if there is faith in old saws, these two lads will do each other a mischief.'"

The passages we have just quoted occur about the middle of the second volume, where so many scenes of great interest are crowded close upon each other, that we are much perplexed in selecting any one passage as more worthy of quotation than another. The scene during the night after the first day of Troil's three-day festival, when Brenda and Mordaunt meet by the sea-shore, and the youth finds means, not only to vindicate himself in the maiden's good opinion, but to learn from her that she observes with pain the progress which the unknown adventurer Cleveland has made in the affections of her elder sister, is one of peculiar felicity. Another night-scene, of the utmost power and splendour, represents Norna of the Fitful-Head, as finding her way into the bed-chamber of the two sisters—partly for the purpose of warning Minna of the danger of listening to Cleveland's addresses, and partly of relieving her own misery of madness, by narrating the fearful story of domestic sorrows out of which her madness has sprung. The reader, when he first meets with Norna may be in some danger of mistaking her for a mere repetition of Meg Merrilies; but here he will see with what art these two characters are not only *discriminated*, but, if we may so speak, *contrasted*. Meg Merrilies, interesting as she is, is, after all, a lesser personage than Norna. The gypsey wants the grandeur of the Rheimkennar, for she wants her misery. The story of Norna is briefly this: Her real name is Ulla Troil, and she is of the same family with the young ladies to whom she tells her story. In early youth she was seduced by a wanderer of appearance as fascinating as Cleveland, and of the same profession, and brought forth a son, whose birth gave her parents the utmost affliction. She was deserted by her lover shortly after, and had already sunk into a state of incipient insanity, when a terrible incident completed the havoc of her brain. In passing by the door of her father's chamber one night, after he had gone to bed, she observed that it was not fastened, and she shut it. He was found dead in his bed next morning; and, as it was evident that he had been suffocated by noxious vapours, from the coals in the fire, which, had the door remained open, could not have proved fatal—the poor girl conceived herself to have incurred the guilt of parricide by an act, which was, in fact, one of dutifulness. She conceived that this had been a fearful sacrifice necessary to her initiation into the mysteries of Scandinavian sorcery, and regarded herself, from that moment, as an outcast from the christian church, and the involuntary slave and priestess of the old fiendish deities of the North.—(By the way, we happen to know that this story has its foundation in one not only true but recent, the unhappy heroine of which was actually known to many persons who are still living in Shetland and Orkney.)—But the most charming scenes of all are those which depict the secret workings of the minds of Minna and Brenda, whose fullness of sisterly confidence (although not their sisterly affection,) has been shaken in consequence of the secret attachments that have gradually attained such strength in either bosom, as neither can exert courage enough to reveal to the other. The sadness inspired into their innocent breasts by the sense of something like *estrangement*, gives rise to a variety of the most pathetic incidents and dialogues. But we cannot quote all the book. We shall, however, extract one scene, because it tells more strongly than any other single one upon the fable of the romance.

"That night, the mutual sorrow of Minna and Brenda, if it could not wholly remove the reserve which had estranged the sisters from each other, at least melted all

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its frozen and unkindly symptoms. They wept in each other's arms; and though neither spoke, yet each became dearer to the other; because they felt that the grief which called forth these drops had a source common to them both.

"It is probable, that though Brenda's tears were most abundant, the grief of Minna was most deeply seated; for long after the younger had sobbed herself asleep, like a child, upon her sister's bosom, Minna lay awake, watching the dubious twilight, while tear after tear slowly gathered in her eye, and found a current down her cheek, as soon as it became too heavy to be supported by her long black silken eyelashes. As she lay, bewildered among the sorrowful thoughts which supplied these tears, she was surprised to distinguish beneath the window, the sounds of music. At first she supposed it was some freak of Claud Halcro, whose fantastic humour sometimes indulged itself in such serenades. But it was not the *gue* of the old minstrel, but the guitar which she heard; an instrument which none in the island knew how to touch except Cleveland, who had learned, in his intercourse with the South American Spaniards, to play on it with superior execution. Perhaps it was in these climates also that he had learned the song, which, though he now sung it under the window of a maiden of Thule, had certainly never been composed for the native of a climate so northerly and severe, since it spoke of productions of the earth and skies which are there unknown.

1.

'Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

2.

'Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant bed of flowers revealing.

3.

'O wake and live,
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.'

"The voice of Cleveland was deep, rich, and manly, and accorded well with the Spanish air, to which the words, probably a translation from the same language, had been adapted. His invocation would not probably have been fruitless, could Minna have arisen without awakening her sister. But that was impossible; for Brenda, who, as we already mentioned, had wept bitterly before she had sunk into repose, now lay with her face on her sister's neck, and one arm stretched around her, in the attitude of a child which has cried itself asleep in the arms of her nurse. It was impossible for Minna to extricate herself from her grasp without awaking her; and she could not, therefore, execute her hasty purpose, of donning her gown, and hastening to the window to speak with Cleveland, who, she had no doubt, had resorted to this contrivance, to procure an interview. The restraint was sufficiently provoking, for it was more than probable that her lover came to take his last farewell; but that Brenda, inimical as she seemed to be of late towards Cleveland, should awake and witness it, was a thought not to be endured.

"There was a short pause, in which Minna endeavoured more than once, with as much gentleness as possible, to unclasp Brenda's arm from her neck; but whenever she attempted it the slumberer muttered some little pettish sound, like a child disturbed in its sleep, which sufficiently shewed that perseverance in the attempt would awaken her fully.

"To her great vexation, therefore, Minna was compelled to remain still and silent; when her lover, as if determined upon gaining her ear by music of another strain, sung the following fragment of a sea-ditty:

'Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear,
Has left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

'The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

'The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

'To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!'

"He was again silent; and again she, to whom the serenade was addressed, strove in vain to arise without rousing her sister. It was impossible; and she had nothing before her but the unhappy thought that Cleveland was taking leave in his desolation, without a single glance, or a single word. He, too, whose temper was so fiery, yet who subjected his violent mood with such sedulous attention to her will,—could she but have stolen a moment but to say adieu—to caution him against her

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quarrels with Mertoun—to implore him to detach himself from such comrades as he had described,—could she but have done this, who could say what effect such parting admonitions might have had upon his character—nay, upon the future events of his life?

"Tantalized by such thoughts, Minna was about to make another and decisive effort, when she heard voices beneath the window, and thought she could distinguish that they were those of Cleveland and Mertoun, speaking in a sharp tone, which, at the same time, seemed cautiously suppressed, as the speakers feared being overheard. Alarm now mingled with her former desire to rise from bed, and she accomplished at once the purpose which she had often attempted in vain. Brenda's arm was unloosed from her sister's neck, without the sleeper receiving more alarm than provoked two or three unintelligible murmurs; while, with equal speed and silence, Minna put on some part of her dress, with the intention to steal to the window. But, ere she could accomplish this, the sound of the voices without was exchanged for that of blows and struggling, which terminated suddenly by a deep groan.

"Terrified at this last signal of mischief, Minna sprung to the window, and endeavoured to open it, for the persons were so close under the walls of the house that she could not see them, save by putting her head out of the casement. The iron hasp was stiff and rusted, and, as generally happens, the haste with which she laboured to undo it only rendered the task more difficult. When it was accomplished, and Minna had eagerly thrust her body half out at the casement, those who had created the sounds which alarmed her were become invisible, excepting that she saw a shadow cross the moonlight, the substance of which must have been in the act of turning a corner, which concealed it from her sight. The shadow moved slowly, and seemed that of a man who supported another upon his shoulders; an indication which put the climax to Minna's agony of mind. The window was not above eight feet from the ground, and she hesitated not to throw herself from it hastily, and to pursue the object which had excited her terror.

"But when she came to the corner of the buildings from which the shadow seemed to have been projected, she discovered nothing which could point out the way that the figure had gone; and, after a moment's consideration, became sensible that all attempts at pursuit would be alike wild and fruitless. Besides all the projections and recesses of the many-angled mansion, and its numerous offices—besides the various cellars, store-houses, stables, and so forth, which defied her solitary search, there was a range of low rocks, stretching down to the little haven, and which were, in fact, a continuation of the ridge which formed its pier. These rocks had many indentures, hollows, and caverns, into any one of which the figure to which the shadow belonged might have retired with his fatal burden; for fatal, she feared, it was most likely to prove.

"A moment's reflection, as we have said, convinced Minna of the folly of further pursuit; her next thought was to alarm the family; but what tale had she to tell, and of whom was that tale to be told?—On the other hand, the wounded man—if indeed he was wounded—alas, if indeed he were not mortally wounded,—might not be past the reach of assistance; and, with this idea, she was about to raise her voice, when she was interrupted by that of Claud Halcro, who was returning apparently from the haven, and singing, in his manner, a scrap of an old Norse ditty, which might run thus in English:—

'And you shall deal the funeral dole;
Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body, and to heavy soul,
The white bread and the wine.' &c.

* * * * *

"The singular adaptation of these rhymes to the situation in which she found herself, seemed to Minna like a warning from heaven. We are speaking of a land of omens and superstitions, and perhaps will scarce be understood by those whose limited imagination cannot conceive how strongly these operate upon the human mind during a certain progress of society. A line of Virgil, turned up casually, was received in the seventeenth century, and in the court of England, as an intimation of future events; and no wonder that a maiden of the distant and wild isles of Zetland should have considered, as an injunction from Heaven, verses which happened to convey a sense analogous to her present situation.

"'I will be silent,' she muttered,—'I will seal my lips—

The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's own time.'

"'Who speaks there?' said Claud Halcro, in some alarm; for he had not, in his travels in foreign parts, been able by any means to rid himself of his native superstitions. In the condition to which fear and horror had reduced her, Minna was at first unable to reply; and Halcro, fixing his eyes upon the female white figure, which he saw indistinctly, for she stood in the shadow of the house, and the morning was thick and misty, began to conjure her in an ancient rhyme which occurred to him as suited for the occasion, and which had in its gibberish a wild and unearthly sound, which may be lost in the ensuing translation:—

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"Saint Magnus, control thee, that martyr of treason;
Saint Ronan, rebuke thee, with rhyme and with reason;
By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint Mary,
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry!" &c.

* * * * *

"'It is I, Halcro,' muttered Minna, in a tone so thin and low, that it might have passed for the faint reply of the conjured phantom.

"'You!—you!' said Halcro, his tone of alarm changing to one of extreme surprise; 'by this moonlight, which is waning, and so it is!—Who could have thought to find you, my most lovely Night, wandering abroad in your own element?—But you saw them, I reckon, as well as I—bold enough in you to follow them, though.'

"'Saw whom?—follow whom?' said Minna, hoping to gain some information on the subject of her fears and her anxiety.

"'The corpse-lights which danced at the haven,' replied Halcro; 'they bode no good, I promise you—you wot well what the old rhyme says—

Where corpse-light
Dances bright,
Be it by day or night,
Be it by light or dark,

There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

I went half as far as the haven to look after them, but they had vanished. I think I saw a boat put off, however,—some one bound for the haaf, I suppose.—I would we had good news of this fishing—there was Norna left us in anger, and then these corpse-lights!—Well, God help the while. I am an old man, and can but wish that all were well over.—But how now, my pretty Minna? tears in your eyes!—And now that I see you in the fair moonlight, barefooted too, by Saint Magnus!—Were there no stockings of Zetland wool soft enough for these pretty feet and ancles, that glance so white in the moonbeam?—What, silent!—angry, perhaps,' he added, in a more serious tone, 'at my nonsense. For shame, silly maiden! Remember I am old enough to be your father, and have always loved you as my child.'

* * * * *

"They separated, and Minna's limbs conveyed her with difficulty, through several devious passages, to her own chamber, where she stretched herself cautiously beside her still sleeping sister, with a mind harassed with the most agonizing apprehensions. That she had heard Cleveland, she was positive—the tenor of the songs left her no doubt on that subject. If not equally certain that she had heard young Mertoun's voice in hot quarrel with her lover, the impression to that effect was strong on her mind. The groan with which the struggle seemed to terminate—the fearful indication from which it seemed that the conqueror had borne off the lifeless body of his victim—all tended to prove that some fatal event had concluded the contest. And which of the unhappy men had fallen?—which had met a bloody death?—which had achieved a fatal and a bloody victory? These were questions to which the small still voice of interior conviction answered, that her lover Cleveland, from character, temper, and habit, was most likely to have been the survivor of the fray. She received from the reflection an involuntary consolation, which she almost detested herself for admitting, when she recollected that it was at once darkened with her lover's guilt, and embittered with the destruction of Brenda's happiness for ever."

Cleveland and Mertoun now both disappear from the scene, and it is long before either Minna or Brenda gain any intelligence of the fate of their lovers. The truth, however, is very shortly, that Mertoun encountering Cleveland while he is endeavouring to gain Minna's ear, they of course quarrel, and Cleveland stabs Mertoun with his poinard. He then takes his departure for Orkney, where he had heard his consort, the ship of Goffe, had been seen in safety. Mordaunt's wound it seems was not deadly. He is taken care of by old Norna, who conceals and nurses him in a retirement of her own choosing, during the long period of his illness and convalescence.

In the meantime, anxiety, sorrow, and concealed affection, make their prey of Minna, whose bodily health, yielding under the pressure of mental evils, fails in such a manner as to inspire all her family with the keenest alarm. The wise people of Burgh-Westra all recommend a visit to the Rheimkennar, Norna; and Magnus, who is not without some belief in the supernatural powers of his unhappy kinswoman, at length complies with what he hears all advise him to. He and his daughters, therefore, undertake a journey to the solitary retreat of Norna, where a new series of highly coloured scenes occur, and where, above all, the author makes the most lavish use of his unrivalled powers of describing external nature. We must make room for their entrance to the singular mansion of Norna.

"The door opened, and displayed to the alarm of Brenda, and the surprise of Minna herself, a square-made dwarf, about four feet five inches high, with a head of most portentous size, and features correspon-

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pondent, namely, a huge mouth, a tremendous nose, with large black nostrils, which seemed to have slit upwards, blubber lips of an unconscionable size, and huge wall-eyes, with which he leere' sneered, grinned, and goggled on the Udaller as an old acquaintance, without uttering a single word. The young women could hardly persuade themselves that they did not see before their eyes the very demon Trolld, who made such a distinguished figure in Norna's legend. Their father went on addressing this uncouth apparition in terms of such condescending friendship as the better sort apply to their inferiors, when they wish, for any immediate purpose, to conciliate or coax them,—a tone, by the by, which generally contains, in its very familiarity, as much offence as the more direct assumption of distance and superiority.

"'Ha, Nick! honest Nick!' said the Udaller, 'here you are, lively and lovely as Saint Nicholas your namesake, when he is carved with an axe for the head-piece of a Dutch dogger. How dost thou do, Nick, or Pacolet, if you like that better? Nicholas, here are my two daughters, nearly as handsome as thyself thou seest.'

"Nick grinned, and did a clumsy obeisance by way of courtesy, but kept his broad mis-shapen person firmly placed in the door-way.

"'Daughters,' continued the Udaller, who seemed to have his reasons for speaking this Cerberus fair, at least according to his own notions of propitiation,—'this is Nick Strumpfer, maidens, whom his mistress calls Pacolet, being a light-limbed dwarf, as you see, like he that wont to fly about, like a *Scourie*, on his wooden hobby-horse, in the old story-book of Valentine and Orson, that you, Minna, used to read whilst you were a child. I assure you he can keep his mistress's counsel, and never told one of her secrets in his life—ha, ha, ha!'

"The ugly dwarf grinned ten times wider than before, and shewed the meaning of the Udaller's jest, by opening his immense jaws, and throwing back his head, so as to discover, that, in the immense cavity of his mouth, there only remained the small shrivelled remnant of a tongue, capable perhaps of assisting him in swallowing his food, but unequal to the formation of articulate sounds. Whether this organ had been curtailed by cruelty, or injured by disease, it was impossible to guess; but that the unfortunate being had not been originally dumb, was evident from his retaining the sense of hearing. Having made this horrible exhibition, he repaid the Udaller's mirth with a loud, horrid, and discordant laugh, which had something in it the more hideous that his mirth seemed to be excited by his own misery. The sisters looked on each other in silence and fear, and even the Udaller seemed disconcerted.

"'And how now?' he proceeded, after a minute's pause. 'When did'st thou wash that throat of thine, that is about the width of the Pentland Frith, with a cup of brandy? Ha, Nick! I have that with me which is sound stuff, boy, ha!'

"The dwarf bent his beetle-brows, shook his mis-shapen head, and made a quick sharp indication, throwing his right hand up to his shoulder with the thumb pointed backwards.

"'What! my kinswoman,' said the Udaller, comprehending the signal, 'be angry? Well, shalt have a flask to carouse when she is from home, old acquaintance; lips and throats may swallow though they cannot speak.'

"Pacolet grinned a grim assent.

"'And now,' said the Udaller, 'stand out of the way, Pacolet, and let me carry my daughters to see their kinswoman. By the bones of Saint Magnus, it shall be a good turn in thy way. Nay, never shake thy head, man; for if thy mistress be at home, see her we will.'

"The dwarf again intimated the impossibility of their being admitted, partly by signs, partly by mumbling some uncouth and most disagreeable sounds, and the Udaller's mood began to arise.

"'Tittle tattle, man,' said he; 'trouble not me with thy gibberish, but stand out of the way, and the blame, if there be any, shall rest with me.'

"So saying, Magnus Troil laid his sturdy hand upon the collar of the recusant dwarf's jacket of blue wadmaal, and, with a strong but not a violent grasp, removed him from the door-way, pushed him gently aside, and entered, followed by his two daughters, whom a sense of apprehension, arising out of all which they saw and heard, kept very close to him. A crooked and dusky passage, through which Magnus led the way, was dimly enlightened by a shot-hole, communicating with the interior of the building, and originally intended doubtless to command the entrance by a hagbut or culverin. As they approached nearer, for they walked slowly and with hesitation, the light, imperfect as it was, was suddenly obscured; and, on looking upward to discern the cause, Brenda was startled to observe the pale and obscurely-seen countenance of Norna gazing downwards upon them, without speaking a word. There was nothing extraordinary in this, as the mistress of the mansion might be naturally enough looking out to see what guests were thus suddenly and unceremoniously intruding themselves on her presence. Still, however, the natural paleness of her features, exaggerated by the light in which they were at present exhibited,—the immoveable sternness of her look, which shewed neither kindness nor courtesy of

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civil reception,—her dead silence, and the singular appearance of every thing about her dwelling, augmented the dismay which Brenda had already conceived. Magnus Troil and Minna had walked slowly forward, without observing the apparition of their singular hostess."

After a variety of strange ceremonies, incantations, and spells, Norna utters such rhymes concerning the cause of the visit, and the fortunes of poor Minna, as have the effect, in a very considerable degree, of restoring her mental quiet. She concludes with commanding Magnus on no account to omit attending, with his two daughters, the approaching great annual fair of the Orkneys, to be held a few days after at Kirkwall. Obedience is promised; for a time we lose sight of the Udaller and his household; and the scene shifts to Kirkwall, beneath the shadow of whose ancient cathedral all manner of gay preparations for the near festival and fair of St Magnus are already going forwards.

Here Cleveland once more meets us. We find him strolling alone in a very dejected mood beneath the pillars of the half ruined Cathedral of Kirkwall. The ship of Goffe is lying off the town, and the pirate crew are revelling among the citizens. The situation of Cleveland is, at this moment, one of great anxiety. First of all, the rude and drunken pirate, old Goffe, and he, are by no means kindred spirits, and Goffe is very jealous of a considerable part of his own crew, who, he fears, may prefer being under the command of Cleveland, and expel himself from the chief sway of the ship—for which, in fact, his brutal habits render him very ill adapted. Secondly, Cleveland is anxious to recover his own property from the ship, and, if possible, bid adieu for ever to the companions and the dangers of a mode of life which his renewed intercourse with virtuous and happy society has taught him thoroughly to abhor. Thirdly, and lastly, he fears it will not be possible for him, under any circumstances, to obtain the consent of the proud Udaller, Magnus Troil, to his union with Minna, should his true situation and history become known; and between all these anxieties, his elastic spirit has undergone no trifling change of sobriety. The appearance of the pirates on the canvass gives new animation to the fancy of the artist, and new delight to the reader. Nothing can be better than these sea characters. They have all the poetical colouring which the author of Waverley knows how to bestow on the creatures of his imagination; and, at the same time, they have, in our opinion, truth and reality not inferior to any thing that is to be found in Roderick Random itself. Of the sea dialect we profess to be no judges; but, so far as we can judge, it is as good as possible, as rich, as easy, and as unaffected as if Smollett had written the scenes which it enlivens.

A sudden and unexpected incident throws back the reluctant Cleveland into the company of their old associates. He is loitering about the cathedral in company with one of his ancient cronies, an ex-player who had left Drury-Lane for scenes of real tragedy, and who was known among the pirate crew, both by his own proper name of *Jack Bunce*, and by his histrionic title of *Frederick Altamont*. Their notice is attracted to one of the rising booths of the fair, in front of which the pedlar, Bryce Snailsfoot, is already unfolding and arranging his marketable wares. Among these Cleveland recognises, much to his surprise, several articles which he knew had been left by himself locked up in his chest at the place where he landed after his shipwreck on the shore of Zetland. He challenges the pedlar, who having by this time ascertained pretty accurately the true character and situation of the gay Captain Cleveland, thinks it likely his own right may be about as good as the other's, and is, at all events, resolved not to give up his prize without a proper struggle in defence of it. Here follows part of the scene:

"'Ou dear, Captain,' said the conscientious pedlar, 'what wad ye hae had twa poor folk to do? There was yourself gane that aught the things, and Master Mordaunt was gane that had them in keeping, an' the things were but damply put up, where they were rotting with moth and mould, and——'

"'And so this old thief sold them, and you bought them, I suppose, just to keep them from spoiling,' said Cleveland.

"'Weel then,' said the merchant, 'I'm thinking, noble Captain, that wad be just the gate of it.'

"'Well then, hark ye, you impudent scoundrel,' said the Captain; 'I do not wish to dirty my fingers with you, or to make any disturbance in this place——'

"'Good reason for that, Captain—aha!' said the Jagger slyly.

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"'I'll break your bones if you speak another word,' replied Cleveland. 'Take notice—I offer you fair terms—give me back the black leathern pocket-book with the lock upon it, and the purse with the doubloons, with some few of the clothes I want, and keep the rest in the devil's name.'

"'Doubloons!!!'—exclaimed the Jagger, with an exaltation of voice intended to indicate the utmost extremity of surprise,—'What do I ken of doubloons? my dealing was for doublets, and not for doubloons—If there were doubloons in the kist, doubtless, Swertha will have them in safe keeping for your honour—the damp wouldna harm the gold, ye ken.'

"'Give me back my pocket-book and my goods, you rascally thief,' said Cleveland, 'or without a word more I will beat your brains out!'

"The wily Jagger, casting eye around him, saw that succour was near in the shape of a party of officers, six in number; for several rencontres with the crew of the pirate had taught the magistrates of Kirkwall to strengthen their police parties when these strangers were in question.

"'Ye had better keep the *thief* to suit yourself, honoured Captain,' said the Jagger, emboldened by the approach of the civil power; 'for wha kens how a' these fine things and bonny-dies were come by?'

"This was uttered with such provoking slyness of look and tone, that Cleveland made no further delay, but, seizing upon the Jagger by the collar, dragged him over his temporary counter, which was, with all the goods displayed thereon, overset in the scuffle; and holding him with one hand, inflicted on him with the other a severe beating with his cane. All this was done so suddenly and with such energy, that Bryce Snaelsfoot, though rather a stout man, was totally surprised by the vivacity of the attack, and made scarce any other effort at extricating himself than by roaring for assistance like a bull-calf. The 'loitering aid' being at length come up, the officers made an effort to seize on Cleveland, and by their united exertions succeeded in compelling him to quit hold of the pedlar, in order to defend himself from their assault. This he did with infinite strength, resolution, and dexterity, being at the same time well seconded by his friend Jack Bunce, who had seen with infinite glee the drubbing sustained by the pedlar, and now combated tightly to save his companion from the consequences. But as there had been for some time a growing feud between the town's people and the crew of the Rover, the former, provoked by the insolent deportment of the seamen, had resolved to stand by each other, and to aid the civil power upon such occasions of riot as should occur in future; and so many assistants came up to the rescue of the constables, that Cleveland, after fighting most manfully, was at length brought to the ground and made prisoner. His more fortunate companion had escaped by speed of foot, so soon as he saw that the day must needs be determined against them.

"The proud heart of Cleveland, which, even in its perversion, had in its feelings something of original nobleness, was like to burst, when he felt himself borne down in this unworthy brawl—dragged into the town as a prisoner, and hurried through the streets towards the Council-house, where the magistrates of the burgh were then seated in council. The probability of imprisonment, with all its consequences, rushed also upon his mind, and he cursed a hundred times the folly which had not rather submitted to the pedlar's knavery, than involved him in so perilous an embarrassment.

"But just as they approached the door of the Council-house, which is situated in the middle of the little town, the face of matters was suddenly changed by a new and unexpected incident.

"Bunce, who had designed by his precipitate retreat to serve as well his friend as himself, had hied him to the haven, where the boat of the Rover was then lying, and called the coxswain and boat's crew to the assistance of Cleveland. They now appeared on the scene, fierce desperadoes, as became their calling, with features bronzed by the tropical sun under which they had pursued it. They rushed at once amongst the crowd, laying about them with their stretchers, and, forcing their way up to Cleveland, speedily delivered him from the hands of the officers, who were totally unprepared to resist an attack so furious and so sudden, and carried him off in triumph towards the quay, two or three of their number facing about from time to time to keep back the crowd, whose efforts to recover the prisoner were the less violent, that most of the seamen were armed with pistols and cutlasses, as well as with the less lethal weapons which alone they had as yet made use of.

"They gained their boat in safety, and jumped into it, carrying along with them Cleveland, to whom circumstances seemed to offer no other refuge, and pushed off for their vessel, singing in chorus to their oars an old ditty, of which the natives of Kirkwall could only hear the first stanza:

"Thus said the Rover
To his gallant crew,
'Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue!—
Fire on the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below.'

"The wild chorus of their voices was heard long after the words ceased to be intelligible.—And thus was the pirate Cleveland again thrown almost involuntarily

amongst those desperate associates from whom he had so often resolved to detach himself."

The return of Cleveland gives rise to a fierce quarrel among the pirate crew, part of whom are entirely the creatures of Goffe,—while the younger and more gallant spirits side with Cleveland, and endeavour to procure for him, what he himself by no means covets, the command of the ship. After a great many squabbles, which are described with uncommon liveliness, the faction of Goffe become alarmed for their own safety, in consequence of the continual drunkenness of their old favourite, who delays from day to day getting on board the necessary provisions, without which they cannot leave Orkney, and otherwise betrays gross incapacity; and the result is, that all combine in forcing the temporary elevation of Cleveland to the captaincy of the vessel. He, being informed that a royal frigate has been seen off the coast of Caithness, is sensible that no further delay must take place, and does not hesitate to go on shore at the head of a resolute band, for the purpose of compelling the magistrates of Kirkwall, to grant the needful supplies. With great art he at last half terrifies, half persuades them to accede to his proposal, and a paction is made that biscuit, fish, &c. shall be given in secret, if the ship be removed to another part of the coast, so as to prevent the character of the magistracy from being stained by any suspicion of having assisted a piratical crew in their necessities. Nothing can be better than the scene between Cleveland and the Provost. Cleveland agrees in the end to remain as an hostage in the hands of the baillies till the bargain be fulfilled on both sides, while they promise to send one of their own number as an hostage in his place on board the vessel. But while Cleveland is kept safe among the towns-people, the person to be conveyed on board the ship (who was no other than the Deputy-Chamberlain, Yellowley,) contrives to make his escape, in consequence of which the crew seize upon the first vessel they find entering the harbour; and in this, it so happens, are Magnus Troil and his fair daughters, who had sailed from Zetland, according to Norna's command, for the purpose of being present at the fair of Kirkwall.

The old Udaller and his daughters are treated with considerable politeness by Jack Bunce, who commands in the absence of Cleveland, and inebriety of Goffe. Jack has discovered the secret of Cleveland's attachment, and it is his respect for him, that chiefly induces him to follow this anti-piratical line of conduct, more particularly in regard to the ladies. After a little time he has the daughters conveyed on shore, retaining Magnus alone in pledge of his Captain's personal safety; and expects with reason that Cleveland's escape may be much favoured by the intercession of Minna and Brenda.

And without question, the Baillies would have soon done whatever was requisite to secure the safety of Magnus Troil; but unfortunately for Cleveland, the near approach of the king's ship above alluded to was now so well known, that these municipal worthies could not help fearing the consequences of doing any thing that might be interpreted into an improper familiarity with the enemies of the public peace of the seas. Cleveland therefore would have had a poor chance of getting away from Kirkwall, but for the private exertions of Minna herself, and of Norna the Rheimkennar.

The prisoner is permitted to walk within the guarded walls of the ancient cathedral; and it is there that we find him in the evening, when Minna breaks in upon his melancholy solitude. The passage is exquisitely beautiful.

"Here walked Cleveland, musing over the events of a mis-spent life, which it seemed probable might be brought to a violent and shameful close, while he was yet in the prime of youth. 'With these dead,' he said, looking on the pavement, 'will I soon be numbered—but no holy man will speak a blessing—no friendly hand register an inscription—no proud descendant sculpture armorial bearings over the grave of the pirate Cleveland. My whitening bones will swing in the gibbet-irons on some wild beach or lonely cape, that will be esteemed fatal and accursed for my sake. The old mariner, as he passes the sound, will shake his head, and tell of my name and actions as a warning to his younger comrades. But Minna!—Minna!—what will be thy thoughts when the news reaches thee?—Would to God the tidings were drowned in the deepest whirlpool betwixt Kirkwall and Burgh-Westra ere they came to her ear!—and O, would to Heaven that we had never met, since we never can meet again!'

"He lifted up his eyes as he spoke, and Minna Troil stood before him. Her face

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was pale, and her hair dishevelled, but her look was composed and firm, with its usual expression of high-minded melancholy. She was still shrouded in the large mantle which she had assumed on leaving the vessel. Cleveland's first emotion was astonishment, his next was joy, not unmixed with awe. He would have exclaimed—he would have thrown himself at her feet, but she imposed at once silence and composure on him, by raising her finger, and saying, in a low but commanding accent—' Be cautious—we are observed—there are men without—they let me enter with difficulty. I dare not remain long—they would think—they might believe—O, Cleveland! I have hazarded every thing to save you!'

" ' To save me?—alas! poor Minna!' answered Cleveland; ' to save me is impossible—enough that I have seen you once more, were it but to say, for ever farewell!'

" ' We must indeed say farewell,' said Minna; ' for fate and your guilt have divided us for ever. Cleveland, I have seen your associates—need I tell you more—need I say that I know now what a pirate is?'

" ' You have been in the ruffians' power!' said Cleveland, with a start of agony. ' Did they presume——'

" ' Cleveland,' replied Minna, ' they presumed nothing—your name was a spell over them; by the power of that spell over these ferocious banditti, and by that alone, I was reminded of the qualities I once thought my Cleveland's!'

" ' Yes,' said Cleveland, proudly, ' my name has and shall have power over them, when they are at the wildest; and had they harmed you by one rude word, they should have found—Yet what do I rave about—I am a prisoner!'

" ' You shall be so no longer,' said Minna—' Your safety—the safety of my dear father, all demand your instant freedom. I have formed a scheme for your liberty, which, boldly executed, cannot fail. The light is failing without—muffle yourself in my cloak, and you will easily pass the guards—I have given them the means of carousing, and they are deeply engaged. Haste to the Loch of Stennis, and hide yourself till day dawns; then make a smoke on the point where the land, stretching into the lake on each side, divides it nearly in two at the Bridge of Broisgar. Your vessel, which lies not far distant, will send a boat ashore—Do not hesitate an instant.'

" ' But you, Minna!—should this wild scheme succeed,' said Cleveland—' what is to become of you?'

" ' For my share in your escape,' answered the maiden, ' the honesty of my own intention—the honesty of my intention will vindicate me in the sight of Heaven, and the safety of my father, whose fate depends on yours, will be my excuse to man.'

" In a few words, she gave him the history of their capture, and its consequences. Cleveland cast up his eyes and raised his hands to heaven, in thankfulness for the escape of the sisters from his evil companions, and then hastily added, ' But you are right, Minna, I must fly at all rates—for your father's sake I must fly. Here, then, we part—yet not, I trust, for ever.'

" ' For ever!' answered a voice, that sounded as from a sepulchral vault.

" They started, looked around them, and then gazed on each other. It seemed as if the echoes of the building had returned Cleveland's last words, but the pronunciation was too emphatically accented.

" ' Yes, for ever!' said Norna of the Fitful-head, stepping forward from behind one of the massive Saxon pillars which support the roof of the Cathedral—' Here meet the crimson foot and the crimson hand—well for both that the wound is healed whence that crimson was derived—well for both, but best for him who shed it. Here, then, you meet—and meet for the last time!'

" ' Not so,' said Cleveland, as if about to take Minna's hand—' to separate me from Minna, while I have life, must be the work of herself alone.'

" ' Away!' said Norna, stepping betwixt them, ' away with such vain folly!—nourish no vain dreams of future meetings—you part here, and you part for ever. The hawk pairs not with the dove—guilt matches not with innocence. Minna Troil, you look for the last time on this bold and criminal man—Cleveland, you behold Minna for the last time!'

" ' And dream you,' said Cleveland, indignantly, ' that your mummery imposes on me, and that I am among the fools who see more than trick in your pretended art?'

" ' Forbear, Cleveland, forbear,' said Minna, her hereditary awe of Norna augmented by the circumstance of her sudden appearance. ' O, forbear—she is powerful—she is but too powerful. And do you, O Norna, remember my father's safety is linked with Cleveland's.'

" ' And it is well for Cleveland that I do remember it,' replied the Pythoness—' and that, for the sake of one, I am here to aid both—you with your childish purpose of passing one of his bulk and stature under the disguise of a few paltry folds of wadmaal—what would your device have procured him but instant restraint with bolt and shackle? I will save him—I will place him in security on board his bark. But let him renounce these shores for ever, and carry elsewhere the terrors of his sable flag, and his yet blacker name; for if the sun rises twice, and finds him still at anchor, his blood be on his own head. Ay—look to each other—look the last look that I permit to frail affection, and say, if ye *can* say it, Farewell for ever.'

" ' Obey her,' stammered Minna; ' remonstrate not, but obey her.'

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"Cleveland, grasping her hand, and kissing it ardently, said, but so low that she only could hear it, 'Farewell, Minna, but *not* for ever.'

"'And now, maiden, begone,' said Norna, 'and leave the rest to the Reimkennar.'

"'One word more,' said Minna, 'and I obey you—tell me but if I have caught aright your meaning—Is Mordaunt Mertoun safe and recovered?'

"'Recovered, and safe,' said Norna, 'else woe to the hand that shed his blood!'

"Minna slowly sought the door of the Cathedral, and turned back from time to time to look at the shadowy form of Norna, and the stately and military figure of Cleveland, as they stood together in the deepening gloom of the ancient Cathedral. When she looked back a second time, they were in motion, and Cleveland followed the matron, as with a slow and solemn step she glided towards one of the side aisles. When Minna looked back a third time, their figures were no longer visible. She collected herself, and walked on to the eastern door by which she had entered, and listened for an instant to the guard who talked together on the outside."

But our extracts have been too numerous, and we must hasten to the conclusion of the tale. Cleveland gains the shore in safety, and might easily have reached the ship, and sailed immediately; but he cannot think of departing without once more seeing Minna, and pronouncing that adieu which he now feels must be for ever. This seals his fate. The ship is detained a night longer than was necessary; and the king's vessel is seen at daybreak, advancing before a favouring breeze towards the shores of Pomona.

Before its arrival, Cleveland *has* said farewell; and, heartbroken as he is, he is just ready to quit forever the shore on which he can no longer hope for any thing but sorrow, at the very moment when the colours of his vessel are struck, and all his companions landed, under the custody of the king's troops.

It is discovered the day they reach Kirkwall, in this situation, that old Mertoun, the father of Mordaunt, is the very man who had, in early youth, gained and abused the affections of Norna. She herself had all along known this, and protected Mordaunt, under the belief that he was her son; but it is now discovered that Mordaunt was indeed the son of Mertoun, but that *his* mother was not Norna. Cleveland himself turns out to be *her* son; and it is chiefly the discovery of this mistake which serves to dispossess the unhappy woman of her delusions, and convince her that all her supernatural power and knowledge were but the dreams of madness. The end of the whole is, that Cleveland, being conveyed for trial to London, escapes the fate which awaits many of his companions, in consequence of a certain act of kindness which he had rendered some time before to a Spanish lady of high rank, who had found means to obtain a pardon for him from the king. In this pardon Jack Bunce is also included; and both Cleveland and he live to serve their country honourably, in the same seas which had heretofore been the scene of their guilty distinction as "gentlemen adventurers." Cleveland is slain in battle, and Jack is commonly supposed to have been the same person with a certain venerable gentleman in a fiercely cocked hat and long periwig, who was a constant lounger about Button's coffee-house, in the reign of George I., and told long stories about the Spanish Main, under the style and title of *Captain Bounce*. Minna Troil gradually recovered her serenity, but died a maiden, while Brenda and Mordaunt Mertoun were happy in each other, and inherited in due time the wealth both of Magnus Troil and his kinswoman Norna.

We shall not trespass upon our readers by more than a very few remarks upon the Romance of which we have now finished a very scanty, and, we fear, imperfect outline. In point of composition, it must rank with the very best of the preceding works of the same author. Indeed, we rather incline to think that his prose is becoming more and more graceful every volume he writes. As to the story, it is certainly one of great simplicity, but it affords room for many scenes of deep interest, as well as of exquisite humour; which, to be sure, would be the case with any story in the world, under the same masterly management. The descriptive passages are throughout of the most bewitching excellence and beauty. The characters are various, strongly drawn, and all of them full of life. Cleveland, Bunce, Goffe, are beings whom we shall never forget. We shall be familiar to our dying day with Claud Halcro and the jovial Udaller of Burgh-Westra. Norna will be henceforth the guardian spirit of the

rocks and waves around the desolate shores of Thule; and Minna and Brenda will live with the Rebeccas and the Juliets, in the imagination of unborn poets.

We conclude with remarking, that these volumes are interspersed with verse more largely than any of those that have preceded them. Some specimens have occurred in the course of our extracts, and we have no hesitation in saying, that, taken altogether, the poetry of the Pirate appears to us to be of the very highest class of excellence. Our language possesses few things more exquisite than the solemn antique music which breathes along the rhythmical monologues of the Rheimkennar. In one or two of them, the author seems to have recovered all the long-lost inspiration of the old Norse Muse, or at least approached as near as any modern imitator could do, to the majestic energies of the songs of the Odins and the Lodbroks. The fine Scandinavianism of SINTRAM is not more impressive.

SHETLAND FISHERIES.

THE situation of the Orkney and Shetland Islands is so admirably adapted for the prosecution of the British Fisheries, as well from the vicinity of these islands to the best fishing grounds, as from the multiplicity of creeks and natural harbours which are so essential to this trade, that the slow progress which their Fisheries have hitherto made is not a little astonishing. Few people, upon examining the map of Scotland, would believe that the Herring Fishing has only within these few years been begun in Orkney, through the spirited exertions of Mr Samuel Laing, of Papdale, and even at this day the natives are almost strangers to the fishing of Cod and Ling here.

On the other hand, it is no less extraordinary, that, although the Cod and Ling Fishery has been carried to so great an extent in Shetland, as to enable them to export many cargoes to the Catholic countries on the Continent, not a herring net has been spread by the natives of Shetland till the year 1821, when, Mr Mowat of Gardie, and a few other spirited proprietors of these Islands, formed themselves into an association, and subscribed the necessary fund for purchasing boats and nets, to encourage the natives to follow the industrious example of the Dutch, whose herring busses annually appear in great numbers upon their coast; and, where in fact, all the herrings of the Dutch market are caught.

The immediate management of this experimental fishery, was undertaken in the most patriotic and disinterested manner by Mr Duncan, the Sheriff-substitute of Shetland. Having procured three boats, he afterwards visited Orkney, to ascertain the mode of conducting the business there, and having also got fishermen from the South, this little adventure commenced. Its nets were first wetted in the month of July, and it is believed, its labours were concluded in the month of September, after obtaining what is considered pretty good success, having caught as follows, viz:—

The Experiment 6 manned Boat . . .	212¼	Cranes
The Hope 5 manned Boat	119¾	ditto
The Nancy 4 manned Boat	80	ditto
	412¼	Cranes

The great object which the Shetland gentlemen have in view, in this infant establishment, is to give employment to their fishermen in the herring trade, after the cod and ling season is over, and by this means, to enable them to partake of those bounties and encouragements so properly bestowed by government on the fisheries; and thus abstract the attention of the lower orders of these Islands, from an illicit traffic in foreign spirits, tea, and tobacco, which has greatly increased of late years.

The profit of the herring fishing at its commencement, has, however, afforded more encouragement than could have been expected; for, besides paying the men a liberal allowance for their labour, a small sum has been applied towards defraying the expence of the boats and nets. But what is of far more consequence to this patriotic association, is the spirit of enterprize which it is likely to create, by bringing forward a number of additional boats in the way of private adventure, which must be attended with the best advantage to the Shetland Islands.

R.

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

Mr North,

There are reputed to be 50,000 English in and about Paris; consequently there are 40,000 readers of Blackwood's Magazine, all of whom think themselves strangely neglected in that special article of monthly comfort, the forwarding of Maga. It is scarcely credible, but literally a fact, that the new Number is re-printed and sold in America, ere a glimpse of it is to be had here. A voyage of fifteen or sixteen days brings it to New York, and twenty-four hours see it printed, pressed, dried, stitched, covered, and ready for delivery, while here the delay and tantalization is horrific. The advertisement and table of contents in the London papers are just sufficient to raise curiosity and eagerness to the height,—then our twilight begins, but how tedious the days pass on! how immeasurable seems the time till the great luminary itself makes its appearance above our horizon!—this month not till the 18th:—eighteen days in expectation. Do you think that any Christian subscriber can wait such a polar sun-rise?—For the love of all absentees, Mr North, see into this neglect, stir up Galignani with the long pole, as Lady Morgan says; at least smuggle my next number into the ambassador's bag,—it may serve to lighten the dispatches.

I need not tell you how necessary it is to have an antidote for ennui, in a book of all weathers, like the one we speak of, but here it is indispensable. The palate of the mind is put to as strange privations, as that of the tongue is presented with luxuries; and unless you try back half a century, there is nothing worth reading; and even then, who would wade through the sophistic pond of French philosophy, when we possess the pure sources at home, which first set their fantastic heads a-thinking? You are somewhat of a gastronome, and may fancy your own feelings at having a quart of *vin ordinaire* (red vinegar,) placed before you after dinner, instead of a constitutional bottle of old port.—Such to an Englishman is a French newspaper, a dirty, mean-looking rag, which we would not wrap cheese in, and certainly destined for a more ultimate end than reading. With some difficulty, however, one does discover it to be really a newspaper; but upon falling to, it turns out a kind of lady's *Album*. England takes up ten lines, Germany five, Italy do. Spain do. Turkey fifteen, French politics five, the Censor's blank column, jaunts of the royal family, three columns, and theatrical criticism, half the sheet. Your small and unconscionable type would wedge the whole of their monthly news into the circumference of two pages.

Their political writers have been occupied for the last month in discussing Guizet's new publication, "*Des moyens de gouvernement et d'opposition dans l'etat actuel de la France.*" The theatrical critics, besides the thousand *vaudevilles* that keep their pens in continual motion, have been more seriously employed in estimating the merits of Talma in *Falkland*, a play, like the "Iron Chest," taken from the novel of "Caleb Williams."* And the critics of general literature have as usual been making strange blunders with respect to us. "A notre avis," says the Constitutionel of the 11th, "trois hommes se sont partagé les mérités de l'histoire, Tacite, Montesquieu, Walter Scot." They have also taken to praise Washington Irving with a most extravagant zeal.

There is no light periodical worth mentioning above the rank of a newspaper—the *Minerve* and *Mercure* are no more—the *Revue Encyclopedique* is about the calibre of the Gentleman's—vapid and well behaved.

If we look to Italy, it is worse, where they do nothing but reprint the Quarterly. The last number of the Antologia, however, commences with something more original—the third Book of Homer, translated by Ugo Foscolo. It is a specimen of a complete translation, undertaken, seemingly, for the purpose of competing with his old rival Monti, whose version of the Iliad has long since been published. This branch of Italian literature must have

* Caleb Williams has been translated into French, five-and-twenty years since, by the Marquis Garnier. Mr Southey has been lately indebted to another nobleman, the Baron de S*****, for a translation of his Roderick.

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received great excitement from the splendid edition of Annibal Caro's Virgil, lately printed at Rome, at the expence of the Duchess of Devonshire.

There are two literary societies here, for instructing subscribers by lecturing; the one is the Atheneé of old, celebrated under the name of *Lycee*, where La Harpe read his famous course; the other is a new establishment, presided over by the Viscount de Chateaubriant, and is considered rather superior to its rival. For a subscription of six Napoleons, you may acquire a knowledge of all the sciences in a few weeks, and a precious brain you must possess, even to remember the bare catalogue of the various *ologies* to be learned. It would be too much for my weak brain, so I shall confine my attendance to your old friend Gall—that is, if I can gain admittance, the crowd at the door of his lecture-room being far more numerous than at that of the opera on the night of a favourite ballet. Wishing you over this gloomy month, and begging of you to take pity on your Parisian subscribers,

Believe me, respected Sir,

Yours,

L.

Paris, Nov. 26.

P. S.—Louis is said to be something ruffled in temper for these some days back, enraged with the Chambers and the English interest, and resolved to maintain the Duc de Richelieu in the ministry. This nobleman is by gratitude, as well as by other ties, strongly attached to the interests of Russia.

LYNDSAY'S DRAMAS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.*

Is our drama ever to be restored? Why not? But then we must consider with ourselves what we mean by its restoration. If we wonder why this age does not produce Shakespeares, to be consistent, we should also wonder why it does not produce Spensers and Miltons and Popes. Let us begin then with demanding no more for the dramatic genius of the nation, than from its other power, as exhibited in the best poetry of our age, and perhaps we shall not be disappointed in our reasonable expectations. We are a most poetical people, unquestionably; and our poets are, many of them, "tall fellows;" but place those whom we call giants by the side of the Great of Old, and their altitude will be somewhat diminished. We think under a delusion. Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and Southey, have impressed the public mind vividly and deeply; in our pleasure and our pride, we forget the possibility of our being all dwindled together, and seeing the intellects of these above the ordinary stature, we never think of questioning their title to join the ranks of the immortals. But read a single page of Paradise Lost—or a canto of the Fairy Queen, and what becomes of the Lady of the Lake—the Corsair—or the Excursion? Is Helen Douglas to walk by the side of Una? Is the Corsair as great a devil as Moloch? Is the Pedlar, with all his affability, like the archangel Raphael? Why, tried by such a test, these, the greatest poets of our time, sink into mere slovenly versifiers, as inferior to the Transcendants in natural endowment, as in all the skill and mastery of art.

Now, we conceive, that this very short and simple statement does very much dispel the mystery,—and that if we have no great dramatic poetry at present rising up among us, it is owing to the same causes, whatever these may be, that have prevented us from producing any great poetry of any kind at all. This may sound arrogantly, but it is said humbly. We love, delight in, and admire the poetry of this age, pregnant as it is with passion, and tinged almost universally with a pure and beautiful spirit. But till one mighty poem is produced in Britain, we ought to be shy in comparing ourselves with our ancestors; and were our eyes broadly open to the truth, we should hear less of our inferiority in the drama, and more of our inferiority in those other departments of poetry, in which we easily imagine ourselves to have excelled.

What then is the wonder? Nothing more than this—that within these last twenty years, or thereabouts, a number of men, of intellect and genius,

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* Dramas of the Ancient World. By David Lyndsay. Edinburgh: Printed for William Blackwood; and T. Cadell, London.

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have, in this country, devoted themselves to poetry, with very great success, but that they have not hitherto made many attempts in dramatic composition. There is nothing surprising in this, any more than there would have been, had dramatic composition been all the rage. There are not always deep, predisposing causes, for every thing that occurs in the history of literature; and of all cants, the cant of philosophical criticism is the most contemptible. The Schlegels are the great critical canters of modern Europe. They account for every thing. An idiot cannot drivel out an elegy, but they will give you a reason for it in the juncture of the times. Nor, according to them, could the idiot have drivelled his elegy, but at the very era in which he flourished his pen. But the truth is, that idiots of all kinds are to be found at all times, in the literature of all nations, —though we are willing to grant to the Schlegels, that there may be seasons and scenes peculiarly favourable to their production.

Would it appear miraculous, and subversive of all certainty in moral reasoning, if, during the next twenty years, all our poetry was to be dramatic? Certainly not. We take hold of a little bit of time—and surely twenty years is a mere patch—and are insensibly brought to consider it as a great cycle. But twenty years is but as an hour in the literature of a people, whether it be progressive or stationary; and how like a huge dunce would the Public appear, if, during its blubbering bewailment over the exhibition of dramatic genius, up were to leap a score of play-wrights, each with a dozen deep tragedies in either hand? The great dunce would in five minutes aver, that he had never said that dramatic genius was extinct—but that it had merely been taking a protracted siesta—and that she always had expected to see it taking to its legs again, after such a comfortable nap. Suppose twenty years ago, some speculator had announced his belief that all poetical genius whatever was dead in this country; and that he had given sufficient reasons for adopting that creed. The truth is, that such speculators did open their mouths, and lustily bray out to that effect. The Edinburgh Review did stretch its leather sides almost to bursting, in vituperation of all modern poetry, while gentlemen with cracked voices and no ears, did join in chorus. We forget the causes assigned for the dearth—but they were supposed perfectly adequate. Nothing could be held coarser than the cant of the first Critic of the age; and for some years, almost eleven millions of people believed the poetry which they read, not to be poetry, because it was proved not to be so by intellect; and of course, the mere testimony of the senses was held to be fallacious. But we now confess, that if not poetry, it is something so extremely like it, that we are willing to let it pass for such; and the greatest Critic of the age himself, gives way to the popular delusion, and contentedly cheers the events which he formerly would have thrown to the canine race.

No conclusion, therefore, it is manifest, can be drawn by any sensible person, either for or against the dramatic genius of this age, from the present state of our literature. We have no noble acting play produced among us lately. But Baillie, Byron, Coleridge, Wilson, and Milman, have all written dramas—in which as much power is shewn, as perhaps in any other department of poetry. Baillie is a woman, and thence weak in many things; but her Basil may be read with as little dissatisfaction after a play of Massinger's, as Rokeby after the Fairy Queen. Byron's Manfred is a magnificent drama—and his Doge is stately and austere. Coleridge's Remorse is full of the deep metaphysics of passion. Wilson's City of the Plague, though lax and inartificial, is in the highest possible degree dramatic, and full of terror and pathos—and Milman's Fall of Jerusalem, though laboured and cumbrous, possesses the soul with a mournful and elevating interest. Now, all these poets—more or less dramatic —more or less poetical—more or less passionate—do exhibit just as close an approach to the spirit and virtue of the Drama of England, in its days of glory, as the best poetry of the same, or other writers, does to the spirit and virtue of the great poetry of England. Lest this should be denied—we beg leave to qualify this supposition—by saying, that if there be a difference in the two cases, it is a difference of degree not of kind—and certainly not such a difference as leaves any impression of wonder on the mind.

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There is nothing, therefore, to be wondered at or to be explained, respecting our dramatic genius. With the exception of Byron—no living poet acknowledged to possess first-rate powers—has attempted the drama—and yet they have all eminently succeeded. We say eminently—for Basil, Remorse, the City of the Plague, and the Fall of Jerusalem, affect the mind as strongly as any other modern poetry whatever; and yet none of them seem to be equal to what the genius of their respective authors might produce. Had all our great poets tried the drama, and failed in it—or had our inferior poets all tried it, and written mere stuff—then there would have been something puzzling in the case, and we should certainly have called on the Schlegels to explain it But, as it is, it so happens that only one poet, deemed great, has written dramas, and very good ones; and several other poets, not deemed great, have also written dramas, and very good ones; and from these premises it does certainly not seem a very lawful deduction, that the present age is unaccountably deficient in dramatic genius.

The truth is, that, every now and then, some senseless clamour or another, is set up about the state of literature, and for a time prevails. "Give us dramas," is now all the cry. At first it was only the cry of the Cockneys; and, indeed, none but Cockneys have bestirred themselves at the cry. But the voice of the town is not the voice of the country. Prigs will be preaching—and nothing but conceit cometh out of Cockaigne. What an emasculated band of dramatists have deployed upon our boards! A pale-faced, sallow set, like the Misses of some Cockney boarding-school, taking a constitutional walk, to get rid of their habits of eating lime out of the wall. Shiel, Howard, Payne, Molly Procter, Virginia Knowles, and that Irish gentleman, who conceived "The Bridal Night" to be a tragedy in five acts. My conscience—but there is a Milesian for you with a vengeance! How prettily the sentimentalists simper as they go! The tear is in every eye, and the drop at every nose! Pray who is that smock-faced eunuch, mincing his way in the procession? "The author of THE SUCCESSFUL TRAGEDY!!!" We can no more.

But the procession of the Misses Molly has past by—and we again look upon men. Now men do not come forward at the Cockney cry. Who demanded Childe Harold? Who were mutinous for Marmion? Who asked for the Scotch Novels, and they came? Who ordered Wordsworth to write his exquisite Lyrical Ballads, and they were written? Their own souls instigated these men to their work. God created these poets—and they were true to their nature. Cockneys also have been created, and they are true to theirs. But it was reserved to the spirit of atheism of an age, to talk of a Cockney writing a tragedy. When the mind ceases to believe in a Providence, it can believe in any thing else; but the pious soul feels that while to dream, even in sleep, that a Cockney had written a successful tragedy, would be repugnant to reason; certainly a more successful comedy could not be imagined, than the utter destruction of Cockaigne and all its inhabitants. An earthquake, or a shower of lava, would be too complimentary to the Cockneys; but what would you think of a shower of soot from a multitude of foul chimneys, and the smell of gas from exploded pipes? Something might be made of the idea.

When Byron published his drama—the Doge—these authors of successful tragedies, forsooth, and all their Cockney cronies of the daily or weekly press, declared that his Lordship had no dramatic genius—that he never forgot *himself*. They had themselves shewn that it is easy for a man to forget himself, and yet be no dramatic genius. But the truth is, that these mongrel and doggrel drivellers have an instinctive abhorrence of a true poet; and they all ran out like so many curs baying at the feet of the Pegasus on which Byron rode. One kick was enough for one critic. What could they know or feel of Manfred, since they never saw Kean in that character?—They cannot conceive a drama acted on the theatre of the Alps, with storm-clouds for a curtain, stars for lamps, and an orchestra of cataracts. and the eulogists of homely, and fireside, and little back-parlour incest, what could they imagine of the unseduceable spirit of the spotless Angioline, happy in the guardian affection of her father's noble friend?—When Elliston, ignorant of what one gentle-

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man owes to another, or driven by stupidity to forget it, brought the Doge on the stage, how crowed the Bantam Cocks of Cockaigne to see it damned! The hen-like cackle of the chicken-hearted tragedian was heard in pit and gallery, and folly shook its bells on the alleged failure of a great genius, in what he had never attempted.

But Manfred and the Doge are not dead; while all that small fry have disappeared in the mud, and are dried up like so many tadpoles in a ditch, under the summer drowth.

"Lord Byron," quoth Mr Leigh Hunt, "has about as much dramatic genius as OURSELVES!!" He might as well have said, "Lucretia had about as much chastity as my own heroine in Rimini;" or, "Sir Philip Sydney was about as much of the gentleman as myself!"

Now, gentle reader, the hints you have been perusing about dramatic genius and so forth, were jotted down by us as materials for an introduction to a critique on Lord Byron's new volume. But unluckily for us, and for our Magazine, Mr Murray has published on a most absurd day of the month, and we must go to press without his Lordship. Accordingly, we have not taken the trouble of writing a regular introduction to a critique which is not to exist; but have merely strung a few thoughts together, of which the reader may make the most he can, though at the same time we are confident that they are extremely shrewd and judicious.

However, though we have not Lord Byron's volume, we have another in hand, which comforts us, in some degree, under the disappointment, and from which we think some extracts may be given, not equal certainly to the best things that may be to be found in the "Mystery," but far above mediocrity, and decisive of this author being a man of talents and of genius; his name is David Lyndsay, and that is all we know of him, except that he once or twice sent us some dramatic sketches for this Magazine.

We write, therefore, now, as indeed always, without fear or favour; and the extracts will speak for themselves. If we were not the most incorruptible of critics, we do not very well know how we should manage with literary men in general. There is scarcely an author of any merit, in any department, who is not a contributor to our Work; but that circumstance has no influence on our judgment; and when a clever contributor writes a bad book, we tell him so without any scruple, not doubting that he will write a good one the next time. At first we gave offence by our candour; and indeed neither Mr Brougham nor Sir James Macintosh have written in this Magazine for some years; but they were so much accustomed to praise themselves in the Edinburgh Review, that our strict justice was not found by them to be palatable—so that they write now, we believe, almost exclusively in that Work, and its illustrious coadjutor, the Morning Chronicle.

The "Dramas of the Ancient World" are not arranged in chronological order, and are entitled, "The Deluge, the Plague of Darkness, the Last Plague, Rizpah, Sardanapalus, the Destiny of Cain, the Death of Cain, and the Nereid's Love."

"The Destiny of Cain," and "The Death of Cain," are, as it were, two parts of one dramatic poem. It opens with a scene in the country at sunrise, where a band of youths and maidens are assembled to watch the great luminary, and to hail its appearance with gratulatory hymns.—While these innocent and happy beings are engaged in poetical responses, an alarm is given, and

"*A* YOUTH *enters hastily.*

Break off! break off
Your sacred ceremonies, holy songs;
Descend this mountain, for a stranger step
Pollutes its holiness!—A giant form
Of demon grandeur doth ascend its steep,
With threatening gestures, and with rolling eyes
Strain'd and distorted, and his lips with foam
Are cover'd, and his hair doth stand erect,
Disclosing on his brow a horrid stain,
In hue like that red flower, but not so bright!—
His words are curses!—And unto our God
Franticly doth he toss his mighty arms,
And strides with giant step of desperation!
It is an evil angel, or that fiend
Which did beguile our mother!
2d Youth. Fly! Oh fly!
Far worse than evil angel he who comes!
It is the murderer Cain!—The wretch who bears
Blood on his soul and brow. Away! he is
The elder-born of Murder, he hath slain
Man!—And his God hath cursed him!—
Fly! Oh fly!

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He hath admitted Death into our world,
And his fell arm hath now become the sceptre
Of that grim lord of darkness!—Now he comes
To curse us with his presence, and to choose
From our dear hills new victims!—Hence, away!
Hear him not, see him not!—Earth's children, fly
Th' abhorred of his mother;—she who shakes
And groans beneath his tread, th' unnatural son,
The horror-struck, the wand'rer!—Hark! he comes!
His eye doth bear pollution.—Shun it!—Fly!"

It is Cain the Murderer, and the hymning troop disperse in horror and consternation. Cain, whose doom it is to wander forever over the earth, and to find no rest on its bosom, which quakes and shudders as soon as he pauses in his flight, breaks forth into the following passionate exclamation:

"Lonely and sad, one victim. I will on,
Pursue, destroy;—I will walk o'er this earth,
And leave the track of footsteps dyed in blood;
I will sweep off all living from her face,
And be but one!—alone! Azura shunn'd me,
Fled from my horror-breathing sight, and sought
The bosom of her father.—What is there
Now left of hope for me, not peace!—Ha, power!
What if I spare these gaudy sons of joy,
Who sing away their lives in gentle shades,
And live their master!—Yes, dominion shall
Blot out remembrance, and softer thoughts
Be banish'd by its powers. Hope and love
Died with the murder'd Abel!—Rage and strength
Live with the wanderer Cain. Come, abjects, come!
Wretches, return! provoke me not to tear
Your fear-bound bodies from the dreary caves
Where ye lie crouching! Trust not my fierce hands;
They that spared not a brother, will not pause
To dash your dainty forms against the rocks,
Spoiling the symmetry of those light limbs,
And leaving them a bleeding lump of clay,
Like his who—horrible remembrance, die!
Let me a moment rest—one moment stay
In these soft groves untortur'd!—Hark! the roar
Of the denying thunder, and the earth
Shakes, while I pause upon her breast.—
On! on!
Not here my place of refuge!"

The next scene opens on the coast, and the time is evening; so that the imagination has to feel that Cain had all day long been driven onwards in his frantic career, and from an inland region had reached the sea. Jared, a Patriarch, and his sons and daughters, have just finished their day's labour, and are about to retire to the well-earned banquet of the night, when the murderer appears, and concealing the bloody sign that flames upon his brow, he entreats permission to rest a while in these fields of peace.

"*Cain.* I am Cain,
The first-born of mankind, the elder son
Of this world's children,—the second man
Who breath'd the air of earth.
Jared. Great father, stay!
Our homes, our herds, our riches, are thine own,
Live but among thy children,—from thy face
Throw down thy shaggy mantle, and permit
Our eyes to gaze upon the hallowed brow
Of fair earth's elder-born!
Cain. My brow!—Thou shalt!
'Tis not permitted that I should conceal
My features longer. I must tell thee, too,
Why thus—but wherefore dost thou groan, or ere
My face is to thee known?
Jared. Son of the world,
No sound escaped my lips, nor did I hear
Aught from another's.
Cain. No!—Again!—It comes
Up from the earth,—it is my brother's blood
Groaning from depths immeasurable!—Still
Crying aloud, as once before it cried
Unto the stern avenger,—and the earth
Heaveth again beneath me. Shall I go?
Not here my place of rest;—I will not!—No,
I will not heed these signs.—What should I fear
Even from their utmost vengeance?—Power divine
Hath chain'd their devastating strength to me,
And bade all danger shun me. Earth may gape,
But dare not swallow!—Lightnings fierce may play
Around my brows, but harmlessly, they know
The mark, and dare not strike!—I will defy them,
And rest here,—even here. Now, wandering man,

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Look on the face which thou hast pray'd to see,—
It is the brow of Cain!
Enos. Oh, father, fly!
Linger not near that man of horrors!—Go,
Horrible stranger, from our peaceful land;
Thou art accursed; never face like thine
Belong'd to Nature's children. Father, fly!
Some fiend abuses thee!
Cain. Thou wretched thing,
Rouse not my sleeping wrath. Begone! begone!
Another moment, and thy sunny locks
Shall circle round thy neck in closer folds,
Grip'd by this desperate hand! Avoid me, fool!
I would not mar thy beauty!
Jared. Enos, shun
This man of wrath; thou hast most justly drawn
His anger on thy head; for though I feel
Strange horror as I look upon his eye,
Yet, till I hear his tale, suspicion base,
Not yet unpracticed communt, shall pollute
My heart, nor stain my lip. Retire all,
And leave me with the stranger.—Now then, son
Of the progenitor, into my breast
Pour forth thy tale of grief!"

Cain then gives a long and somewhat heavy narration of all the feelings, and their causes, that at last led him to the murder of Abel. Mr Lyndsay is not so powerful here as he might have been, which we regret, as the subject was a fine one; and failure here awoke a suspicion in us that he was not equal to situations of high and terrible passion; but in some other passages which we shall quote, he redeems himself nobly.

Jared, at the conclusion of Cain's confession, commands the wanderer to leave these happy vales; and Cain's fury being roused by the Patriarch's cruelty, he leaps upon him, and is in the act of rending him to death, when Azura, his long-lost wife, who he thought had forsaken him, but who has been following, in love and sorrow, his haunted flight, rushes on between them, and calms the tempest of her husband's miserable soul. Jared alarms the country; and Cain, who knows that he bears a charmed life, espies a huge tree floating on the sea, and taking Azura in his arms, commits himself to the waves. The conclusion of the first part of the poem, or the "Destiny of Cain," is, though bordering on extravagance, not without sublimity.

"So I could shun but man! But what is that
Which darkly moveth on the water's edge?
More foes!—Look, dear Azura, for mine eyes
Are dried by the stern spirit which hath fill'd
Them, and my burning soul!
Azura. It is a tree
Fell'd down, and floating; the returning wave
Hath raised it from its bed, and now it moves
Proudly on its broad surface.
Cain. That shall be
Our hope of rest;—on earth we are accursed;
Those waters then shall bear us to an earth
Unsullied by the hated breath of man!—
See'st thou that land, round which these waters roll?
We shall find refuge there! This tree shall bear
The wanderer to his rest!
Azura. The sea! Oh heaven!
The fierce devourer of all things.—Sure
Thou knowest nothing on her surface stays.—
E'en on our own Euphrates thou hast seen
The flocks sink to the dark, where human eye
Could not behold their fall. But the broad sea!
Oh go not, husband. Man is far less wild
Than yon devouring wave!
Cain. Wilt thou forsake
Thy husband, for he goes? The elements
Have been commanded all to harm me not.
The sea is one of them, and he will curse
My soul by his obedience. He will spare
My God-protected life, and aid my will!
Seat of the storm, throne of the tempest wild,
I love thee; for, of all of nature's works,
Thou, thou alone, in thy stern angry mood,
Dost hold alliance with my tossed soul!
Hark! thunder! and the earth doth rock! It is
The signal for my flight! and see, where comes
The band of the blood-hunters. Spring, Azura!
Trust to the seas for safety!—So! gone, gone!
Reptiles, it is not yours to bind the arms
Of the death girt, the arrow of his might!
Hence to your homes! the elements obey
My will, and bid me laugh, to bitter scorn,
Your baby hope of vengeance! Not to man
Belongs the destiny of Cain! nor shall
The feeble stroke of human justice reach
The brow of the God condemn'd!
Jared. Oh, prodigy!
The waters bear them onward to the shore
Unpeopled, or by Angels! On they go!
In all his giant majesty of sin,
He lifts the crowned demon, on his breast

Pale terror taking refuge. Lightnings play
Around his terrible head, and his wild locks
Wave in defiance, and his garments are
Unwet by the wild waters, though they roar
And foam above, around him! Yes, he is
Sacred to God's own wrath. To him alone
Belongs his fearful destiny!—Behold
A cloud, dark as his locks, descends to meet
The rising wave, and both now curtain him
From our astonish'd sight! It is the will
Of Heaven we watch no longer, nor attempt
To look into the mysteries of God! Now, hence,
The murderer is gone.—Oh, may he ne'er
Again pollute our land!

Roll, oceans, roll!
Part us for ever from the bloody eye,
Which seal'd the heavy curse of destiny,
And pour'd the night of Death upon the soul;
Yea, mountains high between us and the foe,
Who first hath made th' ensanguin'd fountain flow,
Roll, oceans, roll!

Roll, oceans, roll!
Bear to some desolate and distant shore,
The man who feels humanity no more.
Who bears the linked demon with his soul!
Yea, wide between us and that distant land.
Which yields its stores unto that spotted hand,
Roll, oceans, roll!"

The Death of Cain opens with a picture of the murderer sitting alone in ghastly horror by the corpse of Azura. God has stricken down his only comfort, and the sullen and hopeless wretch thus vents his complaints and curses;

"The Avenger saw
I had a gleam of peace; the light by which
It was reveal'd was my Azura's life.
He quench'd that light, and plunged my harrow'd soul
Deep into utter darkness! She is gone!
She, whose unchanging love still stepp'd between
Me and the goad of vengeance. She, whose soul,
Unloosen'd, clung to mine; whose wounded foot,
Untiring, follow'd mine, through all the paths
Of danger and distraction,—she is dead!
Wrapp'd in the sleep of Abel, she reclines
Silent and cold before me. For her sake,
When first I saw the shadowy hand upraised,
To beckon her away, I wept and pray'd!
I might have spared humility, and now
I weep and pray no longer. Thou hast done
Thy bitterest vengeance. Now, I may defy
Thy lifted arm. Again, so heavily,
Avenger, can it fall?"

During this soliloquy, his son, Irad, wearied of his father's ferocious tyranny, steals upon him, and flings a javelin at his heart. Cain starts up, and a fearful colloquy of recrimination ensues between the wanderer and his murderous son. Irad curses him away from the city; and while Cain's soul is black with hellish rage, Azazel, one of the fallen angels, rises up before him, to tempt him to deliver up his soul to hell by promise of power over the elements. There is much poetry in this scene, but also much exaggeration; and Azazel is by far too wordy an orator for an angel; he occasionally reminds us of Dr Hall of Leicester, and now and then of Dr Chalmers. A few strong touches would have produced more effect on Cain than all that pompous and elaborate declamation. Cain resists the tempter, and rushes out, exclaiming,

"*Cain.* How his words
Pour overwhelming on my sinking soul,
Like cataracts grown mad!—I will not hear!
While reason yet is left me, let me fly!
I know not, reck not whither; but I go
To shun this demon's goadings!—What if I
Sink at the last! I have no hope, and may
Fall by the chace exhausted. Demon! Fiend!
Spare thy unhallow'd triumph!—Smile not yet;
The race is still to win!—Oh that thou wert
But for one moment mortal, that I could
Gripe thee close, breast to breast, and thy broad limbs
Rend in the desperate conflict. I will try
My earthly force against thee, for I deem
Thy heaven-scarr'd form is palpable, and thus
I tear thee in my vengeance. Ha! the brow
Of Abel, smear'd with blood!—Oh face of death!
I dare not touch thy form! Oh, mockery
Of madness!—Murderer, fly!—Look not again
Upon that ghastly sight! Now, chase of hell,
Thy wild flight is begun. [*Rushes out.*
Azazel. To close in death
Distracted and despairing."

The scene changes, and we behold Seth, the chosen son of Adam, and

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others of the family of the created men, enjoying the beauty of the morning on their own beautiful mountain. Divine music is heard in heaven, and Seth exclaims,

"*Seth.* On my soul it falls;
It is the song of angels which we hear,
Mingled with motion's harmonies,—they praise
Their loved Creator, and so near to heaven
This mountain's height, that the sweet strains come down
To charm our mortal ears, and tell fall'n man
What happiness awaits him. Once before
The father heard that sound, it was when fell
Into his early grave the virtuous slain;
And then he deem'd the stars of heaven sung
His welcome to their glories. I, nor hope,
Nor fear, such is this hour, the cause, that swells
To melody the air,—the will of Heaven,
Howe'er it fall, be done!"

Cain very poetically replies, and Seth says,

"But let us on, for, see
Where slowly comes the Father, the great son
Of God himself, the holiest of our clay;
For, unbegotten in the dark gross bond
Of sad mortality, he sprung to life,
Fashion'd and form'd by an Almighty hand,—
His soul breath'd from th' Eternal's own, a part
Of his transcendant spirit. Bow ye down,
My sons, to earth, the image of your God,
His own reflected likeness, steps among ye,
The heaven-born child of earth, bow lowly down,
In him respect his Master!"

Adam appears, and the sire of mankind expresses himself in the same ornate style with his son Seth. But we think that what follows is eminently beautiful.

"*Seth.* Through the gloom,
O father, look, there shines a wond'rous light,
As if a band of suns above that spot
Did shed their radiance down:—from heaven or earth
Gleameth that light?
Adam. It is the wall of flame,
The fiery circle which doth circumscribe
The hallow'd Garden, from whose sacred mould
I took my frame,—it is the will of Heaven
That holy earth should still be consecrate
To that sole purpose, nor e'er be profaned
To other uses. When from out its bounds
He drove us weeping, round its airs he drew
A girdle of the brightest fires of heaven,
To keep all evil thing from its pure gales;
And this will last until its withering heat
Shall blast its richness, and deface its charms.
Oft have I mark'd it, in the heavy night,
With tearful eye, with more than usual glow
Light'ning up all the air, and then I deem'd
Some cursed spirit near its sacred bounds
With unbless'd feet, and evil longing eye,
Was wandering. Such think I now the cause
Of yonder splendid light.
Seth. Methought I heard
Mingling with the loud wind a human groan.
Again—hark!—Sure it is the voice of pain!
And see where comes Mahalaleel; the storm
Hath pal'd his glowing cheek, and dimm'd the light
Of his young joyous eye. May nought but fear
Have wrought upon thee thus! Unharm'd thou com'st
From the death-dealing tempest!
Mahalaleel. Not the storm,
Though terrible it be, could shake me thus,
But that which rideth on it. There is one
Wrapp'd in wild horror, who should rather seem
Its sport and victim than its governor,
For his unearthly shrieks are loud and shrill,
And speak of pain, not triumph. I did mark
How in his frenzy he did rend the locks
From his distracted head, and on the earth
Roll'd in delirious agony.
Seth. Oh, sire
Of men, shall we descend the steep, and heal
The wounds of the grief-bruised? It may be
Some wretched mortal, who, by sin oppress'd,
Needeth our help and comfort.
Adam. Thy soft voice
Would yield it best, thou mild appointed, but
We will assist thee in the task, for be
The sufferer what he may, from me he springs,
And still must claim my pity."

It is Cain; and Adam, Seth, and the others, descend to the foot of the mountain, to know what wretched being wanders through the thundering and stormy solitude. Before they reach him, Cain thus speaks; but we quote with pleasure great part of the interview, which is admirably done.

"*Cain.* So! there comes
Nor help nor pity to me. I am driven

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Before despair, as was the rebel chief,
From God's wide scattering thunder! Soft. I am
Alone! I see him not, though, through the night,
Close in pursuit, I saw his glaring eyes,
Gleaming with fires of the nether world,
Lighting him to the chace!—Here will I breathe
A moment;—but, where am I? Driven on
Thus madly, nought I knew of the drear path
My goaded step was seeking. Let me look
Abroad upon these objects. My strain'd eyes
Are dim,—or I am mad,—or doth the fiend
Present illusions to my tortured sense,
To wound me with new mockeries?—If I am
Myself, and this be no delusion, then
My wretched flight hath borne me to the spot
I should have shunn'd for ever. Oh, I know
That giant tree, and those cloud soaring hills,
And—God of vengeance, hast thou drawn me here,
To make my doom more bitter, to assist
The malice of the fiend?—It is,—it is,
The crimson spot of earth, the wither'd bound,
Where first into her sick'ning breast was pour'd
The draught of her son's blood. It is the spot,
Where these fell hands griped his imploring throat,
And smote upon his brain! He riseth!—see,
Up from the earth he comes, a blacken'd corse,
To drag me to his grave,—to bid me share
His deep and bloody bed!—Oh, agony,—
We sink!—together,—down,—down,—deeper yet,—
The earth is closing o'er me.

SETH *and* MAHALALEEL *enter.*

Mahalaleel. See, my father,
Where, on the earth, unto the tempest's wrath,
Insensible the wretch extended lies.
Wounded he is, and speechless, let us raise
His head from that sad pillow.

Seth. Sorrowing man,
Look up. Thy wounded head reclines upon
A pitying bosom, open to the light
Of this world's kindliness, thy sleeping sense,
That o'er its darkness soft compassion may
Throw her sun-tinted hues.

Mahalaleel. Thy gentle tones
Have back recall'd the scatter'd senses. See,
He looks upon us. Father, can this be
One of sweet Nature's sons? My trembling heart
Shrinks from his fiery glance.

Cain. Methought I heard
The voices of my youth; and that I saw
The forms of early days, the mountain's side,
And the young family of earth, the pride
And joy of their Creator. 'Twas a dream!—
Or am I dead, and, expiation done,
Have waken'd to new life?—He was with me
But now, and I am still upon the spot,
Where he did grasp me with the might of Death,
And plunged with me in darkness. Soft,—I am
Still in the world of living things, as yet
Not blotted from its face;—but who are these?
And who is he that cometh, terrible
In his majestic calmness? I behold
Not the grieved father, but the accuser stern
Of my remember'd crime! O, mountain, fall!
Open, O earth; and, ocean, pour thy waves,
And hide me from his glance!

ADAM *enters.*

Adam. Yea, let me hope
I gaze upon a vision,—that the breath
Of the blasphemer doth not file the air,
So near the courts of Eden; that the foot
Of the manslayer doth not press the soil
Red with his victim's gore. Oh, righteous Heaven,
Before thee I have shun'd; I would not then
Curse the destroyer, but, I pray thee, send
Him back unto his land, ere other sons
Glut his revengeful malice.

Cain. Misery
Is humble! Father of mankind, behold
The wretched, prostrate Cain. The earth-abhorr'd;
The horror-struck—the wand'rer—demon-scourged;
Of God and man abandon'd. I have stood
Long on this aching brow the burning seal
Of the Creator's vengeance. Now, I come
Unto my father's hand, to raze the stamp,
And take the malediction from my soul.
Start not, Oh brethren! hither not my will,
But the Eternal's, bore me; for I knew
Nought of the path o'er which my frenzied speed
Drove furiously along. O Father, chief
Of the earth's thousands, 'neath thy holy rule,
Within these sacred valleys, let my head
Lie down in peace! I ask a tranquil spot
Where I may die. I would not live among
Mine own all sinful race, whose hands are arm'd
Against their father's life, who struck the head
To God's own wrath devoted."

The conversation between Adam and Cain becomes, after this, very dull and unexpressive—indeed painful and

seemingly unnatural; so we pass it over, and give the conclusion of the drama.

Cain, after a long life of agony and guilt, lies stretched at last on the very grave of the murdered Abel; his father is beside him, and God is thundering in the sky. The situation is grandly, and sublimely, and terribly imagined; and though the execution is scarcely equal to the design, it certainly exhibits Mr Lyndsay's power in the most favourable light, and justifies fully all that we have now ventured to say in his praise.

"*Cain.* My brother's grave
Is now my place of rest, for never more
Shall I forsake that home. This is the bed
Where I shall sleep for ever. Hark! there is
A voice which whispers to my soul, and cries,
'Thy wanderings are past, here lie thee down
For thy last expiation.' God, I pray thee,
Let not this be a mockery, for thou see'st
How all reject me. It is thy decree,
And now I murmur not; but, if thy will
Summon me not, I shall devoted stand
Alone again, the outcast of the earth,
The hatred of all her sons. My strength is gone,
And the dark fiend that doth beset my soul
Whispers me of despair. Oh, help me, God!
The spurn'd of all, I turn me back to thee!
Give me not up to hell. My punishment
Hath mighty been, and mightily I have
Borne the severe decree. My bloody hands,
Now purified by suff'ring, I upraise
From that deep bed where the slain victim lies,
Unto thine eye,—avert it not, O God!
The red stain is effaced! Oh, look down,
Look down with mercy on me;—if my pangs
Have been an expiation,—if my soul
Be scourged not as my body, but may rest,
Cured of its wounds, upon thy healing breast,—
Then call me from this earth,—arm thy right-hand
With thy tremendous bolt, and strike me dead!
Come, vivid lightning, spare no more this head,
But crumble it to cinders, and upon
Thy wing of glory, bear my mounting soul,
To seek for pardon at th' Almighty's throne.
Come, God of justice—God of mercy, now
Accept the sacrifice I place upon
This grave become thine altar; thou didst spurn
The first I offer'd, let this one, this last,
Find favour in thy sight. O Lord, come down,
Burn, and consume the victim.
[*Darkness, thunders, and lightnings.*
Seth. Brother—Cain—
Oh may these horrors spare thee!
Adam. Sullen shades
Of darkness veil the earth; thou righteous Heaven,
From thy avenging bolt the sufferer
Guard in thy mercy,—thou most awful night,
That circleth thus our world, and blotteth out
The glories of the day! Th' unhappy—where!
I hear no more the anguish of his cries,
The thunderbolt hath still'd them. Mercy, Heaven,
Have mercy on the fallen.——Soft, the day
Breaketh above the darkness. O my son,
Mine elder born, where art thou? Gone,—behold
The Eternal hath accorded his sad prayer,
And with the lightning is his being gone.
He came in misery into the world,
In darkness hath departed. Lo! a heap
Of smoking ashes, on the mouldering bones
Of the first sleeper lies; it is the last
Sad remnant of the slayer; the grieved earth
Refuseth him a grave, the fiery doom
Devours the murderer, he is entomb'd
By that which hath consumed him; he hath been
Still sacred to his God, and sacredly
The wrath-devoted dies. May we to dust
Commit those ashes? No! the winds of Heaven,
The breath of the Almighty stirs them from
Their resting-place, and scatters them abroad.
Cain's atoms rise,—no more a heap of dust,
But mingled with creation. Air, earth, water,
Take each your several offerings!"

We have given copious quotations from this poem, that our readers might have before them enough of Mr Lyndsay to decide on his merits. We do not fear to say, that he is a poet with much feeling and no little imagination. His chief fault is a dim and misty splendour indiscriminately flung over all his conceptions, by which the very eye of the mind is dazzled, and from which it would fain seek relief. There is no simplicity; for soft, tender, and careless touches at once awaken the heart; and nothing like delineation of character;—neither is there much curious or profound knowledge of passion; and the poet is sometimes weakest when he ought to be most strong. But Mr

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Lyndsay conceives situations very finely and originally; his diction is often magnificent, and his imagery striking and appropriate; he seems to write in a sort of tumult and hurry of young delight, and therefore is often insensible to the monotony and even dulness of long passages, which sorely try the reader in a calm and composed perusal; he pitches his tone too high, and walks too much on stilts; his bad passages, accordingly, are extravagant, bombastical, and not to be read at all; but when the situation of his personages is pathetic or sublime, Mr Lyndsay is often most effective; and we have no doubt that we have quoted enough to prove, that if a young writer, which can scarcely be doubted, high hopes may be justly formed of him who, in a first attempt, has produced so much poetry true to nature, and belonging to the highest province of imagination.

Prefixed to this volume, we find the following Advertisement:—

"It may be necessary for me to say something respecting the singular coincidence of my having chosen the same subjects as Lord Byron for two of my Dramas. I entreat permission to assert, and credit when I do assert, that it is entirely accidental: that my Dramas were written long before Lord Byron's were announced,—before I could have had any idea that his brilliant pen was engaged upon the Drama at all. The inferiority of the execution of mine may perhaps lead me to regret that I have selected the same subjects, otherwise I never can lament any coincidence with the admired Author of Manfred and Childe Harolde."

The coincidence certainly is very singular; and the overpowering influence of Byron's name may prevent full justice being done to Mr Lyndsay. But we are greatly mistaken if his Lordship himself will not admire many things in these first productions of a youthful muse, at once modest and ambitious. Our extracts have been wholly from one Drama—not because we think it absolutely the best, but that the public might judge of the force of the poet's mind in its continuous flow. The conception of the state of Cain is beyond doubt very terrible and poetical, and has occupied the writer's mind almost to the exclusion of all other permanent thoughts or feelings. But perhaps readers, according to their peculiar tastes, will prefer some of the other pieces. The Deluge is conceived in a very awful mood of the imagination;—vast and dark images of horror and crime, like the shadows and the gloom of storms, move around the scene, and suggest associations of terror, far more thrilling than the most distinct portraiture of individual character. The Plague of Darkness, and the Last Plague, have already adorned our pages. Rizpah, as a delineation of the craze of grief, is full of strong and affecting touches of pathos. The description of the silent spirit of Saul hovering round the bodies of his sacrificed children, cannot be thought on without painful sentiments of sympathy and sorrow.

In Sardanapalus, the author will again be brought into comparison with Byron. In his conception of the situation, we doubt if the noble poet will be found to have surpassed him. In the appropriate expression of passion, Mr Lyndsay is not so successful, though here and there he darts gleams of the intensest feeling, and at times puts such energy into the kindled heroism of Sardanapalus, that his soul appears sparkling and glowing beneath the falling of his fortunes like the thunderbolts under the hammers of the Cyclops.

But Sardanapalus is here a full formed hero,—already he has been the Hector of battles, and the young voluptuary is almost forgotten in the stern and gallant soldier. The interest is in consequence weakened—we can anticipate from the first, that he will perish gloriously; and he is introduced to us as claiming and meriting our sympathy.

What a triumph of dramatic art it would have been to have shewn him in his state of abasement, and to have exhibited the first stirrings of his latent energy, gradually developing all his powers, till the whole splendour and pride of his nature had burst out into that conflagration of spirit, with which he at once met and avenged his doom. We know not, indeed, in the whole range of human passion, any incident so calculated to produce the noblest stage-effect, than the moment when Sardanapalus, awakened to the danger and greatness of his situation, roused himself, and bade

"The weak wanton Cupid
———Unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air."

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CAPTAIN COCHRANE, AND THE NORTH-EAST CAPE OF ASIA.

In a late number of the Quarterly Review, we were informed that Henry Dundas Cochrane, a commander in the British Navy, had set out from St Petersburgh, under the auspices of the Imperial Government, to proceed through the interior of Russia to the East of Asia, with the view of ascertaining whether the "North East Cape" was really a *Cape*, or part of a continuous neck of land, by many supposed to unite the two Continents of Asia and America. All this we knew, as well as the journal in question; and being aware of the sources from which the Reviewer was accustomed to draw his information on all matters connected with Russian discoveries, we should never have expected any thing in the shape of a *hoax*. The "respectable correspondent," however, succeeded in making the Quarterly believe that Captain Cochrane was to perform his journey (only 11,000 miles,) on foot! Yes, gentle readers, on foot! and the worthy Reviewer, in the simplicity of his heart, announces it to the world, and is believed by all but the readers of our journal, who, as we formerly announced, are, fortunately for themselves, somewhere under 9-10ths of the reading population of these realms. This threw such an air of doubt and ridicule over the whole matter, that we really began to think the Quarterly had condescended to be facetious with his readers, or in plain terms, was *trotting* them. However, we should not have thought more of it, but that we were personally and intimately acquainted with Captain Cochrane, admired his spirit of enterprise, and wished to rescue his character from a charge of Quixotism; we therefore resolved to make proper inquiry, availing ourselves of that extreme facility we enjoy through the popularity of our journal, for acquiring information on every subject of interest, foreign or domestic. Indeed, our readers must have perceived of late, that, like the Quarterly Review, and the Steward in the play of the "Stranger,"—"we have our correspondents in the principal cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America," although, hitherto, on account of our greater modesty (the usual accompaniment of true desert,) we have not chosen like them to say so.

The following may be regarded as a short, but authentic account of Captain Cochrane's proceedings:

On the 6th of May, 1820, he addressed the Russian Government on the subject of his intended journey, stating that he wished to travel in the eastern parts of the Empire;—his attempt to be considered as that of an individual unauthorised by his own Government, and requesting,

1st, Not to be molested on his journey.

2d, Assistance and protection if required, and general facilities to be afforded.

3d, Permission to join the Russian Polar Expedition if he should fall in with it, and to accompany it as far as he might be inclined.

The Russian Government having, in the handsomest manner, granted him all he asked, the traveller immediately set out, making the best of his way to the Ouralian mountains, which our readers will be pleased to cross along with him, and accompany him to *Tobolsk* the capital of Siberia.

In order more easily to follow him in his route from thence, we request the reader to sit down with a map of Asia before him, (Arrowsmith's, published in 1818, for instance,) and the Magazine in his left hand.

Instead of keeping the high road to Irkutzk, along the Irtysh as far as *Tara*, Captain C. struck off soon after leaving Tobolsk, and making the string of the bow, reached *Omsk*, where he again fell in with the river. From thence he ascended the line of the Irtysh for 2000 versts, passing to the westward of lake *Tchany*; and skirting the famous country of *Gog* and *Magog*, arrived at Narym, a little village and rivulet forming at this point the line of demarkation between the empires of Russia and China. Captain C. describes the country around Narym as being of the most romantic beauty, and equal, in his opinion, to Switzerland. He particularly mentions the situation of the *Fortress Bouchtarminskoi*, as of uncommon grandeur. Here he embarked, and dropping down the rapid Irtysh to the town of *Ubinsk*, proceeded to view the mines of *Izmaova* and the works of *Barnahoole*, with which he was much gratified. At this place he met with his Excellency the Governor General Speransky, from whom he experienced the most friendly reception. Leaving *Barnahoole*, he rejoined the high road to Irkutzk at *Tomsk*, along which he held till he

reached the *Baikal* (in perfect health) on the 123d day after leaving St Petersburgh; having traversed 8000 versts of country. This was at the rate of about 43 miles a-day, which the Quarterly must allow somewhat to exceed any thing hitherto recorded in the annals of pedestrianism.

At first, it was Captain Cochrane's intention to have wintered at Irkutzk, but he saw reason to change his mind, and embarking on the *Lena* on the 14th of September, he reached *Jakutzk* on the 16th of October. Here he found 16 degrees of frost by Réaumeur, which obliged him to exchange the nankeen jacket he had hitherto worn for a warmer covering. Quitting Jakutzk on the 30th of October, he held north-eastward, till on the 30th of December, he reached Nijnei Kolyma, in long. 164, where he met the Russian Expedition proceeding to the Pole. The frost now ranged from 35 to 42 of Réaumeur. During this journey Captain C. travelled upwards of 400 miles without meeting a human being.

Leaving Nijnei Kolyma, (or Kovyma, as it is written in some of the maps,) Captain C. proceeded to *Tchutski fair*, where he gained much satisfactory geographical information respecting the north-east of Asia. He ascertained the existence of the N. E. *Cape*. "All doubts," he says, "being now solved, not by calculation, but ocular demonstration. Its latitude and longitude are well ascertained, and its mineralogical specimens are now by me."

Having returned from Kolyma, he set out for the town of Ochotzk, situated on the sea of that name, where he arrived, after a most laborious journey of 75 days. In his last letter, which is dated from Otchozk, he mentions his intention of setting out in a few days for *Kamchatka*, traversing that peninsula from south to north, till he reach *Ijigink*; from whence, he says, he will return to Europe through Asia by a different route from that he came. He adds, that he will not go to America, "as it is quite unnecessary." He expects to be in St Petersburgh in the fall of next year.

So far as yet appears, Capt. Cochrane seems to have acquitted himself well, and deserves to have his name placed on the list of those of his countrymen who have contributed to the stock of geographical science. As for ourselves, we never entertained any doubt of the termination of Asia at Cape North-East. Many have doubted however, even Russians; and it is gratifying to think that the doubt is now solved, and by one of that country which has done, and is doing, so much for the advancement of geographical knowledge.

From what we have learnt, the remote countries through which Captain Cochrane has passed are highly interesting in a geological point of view; but we are not aware how far his education has fitted him for observation in this department of science. It is certain, however, that he acquired an extensive and valuable collection of specimens during his stay at Irkutzk; and it is confidently reported at St Petersburgh, that he intends making a magnificent present of minerals to the Museum of the University of Edinburgh.

Captain Cochrane expresses himself most gratefully towards the Russian government for the truly liberal manner in which he has been treated. Everywhere the authorities vied with each other in shewing him attention. This is as it should be, and we feel pleasure in making it universally known.

Captain C.'s personal habits must have contributed not a little to lessen the irksomeness of a journey necessarily attended with many and severe hardships. Wherever he went, he seems easily to have accommodated himself to the habits of the people, however rude and disgusting. With the *Kalmacks*, he eat horse-flesh, elks, and wolves; and with the *Tchutski* he found as little difficulty in pasturing upon *bears, rein-deer, and raw frozen fish*; the last of which, indeed, he calls a great delicacy! Few of our scientific men could stomach these cates. The stoutest hearted of them are too old, or (fortunately for themselves, if not for science,) "have other fish to fry." There is no saying, however, what may happen. If Professor Jameson could meet with a pupil of bodily strength, and zeal for the advancement of science equal to his own, the young man might possibly (after four geological campaigns with the Professor in Lord Reay's country,) be found qualified for discharging the duty of a scientific missionary, even at Tchutskoy Noss. B.

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ON THE LATE RUMOUR OF A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

THE great Alarm of the year 1821 having subsided, and the national tranquillity being in some measure restored, we find it to be an imperious duty to publish a short Statement of Facts. A sincere regard for our own character, and forthe peace of the country, alike impel us to the course we are now going to pursue. These are the two objects that have ever been nearest to our heart; and after the late unhappy agitations, we feel that, in our hands, they are both safer than ever. Indeed the most delightful reward which a patriot can receive for his public services, next to the approbation of his own conscience, is that of his country. Rich in both, loaded with years and honours, we can have little more to hope for on this side of the grave. But that posterity may know the facts, without that mixture of fiction which folly and faction ever delight to interweave with the narrative of great public transactions, we willingly devote an afternoon to millions yet unborn, and anticipate, with an unseen smile of solitary satisfaction, the heartfelt gratitude of succeeding generations.

The world will, by this time, be aware that we allude to the late National Distress, consequent on the Rumour that we were about to retire from the Editorship of Blackwood's Magazine.

It is true that we had sent in our resignation. Nor, on the calmest and most impartial consideration of our motives, can we detect in them one feeling or one thought which a philosopher and a philanthropist, such as we are, need blush to own. The truth is, that nature intended us for private rather than for public life; and they who knew us during the first fifty years of our existence, may recollect their astonishment on our accepting the situation of Prime Editor of Great Britain. "Good God!" they exclaimed in one voice, "Is it possible that North has accepted the seals of office?" But a man's real character is seldom known even to his most intimate friend. Mine, we frankly confess, was not known to ourselves. But the time came when it was suddenly revealed to us, as in a dream. We felt, that though nature had imbued us with the love of privacy, she had, at the same time, endowed us with the power of publicity; and that precise era in the history of the world having arrived when such a man was necessary to the salvation of his country, and of Europe, we took lodgings in Edinburgh, and made Mr Blackwood the proprietor and publisher of our Magazine.

Of our administration of the affairs of this country, during the last four years, we leave posterity to judge.

But having entered into office on a sudden intimation mysteriously conveyed to us of our destiny, and having remained at the helm during the most tempestuous weather that had ever assailed the Vessel of the State,* we seemed to feel the same intimation to return to our small paternal property near Peebles, and pass the remainder of our life in placid contemplation of that national prosperity so entirely created by ourselves. Nor, in doing so, were we either in want of examples of similar conduct in other first-rate men, nor of arguments in our favour much nearer home. For to omit mention of the numerous kings, statesmen, and warriors, who, in the decline or even prime of life, had retired to some quiet nook of the land, which by their wisdom or valour they had saved, the chalk-stones in the forefinger of our right hand, like those which annoyed Milton, greatly increased in size, and rendered the operation of writing painful in the ex-

* Blackwood's Magazine.

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treme. Now an amanuensis has ever been our abhorrence. A great greasy gawpus, † squat on his posteriors at your elbow, fixing on you during your intervals of exhaustion, a pair of eyes in their sockets, gravy as the openings of putrid oysters, and then putting down into his scrawl, with red hairy fingers tipped with a circle of earthy horn, your lucubrations, in which the happiness or misery of so large a portion of the Christian population of the world may be involved, is an infliction which we would fain spare even our dearest foe. We never, therefore, shall dictate to any individual. But besides this evil, our rheumatism had attacked us in the tenderest point. We felt the most excruciating pain whenever we sat down;—just as if it had been on a cushion of cats. If Ebony, or a printer's devil, came in upon us at such moments, we had great difficulty in preventing ourselves from flinging at his head the first article that came to hand. It is impossible for us to express the horror and disgust which such intrusions, at other times so pleasant, then excited in our breast. The world thought us blest—measuring our happiness by our merits,—while, on the contrary, we would have paid handsomely to have got Ballantyne's printing office blown up, and our worthy publisher put to the Apoplexy.

Now there is a mixture of motives in all human conduct. In sending in our resignation, we were partly swayed by the conviction that we had placed our country in a condition in which she might be able to take henceforth care of herself, and partly by those feelings now alluded to, which seemed to us a fundamental objection to our occupying any longer the seat of government.

We tendered our resignation on the 24th of November. Then was the moment to have put Mr Blackwood to death. And heaven forgive us, but the idea shot across our brain! Remembering, however, that he had a large and increasing family, and that the lives or the happiness of upwards of twenty thousand subscribers were linked with his, we relented; and instead of inflicting instant death, by the sudden communication of an unconditional resignation in *propria persona*, we worded it in such a way as to bring a knowledge of his calamity slowly upon him, and by merciful degrees; so that on finishing the perusal of our letter, he should be able faintly to distinguish whether he had read it on his head or his heels, and to perceive a glimmering of hope through the gloom of despair. The letter was also humanely sealed with black wax, to prepare his mind for something funereal, and delivered to him not by young Mr Steele, in his usual modest and polite style, but by a sauley with an aspect most especially cadaverous, as if sent into the world for the express purpose of being a messenger of evil tidings.

On going into the back shop for the letters to the London post, about four o'clock in the afternoon, it appears that John Leslie found our worthy publisher extended five feet seven inches upon the floor. The consternation that immediately spread all along Prince's-street, as far as St John's chapel, across the Mound and the Bridges, up the Castle-hill, and down Leith Walk, is more easily imagined than described. We had some sort of presentiment of what might happen—and looking from the window of our pensive citadel, with an excellent spy-glass which we purchased some years ago at Whitehaven from the old half-pay naval officer described by Mr Wordsworth in his Lyrical Ballad, The Thorn, we beheld all the people in Edinburgh running about to and fro, like bees on a board when they have lost their queen. We felt in a moment that THE PROPRIETOR was no more. Still watching the scene below, through a tear, we saw Odoherty issue like a gleam of lightning from the menagerie on the Mound, where he had been engaged, we have since understood, in a study for his "Great Picture of the Seven Lions," and disappear in No. 17. While all around were stupified with grief, the Adjutant forced his way to the body of his friend, and raising it up, placed our Publisher on his usual stool at his accustomed desk. The Standard-bearer was not long in ascertaining that the vital spark was by no means extinct, and calling the Odontist, whose presence of mind had wholly forsaken him, and who was standing in a corner blubbering like a child, the right vein was opened, and our Publisher at last, but with great difficulty, was made to bleed freely. He opened

† See Dr Jamieson.

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his eyes—and seeing himself surrounded by his best friends, gave one long deep groan at the sight of the vast quantity of blood that had been taken from him, and then resumed his wonted benignity and composure.

It was at this interesting moment that we entered the Sanctum Sanctorum; and never shall we forget our Publisher's upbraiding, yet forgiving smile. He stretched out his unbandaged arm; and when we felt that hand so cold and trembling, our heart smote us, and gladly would we have exchanged places with the pale man, whom we had thus brought to the brink of the grave. Then rose a great thought in our heart—never, but with life, to relinquish the editorship. We approached the patient, and whispered this into his ringing ear; and now had sudden joy proved almost as dangerous as that sudden grief. Mr Blackwood asked faintly for a glass of water. We say faintly—and thinking that cold water might not agree well with that state of his stomach, we opened, with our own hand, the little aumry,* and bringing forth a bottle of our very best Madeira, which had twice seen India in wood, and once in crystal, we handed it to the kindly officious Adjutant, who, first turning up his little finger to ascertain if the fluid was of a proper temperature, administered about a quarter of a pint to the reviving bibliopole, chaunting, at the same time, that well-known hymn,

"Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
Bacchus, Bacchus,
Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
Ye ho! ye ho! ye ho!"

In the chorus of which we all joined with faultering voices, that of the Odontist being choked with sobs—

"See how it runs down his gizzard,
His gizzard, his gizzard,
See how it runs down his gizzard,
Ye ho! ye ho! ye ho!"

Meanwhile the Rumour of our Publisher's death had spread over the whole city. The flag was hoisted half-pole high on the Castle, and minute-guns gave solemnity to the expression of a people's grief. But there is no occasion to describe the effect of the proprietor's supposed death in as detailed a manner as we shall do when that event does actually occur. Odoherty and the Odontist left our friend under our care in the Sanctum, with orders to keep him quiet:—and shewing themselves on the steps in front of No. 17, the Standard-bearer, in a short and pithy speech of about a dozen words, conveyed to the vast multitude assembled an assurance, "that Ebony, though as white as ivory, was out of pearl." Some little conception of the shout that then arose may be formed from this simple fact—that the repercussion of sound tumbled down several stones, each weighing about two tons, from Lord Melville's Monument in St Andrew's Square; but there were no lives lost, as all the workmen had, of course, joined the other inhabitants assembled before THE SHOP.

In a few hours the inhabitants had retired to their respective places of abode; then the Publisher was put into his carriage, and accompanied by ourselves, Odoherty, the Odontist, Δ and Wastle alone, (who were apprehensive that a greater number might incommode the Patriot,) reached Newington just as the family were sitting down to tea. The Adjutant, with that self-recollection, and consideration for others, which so delightfully distinguish his character, had taken means to keep the family in ignorance of all that was passing; and in opposition to the evidence of butter toast and muffins disappearing with an alacrity on the part of our bibliopole, with which Hebe in vain tried to keep pace, the story of his illness could not be expected to gain much credit from those who were now witnessing its miraculous cure, and who, therefore, fortunately for their own feelings, considered the whole as an ingenious fable or fiction of the Odontist.

So great had been our agitation at No. 17, that not one of us all ever thought of burning our letter, which had so nearly proved fatal to the Trade. How it's contents got wind has never been ascertained, and probably never will, for the imprudent and thoughtless man on whom suspicion fell of having perused our letter, during the crisis, has since been found dead near the Figgate Whins, under very suspicious circumstances. Be that as it may, the grand secret of our resignation escaped, and reached the ears of the guard of the London Mail, just as the

* *Vide* Jamieson.

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leaders were prancing to get free, and he carried the appalling Rumour southward at the lately increased rate of nine miles per hour, stoppages included. The mail coach arrived at the usual hour on the morning of November the 27th, at the White Horse, Fetter-Lane, London, and though at that hour "the very houses seemed asleep," yet before nine o'clock they were all not only broad awake, but up and dressed and receiving visitors.

The effect produced by the rumour of our resignation on the inhabitants of London, is, we understand, but faintly described in the following short and hurried letter, written on the evening of the day on which the fatal intelligence reached town.

LONDON, *Nov.* 27, 1821.

I write to you, my dear friend, in a state of the greatest agitation. The most alarming news reached town this morning by the Edinburgh mail. Just as the coach was setting off, a universal wail was heard to ascend from the one end of Princes' Street to the other. The guard inquired what had happened, and was told, that Christopher North was dead. Some said, he had resigned the editorship of Blackwood's Magazine. The journey being timed, he could not stop the coach to ascertain the fact; but no doubt is entertained that the greatest possible calamity has happened in the literary world. In every town through which the coach passed, the distressing intelligence produced the most mournful sensations; and sighs and sobs were the echoes of all places to the direful news.

By some extraordinary reverberation, the woeful tidings, it is said, even outran the mail, notwithstanding the recent improved rate of going; and it is reported, that before the coach reached Newcastle, all the Radical coal-miners had struck work, and were above ground, with clean faces, and bearing green boughs of triumph in their hats. They offered to take the horses out of the coach, and drag it to the inn. Some accidental strangers, who were then in the town, on hearing their joyful tumults, ran to the windows, and supposed that nothing less than Sir Robert Wilson returning from Mr Lambton's, could have caused such exultation. But I cannot dwell on these particulars, which I have learnt from an outside passenger, who came with the coach. I hasten to describe the sensation produced here.

The news being early known, the Royal Exchange was as crowded by eight o'clock as at four in the afternoon. ********* was seen, to use the phrase of a great Scotch money lender, hanging his lip like a sow playing on a trump. Not a Bull but himself was visible; he alone, the atlas of the Stock Exchange, braved the impending calamity. The Bears were all cock-a-hoop. Never was such gladness seen, no, not even in the time of the mutiny at the Nore. I need not tell you, that the Bears are all to a man Whigs, and of the most inveterate kind; many of them are indeed Radicals. You may therefore picture to yourself their joy at hearing of such an event, as that Mr Christopher North was dead.

At the opening, the three per cents were at ten less than the close of the preceding day; but it was soon after reported, that an express had reached the Home Department with the important intelligence, that Mr North was not actually dead,—that he had but resigned, although it was feared Mr Blackwood had fallen a victim to the event; and upon this rumour, stocks rose one-eight per cent, with a tendency to look upward.

In would be in vain to describe the effects of this calamity in other directions. Richardson's shop was in a state of anarchy. He himself was speechless; and two political doctors were seen at his side, using their best art to recover him. Westward, all things wore the most mournful appearance. The new ball and cross, which was to have been placed to-day on St Paul's, was supended. But Waithman's shop was adorned with white ribbons, and boughs of holly, and every thing there indicated jubilee and triumph. Dr Stoddart, of the New Times, closed his shutters, in token of his sorrow, but declared that the event was only a new incitement to perseverance. I speak not of the Old Times. Every member in the great establishment of the first journal in the solar system was decorated with a cap made of foolscap; and the very devils themselves were allowed a pot of porter a-piece, the better to qualify them to cause an illumination as general as when her late Majesty arrived. The Editor of the Courier was seen shedding tears at his window, when he beheld his *opposite* neighbour, the Morning Chronicle, stringing lamps for the evening—for the word "personalities" was the splendid device. But it was in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross that the wound struck deepest and deadliest;—all the public offices were ordered to be washed with Day and Martin's blacking. The Telegraph on the Admiralty was seen most active all day, conveying the most cheering exhortations to the outports, assuring them from time to time, that the news were not true. The Levee at Carlton-palace was put off; a vast crowd assembled in front of Lord Londonderry's house in St James's-square. But the generosity of Englishmen sympathising with his Lordship's feelings,

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did not on this occasion break his windows. Lord Roslyn and the Duke of Bedford's servants in the corner, were busily in the meantime preparing for an illumination, and Mr Byng's, on the other side of the square, were no less active. Blessington adorned his balconies with evergreens.

The mob in front of the Club-houses was so great, that I did not venture into St James's-street, but stepped into Ridgeway's, where I heard that Lord **** was haranguing the people from Brookes's, and that Mr Cam, mounted upon a lamp post, gave the signal to applaud. Mr ****, that brilliant saveall of oratory, stood with his new silver cider tankard, and as often as Mr ****** got warm in his effusions, and was like to lose his temper, supplied him with a cool sip.

After listening to the gratulations of the Whigs at Ridgeway's, I went over to Albemarle-street—never shall I forget the impression up stairs—Hugo Foscolo was endeavouring to look sentimental, exclaiming, "che cosa che cosa!" The great publisher himself was sitting writing notes at his table, unable to join in the conversation. Mr Milman was more afflicted than with the fall of Jerusalem. Gifford sat by the bust of Byron, which some wag, whom we do not know, was slyly crowning with laurel. D'Israeli, in the meantime, had appropriately veiled Sir Walter's with crape. But it is in vain for me to depict the several varied expressions of sorrow which darkened the visages of all those sons of light. But the most extraordinary occurrence of the day was the conduct of the Cockney poets. They all ran fluttering like so many lewdish sparrows, to the Examiner's office, where it was agreed they should commemorate the event. About half-past five in the evening, they began to assemble at White-Conduit House; and being resolved to evince a philosophic temperance in their good fortune, agreed to indulge only in tea and muffins, while the organ played, "Taste life's glad moments." But, after tea, some of the more jovial spirits among them proposed, that, according to the good old times of England, before port and punishment came into fashion, they should indulge in a crown bowl of punch, with which, as their heads are rather weakly, they soon became so disguised, that, forgetting their philosophic resolutions, they became so mad with mirth, that the landlord was obliged to send them all to the watch-house. The moment I learn farther particulars, you shall hear from me again.—Yours, &c.

Our first impression on perusing the above letter, was, that it contained an exaggerated picture of the state of the public mind in London. But a moment's reflection shewed us the folly of any such suspicion. For we had only to compare the account therein given, with the reality before our eyes in Edinburgh, to be assured that every syllable of it was true, human nature being the same in Edinburgh and London, and, indeed, all the world over, except in Caffraria and Cockaigne. Edinburgh was drowned in tears. The windy suspiration of forced breath swept along the bridges—and the ankles of the young ladies were displayed in all their native and massive beauty, by gales swollen by the congregated sighs of the loveliest of their sex. The first day of the Rumour was like a general Fast—not a soul to be seen from Nicholson Street to Coates Crescent. Every window was shuttered, and many families, needlessly afraid of being disturbed by visits from others, at that time domesticated like themselves by the common affliction, had used the idle precaution of tying up the bell at the front door, as in cases of lyings-in. At the corner of a cross street would some solitary caddie appear for an instant on the look-out, and then taking a "sneesh out of his mull," dive down in despair into an area, and evanish among a heap of oyster shells. When the Glasgow mail drove along Prince's Street, it looked as if it had been bringing letters from the living to the dead; and the faces of four insides from the West Country, beaming of boiled beef, and redolent of the punch-bowl, seemed a strange mockery of human suffering. Had all the people been dead or dying, it would have been nothing. What made it so shocking, was to know that they were all in excellent health, but that in the hey-day of their happiness, a cloud had come across them, and that they knew and felt that the gaiety of nations was eclipsed for ever. In the midst of all this stillness of sorrow, as if to render that sorrow more ghastly, the old pensioner whose business it is to play on the music bells in St Giles Steeple, at the stated hour of One, played up Maggy Lauder; nor could any thing be more thrilling than when, at the close of that idle air, was heard executed, with tolerable skill and spirit, "The Devil among the Tailors." On that day we understand the Court of Session did not sit—neither judge, advocate, agent, nor client having ap-

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peared, and the door-keepers being all invisible. The Banks were not opened, nor, if they had been, would any business have been transacted. No newspaper was published by day, no lamps were lighted by night, gas or oil. The watchman's rattle was hushed, the very Commissioners of Police were subdued to sorrow—and the Scotsman, it is said, shed tears, and, not forgetting his gentlemanly manners in his sorrow, with trembling fingers, blew his nose, and then wiped it on his sleeve. By the Almanack it was moonlight, but no moon appeared. Jupiter and Venus had been seen only the night before in high health and beauty, but now they were off, nobody knew where—and, on putting our head out into the palpable darkness of the night, we felt the force of that passage in Shakespeare, which till then had always seemed fantastical, but which now sounded in our ears like the wild words of a neglected prophecy at last fatally fulfilled.

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Blackwood's death!
Blackwood the First, too famous to live long!
Scotland ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Scotland ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquer'd."

Several days passed by; and, as it is not easy for any national calamity to put a final stop to the movements of a considerable metropolis like Edinburgh, after it has been set a-going for some centuries, things got again upon their usual footing, and the inhabitants, though sad, seemed resigned. We watched them sedulously through a telescope, and the calm, deep, solemn expression of their after sorrow, to speak the truth, was more gratifying, we will not say flattering, to our feelings, than their first burst of outrageous grief. Many wore mournings. Not a few had crape on their hats; and some sported weepers. The general rate of walking was reduced, by an unpremeditated social compact, about one mile an hour; and the arms of the young ladies, which, when they are in ordinary spirits, keep swinging like flails, now depended languidly, and with a graceful recklessness,* by their sides. The Theatre, which, with a proper regard to public feeling, had been closed during the week, re-opened with the sentimental comedy of Mirandola; and the churches began again to fill. The price of butcher meat, which, during this fast of sorrow, had fallen to twopence a-pound, began to look up—so did cod's head and shoulders; while the intention of the Magistrates and Town Council to reduce the price of the quartern loaf, was relinquished. Nay, such is the inconsistency of human nature, that many, who at first were stricken deaf and dumb with contrition, now seemed entirely to have forgotten the blow they had sustained, and were abroad, going about their usual avocations, with the same air of stupidity and vulgar indifference, as if Blackwood's Magazine, instead of being about to cease, had never began to exist.

The public feeling, however, in Scotland soon began to express itself in a manner more becoming, and more natural to the genius of the people, than idle lamentation and querulous regret. The PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND were determined that we should not retire from the EDITORSHIP, which, in their minds, was equivalent to the death of the WORK itself, if it was in their power to prevent it.

Accordingly, a general meeting of freeholders and inhabitants of the city was called on the Calton Hill, "to consider of the best means to be adopted of inducing Christopher North, Esq. to continue Prime Editor of Great Britain," HIS GRACE in the Chair. It is calculated that upwards of twenty thousand persons were present; and, after several most eloquent speeches

* *Vide* Jamieson.

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from some of the most distinguished members of the Scottish Bar, and some of the clergymen of the city, the following resolutions were put and carried.

I. Resolved unanimously, That Blackwood's Magazine is the best publication extant.

II. Resolved unanimously, That, in the present alarming crisis, it is expedient that Blackwood's Magazine should be continued.

III. Resolved unanimously, That Christopher North, Esq. is the best of all possible Editors.

IV. Resolved unanimously, That Mr Christopher North's Resignation of the Editorship of Blackwood's Magazine is premature, and must not be accepted.

V. Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to represent the feelings of the Meeting to Christopher North, Esq.

Two days afterwards, deputations from Committees of the landed and commercial interest, and also of the naval and military service, waited upon us, and earnestly, but respectfully, requested us to continue in office. Overpowered by these expressions of national gratitude and regret, we at last were prevailed upon to relinquish our intention, which, perhaps, we had never seriously entertained;—and so, not to endanger the safety of the country, we permitted an advertisement to be inserted in all the Edinburgh newspapers, and several provincial ones, that our resignation had been returned, and graciously by us committed to the flames;—so that the danger was past as soon as we had burned that letter.

Orders were immediately issued by the proper authorities for a general illumination of the city, on Monday, the 2d of December, and, though there was little time to prepare, several of the devices were at once ingenious and beautiful. No. 17, Prince's Street, was a perfect star. Under the silver cross of Scotland appeared a transparency of ourselves, seated in our armchair, with our foot on the beautiful soft padded stool, presented to us some years ago by Lady Morgan, while a bright circle enveloped us, composed of the letters

CHRISTOPHORUS REDIVIVUS.

Early in the evening the whole city was attracted to the North Bridge, by the most splendid preparations at Ballantyne's Printing Office. Every window, almost as soon as the sun himself disappeared, poured forth a stream of triumphal glory, that produced the finest effects of mass and profile on every object within the scope of their radiance. The upward shadow of the castle spread into the abyss of night like that of the earth, which causes the lunar eclipses; but, in a moment, every turret and battlement was lighted up with blue fires, and Roman candles, exactly in the style intended when his Majesty visits Edinburgh; and a magnificent display of fire-works, as bright and roaring as a volcano, bade all the hills, from the Pentlands to the Ochils and the Grampians, lift up their heads in the splendour, and rejoice.

The office of the Scotsman had a farthing rush-light in its one single window, to save its *panes* from popular indignation.

Manners and Miller's shop was highly creditable to their loyalty and patriotism, having a very tasteful display of Gas, with the appropriate motto, "For a' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that."

The demonstration on the opposite side of the street was rather hazy. The Blue and Yellow lamps seemed to lack oil, and to want trimming; and Mercury appeared duller than usual.

The Writers' Library was late of lighting up; but towards midnight it shone out in a manner worthy of the fraternity of the Signet. The Advocates' did not light at all; and it was only by the utmost address on the part of Captain Brown, that a riot was prevented.

Large placards were exhibited by three hundred and sixty-five constables, to inform the mob, that the Faculty were deliberating on the best means of testifying their joy; and that no doubt their decision would be satisfactory to the people. This would, doubtless, have been the case, but certain Whig orators, by one of these tricks peculiar to the party, made such long speeches, that the whole night was consumed in debate.

At Ambrose's the contributors supped; and that respectable broiler of steaks exhibited his literature and loyalty, by a beautiful star surmounting C. N. surrounded by a wreath of Thistles, Roses, and Shamrocks, of coloured lamps, in the most tasteful manner. The Register Office exhibit-

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ed a row of flambeaux, and the Magistrates, in a most splendid manner, illuminated the front of the Exchange, and regaled the populace with five hundred hogsheads of ale. The Fountain and Cross Wells were pyramids of light, and the reservoir on the Castle Hill having been made into punch, every pipe and cock in the city supplied the inhabitants with that delicious Glasgow beverage to their supper. But it is impossible for us to describe the scene. Imagination alone can do it justice. The testimonies of private rejoicing baffle all description. One circumstance, however, we ought not to neglect. The cocks began to crow at ten o'clock, believing they had overroosted themselves. The canary birds in their cages sung out rejoicing, and Nature, like Tom Campbell's Andes, giant of the Western Star, unfurled a meteor flag from Nelson's Monument, which reached to Kirkaldy, and actually set fire to the house where the smuggler lived, whose execution occasioned the Porteous mob.

The effects produced by the Rumour all over Scotland, were as remarkable as those of which we were ourselves eye and ear witnesses in the Modern Athens. The Tontine at Glasgow was immediately hung with black velvet; and one illustrious gentleman, who disturbed the uniformity of the West Country sorrow, by daring a grin, was forthwith kicked by a hundred feet into the Outer Exchange. The sharpshooters, a fine body of 700 men, were drawn up in a hollow and silent square in the green near Nelson's pillar, (over which was hung a banner, with the arms of the city upside down;—namely, the tree that never grew, the fish that never swam, and the bell that never rung,) while a suitable discourse was delivered to them by their incomparable Colonel, during which not a man in the corps refrained from tears. The troops had wooden flints in their firelocks, signifying that all our scintillations were gone, and the great muffled drum was heard sounding all night through the city. The boilers in all the steam-boats at the Broomielaw were instantly mum—the callenders stood still—and a thousand spinning-jennies did disconsolately hang down their heads. Several of the Professors were too much affected to lecture on that day; and such was the stupor of grief at Harley's, that a hundred cows went supperless to bed. The theatre was open, but only one young lady in the upper boxes, and one country minister in the bottomless pit. Had Catalani been there, she would have sung in solitude—had the Rumour been delayed till next summer, the King must have put off his visit to Scotland till the year 1823.

Paisley was in despair, from Maxweltown to Gauze-street,—from the Snedden to the Seedle. Red were the eyes of the brown-duffled tambourers, and every weaver wept. Port-Glasgow vied with Greenock in grief. For one day, no allusion was made to the unfortunate steeple of the first, and the great question of the stools in the Assembly Room of the second was set at rest. "A deep distress had humanized their souls," and there was a general shaking of hands, in the reconcilement of a wide and general affliction.

The Rumour crossed the Devil's Bowling-Green, and into the heart of the Highlands. A thousand stills were sad in the Moor of Rannoch, and the herring-fishing on Loch-Fyne lost a day. A drove of black cattle coming across the hill road from Spey-side to Braemar, was met by the Rumour, and Captain Macdougall, formerly of the 79th, who had become a great grazier, fell off his shelty, and has remained senseless ever since. The sensation at Inverness was much stronger than that occasioned by their earthquake; and the countenance of John-a-Groats was troubled. Many families talked of emigrating, in consequence of this sudden blow; and nothing but delicacy prevents us from mentioning the names of three clergymen—one a Catholic, one an Episcopal, and one a Presbyterian, who, in a rash moment, committed suicide, when they heard we had resigned. The good old Presbyterian left strict injunctions to have a complete set of the Magazine, neatly bound and lettered, laid on his breast in the coffin, and buried along with him—injunctions which were scrupulously fulfilled by his son—a contributor.

But this article threatens to become lengthy; so we have given you all we could, and shall let you dream the rest. But how felt Scotland when the Rumour

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was contradicted? Precisely as a man under sentence of death would feel on receiving an unexpected reprieve the night before execution, or rather, on the scaffold. Scotland was on the scaffold. She felt as if the rope were round her neck, and she were about to play swing. All at once Rumour changed his tone, and Scotland could bear to live. The effect was like magic. No dead body on a dissecting table ever played such absurd pranks with foot, hand, or mouth, under a galvanic battery, as did old Scotland, when she heard that our resignation was all a bam. Grimaldi or Kean was a joke to her. She took her foot in her hand, and so kept dancing about on the heather, in many a rigmarole. Then would she give a most indecorous slap upon her back settlements, accompanied with a yelling gaffaw; then she would speak Gaelic; and lastly, putting herself in an attitude of profound meditation, she would whip off a quaich of the mountain dew, as if it had been so much whisky, and, with a convulsive shudder of exulting joy, shriek out our name—"Christopher North, Christopher North," till jovial Echo flung back the dear, dear name in her face, from the rocky brow of Glenevis, or the stone-girdled bosom of Cairngorum. Loud lowed the cattle on a thousand hills—the red deer in the forest of Dalness knew that all was right—the eagle, to shew he was up to it, stooped down from a thunder-cloud, and gave a great gander on a common near Fort-William such a drive on the posteriors, that he drove him into the Linnhe Loch in a shower of feathers; while a noble, surly, sable, grim bull, coming slowly from his mountain pasture, and meeting a questionable sort of animal, with a Galloway stot appearance, ran him into a quagmire, in which he sunk down inch by inch, till he entirely disappeared—the last snort of his nostril blasting out a quantity of mud, and the red tuft of his tail peering out, as a mark where the unfortunate steer had been thus prematurely ingulphed.

Such is an unadorned adorned the most account of the Rumour, its rise and fall. And now that the Public must feel tolerably easy and composed in her mind, let us entreat her, for goodness sake, not to give way to these sudden ebullitions of feeling, which must sooner or later prove ruinous to her, even though she should have the constitution of a horse. However, the Public certainly might have a crow to pluck with us in private, if she chose; for, had we not given in our resignation, she would have been spared all this worry. But we have found how dear we are to each other. Henceforth our lives are united, and the day on which any thing is amiss with the one, will be indeed a black day to the other. May the Public live for ever! for never never could we outlive the hour on which she was gathered to her fathers. We should just see her publicly buried, and then lie down by her side.

The day has been when alternate fits of pity, indignation and contempt, permeated our minds on seeing and hearing the occasional fooleries of worthy men anent Blackwood's Magazine. Now every thing of the kind is at an end, and if popularity had ever been an object with us, we might indeed point to the laurels on our brow, and hold our tongues. But we allude to this, not on our own account, but for the sake of those well-meaning men who recoiled from our patronage, and endeavoured to look shocked at the monthly murders we kept conscientiously perpetrating on the souls and bodies of the traitorous and blasphemous Whigs. When we laid the axe to the root of "the wicked, great in pride, spread like the green bay-tree," and brought him crashing to the ground with all his branches, could not the terrified Tories have quietly stepped aside out of the reach of the ruin, and then returned and danced upon the fallen trunk? No They were frightened at the concussion, and took like rabbits to their holes; and, what was worse, pretended hypocritically to lament the fall of the tree whose noxious drippings had withered every thing beneath them, and which was alike destitute of shelter and of shade. That time is over. The true Tories always loved us;—the half-breeds never did; and they now see, in their unprotected feebleness, that they must endure, as best they can, "not the tyrannous breathing of the North," but that calm and settled chill, beneath which expires the last

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glimmering spark of a false Tory's life.

But how stand we with the Whigs? —We stand over them with a determined countenance, in which there is no trace of pity, while they are lying prostrate at our feet. We do not greatly value ourselves, that we struck them to the ground. Their own folly, treachery, and cowardice, wrought their overthrow,—we only trod them under feet,—whenever they strove to rise, we floored them—not with grassers, but with mirers; and then holding them up with one hand, punished them with the other, in sight of the great ring of Europe. The Whigs of the day know our power, and they fear it. First they scorned—then they blustered—then they whined—then scorned again—then cried out foul—then fell without a blow—then shewed the white feather, and then bolted. Did not they give the challenge?—And what right have they to complain, if we never gave them a chance, having youth, blood, bottom, weight, height, length, strength, and skill all on our side? We said smash—and they were smashed.

Some few of the Whigs were men of talents; and in a small village, like Edinburgh, had been suffered to vaunt and vapour, till absolutely none but themselves were deemed worthy to wag a tongue. They did not relish a blow on the jugular—and began to suspect that when men play at bowls, they may meet with rubbers. There was, however, some excuse for the haughtiness of these gentlemen, who, we grant, are not altogether utter ninnies;—but, gentle reader, what do you think of the slim-slender-slobbery-souled scavants, from seventeen to seven-and-twenty, who, on our first appearance, began to cheep and chuckle, and thought to crow over Christopher North? What think you of the small Whiglings of the Parliament-House, with incipient coxcombs, and nascent spurs, taking a fly at the old Cock of the North, all dubbed and steeled for the sod, fed, clipped out, and victorious in a hundred mains? We had no ambition to be a chicken-butcher; but we took into our beak these little deluded dunghills, and after a few strokes, drove them in consternation to their beparritched cavies. Every now and then, when they thought the Old Cock of the hundred combats was at a distance, they thrust their noses through the bars, and ventured on a hesitating crow; this they thought shewing pluck,—but on the most distant intimation of our approach all the pens were still, and all our little Whig warriors panting like mice in the straw.

But to cut imagery;—the naked and unadorned fact is, that it had become customary, about a couple of years ago, for the young dullards of the Whig party to deny our talents! "There is, we grant you, now and then, some ability in Blackwood!!" muttered these wooden oracles, "but very little research!!" On the very same principle, we understand that the greatest curiosity in the world, now exhibiting on the Earthen Mound, Mr Wardle, who measures exactly 28 inches on his stocking-soles, admits, when driven into a corner, that the American giant who is his next-booth neighbour, is a man of some size, that is, somewhat about eight feet high. The candour of the small coxcombs in admitting occasional symptoms of ability in Ebony, appeared to themselves in the most amiable light; and we remember one of them, praising the Latin translation of Chevy Chase, and in the excess of his erudition, misquoting one line into bad grammar and another into false quantity.

"Some verses in the Chaldee were not amiss!" they were graciously pleased to own, before several members of the Stove-School. Our humanity was touched; and three of these infants will remember us taking them aside, and patting them on their heads, (rather jacobinically greasy for our taste,) with a strict injunction never again to make such an indecent exposure of their naked intellects. They stared—they strutted—they stuttered—they scowled;—but we were inexorable; and commanding silence, on pain of a Notice, they then and thenceforth held their peace.

In every circle of society that is the size of a Swedish turnip, there is a man or two of wit, possibly an old maid. They pun—say sharp things—and write quatrains. Their witticisms are like caraway comfits to the buttered toast at tea-parties; and "if they would but publish, how their writings

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would sell!" The Tee-totum School is on the whole whiggish. When Ebony was talked of, in every such party of six, there were at least three rejected contributors. "Our personality was odious," snuffed and hissed out the spiteful tabbies and surly tom-cats of the coterie. "He makes game of personal infirmities," quoth a sour black virgin *plumb-damasc;* "but let the old hobbling varlet look to his own rheumatism." Thither repaired the pigmy praters of the Whigs, and quoted Jeffrey against us. The young satirists were pressed to marmalade, and made to sit down to a rubber. No one was there to take our part;—and before "she lay down in her loveliness," the old Christabel drank to our downfall in a bumper of cogniac.

Most of our enemies have now ceased to be so in the course of nature. The clever and middle-aged Whigs are waxing dull and old,—and though still somewhat peevish, seem prudently disposed to let us alone—so may they doze and drivel in peace. The weak and young Whigs have become middle aged, and their foziness can no longer be concealed, so we have no satisfaction now in playing with them at football. Many ancient maidens have gone the way of all flesh, to burial or the nuptial bed, and attack us no more either in mould or matrimony. We are often miserably low-spirited for want of enemies, and know not where to look for a victim to sacrifice to our fury. We have been too long sailing down a quiet stream, and long for a waterfall over which we might plump into a more lively and troubled existence. At one time the hands of many men were against us, but now every paw is at peace—we can no longer wear gloves—and our head nods like that of a Mandarin in perpetual salutation. We are oppressed by the politeness, and fear that we shall eventually sink under the gratitude, of the human race.

But somewhat too much of this; so let us speak a few words about our sale. Mr Blackwood and We have lately had some trifling disputes on this point. He seems to us, why we know not, anxious to conceal the limits of his circulation. He will not own to 20,000, though we think we have data to go upon, when we assert the sale to have risen 3600 since our last report. When the sale of a Magazine reaches 20,000, it assumes a stationary appearance. Perhaps it is still continuing to increase, but the imagination is not affected by the addition of a few scores or hundreds to so many thousands, and the state of the mind is sceptical. Had we not created so many other excellent Magazines, it cannot admit of a doubt that our sale would, ere now, have been 40,000, which proves, to a demonstration, that our sale is now exactly equal to that of all the other Magazines put together.

Now, we have a plan to submit to the consideration of our brother Editors and Proprietors all over the island—a plan of a Consolidated Fund. There may be objections to it of which we are not aware, and therefore it is with diffidence that we now exhibit an Outline.

We propose, then, that there shall be a Magazine, still called Blackwood's Magazine, of which we are to be Prime Editor; but that it shall be published once a-fortnight, and that the price shall be ten shillings. We think that all the small print,—*i. e.* deaths and marriages, promotions, meteorology, &c., may be, once for all, sent to the Devil, and that the whole ought to consist of original articles. Each number must consist of 500 pages, being equal in size to about four numbers of any living monthly miscellany. It will thus cost each subscriber L.12 a-year. Now, each page will average about six ordinary octavos, so that each number will contain about 3000, or be equal to about ten good whacking volumes. A year produces twenty-four numbers, or 240 good whacking volumes, all for L.12, which is exactly one shilling a head. Now in this way, we conceive, could 50,000 libraries be formed in a single year all over Great Britain and Ireland. Nobody will be so absurd as to believe that the sale would stop at 50,000. But we shall call it only 50,000, as it is pleasant to reason within safe limits, even in a grand speculation. A steady annual sale of 50,000 produces the grand total of L.600,000, to a single farthing. We shall say that printing, &c., costs L.200,000, or one-third of the whole. That the proprietors and the trade in general draw another third,

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L.200,000; and that the Prime Editor, the Subordinates, and Contributors, pocket the remaining L.200,000. A very few minutes consideration will suffice to point out the manifold advantages of such an arrangement.

In the first place, an instantaneous shove will be given to the paper manufactories of the kingdom. Mr Cowan will become one of the richest men in Scotland. What Mr Ballantyne will do, we know not. He must build new premises about the size of the Glasgow Barracks, and set a hundred presses at work, otherwise he never can print the Magazine, and also the Scotch Novels. What a shew of devils! How the imps will pour forth into daylight when the great floodgates of Pandemonium are flung open, and they all issue out to dinner over the Old Town, seeking what they may devour! Devils live cheap; at their ordinaries we have heard they dine devilish well at twopence an imp. As to our worthy printer, he will be enabled in a few years to purchase Fleurs —No, that is entailed—but any immense property in the neighbourhood of Kelso;—and sure we are that he will make a generous landlord. Suppose that our printer clears a penny on each number, why, that amounts to upwards of L.5000 per annum; but say twopence, and there is L.10,000 per annum, neat. But let us leave these calculations, in the general belief that paper-makers, printers, compositors, pressmen, and demons, are all about to wallow in wealth, and let us shortly consider the external circumstances of the Editor and his merry men.

We have seen, then, that L.200,000 are to be set aside for a genteel and handsome remuneration to ourselves and the men of talents over whom we preside. We prefer a moderate salary, if fixed, to a much more splendid thing, uncertain; and therefore we are willing to accept L.20,000. The English Opium-eater must become, as far as residence will make him so, a Scottish segar-smoker; and, as minister for foreign affairs, have the goodness to accept L.10,000 a-year. If this seems shabby, he has only to drop a hint, and a few thousands additional, he well knows, can be no object to us. Tickler shall be Collector of the Customs for Scotland, with a salary of L.3000; and Wastle, whose tenants have given over paying rents, has signified his willingness to accept the Home-Department, at L.4000. Now we four, Christopher North, the English Opium-Eater, Tickler, and Wastle, will, we hold, conduct the affairs of a great Magazine with more ability than all the literary men of Europe in a slump. The Odontist, with his characteristic generosity, has refused a salary; his practice among our fair subscribers being now at once so extensive and so lucrative, that probably in a few years he will retire from the profession, and dedicate himself entirely to the completion of his great National Work. O'Doherty has solicited the situation of Traveller for Orders, and to collect the outstanding rural debts; and as they are not likely to exceed L.2 or 3000 a-year, we shall not baulk the Ensign in any rational scheme of personal aggrandizement. A's wishes are moderate—a cottage at Lasswade, with 1000l. a-year, and he shall have it. Money goes a long way in Germany, and Kemperhausen, who is now at Frankfort-on-the-Main, can smoke his pipe and get maudlin with Müllner on 500. The two Mullions have asked a few thousands by way of loan, as they have opened a splendid provision warehouse at the head of Leith Walk, and let their shew of hams tell the world the extent of our generosity.

But while we shall thus take care of all our resident contributors, our remuneration to all our literary friends will be on a scale of proportionate magnificence. We shall henceforth pay fifty guineas a sheet for common articles, and shall not bogle at a hundred for prime. A number will contain about 30 sheets —our annual presents to non-resident contributors may be somewhere about L.40,000.; so that a considerable share of profit will still be left in our hands. A serious question arises, how is it to be employed? In the first place, we intend to found twenty travelling contributorships, at a salary of 1000l. each per annum. We know that, notwithstanding what is said to the contrary by gentlemen shabby genteel, travelling abroad cannot be done cheaper with any comfort. These travelling contributors shall be sent all over Europe, Asia, America, and Africa. Their discoveries

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will first of all be given to the public in the Magazine, and then in the usual quartos. This enlightened zeal and liberality of ours in the cause of science must make the African Association feel themselves "pretty damned considerable cheap," to use the expressive phraseology of Upper Canada. No travelling-contributor will be taken under 17 or above 70 years of age, and he must speak instinctively all the languages known since the demolition of the Tower of Babel, like the late Dr John Leyden.

Notwithstanding all these princely benefactions, a balance we find is still upon our hands, and we confess that we feel considerable difficulty in fixing on its application. Odoherty would fain endow a Foundling Hospital or a Magdalen Asylum; but the policy of such buildings is more than questionable. The Odontist proposes founding a College at Dinningyst, and Z is anxious that Missionaries should be sent to propagate Christianity among the natives of Cockaigne. But we shall let our readers into the secret a few pages farther on.

We have now spoken slightly of the probable application of parts and particles of two-thirds of the gross total of the returns. We come now to allude to the remaining L.200,000, which will become the annual netting of the Proprietors and Trade. And here we are necessarily led into some details.

The readers of this our very hasty and rude Prospectus will have perceived, probably, by this time, that we intend there shall be no other Magazine but our own. The One is to supersede, or rather to include, all others; and we feel confident that a single moment's reflection will induce all the proprietors, editors, and contributors of the most respectable Magazines in the kingdom, to join the Great Concern. They had as well be swallowed up at once with a good grace. It is for their own advantage that they should be so. Their currents must join the vortex.

There are in Britain just six Magazines, as far as we know, worthy of joining the Grand Coalition—Taylor and Hessey's, Colburn's, the Gentleman's, Sir Richard's, the European, and the Scotch Episcopal. All these several corps d'armee, which hitherto have been acting without concert, and sometimes for one power, and sometimes for another, must come over with colours flying and drums beating to the Emperor of the North. All little differences of opinion must be laid aside; and the united Power may conquer the world.

Taylor and Hessey, Colburn, Sir Richard, Messrs Nichols and Sons, Mr Asperne's heirs, and Messrs Macready, Skelly, and Muckersy, must all hoist their flags under the great banner of the Sultan Ebony. Let them divide the £200,000 among them as they chuse, and let them spend it as they chuse, only our friendship for Mr Blackwood impels us to offer him a few hints on the application of his moiety. With the other proposed proprietors, being personally unacquainted, they might think we were using an unwarrantable liberty with them, were we to interfere with any of their private concerns.

To Mr Blackwood, then, we have to propose, first, that he present Michael Linning with a promise of £30,000, which is all that is now wanting to complete the subscription-money requisite for the erection of the Parthenon on the Calton-hill. It is a most absurd thing in us to call Edinburgh the Modern Athens, and yet not to have the Parthenon to shew, in support of our modest and appropriate appellation. Such is the public spirit of all ranks of people in Scotland, that the subscription amounts to several thousand pounds; and Mr Blackwood, we are sure, will never think of grudging so paltry a sum. All that he will require in return, will be to have his name either inscribed in letters of gold, or engraved on a marble slab on the front of the chief portico, and perhaps his bust set by the side of that of Minerva. It does not, however, seem unreasonable, on second thoughts, that he should draw the rents of all the bottoms in the seats of the Presbyterian Kirk, which, we understand, is judiciously to be placed as a kernel in the shell of the Grecian Temple; and, as we shall get a call moderated in favour of the Rev. Mr L******, to preach in the Parthenon, Ebony may, after all, get 3 per cent for his coin.

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In the second place, we humbly propose, that the Publisher make a loan to Government, on lower terms than Ricardo or Rothschild would do, for the purpose of annually clearing and repairing the Caledonian Canal.

In the third place, we humbly propose that he shall dig a tunnel below the Frith of Forth, connecting our shores with the kingdom of Fife. This is a speculation that would pay well. We undertake ourselves to light the tunnel by a contrivance of our own that will astonish the scientific world, and put gas into bad odour. Mr Blackwood has many sons; and as his two eldest boys will be soon able for a very responsible situation, they must be the Head Clerks of the Establishment, under the taking title of "Twins of the Tunnel."

In the fourth place, Blackwood must give a helping hand to government, to enable them to put the finishing stone to the Plymouth Breakwater.

Well, all is fixed, and a great deal more. But what become of all the contributors of the six Engulphed Magazines? Not a hair of one of their heads shall be wet. We take them all on trial, at fifty guineas a sheet.

I lift my eyes upon the radiant Moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk; and, as her light
Recals my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

L'Envoy

TO VOLUME TENTH.

TEN VOLUMES ARE COMPLETED! AND BETWEEN
SEVEN AND EIGHT THOUSAND PAGES THEY CONTAIN;
PAGES OF JOCULAR OR SOLEMN STRAIN,
OF MELTING PATHOS, OF DERISION KEEN,
OF POESY FOR CLOSET OR FOR SCENE,
OF CRITICISM TRUE, OF SMILING WIT,
OF BOIST'ROUS HUMOUR, MERRIMENT EXQUISITE,
AND NOT UNMIX'D WITH BALAAM, AS I WEEN.
BUT, ABOVE ALL, THROUGH GOOD AND ILL SUCCESS,
FIRM HAVE WE STOOD TO BRITAIN'S MUCH-LOVED NAME,
HEWING DOWN THOSE, WHO, GODLESS, HONOURLESS,
HAVE SOUGHT BY WORD OR DEED TO WORK HER SHAME,
WHEREBY, AS ALL THE GOOD AND WISE CONFESS,
WE O'ER THE EARTH HAVE WON IMMORTAL FAME.

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